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# THE ROYAL

FOURPENCE.

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

No. 13, Vol. III.—November, 1899.

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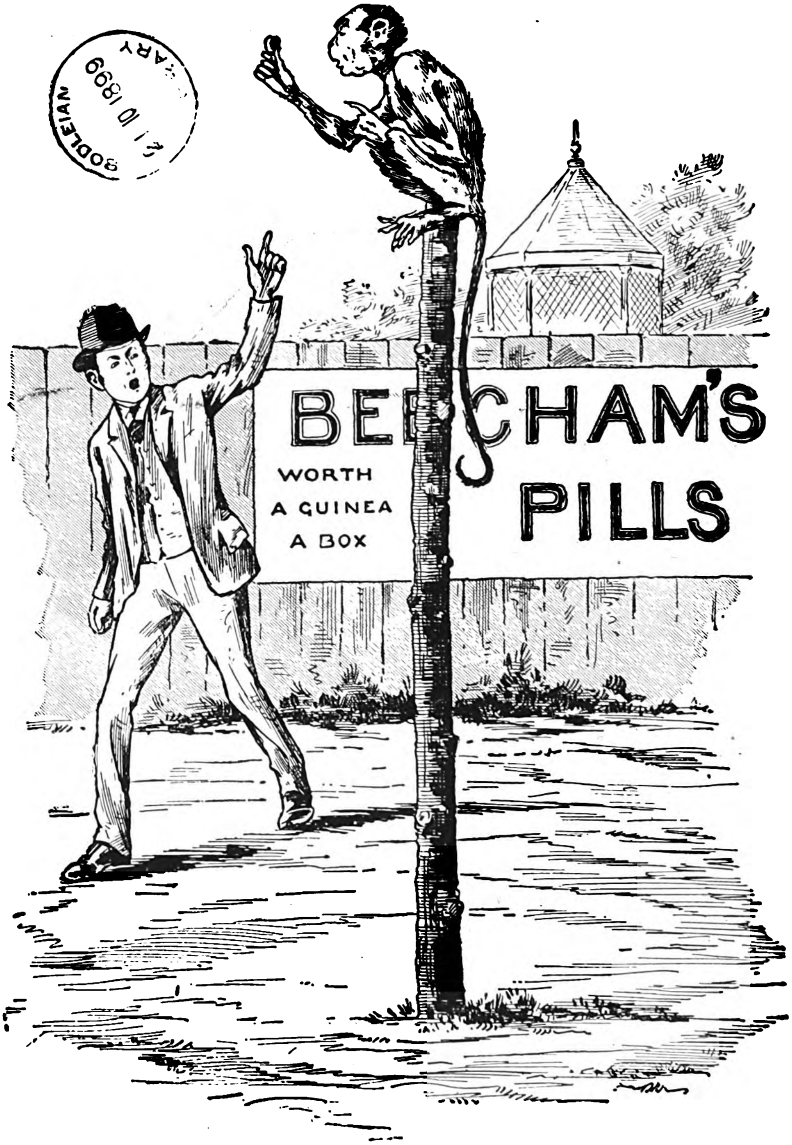

## A PUZZLE.

A monkey, having purloined a box of Beecham's Pills, perched itself on the top of a 10ft. pole and was watching the owner 4 yards off. The man proceeded to walk round the pole in a circle; as he walked round the pole so the monkey moved in unison, keeping its face towards the man. Query: When the man had completed his circle round the pole had he been round the monkey?

---

*NOTE.—The Proprietor of Beecham's Pills cannot undertake to answer any correspondents in reference to this problem. If you cannot satisfy yourself as to the solution you should appeal to your friends.*

**Russia's Advance Towards India**

EXPERIENCE

***Conversations with Skobeleff :***

"Bokhara is a wretched place to live in." According to his account, the Khanate is so unhealthy that a Russian occupation is only possible by the = = =

AID OF

**ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'**

"WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS = = Why should two European powers quarrel over a few Asiatics? WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS. WE STRONGLY WISH IT."—*The Russian Advance towards India.*—C. MARVIN, page 88.

"EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever. On the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars."

**USE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** { Soothing, Cooling, Health-Giving, Refreshing and Invigorating.

You cannot Overstate its Great Value in keeping the Blood Pure and Free from Disease.

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering two-and-half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, without any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, VERITAS."

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' assists the function of the LIVER, BOWELS, SKIN and KIDNEYS by Natural Means; thus the blood is freed from POISONOUS or other HURTFUL MATTERS, the Foundation and GREAT DANGER of CHILLS, FEVERS, WORRY, BLOOD POISONS, &c. It is impossible to overstate its great value. THERE IS NO DOUBT that, where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has in innumerable instances prevented a severe illness. Without such a simple precaution the JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, and FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

**CAUTION.**—*See Capsule marked* ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' *Without it you have a worthless imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, LTD., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

EDWARDS'
"HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER.

The Finest Dressing, specially prepared and Delicately Perfumed. A Luxury and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet.

Monsieur Philosophow is commanded by

HER MAJESTY The QUEEN of GREECE

*to forward cheque for the six bottles of "Harlene" duly received.*

Crown Prince's Palace, Athens.
**H.R.H. Princess Marie of Greece** writes:— "Messrs. Edwards' preparation, 'Harlene' for the Hair, has given entire satisfaction."

Palace of Prince Royal, Athens.
**H.R.H. The Duke of Sparta** requires three bottles of Edwards' 'Harlene' for the Hair at once.

*Full Description and Directions for Use in Twenty Languages supplied with every bottle.*

**1/-, 2/6, and (3 times 2/6 size) 4/6** per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

**Dr. A. B. GRIFFITHS, Ph.S., F.R.S.E., Principal of the Brixton School of Pharmacy; Lecturer on Chemistry, to the Hairdressers' Guild,** says :—

"I hereby certify that I have examined Edwards' 'Harlene,' and find that it is absolutely free from injurious substances, in fact, 'Harlene' is a first-class preparation. It stimulates the roots of the hair, and restores its colour, consequently it is an invaluable remedy for Baldness and other fungoid diseases of the hair. 'Harlene' is invaluable as a dressing. It preserves, strengthens, and restores the hair. I can conscientiously recommend this elegant and useful preparation."

**EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.**

10/6 Allen Foster & Co 10/6

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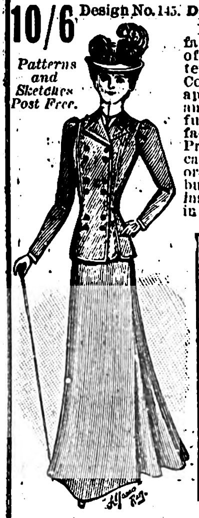
THE 'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES

**Buy direct at First Cost from the leading firm of London Manufacturers.**

10/6 Design No. 145. **Design No. 145. HALF-A-GUINEA.**

*Patterns and Sketches Post Free.*



Design No. 145 is ALLEN FOSTER & Co.'s famous **Reefer Costume.** Thousands of Testimonials speak in the most flattering terms of this Coat and Skirt Costume. The coat is cut in the latest approved style. It has a velvet collar and good fancy buttons. The skirt is full and fashionably made in the smooth-faced Venetian Cloth or Specialite Serge. Price **10 6** complete in either Cloth; carriage 6d. extra. All colours. When ordering please give measurement round bust (under arms), length of sleeve inside size of waist, and length of skirt in front.

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**Write for our NEW ILLUSTRATED SKETCH BOOK for the WINTER SEASON, sent post free.**

ALLEN FOSTER & Co.'s NEW SHOW ROOMS.
**47, Golden Lane,**
**London, E.C.,**
ARE NOW OPEN. Ladies are requested to call and inspect our Novelties for the Winter Season. Jackets, Capes, Costumes, Furs, Blouses, &c.

When writing please mention the ROYAL MAG.

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*The London Manufacturers,*
**47, GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.**

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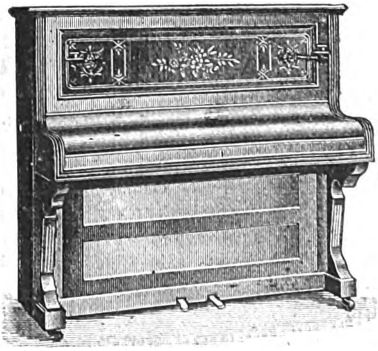

WILL DELIVER FREE AT YOUR DOOR ON RECEIPT OF THE FIRST MONTHLY PAYMENT, 10/6

This handsome, rich-toned **PIANO,** known as the "Marvel" Model. "The Piano of the day." **Guaranteed for 25 years.**

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Elegant in design, and of fine power and sweetness of tone, from 5/- per month, sent carriage paid on receipt of first instalment. **Photo. Catalogue sent Post Free to any "Royal Magazine" reader.**

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*Gold and Silver Medals and Diplomas of Honour Awarded.*

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*Chief Offices, Showrooms, Factories:*
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Yes, Sir!!

**Tortoise-shell**

**Mixture**

**is what I smoke.**

. . It is a mixture of pure Tobaccos, scientifically blended, free from added scent, flavouring or sugar, which only spoil the natural aroma of the natural leaf. It differs entirely from any tobacco hitherto put before the public Give it a trial. Sold in 1 ounce packets, and 2, 4, and 8 ounce Tortoise shell Tins. The quarter-pound and half-pound Tins are recommended for keeping the tobacco in good condition.

**Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., Etc , says:—**
**"Pure tobacco is as essential a condition for the smoker as pure food and pure air . . . and your Tortoise-shell Mixture is absolutely pure and makes a cool and fragrant smoke."**

**Ask at all First-class Tobacconists and Stores.**

Manufactured and Guaranteed by

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**IPSWICH, LONDON, AND NORWICH.**

**Estab. 1790.**

**It's very disappointing**

**after paying hard cash for a pair of Boots to find that you are robbed of all comfort in wear and smart appearance in looks.**

**Avoid the Mistake**

**by writing to**

**Southall & Co.,**

**Boot Experts,** Dept. 17
**Kirkstall Road, Leeds.**

for their New Catalogue (free) and self-measurement form, it is arranged to make it easy to select the boot you require.

*For London & District, Catalogue can be obtained and measurements taken at*

**Branch Office:-**
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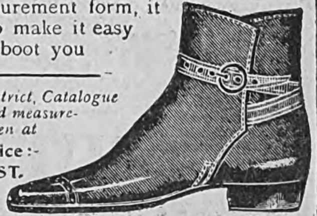
**Sample Pair of Southall's Patent Boots, 14/6.**
**Sample Pair of Lace Boots, "Thor" brand, 14/6.**

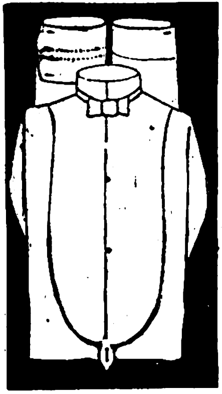
**Postage 6d. extra in British Isles. Europe, 2/-, Colonies, 3/6.**



# WHITE SHIRTS fitted with our REVERSIBLE CUFFS

(See Nos. 2 and 3 described below)

## WEAR TWICE AS LONG as ordinary Shirts.



THEIR economic advantages are apparent at a glance. By permitting the shirts to be worn twice with absolutely fresh cuffs each time they reduce the laundry bill by one half, and the shirts with less frequent washing wear twice as long. The invention has commended itself to hundreds of thousands of customers all over the World.

**UNLAUNDRIED WHITE SHIRTS.**

Straight from the needle to the customer at Wholesale Prices.

**IN THREE QUALITIES:**

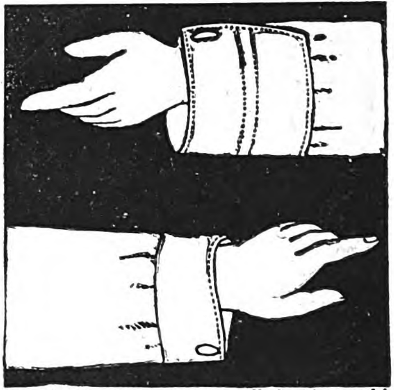
**No. 1.—"THE DEFIANCE."** Pure linen cuffs and fronts. With large single cuff, **2/6** each, **14/6** half-dozen, post free.

**No. 2.—"THE CONQUEROR."** Reversible cuffs, to button back or front. **3/3** each, **18/9** half-dozen, post free.

**No. 3.—"THE CITY SHIRT."** Fit for a duke to wear. Reversible cuffs, and to button back or front. Sample free by post, **3/9**, or **21/6** per half-dozen.

*When ordering, mention size of Neck-band, and say whether to button back or front.*

*This shows the cuff the first day.*



*Second day's wear—showing soiled cuff turned in.*

**PETTIGREW & STEPHENS,** *Manufacturers,* **L Dept., 191, Sauchiehall Street, GLASGOW.**

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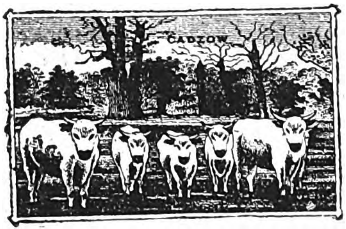
# KEITH'S PERFECT "CADZOW" (10 YEAR OLD) INCOMPARABLE WHISKY

TRADE



MARK

WILD CATTLE IN CADZOW FOREST.

THE LANCET says, June 17th, 1898:—"Thoroughly matured. Its character, in regard especially to taste and aroma, is quite consistent with the statement that this Whisky is kept in bond from ten to thirteen years.'

GRANVILLE H. SHARP says:—"Possesses an especially fine aroma and flavour that is only obtainable by time."

**43s. per doz. case, Carriage Paid. Sample Bottle, 4s., Carriage Paid.**

*Cash with Order or Reference.*

**JAMES KEITH, HAMILTON, N.B.**

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# BEDSTEADS *of Every Description for Institution or Domestic Use.*

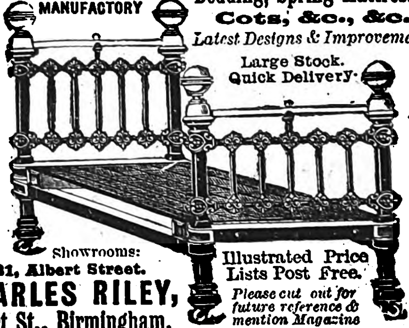
Carriage Paid, Packed Free, Discount for Cash.

DIRECT FROM MANUFACTORY

**Bedding, Spring Mattresses, Cots, &c., &c.**

*Latest Designs & Improvements.*

Large Stock. Quick Delivery.



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**CHARLES RILEY,**
**Albert St., Birmingham.**

Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.

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5 Years' Guarantee given.
Best Value for Money in the Market.

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**MARTIN-SILENT Tool Bag**

*Always Neat and Tidy.*

**MARTIN-SILENT SADDLES LADIES' & GENTS.'**

2 YEARS' GUARANTEE.

*Of all agents or direct. Send for Price List.*

**14/- EACH**

**MARTINS—BIRMINGHAM, LTD.**

*Martin's Silent Pump Carrier will not scratch the enamel, 6d. per pair.*

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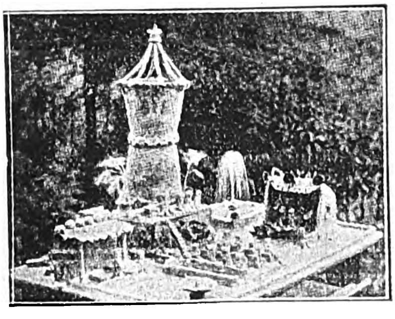
# HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE



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Perfectly Clean and Harmless—fit for Drawing Room or Nursery.

An inexhaustible delight to children, they can MODEL ANYTHING with it.

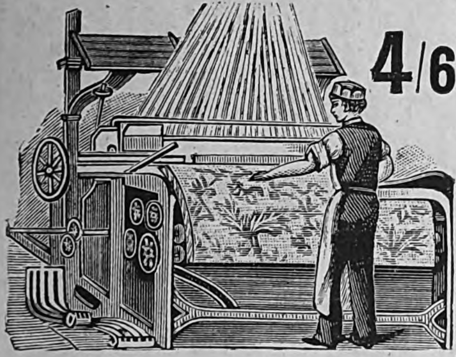
Indispensable to Artists.

The "**Complete Modeller,**" with full instructions ... **2/10,** post free.
The "**Child's Delight**" (smaller) ... ... ... ... **1/3** "

*The Illustration shows the work of a child.*

*From* **WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A., Bath.**

GALLAHER'S
"TWO FLAKES"
TOBACCO
IN 1, 2 & 4 Oz, TINS *THE KING OF PIPE TOBACCOS.*



**4/6**

**To Readers of "The Royal Magazine," Nov.'99, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps, value** (Regd.) We will send you the LARGEST GENUINE REVERSIBLE CARPET in BRUSSELS FINISH, with RUG, ever sold at the Price, direct from the Looms to any address, on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels Patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these carpets have been already sold at double these prices.

**SPECIAL OFFER.—2 CARPETS and 2 RUGS, 8s.**

[*Cut this out.*]

**Illustrated Bargain Catalogues** of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Table Linen, Curtains, &c., Post Free if, when writing, you mention *The Royal Magazine.*

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**TURKEY PATTERN CARPETS**

**(Regd.)**

Reversible, woven throughout, bordered, richly blended in several colours to suit any furniture. These goods cannot be distinguished from Real Brussels when laid down, and cannot be excelled in durability.

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| 6 ft. by 6 ft. ... | **2/11** each | **REDUCED SALE PRICE** | 9 ft. by 15 ft. ... | **12/6** each |
| 6 ft. by 7½ft. ... | **3/11** ,, | | 10½ft. by 12 ft. ... | **11/6** ,, |
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| 9 ft. by 9 ft. ... | **7/6** ,, | | 12 ft. by 15 ft. ... | **15/9** ,, |
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When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

**A Reversible Hearthrug (Regd.), to match, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2 yds. by 1 yd.**

**Sale Price**
**3/6**
**Each.**
*Postage 6d. extra.*

**At an Enormous Reduction to Clear Out.**

Belmont, Pavilion Parade, Brighton, 4/1/99—Mrs. FORGE writes: "The three Wadded Quilts Messrs. F. Hodgson & Son sent me are very warm and light. I am very pleased with them. Please dispatch 3 more. Cheque inclosed, 10/-"

**A STOCK OF**
**10,000 PATENT WADDED QUILTS, TORALIUMS, or BED COVERS, Reversible**

(*AS ILLUSTRATION*).

Covered with Oriental Soft Sateen and on reverse side another beautiful floral design. Size 56in. by 60in. These Quilts are offered below anything in the Wholesale Trade, and cause the greatest consternation to the buyer, wondering how they can be produced for the money.

**SPECIAL OFFER!**

**Three Quilts for 10/-; or Six for 19/6; or Twelve for 38/-**

Cheques and P.O.'s payable to—

**F. HODGSON & SON,** Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, **WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.**

**HEALTH! "PHIT-FOOT" BOOT ECONOMY!**

**These Boots are made on the latest ANATOMICAL PRINCIPLES and are designed to meet the natural requirements of the foot. They afford adequate support, allow for normal expansion, and promote elasticity, thus ensuring PERFECT EASE and COMFORT to the wearer:**

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Cut from selected B.B.M. Calf Skins, beautifully soft, takes a high polish, asbestos lined, damp proof, will not creak. Posted in 5 days, Carriage Paid British Isles; Europe, 2/; Colonies, 3/- extra postage.
*Thousands of unsolicited guaranteed Testimonials.*

**Every Pair Guaranteed.**
**10/6 MADE TO MEASURE.**
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N.B.—Give measurements over sock in inches, and usual size worn.

ADDRESS—
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*Largest Bespoke Boot-makers in the Country.*

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THE MODERN STOVE POLISH

SAVES ELBOW GREASE

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CAMPBELL'S Gold Medal MELOBEONS

With Organ and Celestial Tone, and Sweet Bell Accompaniments. **No Home should be without one.** The solemn Psalm, the soul-stirring Hymn, the cheerful song, and the merry dance, can all be played on these charming Instruments. *No Knowledge of Music required.* Used throughout the world.

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Cut out this and send P.O.O. for the amount.
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All lovers of music should at once send for Campbell's New Illustrated Privilege Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments for Season 1899, now ready. 150,000 sent out yearly. Send 1d. Stamp to—CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116, Trongate, GLASGOW. *Est. 50 years.* **Beware of worthless imitations!**

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Equal in size and quality to any machine. Works by hand or treadle. Four years' guarantee.

To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid **5s. MONTHLY.** Write for designs and samples of work—**The Atlas Sewing Machine Co.,** 182E, High St., Camden Town, London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd.; and 14, High Rd., Kilburn. **Mention this Magazine.**

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SHILLING BOTTLES SKIN LOTION

*GIVES A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.*

clears off Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Roughness, all Disfigurements, and Cures Irritation. Develops a Clear, Smooth, Healthy Skin.

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Direct from the Potteries.

CHARMING QUEEN WARE WHITE CHINA TEA SERVICE.

8/6 Carefully Packed. Package Free.

This really superior Tea Set is now offered direct to the public by the manufacturers at first cost. It comprises 12 cups and saucers, 12 plates, 2 bread and butter plates, 1 slop bowl, 1 cream jug, in all 40 pieces. Every piece in the service is exquisitely finished and guarantees satisfaction to every customer.

Our **Breakfast Service,** also in **Queen Ware White China,** is exceptional value. It consists of 6 breakfast bowls and saucers, 6 breakfast plates, 2 bread and butter plates, 6 egg cups, 1 slop bowl, 1 sugar bowl, and 1 milk jug, in all 29 *pieces*: for **8/6** Carefully packed; package free.

**Send 8/6 for Sample Service to-day.**

Half Guinea and Guinea Parcels made up of all kinds of useful articles in the **Queen White Ware.**

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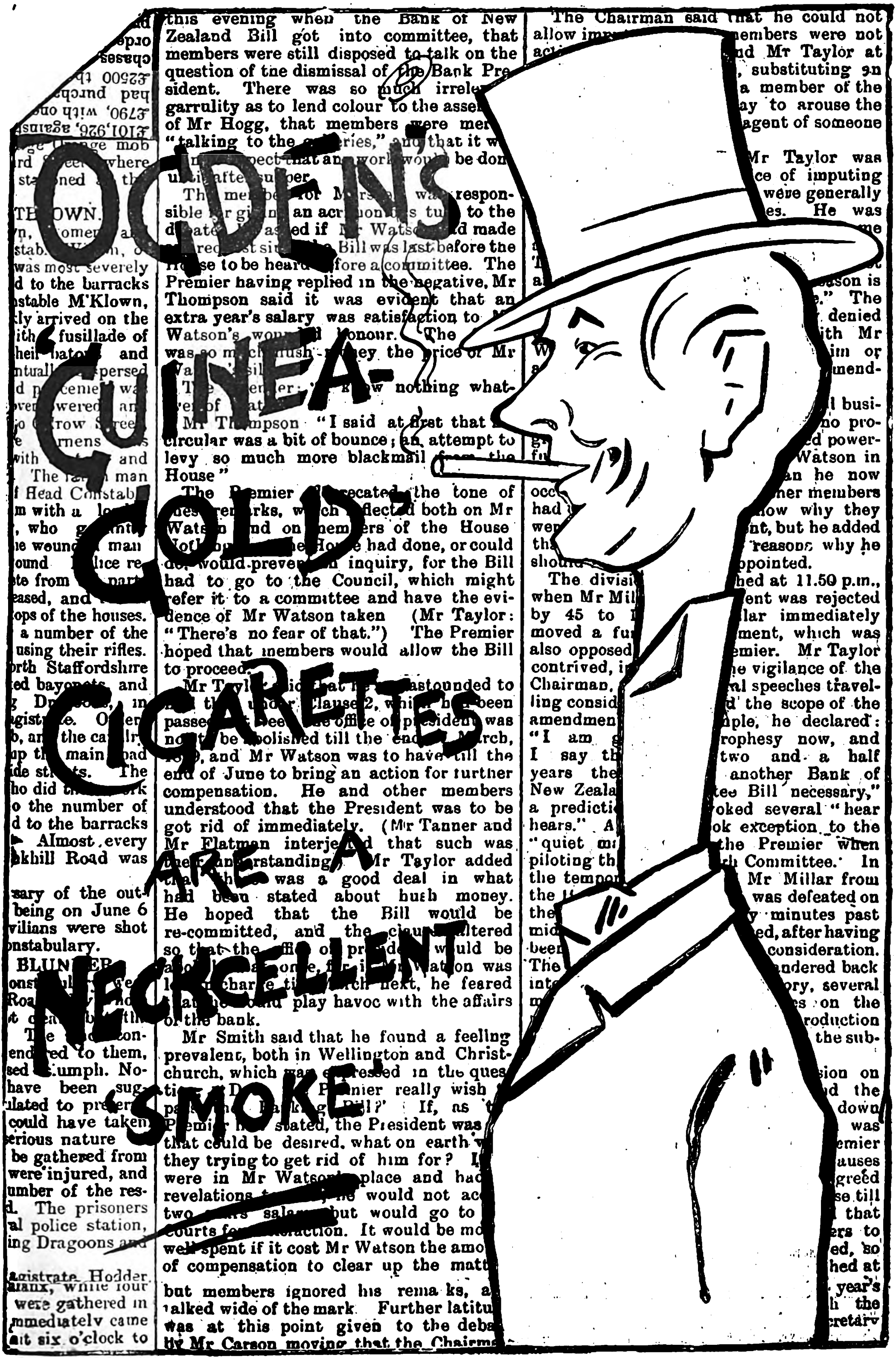
The Jet Black Marking Fluid for Marking Linen, Cotton, &c. Will not injure the most delicate fabric. **In Bottles at 6d., 1/-, 2/6, and 5/-.** Of all Chemists and Stationers. Sample Post Free for 13 Stamps.

W. MATHER, LTD., DYER STREET, MANCHESTER.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**Is a Safe and Reliable Remedy.**

It is neither opiate nor narcotic, but SEDATIVE. Purely Vegetable, and Guaranteed Harmless, even to infants or the most delicate.

**DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART.**

**THE EARL OF MOUNT CASHEL** writes:
"Louene acts like magic, and relieved pain almost immediately."

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"A good remedy for sleeplessness." "Does not leave the least headache or unpleasant feeling. Gives most refreshing sleep."

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**Price 3/- and 4/9 per bottle.**

**SPECIAL OFFER:**

**A 3/- or 4/9 bottle will be sent (post paid) to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of Postal Order for 2/6 or 4/- respectively, if this advertisement accompanies, or "No. 2220" is quoted on, the order.**

THE LOUENE CO., 43, King William St., London, E.C.

A WONDERFUL LAMP WICK.

TO prevent Smoke, Smell, and Explosions in Oil Lamps by the use of a Chemical Wick is an accomplishment of first rate order, notwithstanding the apparent smallness of the lampwick as a subject at first sight. Not many people know that oil lamps lighted up Noah's Ark, and that they gave off offensive smoke and smell then as now, the only drastic change effected in them in four thousand years being the introduction of mineral oils, which cause explosions, of which there were no less than one hundred and six **Fatal Examples** in this country last year—and sixty-three deaths from the same source have been recorded for the first six months of the present year!

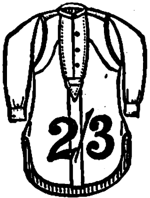
Stemp's Process Wick comes in opportunely indeed. It Prevents Oil Lamp Explosions, Requires No Trimming, sheds a bright white light, and emits neither smoke nor smell.

**So Important** is the improvement in Light, Cleanliness, the Saving of Trouble, Waste of Oil, and the great Safety secured by the use of Stemp's Process Wicks, that **Her Majesty** has graciously issued **Royal Letters Patent** to the Inventor.

Volumes of Testimonials and Repeat Orders from all parts are daily registering its phenomenal success.

These Wicks may now be purchased at all the Great Stores in London, and of Ironmongers and Stores throughout the country from **One Penny Each.** Order at once, and ask for the Booklet giving all Particulars and Directions for Use.

There is no trouble; just take a piece of paper or thin card and press it on the top of your burner—it is unnecessary to send the burner for size—and if you experience any difficulty in getting Stemp's Patent Wicks, write straight to STEMPS, LTD., 12, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, inclosing two stamps for ordinary size sample, or five stamps for large size circular wicks, and Free Booklet. Two hundred and fifty thousand samples have already been sent out—our posts are tremendous—please buy locally, if possible.



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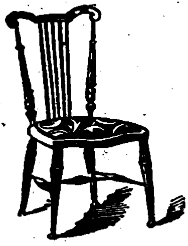

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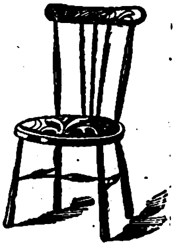

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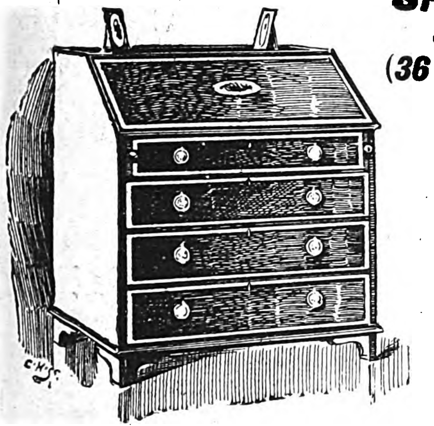

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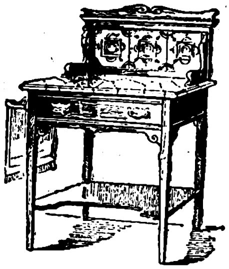

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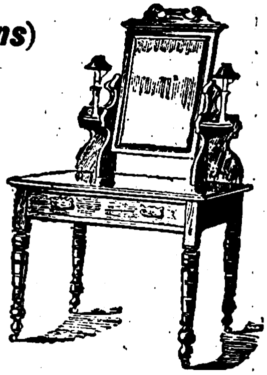

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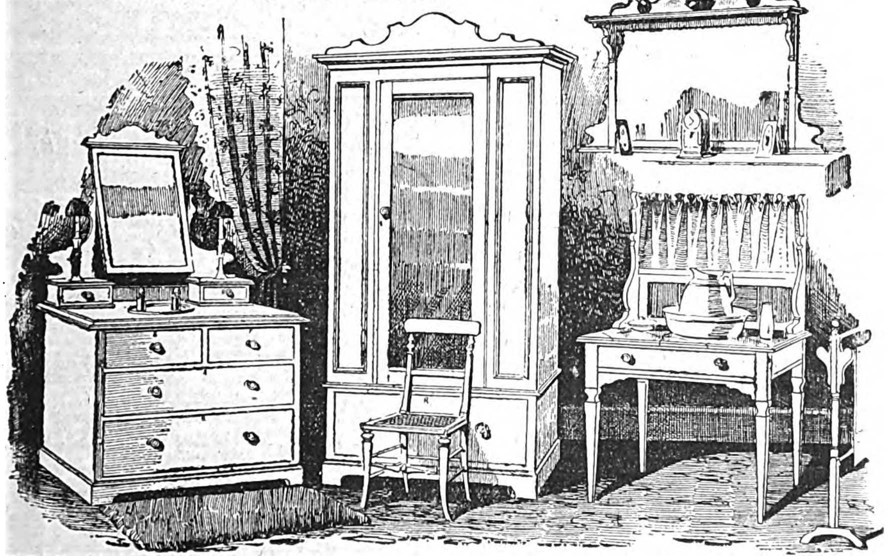

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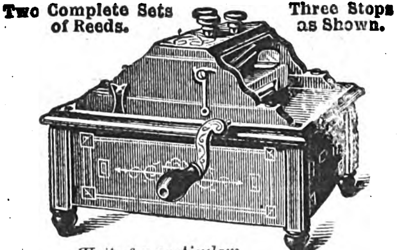
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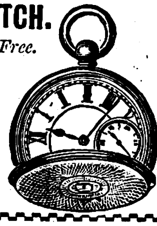

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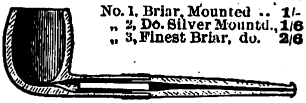

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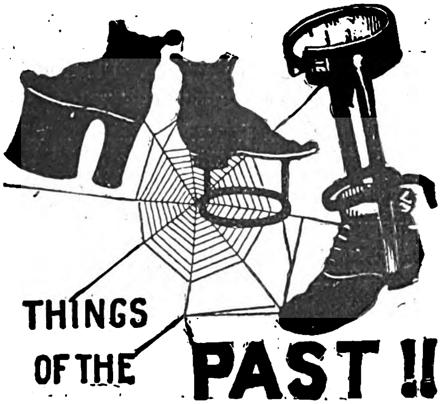

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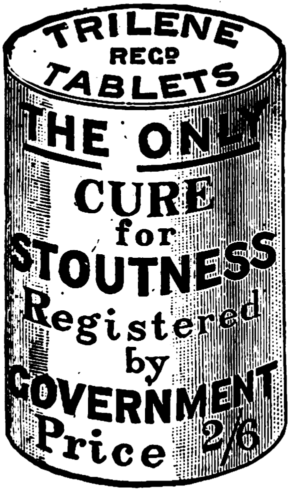

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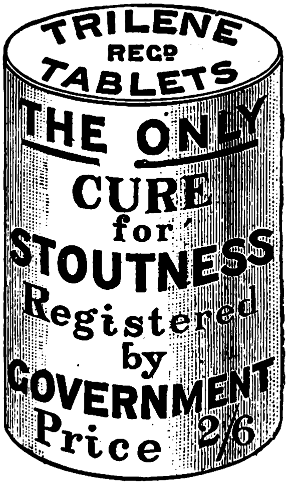

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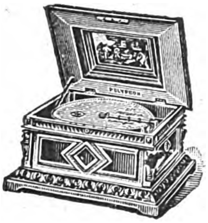

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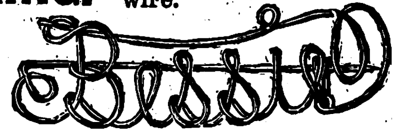

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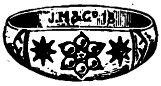

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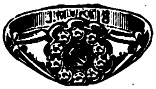

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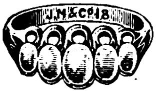

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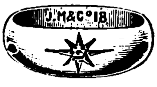

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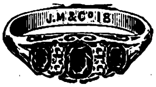

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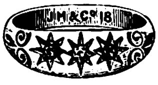

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# THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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Cases for the first two half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

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|---|---|---|---|
| United States... | 120 lbs. | Scandinavia | 67 lbs. |
| Great Britain... | 105 lbs. | Austria... | 64 lbs. |
| France | 74 lbs. | Spain | 49 lbs. |
| Germany ... | 69 lbs. | Russia ... | 48 lbs. |
| Netherlands | 69 lbs. | Italy | 23 lbs. |

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# THE

# ROYAL MAGAZINE.

## VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1899, TO APRIL, 1900.

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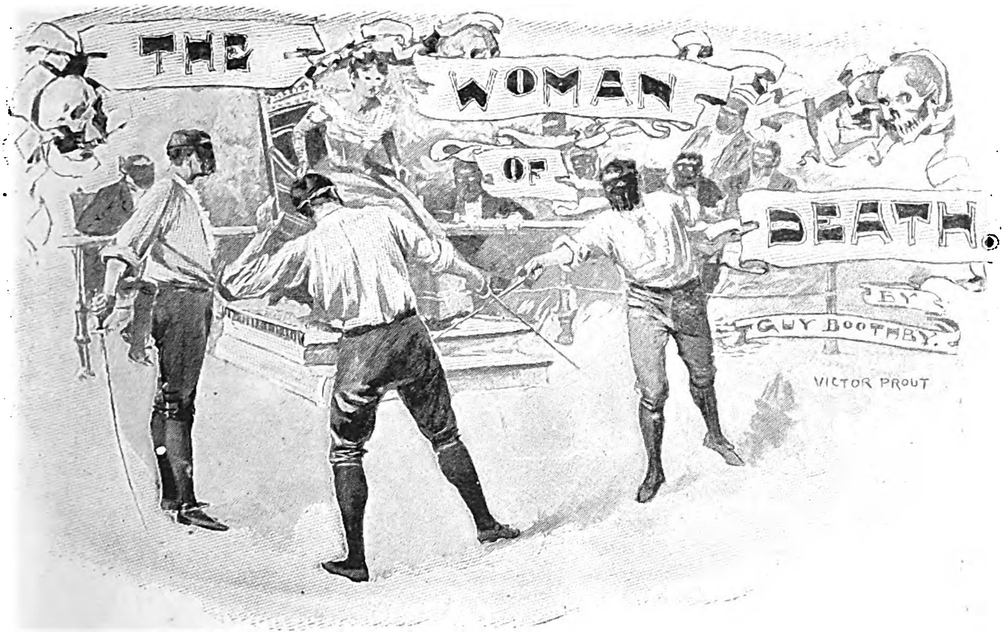

## CHAPTER I.

"MILORD MIDDLESBOROUGH est un bon garçon, mais c'est dommage qu'il trouve le monde si ennuyant," said the pretty Countess de Chevilhac as she leant over the parapet of the terrace of Middlesborough's villa, and dropped a rose into the clear waters of the Mediterranean below.

"If at the advanced age of thirty-two, one has reduced oneself by one's own exertions to the condition of the Great Alexander, one should not complain if the world one has subjugated *does* prove a little wearisome," replied her companion, the witty Duc de Rheims. "Middlesborough is like a child surfeited with sweetmeats; he has tired of his *pralines* and his *nougat*, and he would give anything for a new sensation."

"He is altogether annoying," the lady added, and as she said it she gave a vicious little tug at the petals of the rose she held in her hand. "Nothing interests him, nothing amuses him. He will lose fifty thousand francs at roulette with the same expression on his face that it wears when he orders his carriage. On the day that he won the Grand Prix, nobody could tell whether he was pleased or annoyed at his success. The other afternoon, when we were caught in that terrible storm off Cape Camarat, and thought the yacht must inevitably founder, he was barely interested. It was a bore, no doubt, but it couldn't be helped. If we had gone to the bottom, he would doubtless have made his adieu beneath the waves with a cigarette in his mouth, and the same expression of gentle resignation upon his face that always makes me long to shake him."

"You must admit, however, that he is at least thorough in his failing," said her companion. "While some men affect it, Middlesborough's *ennui* is quite genuine. Did you ever hear what that dainty little American dancer, who took all Paris by storm last year, said of him? I think she put the case better than any one else has done. 'Lord Middlesborough,' said she, speaking with that indescribable accent of her country, 'from what I've seen of you, I reckon you're just fairly tired of livin'; and yet you haven't enough "*get up and get*" about you to go and kill yourself. You've got the dibs—why don't you pay a hired man to put you out of your misery.'"

"I have not heard that story before," the other replied. "And pray, what did our friend answer?"

"He smiled sweetly upon her, as he always does, and told her that he had no doubt the suggestion was an excellent one in every way; but, so far as he was concerned, it was unfortunately impracticable, for the simple reason that he could not muster up sufficient

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enthusiasm for dying, to go in search of the necessary man."

"That is so like him. Oh dear! what a dreary world it must be when one has outlived one's enthusiasm! How much more pleasant is it to be like De Trailles, who is eighty, and has not yet outgrown his boyish love for rice pudding. But, see! here is the man himself, coming down the path. We have been talking of you, Lord Middlesborough, for the last fifteen minutes."

The individual addressed bowed gracefully. He was tall, possibly an inch and a half above six feet, and very graceful.

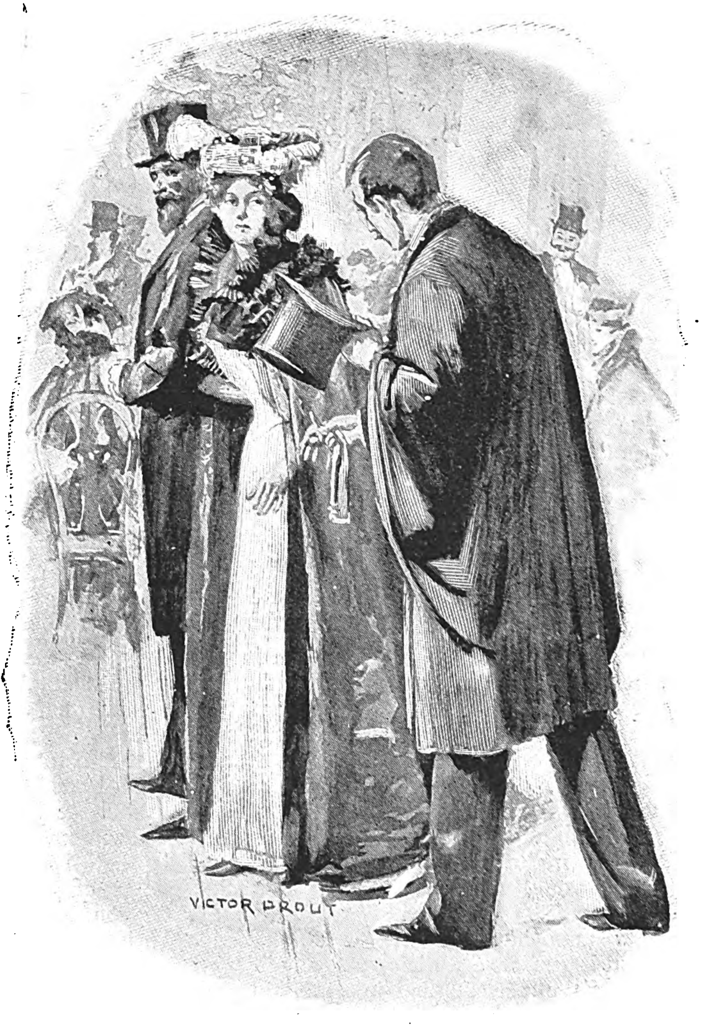
"In that case, it is my duty, as your host, to offer you my apologies for a very uninteresting quarter of an hour," he answered, as he seated himself on the balustrading. "I trust, however, that I have had the good fortune to secure you for my champion?"

The lady laughed musically. She was quite one of the prettiest women in Europe, and she had the advantage of knowing that he was aware of the fact.

"You would never forgive me," she said, "if you could have heard how I have been abusing you. The Duke and I have come to the conclusion that you resemble Alexander the Great."

"Alexander the Great! Good gracious! How so?"

"For the reason, that the Duke thinks you sigh because you have no more worlds to conquer."



"Permit me to restore you this," he said.

"What a charming idea!" he said. "I fear, however, that you pay me too high a compliment. The positions should be reversed. I sigh, not for the reason that I have no more worlds to conquer, but because the world has conquered me. Edison, or some other man, should really invent a new universe in which everything would be different."

"That is a delightful idea!" said the Duke. "A new world in which everything would be different. Pray tell us with whom you would people it?"

Middlesborough smoked thoughtfully for a moment before he answered.

"The election would, of course, be by ballot, after the fashion of the clubs," he replied. "Equally, of course, there would be no politicians, or, at least, only the nice ones, and they would have to leave their politics behind them upon election. There would be no money; in consequence, no moneyed men; and, above all, there would be no match-making mammas, and for the reason that there would be no marrying or giving in marriage."

The Countess made a little *moue* as she put the question:

"Then there would be no loving?"

"Of course," Middlesborough replied with decision. "That is the one essential to the success of my scheme. Everyone would love in the most intricate fashion possible."

"Your world would be too charming," the Countess replied. "I hope you will make it a stipulation that I am to be admitted. Like the monks of Medmenham, you will have to inscribe over your portals, '*Fay ce que vou dras.*'"

"Scarcely," said Middlesborough; "for to be compelled to do only as one pleased would imply the existence of a restraining hand, or, at any rate, of a dominating influence; neither would be permitted in my world. But while we are arranging these details, I am forgetting the commonplace motive of my presence here. Nina Larrandale and the others are anxious to drive into the Casino to-night. Countess, will you permit me to be your charioteer? You will accompany us, of course, Duke?"

Both expressed their delight, and they accordingly returned together to the house. A shudder ran through Middlesborough as he thought of the hot rooms of the Casino, and the struggling mass of humanity he would meet at the tables. He would far rather have spent the evening wandering amongst the orange groves, whispering soft nothings into the pretty, shell-like ear of the Countess de Chevilhac. However, he was their host, and if his guests chose to amuse themselves in this way, he could only consent. Accordingly he climbed to the box of his coach, helped Madame de Chevilhac to a seat beside him, and tooled his party into Monte Carlo with the workmanlike skill that had given him the reputation of being one of the best whips in Europe.

However sad it may be to have to confess such a thing, it must be admitted that his friends, when they had discussed him upon the terrace that afternoon, had not maligned him.

Evelyn Charles Devereux-Ducie, seventeenth Baron Middlesbrough, was one of Fortune's chief favourites. Born to the inheritance of an old and honoured name, immense wealth, and a singularly handsome person, it would seem that the gods had done all in their power to make his path smooth through life. And yet the very advantages they granted him were destined ultimately to prove his chief affliction. At Eton and Christchurch he had been immensely popular; he left both institutions, however, without achieving the reputation of a worker. He excelled in every branch of athletics, yet when the annual University Sports came round his name was invariably absent from the list of competitors. He was offered an oar in the dark blue boat, but declined it for the reason that he had suddenly lost all interest in matters aquatic. On attaining his majority, he took his seat in the House of Lords, where he made an excellent impression, and it was supposed by some of his father's old friends that he might, in course of time, develop into a power. Unfortunately for their hopes, however, he tired of politics as he tired of everything else, and by the time he was twenty-six, he was scarcely to be seen in the House at all. He was a finished and fearless horseman, and for three seasons in succession he hunted the family pack. He collected a big stud at Newmarket, and backed his horses to an extent that caused the grey beards to wag their heads and prophesy that even his wealth would not bear the strain for long.

Then one day he found he was tired of hunting and racing; his horses and hounds were accordingly advertised for sale, and he himself departed on a yachting cruise round the world. The circumference of the globe was not attained, however, for, by the time they reached Japan, he was weary of the sea. The yacht's head was accordingly turned, and, within an hour of arriving at this decision, he was on his way to South Africa, where he proposed to devote a year to shooting big game. Eventually he reached England, looking very brown and well, but, if possible, even less interested in the world and its affairs than he had been when he first set out.

To do him justice, it was not because he was lazy, or that he in any way despised or fancied himself better than his neighbours; it was only an inability to continue to enjoy amusement when the first novelty had worn off. An attachment to a hobby is often endangered by the lack of means to indulge it to its full. With almost unlimited wealth at his command, Middlesborough was able to commence where others, less favoured, were perforce compelled to leave off. It is possible, and more than probable, since his constitution possessed a considerable amount of obstinacy, that, had he more difficulties to contend with, he would not have tired of each amusement so quickly. Even deer stalking—to quote a certain well-known writer—would pall as an amusement, if one could shoot a royal every five minutes throughout the day. The world that criticised him so freely was apt to forget this, when it said that Lord Middlesborough "was as unstable as the wind, and as changeable as the shadows of an April day."

Middlesborough had been entertaining a large house party for upwards of a fortnight, and this was the last day of their stay. On the morrow the Countess de Chevilhac was to go on to visit certain friends at Bordighera; De Trailles would travel as far as Rome, where he had an audience with the Holy Father; Anstruther and his pretty wife were returning to the fogs of England, while the Duke de Rheims and Middlesborough intended making their way to Paris in search of such amusements as the gay city could discover for them. After that, the villa overlooking the blue Mediterranean would be given over to the hands of caretakers, and it might be months, or even years, before it would see its master again.

The play that evening at the Casino was of the usual description. Middlesborough began by winning and ended by losing. At last, having found no satisfaction in it, he rose from the table and resigned his chair to the the man who, up to that moment, had been waiting patiently behind him. He discovered that he had only followed the example of De Rheims, who was now standing at some little distance, watching the players.

"So you have tired of it," said the latter, as his host joined him. "The room is stifling; let us come and smoke in the gardens. What people can see in that sort of thing passes my comprehension."

At the door their progress was delayed by the entrance of a small crowd of people. Middlesborough was thinking about something else, and did not give very much attention to them, but when they had passed he noticed that a lady, who, accompanied by a gentleman, had been the last to enter, had dropped one of the gloves she had been taking off. He picked it up and followed her.

"Permit me to restore you this," he said in French when he reached her.

She took the glove, and as she did so, looked up at him. Middlesborough saw a pale, sweet face, with large and serious eyes. She thanked him for his kindness, and then, with a bow, passed on.

"Surely she is not going to play like the rest," he said to himself, as he watched the retreating form. "She looks better fitted for the Sacred Heart than for the Casino. I wonder who she can be?" In his life he had seen many beautiful women—more, perhaps, than he could remember, but he did not know that he had ever seen a face, the memory of which haunted him as did this one. And yet, if the truth must be told, it was not altogether beautiful. The mouth was a little too large, the forehead a trifle too high, for it to have found merit in the eyes of many connoisseurs. He rejoined his friend and passed into the cool outside. A moment later De Rheims was accosted by a man who was about to enter the building. They stopped for a few moments, while Middlesborough continued his walk down the path. When his companion joined him again, there was an air of excitement about him that had not been there a few minutes before.

"My dear fellow," he said, "we are certainly in luck's way. Do you know that Madame d'Espère is at Monte Carlo?"

Middlesborough smiled at his friend's excitement.

"*Cher ami*," he said, "I can safely assure you that I did not know it, and for the very simple reason that I have never heard of Madame d'Espère before. Who is she? Pray enlighten me."

"She is Madame d'Espère," his companion replied, "and when you've said that you've said everything. I had forgotten for the moment that it was possible you might not know her. When a man voluntarily goes off to the end of the earth and remains there for years at a time, he must not blame anyone if he discovers on his return that new people have come to the front, new beauties dawned upon the world, and that So-and-so, who was probably starving in a garret when he left, is now one of the most sought after people in Europe."

"I am to understand then that Madame d'Espère is a celebrity?" replied the other. "I am afraid I am rather tired of celebrities. May I inquire what is her particular claim to notoriety?

"She has a hundred claims," De Rheims answered enthusiastically. "But if you like you shall judge for yourself. I am sufficiently acquainted with her to be able to introduce you to her presence, if you would care to accompany me. Her villa is only a short distance from here, and our friends will not be looking for us for another couple of hours at least. What have you to say to my proposal?"

"That it is an admirable one, in every way," Middlesborough replied. "By all means introduce me to this wonderful creature who has the good fortune to interest you so strongly. Are you quite sure, however, that you would not prefer to go alone? If so, do not hesitate to say so. I have no desire to be *de trop*."

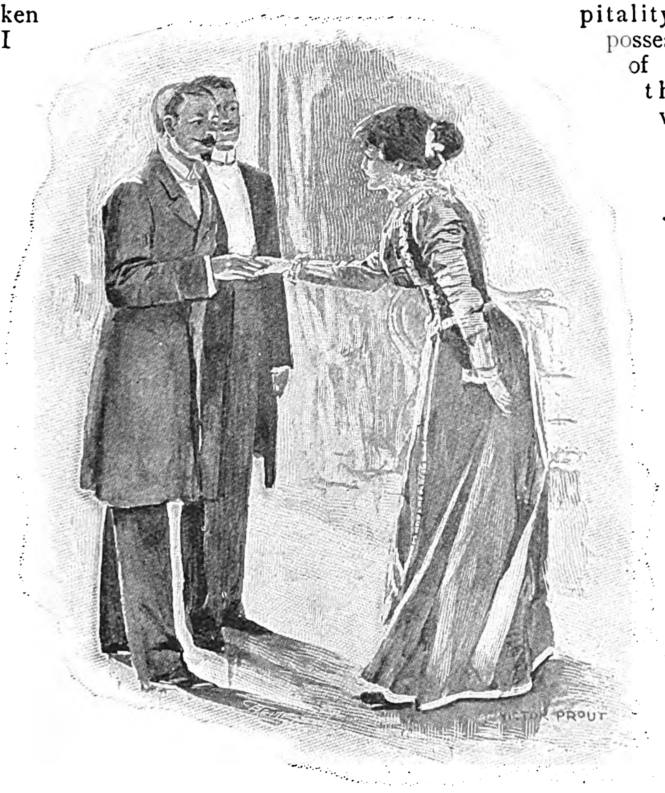
"You need have no fear on that score," said the Duke. "I shall be only too glad to take you with me. We have often spoken of you, and I promised her I would take the first opportunity of making you known to her. As you can see for yourself that opportunity has now occurred."

With that they passed out of the grounds of the Casino, and made their way in the direction that the Duke had indicated.

"*Facile descensus Averni*," says the old Latin proverb, but easier still is the road that leads to danger. In something less than ten minutes after they had left the Casino, Middlesborough found himself following his companion into the drawing room of Madame d'Espère's villa. It was a finely proportioned room, and, at the moment of their entrance, contained at least a dozen people who were scattered here and there in little groups. On hearing the names of her visitors, their hostess, who had been seated beside a well known French diplomat at the further end of the room, rose and came forward to greet them.

"Monsieur de St. Bérin was telling me less than five minutes ago that you were in Monaco," she said to De Rheims, as she shook hands with him. "It is indeed kind of you to come and see me, and particularly to bring Lord Middlesborough with you."

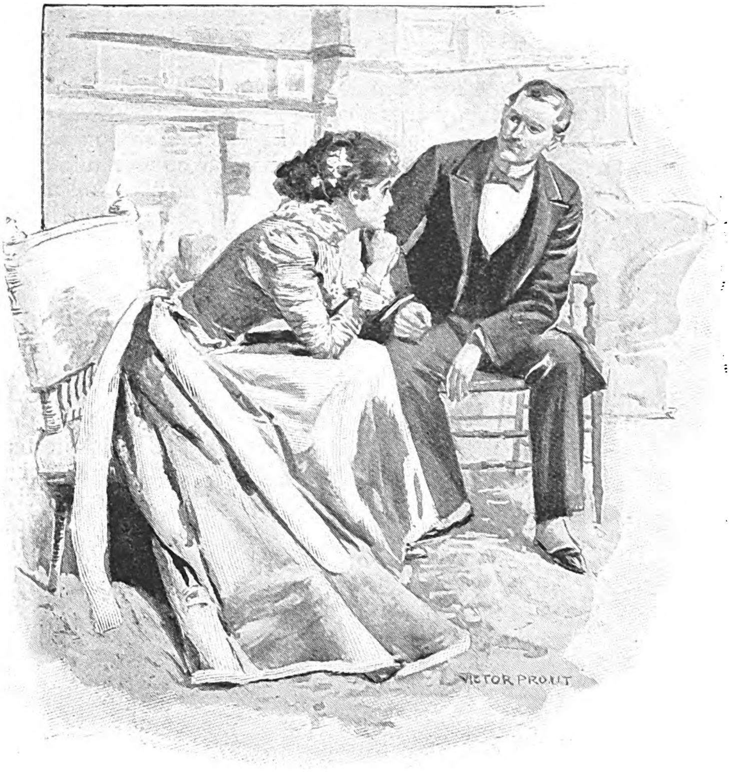
She seated herself in a comfortable chair, and signed to the two men to follow her example. Of one thing there could be no sort of doubt; she was an extremely beautiful woman. She possessed a face that might have changed the destiny of a Cæsar, have subjugated an Anthony, or caused a Paris to break the bonds of hospitality. That she possessed the power of catering for the intellectual, while she challenged physical admiration, was evidenced by the characters and professions of the men about her. In one corner was Prince Gologoffski, whose communistic tendencies had brought him into trouble with his own Government, and had been the means of driving him into exile; talking to him was Herr Volker, the no less famous German scientist; while, on the further side of the room, conversing with a French military attaché, was a well-known English financier, and a famous member of the Austrian Bar.



"It is indeed kind of you to come and see me," she said to De Rheims.

Most of these present were more or less well-known to Middlesborough, and, remembering this fact, he marvelled that he had never heard from them of the woman beside whom he was seated.

"You are a great traveller, Lord Middlesborough, I believe," said Madame d'Espère.



**"Did I not tell you," she said, "that you carry your fate in your face?"**

be only too clear to him. For the present, however, he was too much in the dark concerning her present life and antecedents to venture upon even a conjecture. For want of something better to say, he remarked that he had never seen her at the Casino.

"I never gamble," she answered. "At least not in that way. You may scarcely think it, but I have the most abject horror of losing money. When I tell you that five years ago I was an unknown woman, penniless and starving, that to-day I am rich, and in consequence have many so-called friends, you will perhaps be able to understand it. I owe it all to the fact

"I have been told that you know the world as we know the *Champs Elysées*. How pleasant it must be to feel that you have conquered all the barriers of Distance, that you have only to give your orders in order to be transported from Paris to Pekin, or Vienna, or Fiji, without trouble or inconvenience to yourself. Is it your intention to remain in Europe very long?"

"My friends would tell you that I seldom remain anywhere very long," Middlesborough replied.

"I am afraid you have been too long away from Paris. The Duke here is inconsolable if he is absent for more than a month from his beloved Boulevards. Are you not, Monsieur," she added, turning to De Rheims.

"Only since I have known you, Madame," the other replied, with a bow.

She tapped his arm playfully with her fan.

"I thought it was one of our strictest rules never to pay compliments," she said.

Compliment or no compliment, it seemed to Middlesborough that there was another meaning underlying De Rheims speech. In days to come, that meaning was destined to

that I have hoarded every *sou* I could scrape together. I believe, if I were tempted, there is scarcely anything I would not do for money. Where other people want fame, honour, and advancement, I want only wealth—to have the knowledge always with me that I shall never again be as I once was." She spoke with a sincerity that left no mistake as to her words. While she had been speaking, De Rheims had risen and crossed the room to speak to Gologoffski, leaving them alone together.

Middlesborough could not deny to himself that he was supremely interested in his companion. He noticed the beautiful poise of her head, her wealth of hair, the colour of her skin, and the exquisite moulding of her hands. Her voice was full and musical, and her eyes had the peculiar faculty of being able to retain attention after once it had been aroused. That she was accomplished above the average standard of her sex was a fact of which there could be no doubt, but it struck Middlesborough that there was something more behind it all than he could at present understand. While he was talking to her it seemed to him that he was under a spell—that he was being influenced by a will stronger than his own.

She had been silent for a moment. When she spoke again her voice had changed a little. There was a shade of awe in it which he knew could not have been of him.

"Has it ever struck you, Lord Middlesborough, that you carry your fate in your face?" she asked abruptly.

"Do we not all do so?" he inquired, with a smile. "It is an accepted fact, is it not, that you may read a man's character in his face? If his character, why not his fate, since the one is in a great measure dependent on the other?"

"Yes," she replied gravely, as if she were pondering over what he had said, "but how few there are who can see it. Do you believe it is possible for us to foretell the future?"

"If you mean by palmistry, necromancy, or the wheel of life," Middlesborough replied, "I must confess I do not."

"And yet I almost think you should," she answered, "for if I am not mistaken, you were afforded an illustration once that should have served to teach you that there is something more in it than meets the eye."

Middlesborough started. It was quite true, but how did she know it? "I am afraid I do not quite understand," he said. "To what do you refer?"

"You were travelling in India at the time," she said. "You had with you a friend, who was young and high spirited. At the termination of your visit to the Viceroy in Calcutta, you were to go up country, where you were to be entertained by a native prince. Before leaving you showed a kindness to a poor Fakir, who, in return, bade you warn your friend that if he left the Capital he would be dead within a week. You laughed at the notion, and resolved on no account to tell your companion, for fear it might make him nervous, and he might decline to go. What was the result?"

By this time Middlesborough's suspicion had vanished and he was genuinely moved. He could well recollect the horror of that time. "Your friend died of cholera in a tent by the roadside before you reached your destination," she continued, still looking straight at him and speaking in a voice that was little above a whisper.

Middlesborough could not repress a shudder. What she told him was exactly what had happened. Every detail was correct. All things considered, it was, perhaps, the most grizzly secret of his life, and the one he least liked to remember. Over and over again he had told himself that there could not possibly have been anything in the fakir's warning. Yet how terribly true it had proved to be! But how had Madame d'Espère become aware of it? he asked himself. He had been alone at the time he had received the warning, the fakir was a wandering Hindoo, who could not possibly have seen or dreamt of this beautiful Parisienne. To Middlesborough himself it had been a memory too painful for him ever to have spoken about to anyone. How, therefore she could have become acquainted with it was a mystery he could not solve. He tried to question her upon the subject, but she only shook her head.

"Did I not tell you," she said, "that you carry your fate in your face?"

"You did certainly say so," Middlesborough answered, "but you did not add that I carry the fates of my friends there also."

"Then I was right in what I told you?" she continued. "I am glad of that."

She said this as if she attached far greater importance to it than he could understand.

"I wonder if you would believe Lord Middlesborough," she said, even more seriously than she had yet spoken, "that it is fate that has brought you to me to-night. When I left Paris, a few days ago, I felt quite convinced in my own mind that it was to advance another step towards the completion of my destiny. You may think I am talking in a very strange way, at our first meeting, when I say that I firmly believe that our two lives, and that of one other person are inextricably interwoven. You smile, but believe me it is so. Do not jest about it for pity's sake! You little know what may be before you. The Past is our own to deal with as we please, the Future is a great and awful Mystery."

Middlesborough saw that this was no acting; she was really affected. Whatever her manner may have been before, it was quite certain that it was all seriousness now. For a moment he could have sworn that she trembled; then, with an effort, she pulled herself together, and her composure came back to her.

"Forgive me," she said in a different voice. "How absurd I am! We have, all of us, our little failings, and I had forgotten for a moment that this was our first meeting. You will think me a hysterical school-girl."

At this moment De Rheims crossed the room to them. Middlesborough took this as a signal that the other thought it was time they made their adieux. He accordingly rose from his chair. When he spoke, De Rheims noticed that there was a significant change in their manner towards each other.

"You are returning to Paris to-morrow, I near," she said after Middlesborough had bade her goodbye. "I hope, if I have not frightened you too much to-night, that you will come and see me there. Monsieur De Rheims will be able to tell you where I live."

Middlesborough expressed the pleasure it would give him to do so, and then followed his friend out of the room. He had not been in the house half an hour, and yet it seemed to him as if he had known Madame d'Espère for a lifetime.

"Now that you have seen her, how did Madame strike you?" the Duke inquired, as they passed down the street in the direction of the Casino.

"She is certainly a very beautiful woman," said Middlesborough. But I must confess I don't know what to think of her."

"Nobody ever does," his companion replied. "She is, perhaps, the greatest enigma of the day. She did not happen to tell you anything about your past, I suppose? Any circumstance that you thought was known only to yourself?"

"She did! She described an incident to me of which I am prepared to swear I have never spoken to any living soul. It made me feel quite superstitious for a moment. I wonder how she does it."

"The strange part of it is," the Duke continued, without answering his companion's question, "that she affects everyone in a different way. Do you remember little Pontevecchi?"

"Perfectly," Middlesborough replied. "What about him?"

"As a rule he is a self-contained fellow enough, but when he was introduced to her, he acted like a madman. You cannot imagine how he behaved. He became almost hysterical, raved like a lunatic, vowed that she had the Evil Eye, and that it was death for any man to remain in her presence. There was quite a scene, and the man who brought him into her house, had to get him away as soon as possible. Nothing would induce him to go back again. I can well remember my own sensations when I was introduced to her. It was in Naples, and I had been yachting with Perrambino. As we entered the harbour, he turned to me and said: 'Mark my words, Madame d'Espère is here.' Like you, I inquired who the lady in question might be. He answered that she was a new comet in the firmament of Europe, and that she had an extraordinary influence over men. So enthusiastic was he in his praise of her, that I made him promise that he would introduce me to her as soon as we got in. It was not until we did get in, and found that she had only arrived that afternoon, that I inquired how it was he had been so certain that she was in the city. We had been yachting for a fortnight before, and I did not see how he could have become aware of the fact.

"'I cannot say how I knew it,' was his reply. 'I felt it, that is all. If she were in Paris or Vienna, and I arrived in either city, I should know it just as well. Think what you please, you can only admit that in this instance I was right.'

"Paul Delvitto says that when he is with her he always feels as if he must tell her all his secrets, good, bad, and indifferent. For her sake, as well as his own, I hope he does not."

"And how does she affect you?" Middlesborough inquired.

"Very happily," the other replied. "When I am with her I feel conscious of a pleasant exhilaration. She affects me like a rare vintage of champagne, that is all."

"Do you know where she hails from? What countrywoman is she?"

"That is a question nobody but herself can answer, De Rheims replied. "She is a mystery. She appeared first in Vienna, I believe, but she is neither an Austrian nor a Hungarian. Then she went on to St. Petersburg, where they believe her to be a Russian, afterwards Paris, where they feel sure she is French."

"Is she wealthy?"

"That is another question I cannot answer," said the Duke. "The villa she is occupying here belongs to Max Durrer; but in Paris she keeps an excellent establishment. When I tell you that Guillaume Péris is her chef, you will understand that she does not do things by halves. Her dinners are delightful, and the nicest men in Paris are to be met at her receptions."

"She is certainly very interesting," said Middlesborough, "and, in the present state of society, a woman who is that is a *rara avis*. When she returns to Paris I shall hope to see something more of her."

The Duke looked at him sharply.

"I wonder if it would be wise?" he said to himself as they turned in at the gates and made their way up the path towards the Casino, but why it was he wondered he did not say.

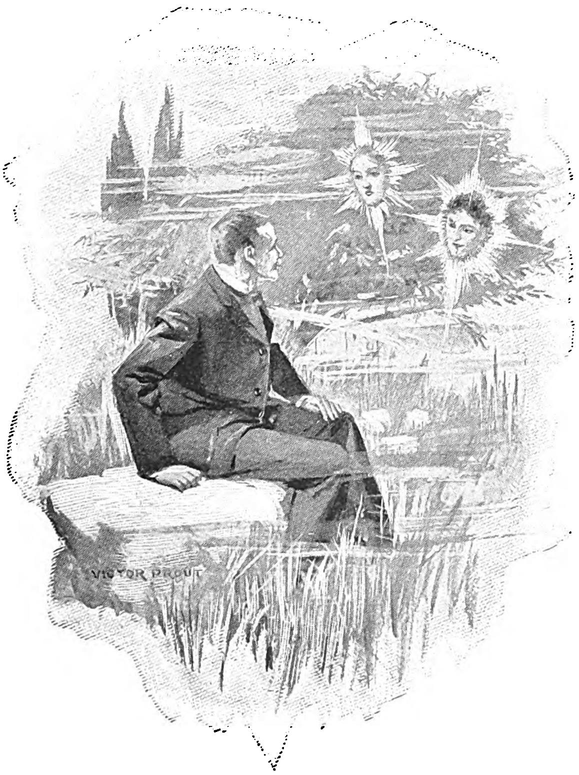
They entered the rooms just in time to discover their friends leaving the tables. They had all lost, so the pretty Countess de Chevilhac informed Middlesborough, and in consequence they were quite ready, if not eager, to go home. "There never had been such luck," the Countess declared. "People were winning all round her, but court as she would, the Sun of Fortune would not smile upon her."

"I'll never play roulette again," she cried angrily. "It's an odious game, and I'm bored to death by it."

She had recovered her spirits, however, when they reached the villa once more, and sat down to the charming little supper which Middlesborough's admirable Georges had prepared for them. Only one thing was wanting. Try how he would to rouse himself, their host could not fall into line with them. His introduction to Madame d'Espère had exercised a greater effect upon him than he had at first supposed. He found himself continually recalling his conversation with her, and the oftener he did so, the further removed he was from understanding it. What had she meant when she had said that their destinies were entwined with those of another person? Feeling as he did, even the animated chatter of Madame de Chevilhac—who, while being a great lady, possessed a tongue as sharp as a *grisette*—seemed distasteful to him. He wanted to be alone, to think.

When his guests, tired after their evening's play, bade him good-night and departed to their respective bed-rooms, he lit a cigar and went out for a stroll in the garden. Eventually he found himself standing on the terrace overlooking the sea, at the spot where he had discovered the Countess de Chevilhac and De Rheims that afternoon. The ripple of the waves below him, and the rustling of the wind in the shrubs behind him, was infinitely soothing. He could not remember ever in his life having felt as he did then. How was it that this woman had so suddenly fascinated him? He had known many more beautiful women than she, to whom he had not given a second thought. When he had smoked his first cigar, he lit another, and as soon as that was finished returned to the house, where he bade his man get him to bed as quickly as possible.

He had scarcely closed his eyes before he was asleep. Then he began to dream, and it was a curious phantasy that his brain conjured up for him. He seemed to be alone in a wild and deserted country that was like no other he had ever seen. If he had had a path he had lost it, and was now stumbling amongst rock and morasses in constant peril of his life. At every turn some fresh danger menaced him, and he was giving up all hope of ever reaching safety again, when, far ahead, twinkling like two stars, a pair of lights appeared. One was faint, but persistent in its advance; the other was bright, but moved with Will o' the Wisp gyrations, now luring him this way, now that, but always dazzling in its brilliance. Which should he believe in? At first he followed the brighter, but it only led him into greater danger than before. Still, however, the other light burnt steadily but dimly



**A cry of astonishment escaped him. It was the face of the woman whose glove he had picked up that evening!**

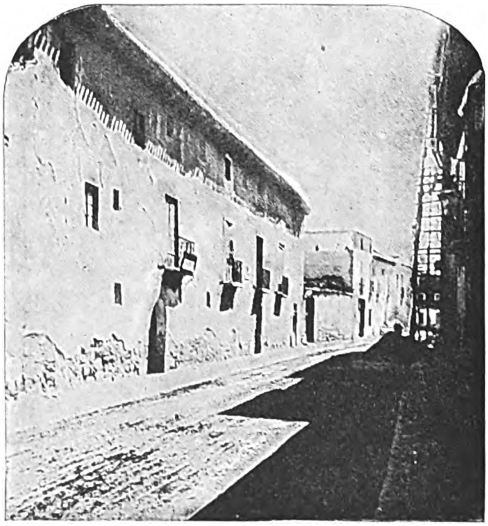
on. Discarding the one he had hitherto been following, he quickened his pace towards the other. Guided by it, he passed from the treacherous pitfalls, and between the sharp rocks, up to a place of safety. Little by little the way grew plainer, until at last, wearied but unharmed, he stood in the fair country on the other side. Then, as he sat down, it seemed that the lights which had guided him came closer, and grew gradually larger until they took upon themselves the semblance of human faces. He looked at the one he had likened to a Will 'o the Wisp, and to his surprise discovered that it was the face of the woman he had met for the first time that evening—Madame d' Espère. She had lured him on to ruin, but the other had rescued him and helped him back to safety. Almost nervously he turned to examine the face of his saviour. A little cry of astonishment escaped him. *It was the face of the woman whose glove he had picked up that evening !*

*(To be continued.)*

# THE HOUSE IN WHICH COLUMBUS DIED.

The plain stuccoed house in which the great Columbus died still stands in a quiet street of Valladolid, and is one of the sights of the old-world city. Certainly the building cannot be commended for its beauty, the architecture being of the plainest and most modest character, as may be seen by our photograph.

When the great navigator returned for the last time from the New World, he was broken in health and spirits, but loyal to his sovereign and country for whom he had run such great risks, and from whom he received so little real gratitude or appreciation. He was too ill to go to Court, but retired to his house at Valladolid, where after twelve months of suffering he died on May 20, 1506.



Copyright Stereo Photo by Underwood and Underwood.

It was only after the great explorer had ceased to breathe that his stupendous work was really appreciated by the people of his adopted country. During his life he was ever an object of jealousy and petty spite, but no name is more honoured or revered in the whole of the Peninsula, or indeed, in the whole world. It is, alas! almost a truism that real greatness and worth have no other immediate reward than their own—and this is never very satisfactory.

# THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

**Stereoscopes.** I am delighted to find that the idea of publishing stereoscopic slides has proved so splendid a success. I knew it would, for when once you have found out, as it were, how to use a stereoscope you can really appreciate the power of photography.

I wish living pictures could be done stereoscopically. Just imagine the delight of seeing the figures standing out in the manner they do when you are looking through a stereoscope.

I suppose it will be done. Every day brings something new and something marvellous by way of invention or discovery. There is so much, too, to be discovered in photography. It is not a matter of grubbing about in the dark. We know just exactly what we want; it is merely a question of being able to do it.

**Photographic Wants.** I am not going to attempt to give a detailed catalogue of what we do want, nor shall I speak of the relative importance of the wants I may suggest. What a host of protests I should bring about me!

First of all we want colour-photography. "Done already!" I hear some of you exclaim. "Not a bit of it," I reply. I want colour photography of such a kind that I can put in a plate, or, better still, a film, and press a button, and then develope. And lo and behold! when I print there will be the colours just as the camera saw them.

"Utterly impossible," says the scientific gentleman, and I daresay he is right. It grieves me to think he is. It would be so nice, so marvellous to do as I suggest. The one great consolation that I have is that scientific gentlemen have often and often said that such and such a thing is impossible, only to find out subsequently that they are wrong.

Photo by A. Ralston.

Home from the Market.

**Another Want.** I want the fastest lenses to be had at half the price one has at present to pay. I do not care whether they are made of

Photo by C. F. Insted.

The Village Cobbler.

glass or what, but I want them much cheaper.

Then I want—but after all what good can come of complaining as to what I want. Far better be thankful for what I have. Goodness me! when I think of photography to-day and photography say twenty years ago, what a difference!

Not in results mark you, for some of the results obtained by the older photographers are ahead of the best productions of to-day, at any rate in the field of landscape. There are too many facilities now-a-days. Everything is too easy. The "press the button and we'll do the rest" idea has had a demoralising effect.

It is not easy to do anything really well. You must be prepared to give time and to expend an infinite amount of trouble and care. Sometimes almost by purest chance a novice turns out a fine picture. Notably he goes on wondering for years why he cannot repeat the operation. He could, perhaps, if only he really studied the art of photography.

I remember once seeing the representative of a sporting paper on a racecourse with a very fine camera. He was snapshooting starts and finishes and some of the jumping. I asked him if he often had failures, and he answered that he never had such a thing.

I quite believe him. He had had vast experience, and he knew every subtle device of snapshooting. Personally, I confess, I have no confidence of the results of snapshooting. But he was there as a matter of business to take those starts, etc., and take them he did.

**Photographic Fiends.**

Up to a certain point of excellence, everything is so easy that now anybody can go photographing. They do not all succeed—fortunately, perhaps. There is no doubt but that the injudicious and persistent photographer can be a dreadful nuisance. I once met a bad specimen on board ship. Really there was no getting away from the man. He was always on the alert, and always snapshooting you just when you did not want it.

It might be a rough day and the vessel might give a sudden lurch. It is just on such occasions that a man comes in useful. He can catch any unfortunate female and prevent her dashing her brains out against the bulwarks. Of course the attitude at the moment

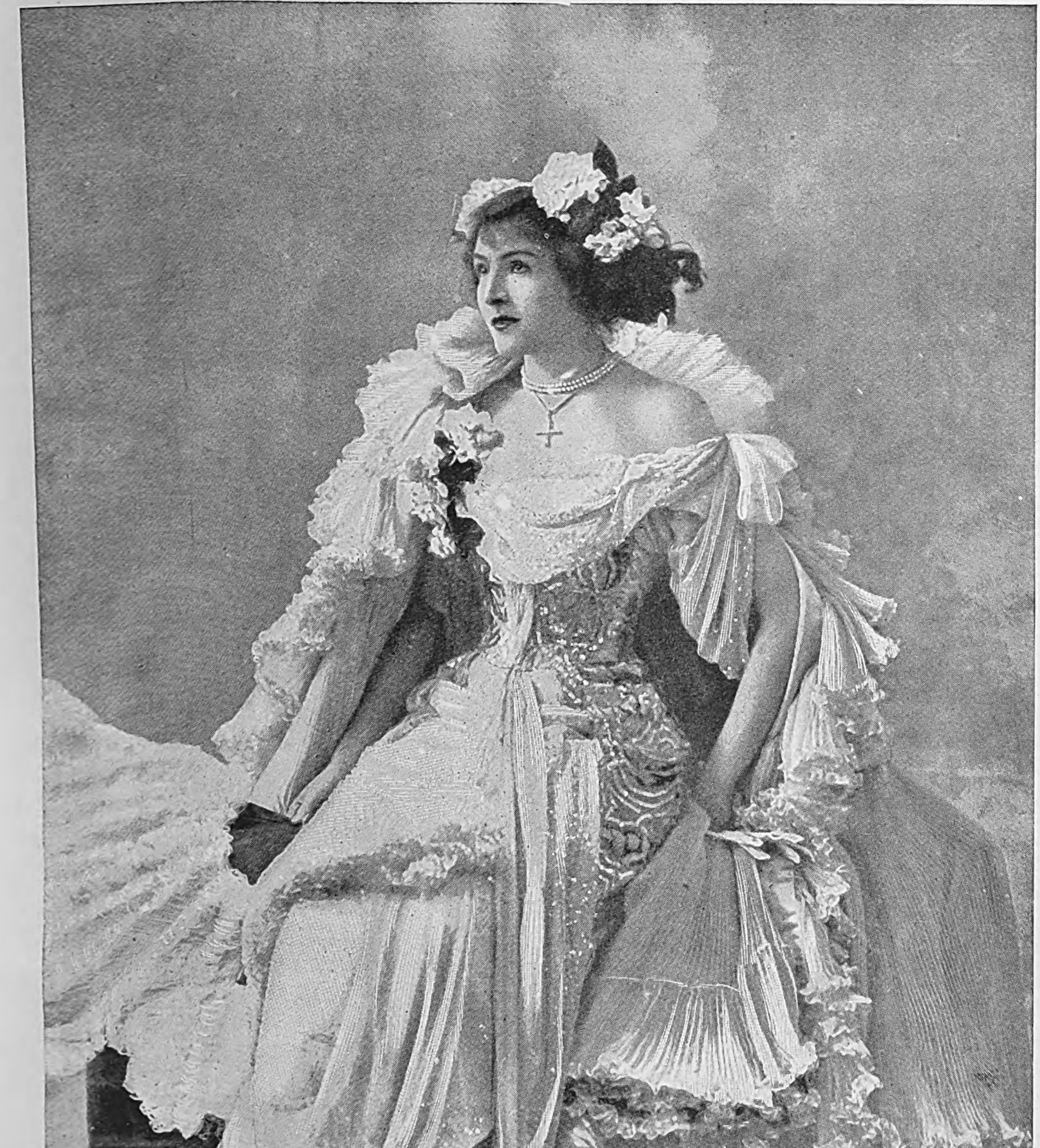


Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

MRS. BROWN-POTTER.

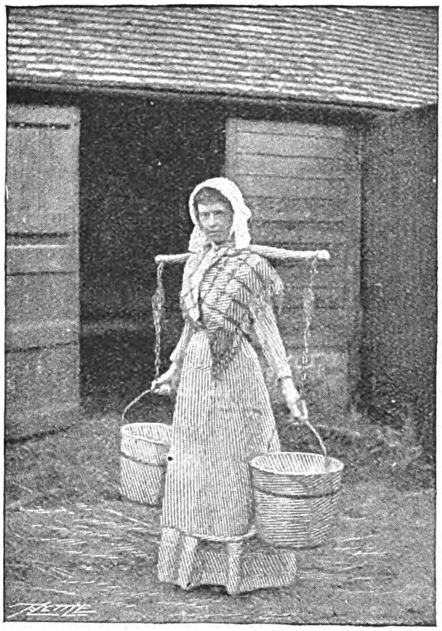


Photo by F. Ollo.

The Milkmaid.

of catching is not exactly normal. Probably you have your arm round the lady's waist whilst she is clutching hold of you in the most vigorous fashion. The commotion is such that you do not hear a faint click just as things settle down once more to their ordinary condition, but you perceive the snapshootist winding off a film. As he looks up and catches your eye, he breaks into a broad grin as much as to say: "It's no use, I've got it. Wasn't it lucky? I just turned the corner in time and caught you.—I hope it will come out."

It is this class of creature that does so much harm to the fun of photography.

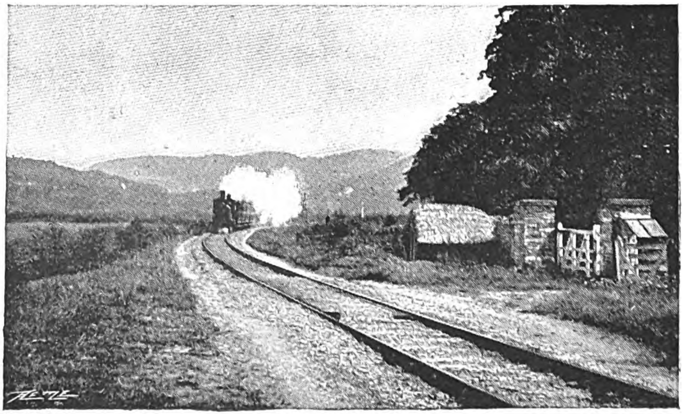


Photo by F. Ollo.

Rounding the Curve.

**How to Mount Royal Magazine Slides.**

By the bye, reverting to the subject of stereoscopic pictures, I have had a decidedly interesting letter from a correspondent who has found an excellent method of mounting the twelve stereoscopic pictures at the end of The Royal Magazine, and making twelve good slides out of them.

At first sight this seems impossible without buying two copies of the magazine Yet it is not. The two pictures which are printed back to back can actually be separated and mounted on cards. I give the process almost in the exact words of my correspondent:

Cut out your picture. Then glue one side carefully with clean glue, and lay it on a piece of muslin, taking care that every portion of it is sticking to the material. The muslin should be a couple of inches larger all round than the picture when cut out. Having pressed the picture evenly on to the muslin glue the other side of it, and place over it another piece of muslin, so that it forms a sort of muslin sandwich with the picture in the middle. Having carefully pressed the sandwich, lay it aside whilst the glue sets. When it has properly dried take your sandwich and grasp each piece of muslin with either hand and pull steadily. This is the most ticklish part of the operation. You must draw the two pieces asunder squarely and evenly.

As they part you will find that the paper on which the two pictures are printed is splitting, one half adhering to each piece of muslin.

When you have finally separated the pieces of muslin lay them in a dish of warm water, the picture side downwards, and leave them until at length the pictures float off. After cleaning them with a sponge they are ready for mounting on cardboard. "This done you will find," adds my correspondent, "that you have each month a dozen permanent pictures which you are not afraid of your friends handling."

And all for the price of threepence, with the rest of the magazine given in for nothing! Well, well!

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charle

POPPIES.

Vol. III.—2.

**Fix Focus Cameras.**

THERE are few enough things in this world that can be done without trouble and care, and excellence is never attained without experience. I suppose I ought to add that, as a rule, one should be quite ready to buy one's experience, and rejoice if the price is not too great.

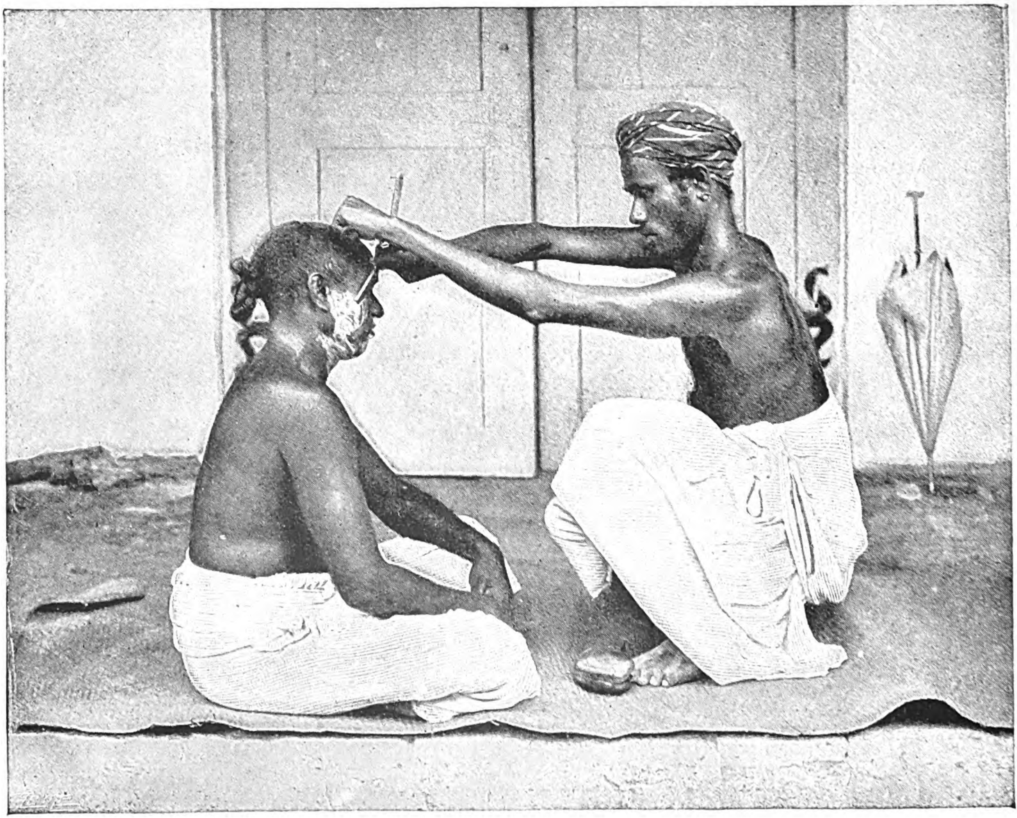
I am led to moralise thus by the fact that I have frequently discussed, with what I might call amateur amateurs, the subject of fixed focus hand-cameras, as distinct from those that require focussing.

I write require; although really I would rather use the expression that are capable of focussing: it comes to that, for there can be no question but that far better pictures can be obtained by using a focussing camera than one with a fixed focus.

Nevertheless, the latter is the simpler, and, naturally enough, the inexperienced individual who objects to using his or her brains can turn out more passable photos with it than with a camera that requires some judgment of distance and focussing.

With a fixed focus, taking a photo does literally and actually amount to nothing more than pressing a button, and leaving the camera to do the rest. Yet even then the better sort of fixed focus camera will ask a little intelligence in its use by having different stops. These stops are, as it were, a compensation for the absence of a focussing adjustment. A number of circumstances must be taken into account, and the proper stop used, if you wish to get a sharp, well-defined result.

The inexpensive fixed focus camera will give, no doubt, very good pictures, and the possessor will be happy enough until he or she comes across the work of a fellow amateur who uses a hand camera that can focus. If this latter is properly used, the results are unquestionably the better. At the same time, in the hands of the persistently incompetent, the necessity for focussing seems to preclude even an average good picture. Consequently, my advice to those



From a Photo

A Tamil Barber.

Photo by W. Bunnette.

At Tea.

who wish to play at photography, and do nothing more than play at it, is to buy fixed focus cameras.

If, on the other hand, you are ready to learn, and are not going to be disheartened by many a failure at the outset, buy a hand camera that is capable of being focussed for various distances.

**My Correspondents.**

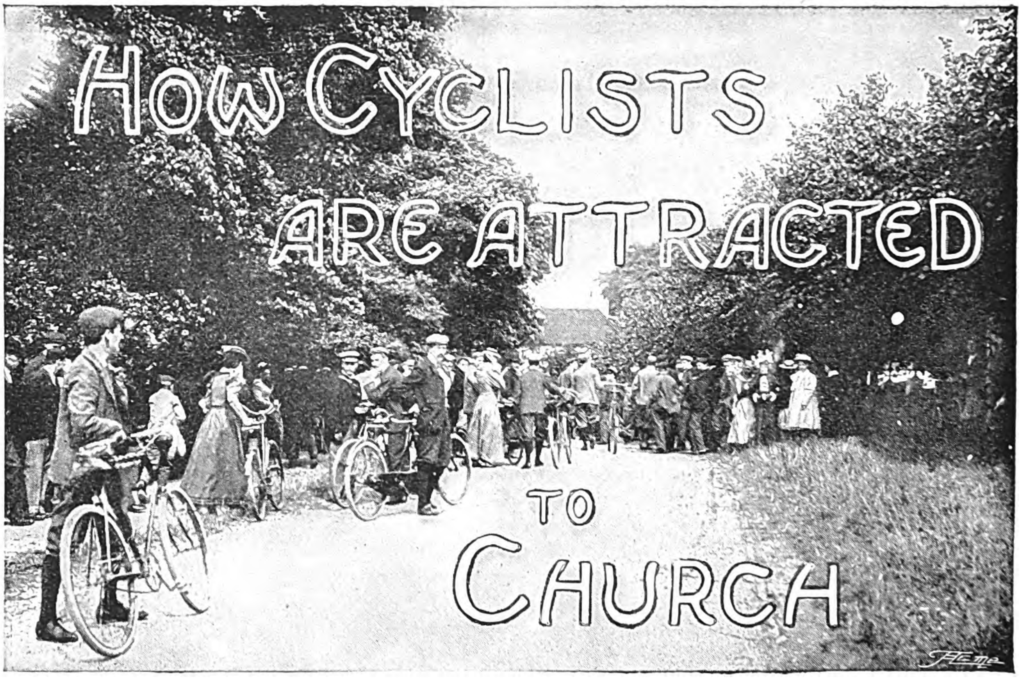
Sometimes my correspondents, of whom I have many, are critical. One gentleman, who had requested me to use my influence with the editor to get some of his photos published, was very wrathful when I told him they were not good enough. "You may be a decent fellow," he wrote, "but you know nothing about photography." True, true, my dear sir; like Socrates, I know nothing but that I know nothing. This is my only merit.

The Royal Magazine

Photo by P. R. Valentine.

One of Our Readers.

# HOW CYCLISTS ARE ATTRACTED TO CHURCH



By Stanley White.

*Photographs by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.*

Of late years, Sunday cycling at the expense of church attendance has become so general, that the clergy and pastors of all denominations have been under no little anxiety as to how to counteract the movement. The more advanced among them, however, now recognise that, in principle, Sunday cycling is a good thing; and, instead of trying to dissuade their flocks from indulgence in the healthful pastime, have set themselves to provide facilities so that cyclists may attend church. Many of the clergy are inviting wheelmen to come to service in their cyclist costumes, and some have gone so far as to furnish accommodation for the safe custody of machines while their owners are occupied in spiritual exercises within.

These are steps, and substantial ones, too, in the right direction, and few thinking people anticipate that the clergy will ever have cause to regret their action in meeting the needs of cyclists in a liberal spirit.

By far the most enterprising and original in his methods to attract cyclists to church is the Rev. Elwyn Lewis. Mr. Lewis is rector of the little parish of Fyfield, near Ongar.

Situated amidst beautiful surroundings, Fyfield, to all appearance, might be a hundred miles from town, yet it is within easy distance from Liverpool Street, and contiguous to the leafy glades of Epping.

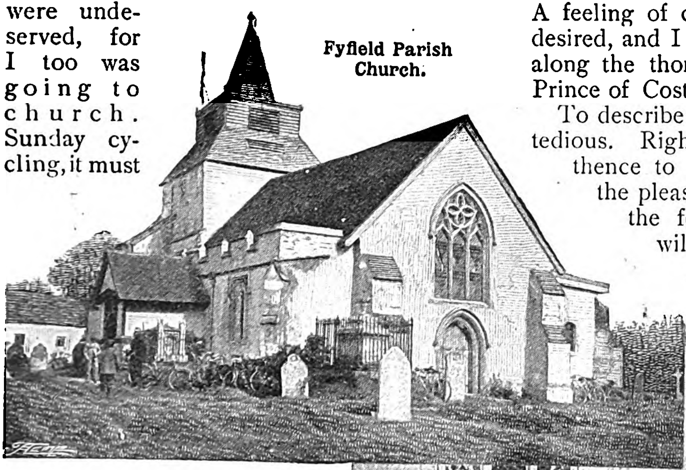
Recently it was borne strongly into the mind of Mr. Lewis that some stronger attraction than any yet existing should be instituted to induce cyclists to come to church. Being fully alive to the unique advantages of his position in that he was within easy cycling distance of thousands of tired Londoners, he hit on a happy expedient.

He sent notices to the daily papers, inviting wheelmen to cycle over to Fyfield Church, for a service of half-an-hour's duration; to be followed by tea in the rectory grounds, at the nominal figure of 6*d.* per head. The idea caught on like wildfire, for at the first gathering, which took place in the early part of the year, Mr. Lewis was, in common parlance, literally taken by storm.

About 800 cyclists of both sexes responded, and, although provision had been made on a substantial scale, Mr. Lewis found it necessary to send post-haste into the village for further supplies. The attractions which he has to offer are of the best. The rectory grounds are beautiful and extensive; in fact, an ideal place for a picnic. The rectory itself is a picturesque building, several hundred years old. Last, but not least, Mr. Lewis as a host is geniality itself.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," says an old proverb, and the reason of Mr. Lewis' kindly hospitality to cyclists is not far to seek. He is himself an ardent devotee of the wheel, and, indeed, an all-round sporting man—but more of that anon.

The second meeting was arranged for, but was spoiled by the rain. A considerable number cycled over, and took part in service at church, but the weather would not admit of tea in the open air. To compensate for this disappointment, Mr. Lewis issued a fresh set of invitations, and it was at this third gathering that I was privileged to be present. I found there were some among us who had come over fifty miles; I suppose I could not have done much less than thirty myself. Not being much of a scorcher, I decided to allow myself plenty of time, so started from Sydenham just as respectable suburbanites were wending their way to morning service. Of course, I came in for my share of the deprecating glances usually bestowed on the godless Sunday cyclist. But for once, at least, they were undeserved, for I too was going to church. Sunday cycling, it must be confessed, has always had its joys for me; but, as I spun over Sydenham Hill, I was conscious of a strange new pleasure, a peculiar zest, which I had never previously experienced. The wisest of men has it that "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant;" but we know his Epicurean creed led him to a bad end.



Fyfield Parish Church.

The Rev. E. Lewis Playing the Organ and Piano at the same time.

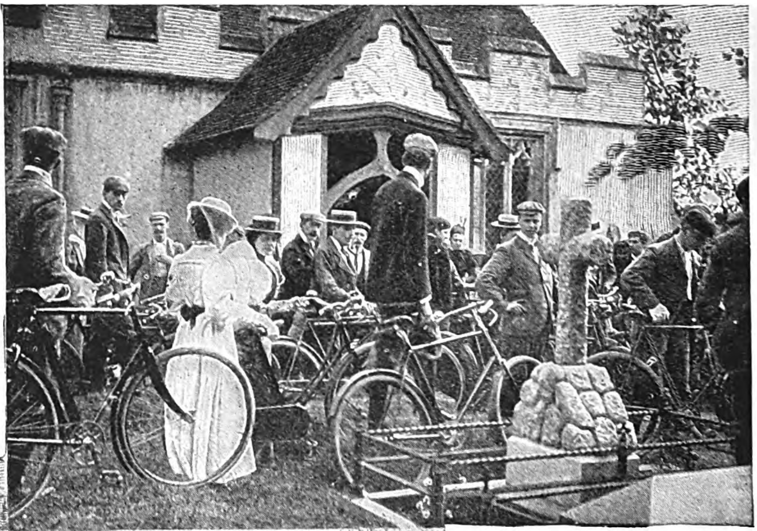
A feeling of conscious virtue is more to be desired, and I had it to perfection as I sailed along the thoroughfare immortalised by the Prince of Coster Singers.

To describe my journey in detail would be tedious. Right on through smoky Stratford, thence to Leytonstone, and, heigho! for the pleasant groves of Chigwell. Oh, the forest! Heaven and posterity will surely bless, as I do now, the enlightened body who have

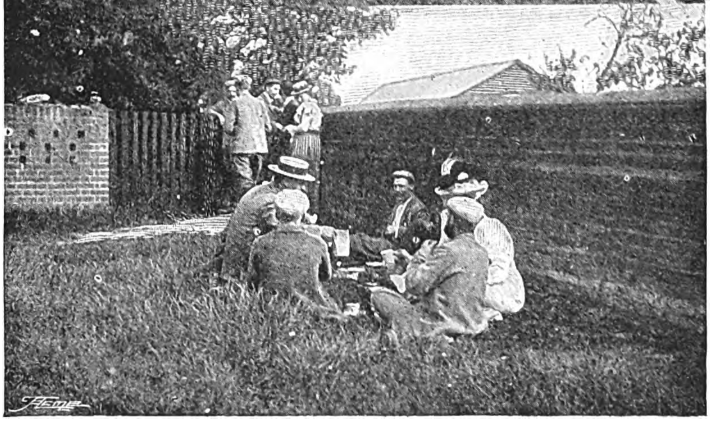
The Cyclists arriving at the Church.

saved wood and glade from the ruthless hands of the spoiler. From thence to Fyfield I suppose that the run is some fifteen miles. I arrived at my destination in good time, so had leisure to note brothers, and yes, sisters, of the wheel as they poured in by the score. Mr. Lewis rode up on his bicycle shortly after my arrival. I need not give a word portrait of this gentleman, because an excellent photo of him appears with this article. He looks what he is, every inch a lover of the wheel.

By three o'clock, hundreds were outside waiting for admission to the service. Punctually at three o'clock the doors were thrown open and the visitors poured in, filling the little building to its utmost capacity.



After the Service.



One of the many groups of Cyclists taking tea in the Rectory Grounds.

The rector first offered up a prayer, and a hymn followed, sung in hearty style. Mr. Lewis promised that the sermon should not exceed five minutes, and he kept his word. The result was a triumph in the art of condensation. Rest, he said, did not mean laziness or sloth, but refreshment and change. He contended that cycling was a most sanitary exercise, and that people who lived a long way from church would be more likely to go to worship if they had bicycles than if they were without.

After the service, photographs were taken of groups outside the church by the Royal Magazine photographer, which are here reproduced. They give a better idea of the happy gathering than any words of mine can do. The party, numbering some 400, then proceeded to the rectory grounds, which are quite near. On arrival at the gate they were confronted by the worthy rector, who proceeded to collect the tea tickets in a most business-like manner. Tea was in readiness. The fare consisted of tea, bread and butter, and cake *ad libitum*. The quantities disposed of may be gauged from the fact that over 40lbs. of cake alone were consumed.

The meal was quite *al fresco* in style. The company split up into groups, and enjoyed the good things provided in various shady spots. It was very evident that all were highly delighted with their surroundings, and will not require to be asked twice to pay another visit. Among other attractions, Mr. Lewis's peacocks came in for their share of notice and admiration; and the same may be said of the Newfoundland

A Cyclist Mending a Puncture in the Churchyard.

dog, who fortunately was disposed to be friendly.

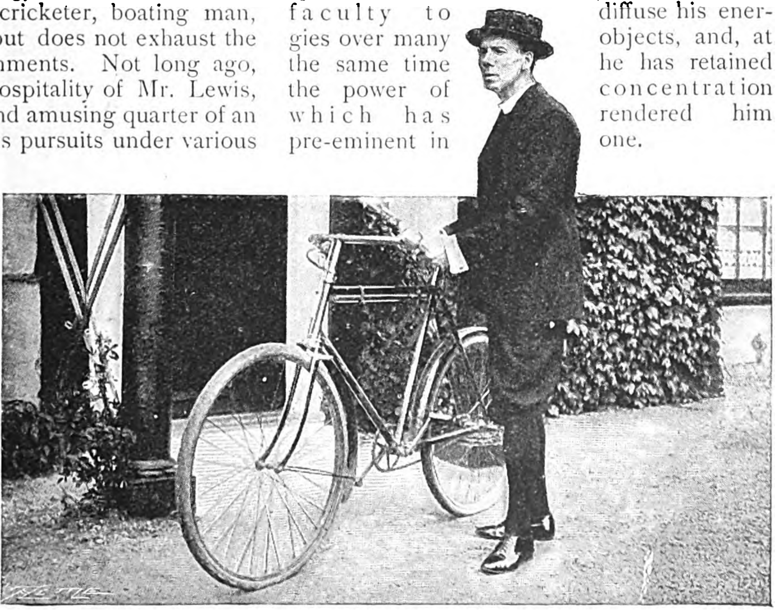
At the first gathering Mr. Lewis made no charge, but they are badly in want of a new organ at Fyfield, and the guests prefer to pay for what they have.

A few of the cyclists stayed for evening service, but the majority rode off an hour or so after tea with many expressions of goodwill towards their kind entertainer.

The Rev. Elwyn Lewis is a man of many parts. One might search the country over, and yet not find another of his versatility in the ranks of the clergy. Divine, doctor of music, chess-player, cricketer, boating man, the list grows long, but does not exhaust the tale of his accomplishments. Not long ago, when enjoying the hospitality of Mr. Lewis, we spent a pleasant and amusing quarter of an hour in triplicating his pursuits under various letters of the alphabet, after this style, the three C's—cycling, cricket, and chess, etc., etc. But unfortunately my memory does not enable me to enumerate all, so will content myself by quoting a sample of the product of our joint ingenuity.

It is but a few short weeks since I had the pleasure of interviewing Mr. Lewis, and yet during that brief interval he has blossomed into a Doctor of Music. Those who know anything at all about musical examinations will be able to realise the amount of hard mental application required to take this much coveted, but rarely attained, degree.

As will be noticed by a unique photo specially taken for this article, Mr. Lewis is so much at home as a musical performer that he can play two instruments at once. In this instance he is sitting in his drawing-room at the rectory, and while with the right hand he is playing an air on the American organ, with the left he is putting in an accompaniment on the piano, a feat truly typical of his many-sided powers. If we except the precentors of cathedrals, Mr. Lewis is one of the very few clergymen who have attained eminence in music. Judging by his variety of gifts, he is a man who would succeed in almost any sphere of life. He has the rare faculty to diffuse his energies over many objects, and, at the same time he has retained the power of concentration which has rendered him pre-eminent in one.

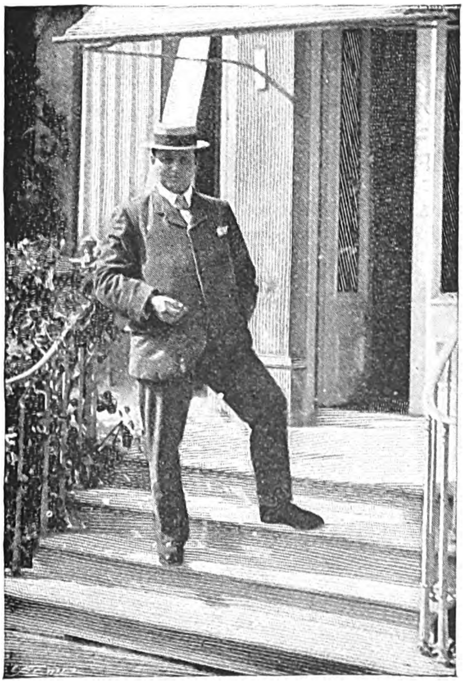


The Rev. E. Lewis about to set out on a Trip through his Parish.

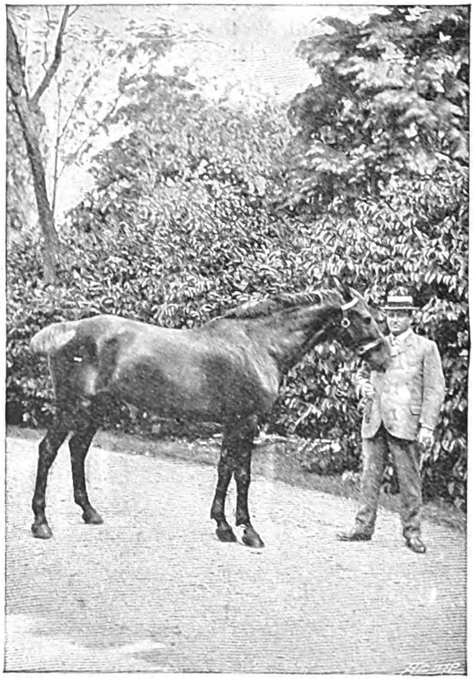
Snap Shot
Interviews
NUMBER XIII.

# MR. GUY BOOTHBY.

## THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN OF DEATH."

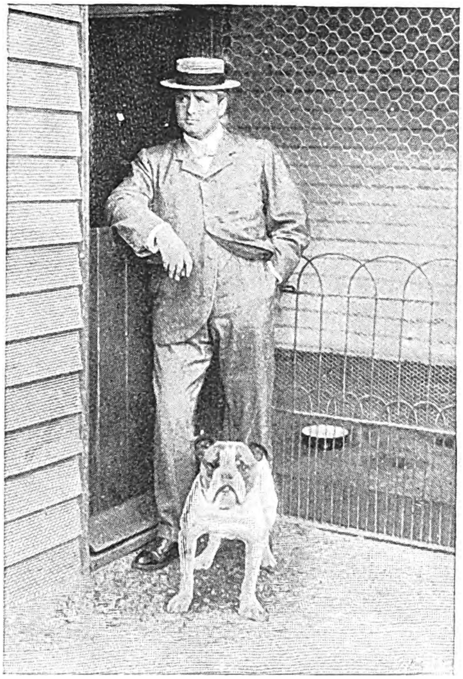


Hullo! How are you? Come right in and have a rest.

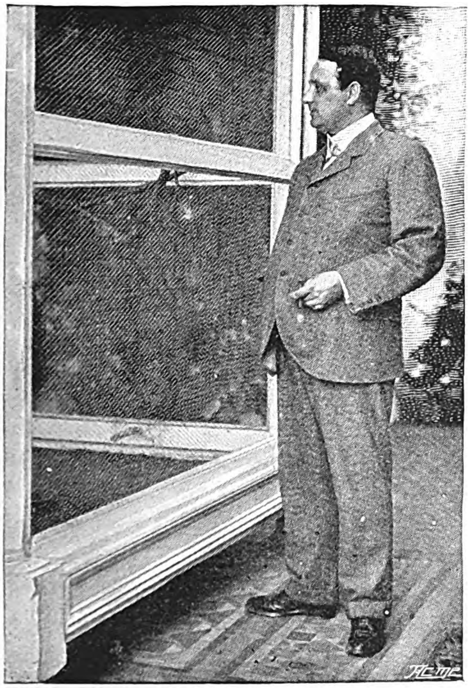


Now we'll just go round. I am awfully proud of my horse.

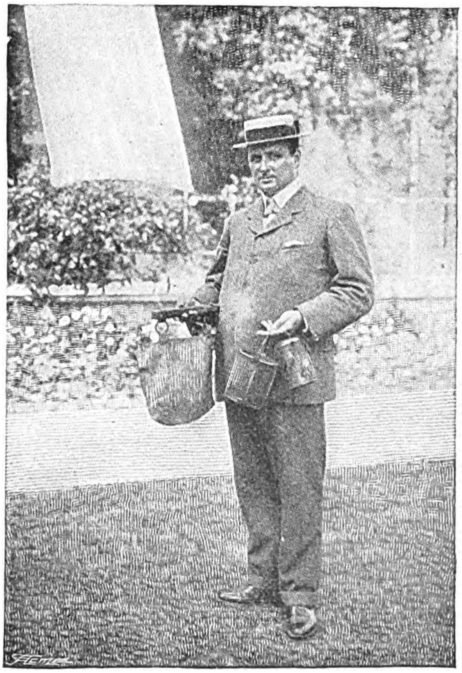
Here's another boon friend of mine. He's a champion greyhound.



Yes, rather! I am great on bull-dogs. How's this for a beauty? I've refused £200 for him.

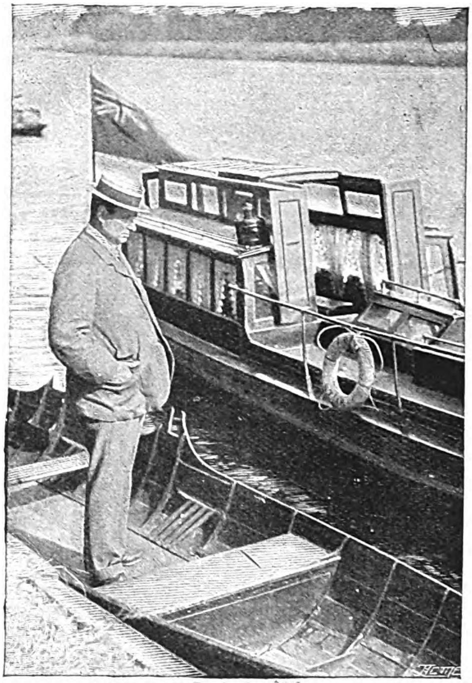


Now for my feathered friends. Here's a collection for you! They come from all parts of the world.

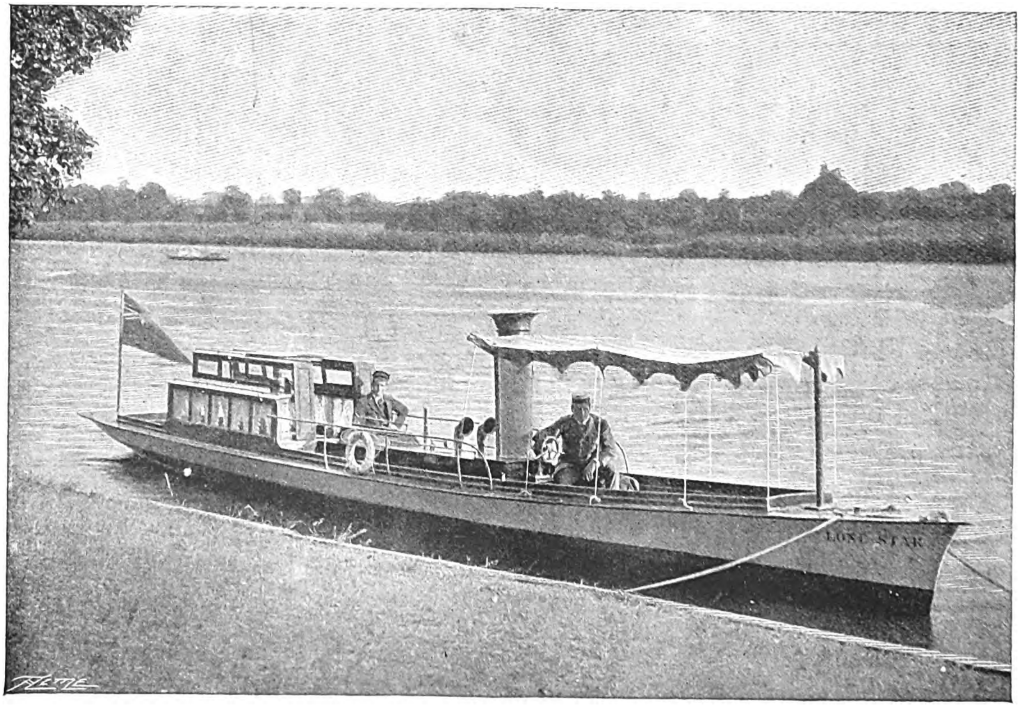


A globe-trotter? Why, I tramped right across Australia and this was the only luggage I carried.

No, I am not an indoor man, but, of course, I am fond of billiards.

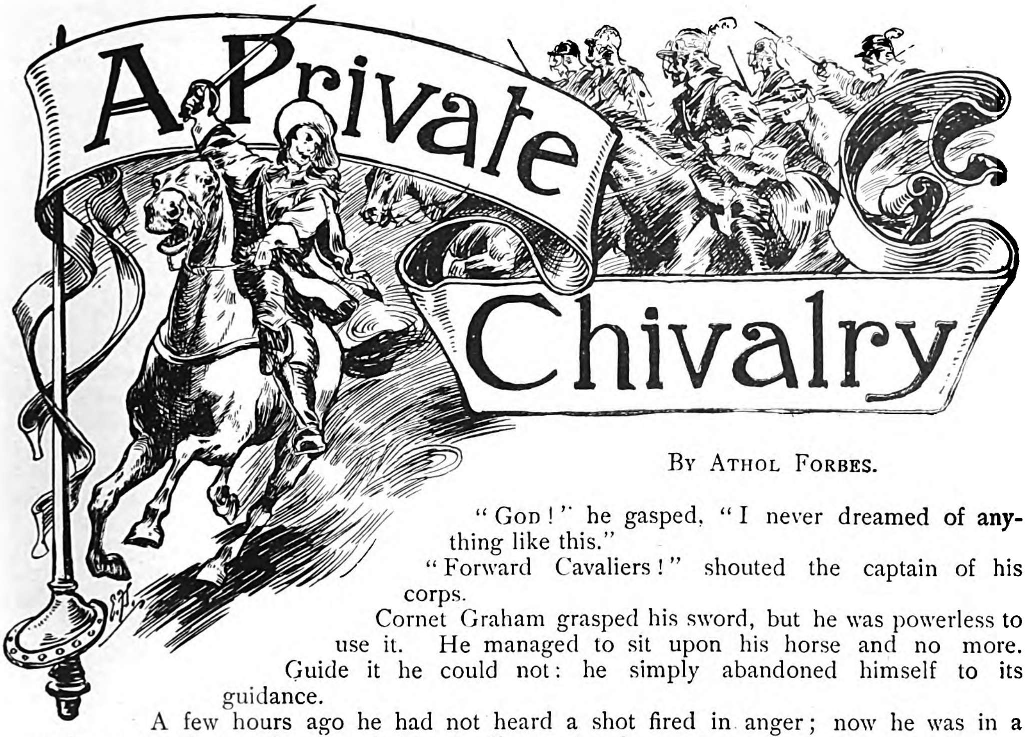


Ah! by the way, you must come and see my steam launch.



Isn't she a little beauty? Well, good-bye! I am off up the river.

*From Snapshots taken at a special interview by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.*



# A Private Chivalry

### By Athol Forbes.

"God!" he gasped, "I never dreamed of anything like this."

"Forward Cavaliers!" shouted the captain of his corps.

Cornet Graham grasped his sword, but he was powerless to use it. He managed to sit upon his horse and no more. Guide it he could not: he simply abandoned himself to its guidance.

A few hours ago he had not heard a shot fired in anger; now he was in a surging mass of men who struggled in deadly combat for mastery; two contending rivers of steel seemed to be let loose, and a sound as of an Inferno pounded his brain and turned him dizzy.

"Forward Cavaliers," sang out the captain, and his followers responded with a roar. Blows fell with rending crash upon steel, dealt with desperate hateful vigour, horses reared their full height and uttered terrified cries, swords described great circles in the air and seemed to dart hither and thither like tongues of silver flame. Men and horses came tumbling down and lay quivering on the ground as pistols were discharged, and their opponents' steel rent their bodies almost asunder.

At times, he caught a glimpse of his captain towering above his fellows and slaying right and left like a demon, trampling down everything, riding like a madman. The fierce sun blazed down upon them, blinding in its glare and suffocating in its heat.

Then a sudden faintness came over him, and a mist floated before his eyes. The surging *melée* lost coherence and distinctness, and seemed a living shrieking whirlpool drawing him into its terrible depths. For a moment that seemed an eternity, his terror robbed him of the very instinct of self-preservation; his limbs lost their power, he was frozen, he was impotent. "My God! My God!" he gasped with unconscious lips, and fierce, distorted faces seemed to fill the air, and bodiless arms to strike at him as he rode. Then he saw himself lying stiff and dead, and those dreadful hoofs trampling his body out of recognition.

"Give the cropped hypocrites no quarter," sang out the captain, still urging forward and raining blows with lightning-like rapidity.

But the sword of Cornet Graham never moved; in spite of the sweating heat, he still felt as if he were frozen. For months he had craved for this very thing—to ride forth, as his fathers before him had done to fight for the King, and now, in the midst of this roar, for which he had longed, he could only gasp with ashy lips, "My God! My God!"

Suddenly a shot struck the man riding just in front of him, and a shudder passed through his frame when he caught sight of the dead man's upward-turned face as he galloped over his lifeless body.

It was the snapping of what nerve was left. He could only look wildly round for some avenue of escape. Here, among these bushes, was his chance. With a gesture of despair he rolled off his horse and lay panting but unhurt in the bush. He watched the fighting mass disappear in a cloud of smoke and dust, his own horse galloping behind.

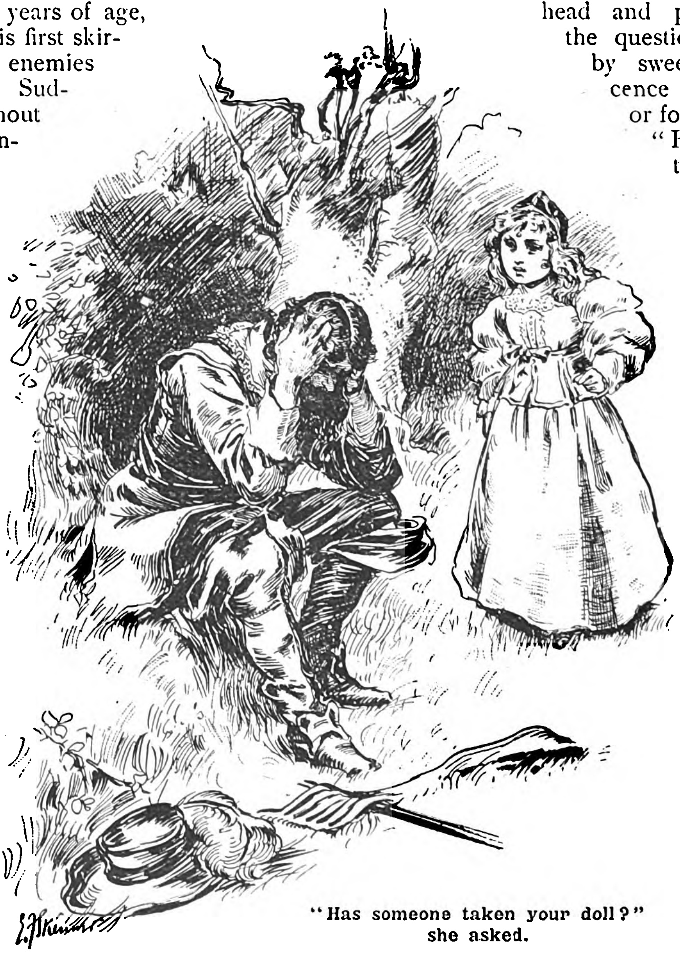
“Thank God! Thank God!” he murmured, “I am out of that hell.”

His lips were parched and his tongue like leather. He gnawed away at the grass for relief.

Let it be said in his favour, he was but sixteen years of age, and this was his first skirmish with the enemies of the King. Suddenly, and without a word of warning, with no special training, he was hurried into the thick of a hand-to-hand fight.

He lay exhausted and dazed. A long ride—seven hours in the saddle—had wearied him, and he sank into the arms of peaceful sleep; and in its serene softness, he had time to recover his balance.

When he had fallen asleep, the sun was well down in the sky; when he woke the birds were on the move, and it was just showing daylight in the eastern sky. A noisy cock wakened him by his shrill cries. For a moment he hardly knew where he was, and when he did, only by an effort could he recall how he had come there. Then a wakening nightmare of horror came over him as he thought of his cowardice, of his home, his mother, and the grand race of soldiers from which he had sprung. In rapid succession, these spectres passed before him and seemed to point at him with scornful indignation. The enormity of his crime and failure came upon him as a horrid night of darkness, and with a great cry of agony he buried his face in his hands and sobbed. Thus he lay for some hours.



“Has someone taken your doll?” she asked.

* * * * *

“Has someone taken your doll?”

The young man raised his head and perceived that the question was asked by sweet-faced innocence of some three or four years.

“Has someone taken your doll?” she asked again in tones strongly suspicious of tears. “’Cos they have taken mine.”

“Come hither, pretty one,” he said, glad to hear a child’s voice.

She advanced fearlessly towards him and poured out her grief. He stroked her hair and thought she resembled a sister at home, whom now he dare not face.

Naughty men had come; grandfather and grandmother were crying, and the naughty men would not let her have her doll—her own dolly. The naughty men were also pulling all grandfather’s nice things about.

“And where is your father, sweet maid?”

“Oh, he has gone to fight.”

Then the child burst into tears again, as the thoughts of the doll came into her mind.

“See, I will give you one of these nice

silver buttons from my coat," and he ripped one off and presented it.

But the child, who wanted her doll, would not be comforted with a button, and seemed to think that his request to dry her tears was, under such circumstances, a most unreasonable one. The young officer produced the contents of his pockets. No; she wanted the doll.

He concluded that a party of the opposite side were plundering some neighbouring house. Strange to say, the youth who had played the coward the day before was quite sober in his courage now. He had gone through a terrible ordeal, yet he knew a worse one was before him when an explanation would be demanded of his conduct; for he doubted not that the whole troop had witnessed his exhibition of cowardice. He buckled on his sword and set his teeth.

"Show me the men who have taken your doll!" he said to the child, and her reply was to put her hand in his and lead the way.

In an instant her tears were dried, and she was happy because her cavalier would punish the naughty men and rescue her treasure. She chatted all the way, and her innocent prattle comforted poor Graham.

The thought that one bit of humanity did not shun him, braced him up, and he was determined to have the doll, if he fought a dozen men for its possession.

They had not gone far before they descried in the distance a woman, who, on catching sight of the couple, ran towards them.

"There's mother," shouted the child. "Won't she be pleased."

"Marjory, where have you been?"

"Mother, this soldier will get me back my doll."

The woman dropped a curtsey as she saw the rank of the man who had brought back her child.

"Thank you, kind sir. She ran out when we were busy with the men, and we did not miss her till about half an hour ago;" and she nestled the child to her side. "We are full of trouble," she continued, "but grandfather will be pleased to see the little one."

"This kind gentleman will get me my doll; he promised," broke in the child.

"Hush! darling, you must not trouble him."

"Yes; we mean to have the doll. I will come to the house and interview these marauders," said Graham. "Are they the King's men or Cromwell's?" he asked.

"Neither, good sir. They are the sheriff's men. Our home is to be sold up. My husband has been away fighting in Cromwell's army. Grandfather fell and broke his leg, and we are penniless, for there has been no one to work the little farmstead but myself. Now Andrew Leggett has come down upon us for the rent."

"What, the Preacher?"

"Yes," replied the woman. "Put in by the Protector. 'Tis his house."

"I know the psalm-smiter well. Small mercy at his hands, I trow."

"Hold!" shouted young Graham. The men who were loading the cart paused.

"Put down that chair!" he said authoritatively to a man who was carrying this article of furniture.

"The doll! The doll!" shrieked the child, and she pointed to her toy, the head of which peeped out from a basket of odds ends.

"Pass that doll down!" he said to the man who was up on the cart.

"Who be you?" asked the man with a sour scowl. "We act by the sheriff's warrant."

"You will unload those things as quickly as you can, or I will hasten your work with this!" and he touched his sword. "How much is owing?"

To answer this question another man came out of the cottage.

"Near thirteen pounds one way and another," replied that worthy individual.

"How much has been put on as costs by the rogue Leggett?"

"That is our business, not yours," answered the man on the waggon."

Graham stepped up to the cart, swung himself up by the wheel, and pulled out the doll.

"Now, my men, no nonsense! Unload!"

"Not till we see the money," said the man, who appeared to be in charge.

"You shall have that," answered the officer.

"Who will pay?"

"Cromwell," said the young officer calmly, and he blushed as he remembered his well-filled purse, stowed away under his saddle. He entered the house and spoke a few cheering words to the old man, who now lay on the floor.

"Come Marjory, we will go and get the money," and young Graham and the little girl, who closely hugged her dolly, passed out.

Half an hour afterwards the officer and his little companion entered the camp of the army of the Protector. She repeated to the soldiers who challenged them what Cornet Graham dictated:

"This is my prisoner, and I want my reward."

"Don't stand there laughing," he said to the man, who gave a great guffaw at so singular an announcement. "Conduct us to your captain."

The Roundhead officer was incredulous, and seemed inclined to regard it as a joke.

"The child discovered me. Pay the reward that is offered, and of your courtesy let some trustworthy man escort her to her home. If you doubt my word, examine these papers," and he drew from inside his vest some identifying documents.

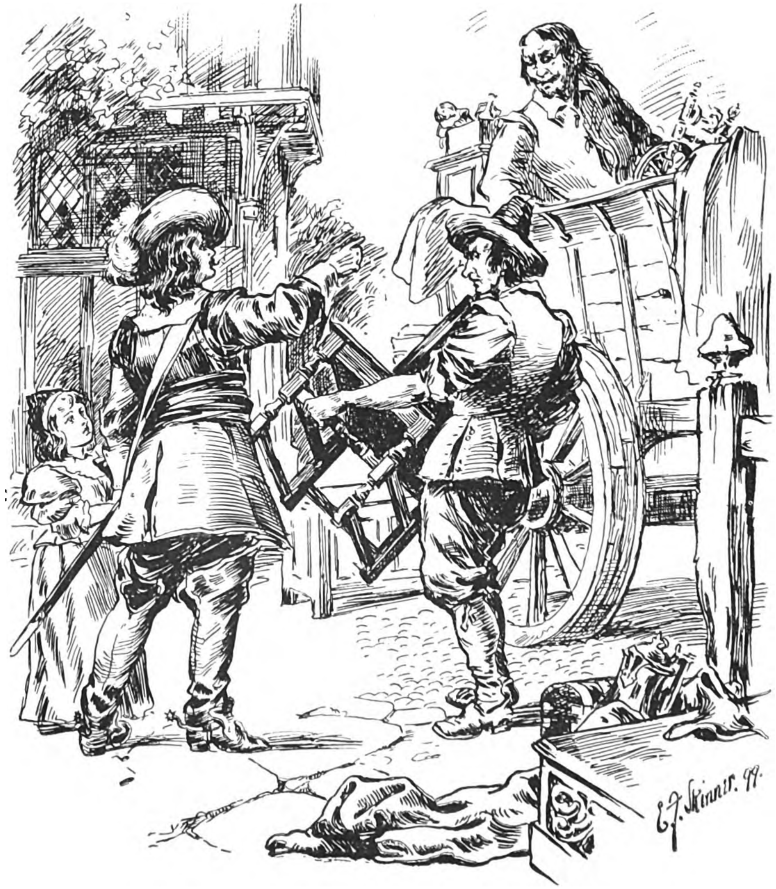
"These are in order. I cannot doubt your statement longer, and the £25 shall be conveyed safely with this child to the parents."

Two soldiers appeared in obedience to a signal from their captain, and Cornet Graham was bidden to follow them. He kissed the child and left the tent.

Another period of misery! Not that he dreaded the prospect before him. Death would have been a relief. Gladly would he have welcomed the summons that would have put an end to his existence. His past cowardice dragged him down to the depths of despair and wrung his very soul.

About sunset a guard—a big, good-humoured looking fellow—brought him bread and a jug of water.

"Cromwell is come; so say thy prayers with extra care to-night, for thy life is not worth twenty-four hours' purchase. We got the worst of that brush with the King's men yesterday, and they say the Protector hath a sore head. 'Tis unfortunate, but 'tis war. 'Methinks I saw thee in the skirmish. Ah! well, good day to thee, and give my compliments to old Nick. I may never see him to do so my myself, but thou art sure of his acquaintance, if what our preachers say be true. Ha! Ha!"


E.J. Skinner. 99.

"Pass that doll down," he said to the man who was up in the cart.

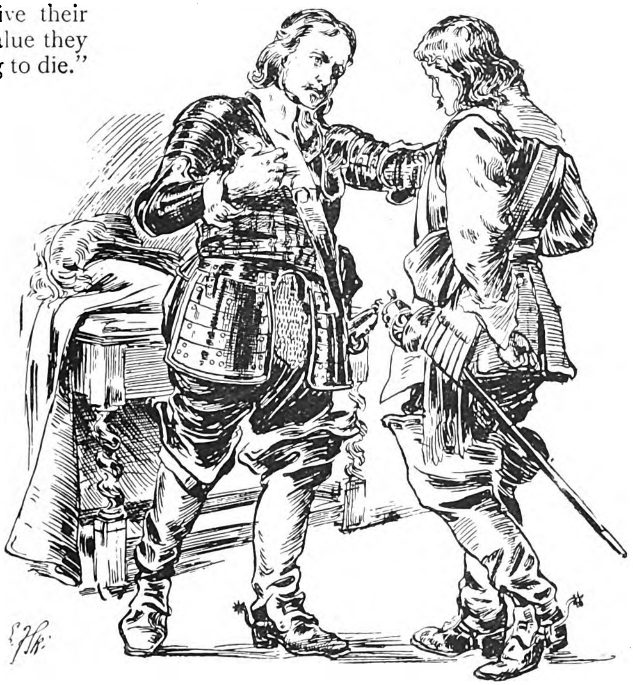
"Wast thou fighting for Cromwell yesterday?" asked Graham.

"I was in the fight yesterday. But I do not fight for Cromwell. I fight for my pay—for money. I am a soldier of fortune, and therefore I pity a soldier of misfortune. But good day; 'tis the way of war. Here comes the officer of the guard."

"Follow me," said that officer to the prisoner.

In a few moments he stood before the Protector. It was the first time he had seen Cromwell, and it was not without a certain nervousness that he gazed on his stern features.

"So you fling your life away for a doll, I understand? Is it then so worthless? No wonder men give their lives for Charles when that is the value they place upon them. Yet thou art young to die."



"Oliver Cromwell, who now stands before thee, is not ashamed to own it."

Cromwell stopped and watched the effect of his words, and for a few seconds there was a silence.

The colour had quite forsaken Graham's face, and his lips quivered. They both looked into each other's eyes — the great soldier and the young man; then Graham dropped his before the other's searching gaze.

"I am glad to die, sir," he replied in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

There was another moment's silence, Cromwell still fixing his eyes on the prisoner's face.

"Is life, then, so worthless?" he repeated.

"I had far sooner die, sir. I—I care not to live—I—" There was a lump in Graham's throat; his voice shook; he came to an abrupt pause, while a faint flush of embarrassment climbed into his pale cheeks.

"Leave us," said Cromwell to his guards.

Then he arose, and approaching the young man, he placed his hand on his shoulder. "Come, lad," he said kindly, "tell me thy grief, for thou hast suffered. Thy face tells the tale."

How wonderful is the power of a kind word, and especially when it comes from an unexpected quarter! The humiliating story that wild horses could scarcely have dragged from young Graham's lips found their way out falteringly, yet spontaneously, while the blood ebbed and flowed on the speaker's face. Twice he lifted up his eyes, only to let them drop the next instant.

And Cromwell listened to the recital, and as the young prisoner told all, a tear stole down the older man's furrowed cheek.

"So you see, sir," said Graham after all had been told, "it is far better that I should die. I am a coward. I have disgraced my name and my family. I have broken the oath that I swore—to give my last drop of blood in defence of my King. At the first skirmish I turned tail, and ran away."

"Thou art not the first, nor art thou the last, I reckon. Listen! Does any man doubt my courage?" said Cromwell sharply.

Young Graham smiled at the mere mention. "But do you know, sir, whether any man has made a soldier after such weakness as mine?"

"Yes, I know one who in his first fight felt like thyself, and yet became a soldier."

"Who was he? Tell me?" asked the man eagerly.

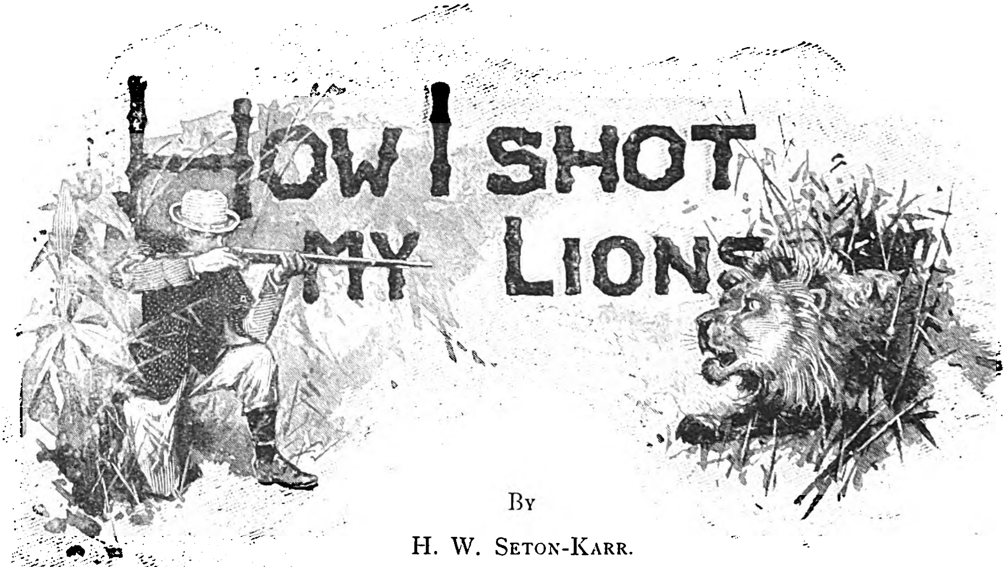
"Oliver Cromwell, who now stands before thee, and is not ashamed to own it. Now go; thou art free, but on thy way call and see the old man at the cottage, and there is a maid there who would have word with thee. They have been here pleading for thy release, and have brought back the money. The maid offered to give her doll as the price of thy freedom."

But the young man stood still.

"What now?" demanded Cromwell.

"The furniture: the reward for my capture is to redeem it," he said, "I wish that to be done."

"That is provided for. The only thing missing from the house is the doll, which the wilful maid persisted in leaving with me, and which I will trouble thee to return. Perchance it might get mislaid, and I should not care to face the child with the responsibility of its loss upon my conscience."



# HOW I SHOT MY LIONS

By

H. W. Seton-Karr.

*Illustrated with Photographs by the Author.*

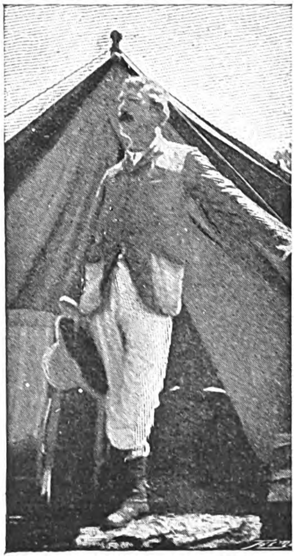
During nine expeditions to the interior of Africa, carried out during the last seven years, from the most recent of which I have lately returned, I have always been glad to try conclusions with the king of beasts.

These are stirring times, and people like to hear stirring adventures.

I am glad to think that fact is more interesting than fiction to the majority of readers, because this is going to be a plain tale plainly told without any "de Rougemont" adornments, for I fear I lack both the desire and the imagination necessary to deviate one iota from actualities.

There are still plenty of lions in Africa and, I think, always will be; so that our descendants in future ages, when in want of a little real excitement, will be able to find it in this fiery continent—perhaps taking a trip for the purpose in a flying-machine.

The lion is difficult to see in grass or scrub, because his colour adapts itself to the surroundings; he is not actually afraid of man, but seems to dislike his presence and avoids him, unless annoyed, or at night, when he sometimes takes the offensive.



**Mr. Seton-Karr at the Door of his Tent.**

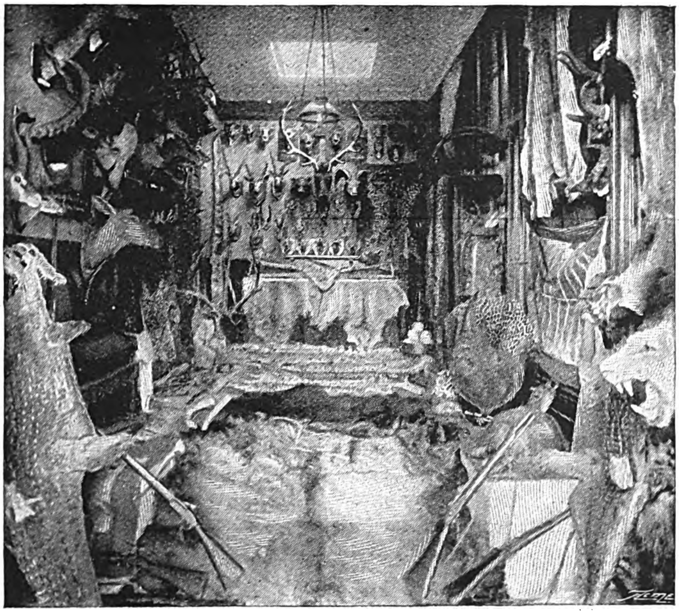
I have been blamed by certain faddists for killing animals during my expeditions; as a matter of fact, I have scarcely averaged two per week, and those for food; and I am unable to see that killing a wild animal during the excitement and perils of the chase is more to be condemned than the killing of domestic ones at home.

The lion in ages past may have served some good purpose in the scheme of creation by keeping down the too great increase of game. But the lion's useful vocation is now gone. He simply exists destructively albeit grandly.

I have seen the wild African lion on twelve occasions only; on eight of these I essayed to kill, and was successful on six, once or twice at the imminent peril of my life.

The first time I came across the fresh pug or track of a lion was near a well called Sattawa. I had a lot of trouble with the natives of my party to persuade them to build me a hiding-place where I could wait in ambush for the lion; but it was all in vain, the animal never came. This made me keener and more determined than ever, and I determined never to stop marching every day towards the far interior until I got definite news of the vicinity of *felis leo.*

The natives of Ogo told me my best chance was to wait about the pasturing grounds of those inland tribes of African gypsies. It took me eleven days steady going before I reached the place, but immediately I arrived I received news of a lion. Fortune favoured me at last, and some timely rain enabled me to fill up my depleted water-barrels. Here I camped and sent word of my arrival to the nomadic tribes. Round about a village, which had been evacuated by the people the day before, were footprints in the half-dried mud of a large lion or lioness. The fence which formed the zeriba was of thorn branches, piled to a height of ten feet, and over this, notwithstanding hurled fire-brands and general pandemonium, the lion had leaped into the densely-packed enclosure and killed a horse, whose remnants, half devoured by hyænas, lay scattered about, with the bloodstained remains of a bridle and other trappings.


The Wonderful Hall of Mr. Seton-Karr's House.

Early on the fourth morning after this, there arrived in the early dawn at my tent a native, old but active, to say that a lioness had just leaped into their village, a mile away, and had killed two sheep, one of which she had carried away to devour at leisure.

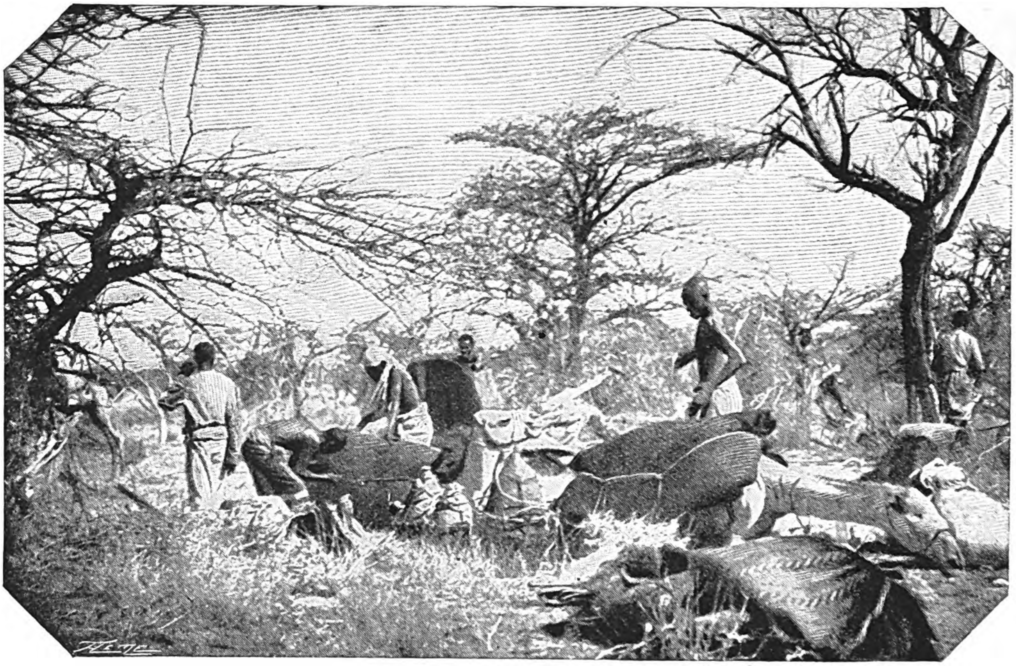
A quarter of an hour later I was following up her trail on foot. The men of the village, some half-dozen in number, each carrying a circular shield of antelope skin and two long throwing spears, accompanied me, and assisted in tracking. This is one of the most interesting parts of a lion-hunt on foot, as one never knows when one may come upon the brute crouching under some thorn bush or dashing through the long grass.

My gun-bearer, Fara, followed with a single barrel eight-bore shot gun, loaded with ball. I had a double ten-bore rifle, by Manton, of Calcutta, a weapon I discarded next year for a double eight-bore rifle, and that in turn was subsequently exchanged for a double 577 express, by Cogswell and Harrison.

A hundred yards behind, an attendant followed with a riding pony. The country was thickly dotted with acacia bushes, but on the flat dusty soil it was easy to follow the lion-tracks and the marks caused by the dragged legs of the dangling sheep. We knew that if the lioness were to see us in the open, she would probably make for her lair in one of the small but dense patches of grass and bush.

Suddenly I saw what resembled a big yellow ball bounding over the bushes—I had seen my first uncaged African lion. I mounted and galloped after her, the trackers running on and endeavouring to keep her in sight.

She soon entered a patch of euphorbia. I crept silently to one end of this and stood ready with my rifle. A man applied a match to the grass at the other end in several places, and the bush was soon crackling briskly. Close to me for a moment appeared the lioness's head thrust from an opening, the white fangs bared and glistening, the eyes gleaming and glowing savagely. Before I could raise the rifle she was gone again, and with a crash burst out from one side and bounded across an open space. I fired, and turning completely head over heels, she fell crippled, hit through the back.



**Native Attendants Roping Blankets on the Camels preparatory to Packing them with Rice, Water, and Baggage.**

Giving vent to deep, rumbling growls, she tried vainly to come at me, till, approaching close to her, I killed her instantly with a ball through the neck.

After I had photographed the body of the slain, the men took off the skin and head, and I returned to camp in a contented frame of mind, the men, as is usual on these occasions, being wildly excited, and singing a kind of war song.

That same afternoon near camp I found the body of a young camel, newly-killed by a lion, and partly eaten. One could see from the marks how the lion had sprung on to the camel's back and buried its great canine teeth in the neck of its victim.

I ordered my men at once to build me a hiding-place near by, where I watched all night for the lion's return, but in vain.

I had not been long in camp next morning, when two native horsemen came tearing up, and hastily dismounted in a cloud of dust, men and horses hot, tired, and thirsty. Then through my interpreters, Mohammed and Abdool, they imparted to me the exciting information that about two hours' journey away a fine lion was devouring a camel.

It appeared that one of their best camels had strayed, and that searching for it, they had seen vultures in great numbers circling high in the air over a particular point upon the plain without daring to alight.

On riding near they discovered a fine lion feeding on the carcase of their camel. The beast had not moved at their approach, and like the House of Commons, he had been "left sitting."

In a few minutes my horse was caught and saddled, and with blankets, food, and water, and my 10-bore rifle, we swept off at a jog-trot in a cloud of dust, which never left us, the two guides in front, and eight of my men with my camera and their own spears and shields, running along behind.

After we had gone fifteen miles, winding in and out among the mimosa bushes, the two horsemen pointed overhead to the blazing zone, and I saw hundreds of vultures flying at an immense altitude. Dismounting and advancing alone on foot with my rifle, I soon caught sight of the dead camel. The lion was crouching behind it, and appeared almost exactly of the same colour as his prey. I was within eighty or ninety yards when the lion sprang out towards me and remained for some moments motionless in a defiant attitude, his fore-paws extended, his head near the ground, but his back arched.

Supposing he might be coming for me I reserved my fire—besides the distance was too great for an absolutely certain shot—so that I might give him my two barrels at close quarters as he was charging down at me. After that I knew I must trust to luck, as I had no second rifle or gun bearer, and should have no time to re-load..

After we had thus regarded one another for some seconds, the lion turned slowly and lumbered heavily away. I was sorry, since he had not charged, that I had not fired, and sent a bullet screaming after him through the bushes, as better late than never.

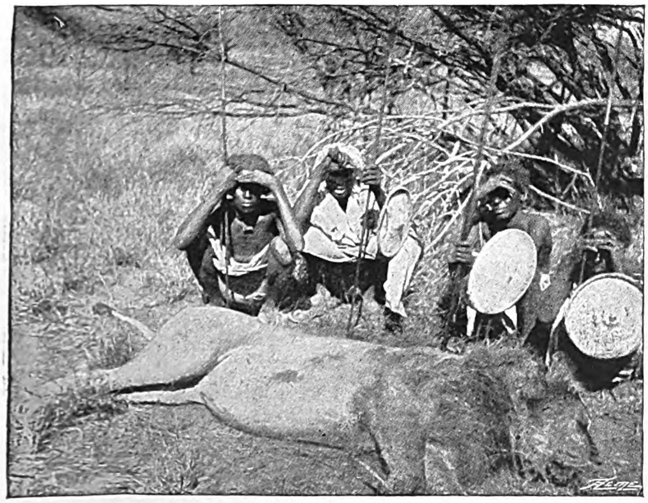
I was soon in the saddle and away upon his tracks at a gallop, accompanied by the mounted guides. The lion soon stopped under a small mimosa bush, crouching and glaring at us with waving tail as we rode round. I then approached on foot. The brute was now swaying his tail and body from side to side with much energy, and clearly upon the point of charging down to kill me.

As I walked round to get a flank shot into his shoulder, the lion moved so as to face me, keeping his body invisible, and rendering a chance shot very hazardous, the brain being the only vital part to aim for.

If one of the horsemen had only ventured near, or if the lion's attention could have been distracted for a moment towards another foe, he might have turned and given me my opportunity of fatally crippling him. The only issue was now the death of the lion, or of myself, or both. Which it was to be depended on the accuracy of my aim and the coolness of hand and eye. Every instant the beast, like a huge cat after a bird, was working himself up for the inevitable charge, lashing his great flanks with his tail. I remember wondering at that supreme moment whether the popular superstition that on the end of his tail a lion has a claw or sharp point wherewith to goad himself on to the attack, could have any ground-work of fact.

**A Dead Lioness and the Ten-bore Double-barrelled Rifle with which she was killed.**

I now gave up all hope of an easy shot, and feeling that further delay was impossible as he might deliver his charge at any moment, I sat down, and, resting my elbows on my knees, fired twice at his head through the bush at a distance of about sixty yards.



A large Lion which killed a full-grown Camel, and was subsequently followed up by Mr. Seton-Karr and shot whilst charging after two bullets had gone through its head.

These shots failed to kill, and, uttering hoarse growls, the lion edged round the bush, facing me and keeping low upon the ground. I reloaded quickly, and standing upright so as to clear the grass, fired my right barrel downwards at his head.

The lion immediately rose to his feet, and charged down upon me at full speed, running swift and low. Only my left barrel remained, and, covering his chest with the sights of the rifle as he neared me, I pulled the trigger when he was a few yards distant.

Exactly what the lion did, no man will ever know, unless the natives saw. As I stepped hastily to one side, reloading, I was struck by a shower of stones, and half blinded by a cloud of sand and dust. The lion must have passed close by me, and swung abruptly round under cover of the smoke.

When the dust cleared away, I saw the lion under the bush again—the same old bush.

He had delivered his charge, and it had failed.

It was a sick and sorry beast, and evidently disconcerted and wounded unto death. I now had an easy side shot into his shoulder, and quickly put two bullets through his heart.

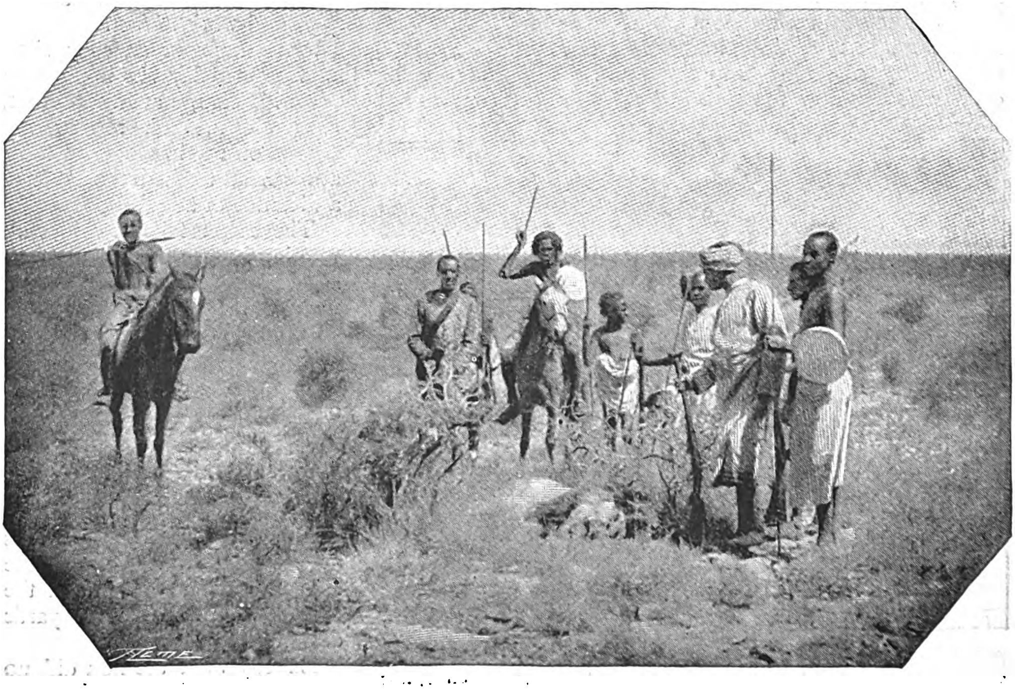
I had seen one of the grandest sights of Africa—the charge upon one-self of the wild African lion, practically carried home—a charge that few have sustained and yet come off unharmed. One can have too much of a good thing, and the sight is not one that I should desire to see frequently.

Then came a renewal of the war-dance, savage exultation, face-stroking and so on, which had taken place when I killed the lioness.

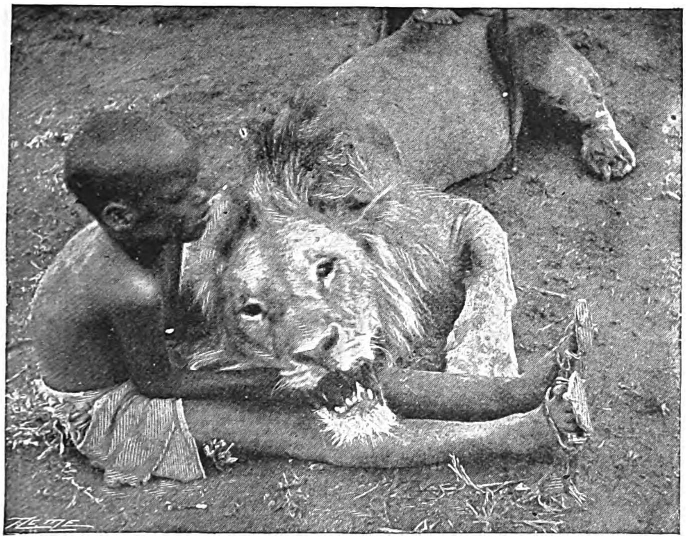
A few days later a lion carried off a donkey out of a native encampment close by my camp, and by dawn I was on his tracks. Then I found there were two lions, instead of one. They finished the donkey off between them, and evidently did not desire our company, since just as we reached rocky ground, where tracking was no longer possible, they were seen stealing off without offering the chance of a shot.

Hoping, however, they might return in the night, I tethered one of my donkeys, and with Fara, my tracker, slept in a circular thorn shelter close by. The night was intensely black and cloudy, and at midnight some large animal came sniffing and breathing heavily close to my head. The donkey then began roaring, as only donkeys can when frightened, but this failed to prevent its being killed. Nor did my shooting have any effect. It was too dark to distinguish anything, but there was much tearing and crunching, and the creature returned again and again—so bold are carnivorous animals under cover of night.

My next meeting with lions was not far away—north of Harar, and on this occasion I bagged two male lions in two shots—right and left. The moon was at the full, and I was sleeping in a hiding-place built of thorns. My donkey was tethered without, and two natives by my side were keeping watch in turn. When the lion first attacked the donkey the clouds of dust prevented my



Natives bringing news of a Lion to Mr. Seton-Karr, and begging him to hunt the Beast at once.

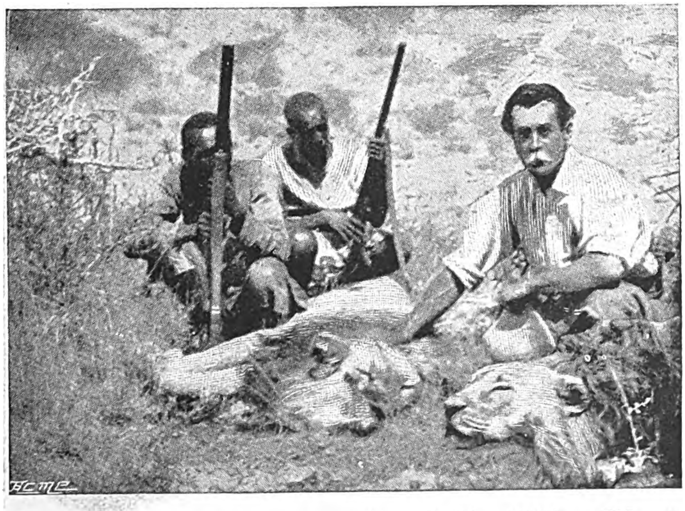


One of Mr. Seton-Karr's lions, the head being supported by a small Native Boy.

seeing what was taking place. I was but half awake, and fired a chance shot more with the idea of saving my donkey than anything else. The lion drew off for a moment, and, changing my gun for a double eight-bore, I waited. As the air cleared I saw a lion standing about four yards away looking at me, and I instantly fired at his chest. The donkey, having been torn free from its lashing, was hobbling towards camp. Next moment my attention was taken by a second lion, which was pulling the donkey down and killing it in earnest. Having done so, it lay behind the donkey and regarded me intently. With the left barrel of the same rifle I made an excellent shot, striking the lion on the point of the nose, the bullet penetrating into the neck. The lion did not die immediately, but continued to emit hoarse roars for some time. At daylight I found it in the centre of a thick bush, uttering most bloodcurdling growls if anyone approached. It required another shot to despatch it to that bourne whence no lion ever returns.

After this adventure the lion that gave me the greatest pleasure to shoot was a cruel brute that had been preying on sheep for some time.

The natives guided me to the spot where he had entered a patch of grass eight feet high. I found the patch to be of considerable extent; but after walking round, and failing to see any tracks going out, it was clear the beast was still there. A strong breeze favoured the burning out of the lion, and the whole place was soon ablaze. It was uncertain where he would break cover, but I presently caught sight of his head and sent a bullet where I supposed his shoulders to be situated. Another shot was fired, and then there were "goings on" and "ructions" in that grass patch. There were short roars and crashings, and now and then the tail or a paw was seen. I expected every moment the lion would come tearing out. Presently the sounds ceased, but the flames were advancing, and I began to think the lion might be dead. If this were the case, we must endeavour to save his skin from the fire. Supposing we came upon him in the grass, and he were not dead, it would mean wounds or death to some of us. However, on penetrating with great caution, I caught sight of

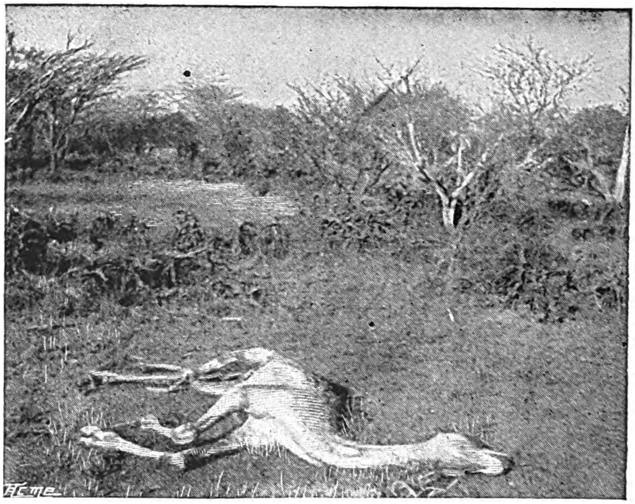


Two Lions shot "right and left" with a double eight-bore Rifle at Midnight by the light of a full Moon.

the end of his tail, and presently of his back. I then put a bullet into his spine, after which the natives made a rush, and seized him by the tail, and out we dragged the Monarch of the Forest — near five hundred pounds dead weight—just ahead of the conflagration.

It was such a near thing, this race with the flames, that the heat was almost unendurable, we were fairly black with smoke and cinders, and some of the natives got their hair singed.

It may be thought that the mere pelt of a lion was not worth the risk of a mauling. This may be true; but when the ambitious lion-hunter has travelled far and endured much, he is willing to take that risk for the possession of the coveted trophy.

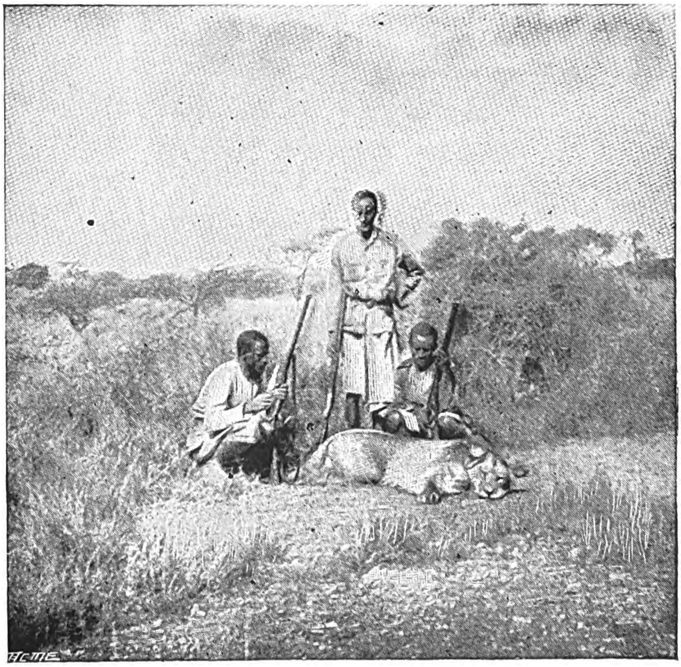


**The Carcase of a Camel, killed and partly eaten by a lion which Mr. Seton-Karr subsequently killed.**

The other lions I have met with in Africa have not all showed the same fight. They were all followed up during the day by experienced trackers; some sneaked away in time to avoid a bullet, one gave up the ghost on receiving an express bullet through the neck—he had killed a large antelope and was lying gorged by its side. One lion was taking a mid-day siesta under a tree, and when he made off, I missed him clean.

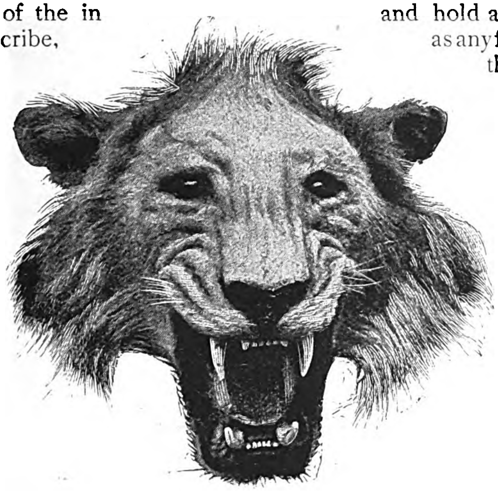
Two other lions which I followed on different occasions had each killed a wild pig—a very favourite food with the lion—and it was the trail in the sand of the dragged carcase that had first attracted the attention of the villagers who brought me the news. I saw both lions for a moment, but both escaped without a scratch.

I have, of course, killed tigers in Bengal, but I consider lion-hunting alone on foot in Africa the most exciting, the most interesting, and the most manly of all sports. I think the man who has killed a lion in fair fight, face to face, has performed a noble action, and rid the world of a splendid, but cruel and destructive brute. Notwithstanding the sun-heat and the fever, I should not be surprised if I were to kill some more before I had done. Take your old England, with her coddling grandmotherly legislation, and give me wild Nature and the dusky savage.



**This Lion was Tracked and Shot under a Bush.**

Such then are my adventures with the king of the animal world—a plain, unvarnished recital, without a single "De Rougemont" touch, as I said before. Indeed, as I read it over and think of the incidents it attempts to describe, I feel how inadequate a description it is, how pale and lifeless to the stirring reality, how impossible for any but a great writer—a man who feels strongly and can put his feeling into strong vivid words—to give anything like a true idea, a living presentment of those savage wilds and the excitement of this noblest of all sports. I unfortunately can only give the bare outline, the bald narrative; all the deep excitement of the chase remains untold; but such as it is it ought to be good reading for those who love sport, even though they should never have a chance of shooting lions. I trust I am as good a Briton as most, and hold as sincere an admiration as any for that love of home and those industrious homely virtues which characterise a great portion of the English race, and have largely but quietly helped to make our country the vast power she is. But Heaven protect *me* from this humdrum life! Heaven preserve me from sitting at a desk day in day out for the better part of my life! Heaven be thanked for those wild regions that civilisation has not yet reached—the home of the dusky savage and His Majesty the Lion!



**The Head of a very fine Lion shot by the Author.**

# HEART'S DELIGHT.

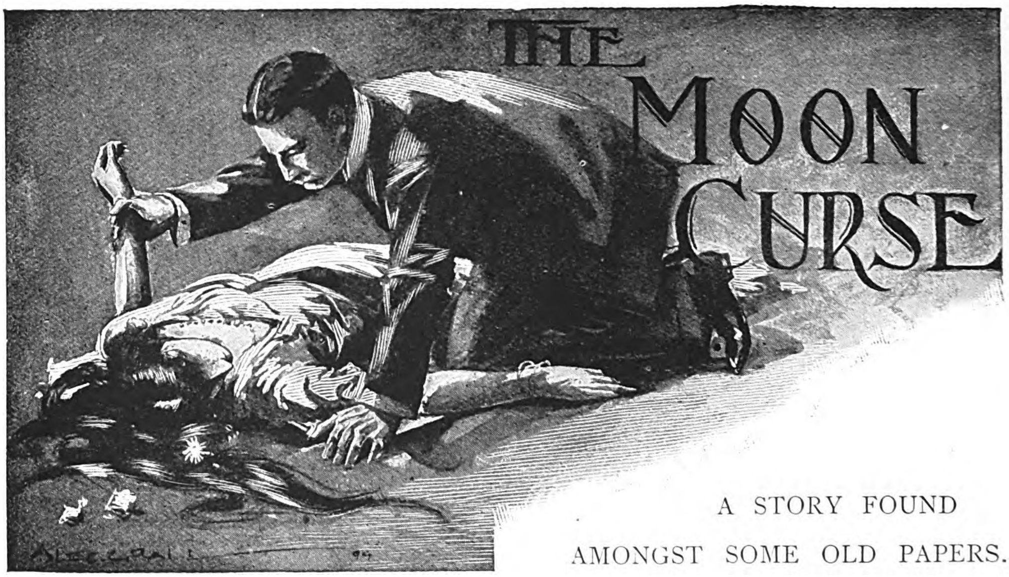
My lady moves with winsome grace,
The joy of spring is on her face,
Its sweetness in her eyes.
The thrushes' song—the gentle breeze,
The freshness of the budding trees,
Fill her with glad surprise.

The peaceful humming of the bees,
Among the fragrant apple trees,
Makes music through the day.
The pear trees in their snowy dress,
The lilacs' dainty loveliness,
All grace my lady's way.

Her lawn is white with daisy flowers;
Laburnums rain their golden showers
In welcome at her feet.
The hawthorns on the daisied grass,
Drop rosy petals as we pass,
The wafting air is sweet.

The blackbird whistles all day long,
The glory of the thrushes' song,
Trills out from morn till night.
My lady smiles to hear them sing,
She loves the year's new blossoming,
I call her—Heart's Delight.

L. G. Moberly.



# THE MOON CURSE

## A STORY FOUND AMONGST SOME OLD PAPERS.

By Beatrice Heron-Maxwell.

Until I met Estella I had been rather lonely, and this not from necessity, but from choice and chance together.

A barrister's life in chambers is at his own discretion; and can be one of promiscuous gaiety, or of self-cultivation and communion. The latter seemed to suit me best and to bring least weariness; without being moody or morbid, I was leading a quiet, equable, and often solitary existence.

The stimulus of small means was wanting to make me push forward in my profession; for my father had left me ample to live on, and my ambition did not carry me beyond content.

Then one golden summer day I travelled up to a little coast village in Wales for a month's holiday, and found Estella.

Three hours of keen interest and pleasure, the day I met her first; three days of growing eagerness and half incredulous hope; and then three weeks of gradually deepening happiness, during which I learnt how dearly I loved her, and won her to love me in return.

To others she was no doubt just an attractive, winsome girl; but to some few who knew her well, and to me most of all, she had that undefined charm, that is not due to beauty, wit, or tenderness, though all three go to the making of it, but that lies in some deeper, inner attribute of womanhood in its perfection; a charm of soul-sympathy, given and demanded, that strong manhood must always feel and reciprocate.

I knew that I had found my Holy Grail.

We were married in the little quaint old church on the hill, and the night before our wedding Mrs. Bouverie said to me, "I should like just a few quiet words with you, Harry. Essie must lend you to me for half-an-hour."

Estella laughed, and laid her arm caressingly round her mother's neck.

"One would think you were going to improve the occasion, mother, and give him a lecture. Don't be alarmed, Harry. Mother will let you off easily, I daresay."

She stepped out into the garden, and I drew my chair closer to Mrs. Bouverie's sofa, for she was almost an invalid, and seldom stirred from it.

She laid her hand on mine, and held up with the other a letter, addressed to myself in her own handwriting:

H. Castlement, Esq.,

Not to be opened until September 1st.

The first anniversary of our wedding day!

"I have been debating about this for a week," she said, "wondering if I should give it to you now, or put it off till later, or let things take their chance—and at last I have settled to give it to you to-night, and ask you to keep it until you and Essie have been married for a year, and then to open it—but not before, unless there seems to you some grave reason for doing so. When you read it you may be able to smile at what has proved to be a vain superstitious fancy on my part. Or, on the other hand, you may find the explanation of something that has grieved and puzzled you. I cannot tell. I can only hope I am acting for the best."

I begged her not to distress herself, for I saw that she was very near to tears, and strong in my love for Estella, I did not fear any possibility that our life together might bring.

"If her father were still alive," continued Mrs. Bouverie, "his sound sense and judgment would have decided the question for me. Colonel Bouverie knew all that is written in that letter, but we never spoke of it, and he had led me to ignore it, even if I could not forget it. But since his death two years ago, I have had to think seriously of Essie's future; for she has no near relations on either side to whom I should care to entrust her at my death."

"That is, I hope, a long way off," I said, taking the letter. "Dear Mrs. Bouverie, my whole happiness—my life itself—is bound up in Estella. I am so sure of myself that I will burn the letter now, if you will let me, and ask you never to reveal its contents to me."

"No, no, Harry," she exclaimed, "you must not do that. It is written down at last, and it shall stay there, until you read it, for better or for worse; I will no longer doubt about it. You have settled all the vexed questions in my mind, and the matter is ended. Go to Essie, dear, and tell her your lecture is over. Of course I need not ask you never to repeat a word of this to her."

And when I had given my promise, and put the letter safely away under lock and key, I dismissed it from my mind altogether.

What did anything in the world, past, present, or future, matter to me when to-morrow was to give me Estella?

It was an idyllic wedding, as different as it could possibly be from the huge society side-shows that are like competitive examinations; the highest places in the list being awarded to those candidates who can count most notabilities present, and most presents from notabilities.

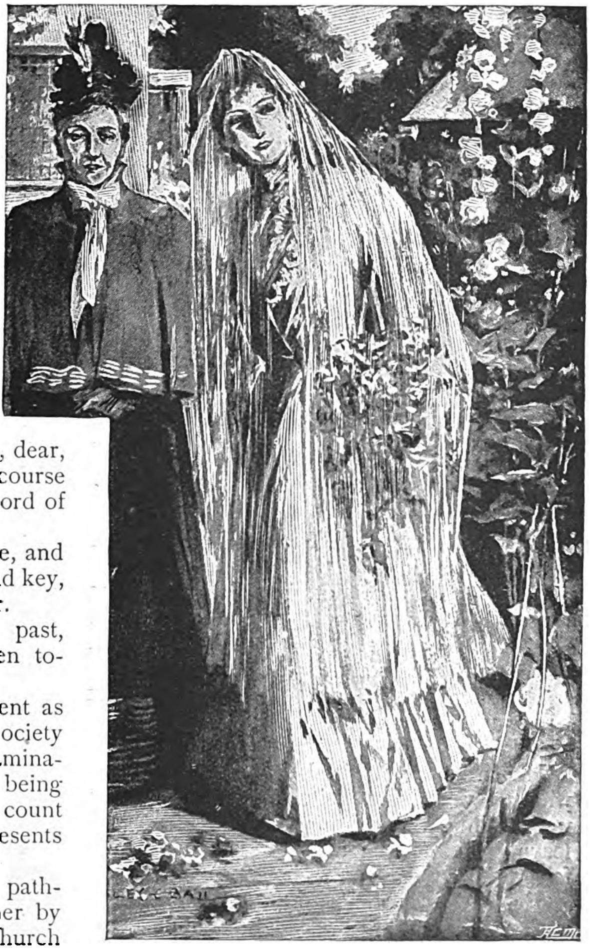
Estella walked down her own garden pathway on a carpet of flowers strewn for her by loving hands, and across to the little church opposite, where friends who came for friendship's sake were assembled.

Randolph, of the Chancery bar, the man I know and like best in the world came all the way from town to "see me through," as he put it, and acknowledged the justification of my happiness when he saw Estella, by the sentiments he infused in the exclamation, "By Jove!"

There is an hour in every woman's life, they say, when plainness is transfigured to beauty, and beauty excels itself. Such an hour came to Estella then. She looked ethereal in the loveliness of her starlike face, deep soft eyes, and tremulous sweet lips.

It is like a dream now—the remembrance of that day; and the weeks that followed it, and that grew into months, seem, too, as though they belonged to some other life, unreal, intangible.

I found myself at times facing the thought



Estella walked down her own garden pathway on a carpet of flowers.

for a moment that something might change her to me, or part her from me, and turning coward at it; with the knowledge of what it would mean.

Some such thought as this was in my mind one evening when Randolph had been dining with us, and after dinner Estella had sung and played and talked with more than even her usual vivacity and charm.

"What a lucky chap you are," said Randolph, with meditative regret, as she closed the door after she had left us.

He looked round the smoking-room with its lining of books, its comfortable chairs, its many details of ease and ornament, and his eyes rested on a lace handkerchief that Estella had dropped, and that lay at his feet.

"That is the secret of the whole thing," he said, picking it up and throwing it across to me in affected impatience. "You lucky chap!" he said again.

The putting of my good luck into words seemed to reassure me, and when later he went away and I closed the front door after him, I murmured "You lucky chap!" to myself as though it were a refrain that must inevitably conclude each verse.

Then I went upstairs to bed.

It was a bright moonlight night, and I had a momentary sensation of weirdness as I passed along the passage, and noticed how sharp the lights and shadows were in the white radiance.

The sound of someone laughing and singing struck with sudden incongruity into this luminous stillness, and I paused at the door of our room in a hesitation of startled and vexed amazement.

Estella was generally asleep when I came up after a chat in the smoking-room; besides, the voice and laugh were unlike hers. Then I opened the door.

The lamps were out, but the room was bright as day with the flood of silver light that streamed in at the window, from which the curtain had been drawn back.

Standing in the very centre of it, looking at her own reflection in a long cheval glass, was Estella—my wife.

Her arms were raised above her head, the wide sleeves of the white dressing-gown she wore falling away from her shoulders, and leaving them bare; her hair was down, and fell in a wavy mass to her waist.

She had twisted flowers and jewels in it, and wound them round her neck and arms, and even round her bare ankles, in the most fantastic fashion; and in her hands she was holding a bunch of crimson flowers, the loosened petals of which fell on her upturned face, and showered down on her white dress like drops of blood.

With a slow rhythmic movement she was swaying to and fro in the way that Nautch girls begin their dances, and while she swayed she sang and laughed to herself.

As I stood spell-bound, a lightning shaft of unnamed dread piercing my very soul, she saw me in the looking-glass, and remained transfixed and silent.

Her lips were set in the strange smile they wore when I entered; her eyes growing to the reflected vision of mine, which met them in the mirror—God! there was no mistaking the look on her face, the glittering brilliance of her eyes. She was mad! Breathless, a grip of horror clutching at my heart and throat, I advanced slowly towards her, still holding her mirrored eyes with mine.

Slowly she backed away from me, till she reached the corner of the wall, and there she crouched, as a wild trapped thing may crouch when it is at bay, and there is no outlet for it. Nearer and nearer, with the horrible pain tightening at every step, I came to her, and then—I saw her eyes flame red and darken, and I knew she was going to spring.

With a hoarse cry of her name I seized her, and fought with her, holding her down by force and a strength of desperation that was almost as maniacal as hers, and at last I got the better of her, and she lay helpless and panting locked in my arms. She—my love—my idol—my wife lay there, spent, suffering, distraught—done almost to death with the violence of our struggle. It was dark in the corner of the room where our struggle had taken place, and I was between her and the window, so that no ray of light could reach her. I could not see her face, but I felt after a few moments that her eyes were no longer on mine, and gradually the tension of her hands and of her whole frame relaxed.

She lay inert and passive, and as I waited, afraid still to move, I heard her breathing grow quieter and more regular, until, at last, I knew by its sound she was asleep.

With a prayer of thankfulness at this merciful respite, however short it might be, I lifted her gently, and, carrying her to the bed, laid her down.

Then hurrying to the window I drew the curtain—for the moonlight seemed to me ghastly and unbearable—and lit a small lamp, which I shaded from her eyes. And then I sat beside her and kept watch for the rest of that awful night. A lonely vigil! If ever in the old days I had fancied myself solitary, I would gladly have gone back to them from the agony of loneliness that possessed me now.

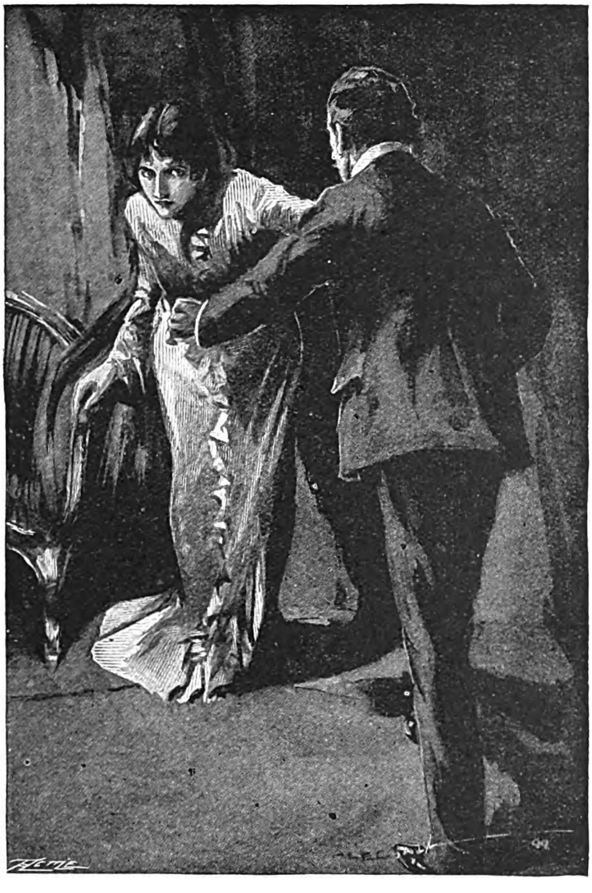
My mind refused to believe in this calamity that had given to me something worse than bereavement, and I found myself murmuring as I looked at the white face on the pillow, with its old gentleness of expression stealing over the features—"You lucky chap!"

It was early in the morning, when sunrise shone through the curtains and the wakening birds sang a hymn of dawn, that she stirred and opened her eyes.

When she saw me she smiled—a divine smile of love and trustfulness.

"Why Harry," she said softly, stretching out her hand to me, "what are you getting up so early for? You look as if you had never been to bed all night—so tired. You silly boy!"

I had nerved myself for a terrible scene with her; I had been summoning all my courage to face this awful doom for her and myself, and the second shock was too great for me—I fell on my knees beside her, and buried my face, and burst into tears.


I saw her eyes flame red and darken, and I knew she was going to spring.

With sweetest pitying tenderness, she put her arms round my neck and soothed me, while I brokenly explained that I had had a horrible dream about her which I could not shake off and which had unnerved me.

"It is strange," she said, when she had persuaded me to lie down and rest, "but I fancy I must have had a bad dream too, Harry. I am so tired out, and see my wrists are bruised and painful."

I should perhaps have found it more difficult to hide from her the real cause of my distress but for an event that took her thoughts away entirely.

This was the sudden death of her mother, of which we heard by telegram early that same morning. Mrs. Bouverie had suffered from a weak heart, and had passed away peacefully in her sleep the night before.

In her sorrow, Estella forgot everything else, and I, finding no trace in her of the strange possession of that night, put the thought aside until after our return from Wales.

Then I remembered the letter that Mrs. Bouverie had given to me, and her permission to open it in any perplexity.

I felt sure that it must hold some explanation of this awful occurrence, and I decided to read it at once.

"Years ago," it began, "when I was in India, where my husband was stationed, and Estella was a baby of two, a strange thing happened to me. My ayah, of whom I was very fond, died suddenly, and to replace her came a Pathan woman, whom from the first moment I instinctively disliked. But I could find no other in the place. She was a dark, handsome creature with stormy eyes.

"The baby did not thrive under her care, yet I was afraid to say much to her about it; though my husband laughed my fears to scorn. 'Find out somehow or other,' he said, 'whether it is her fault that Estella is not well, and, if it is, give her the sack at once.' I decided therefore to watch her carefully. For two nights nothing happened; on the third, I saw the ayah steal out of the nursery, down the verandah steps, and away.

"I ran to my baby's cot and found her sleeping so heavily that I could not rouse her. She had been drugged; and I then felt no doubt that the ayah had constantly done this in order to go out when she wished unsuspected. I called my husband, and together we waited until about three hours later ayah returned. Then he spoke to her for me; a few short, sharp words of dismissal with the proviso that if our little girl should be seriously ill—for she was still unconscious—we should require her to answer for it.

"She made no reply to him, but turned and looked at me steadily for a moment. There was concentrated malignity in her gaze.

"Then with a singular rapid sign of her fingers over the baby, whom I was holding in my arms, she began to speak in a rapid monotone, and though my husband strove to stop her, it was useless. I gathered from the few words of her language that I knew, that she was uttering a curse, and afterwards at my earnest pleading my husband told me what she had said.

"I can see her now, standing in the bright moonlight that fell from the verandah window right on to me and Estella; her dark hands lifted menacingly above her head, her attitude that of a cobra when it is about to strike.

"'Wait,' she said, 'till the child you hold in your arms is grown to womanhood: then shall the curse fall upon her. She shall be cursed by the moon, she, and one girl-child of every generation that follows her. Whenever the moon looks on her as it is looking now, she shall be given over to the spirits of darkness and evil.'

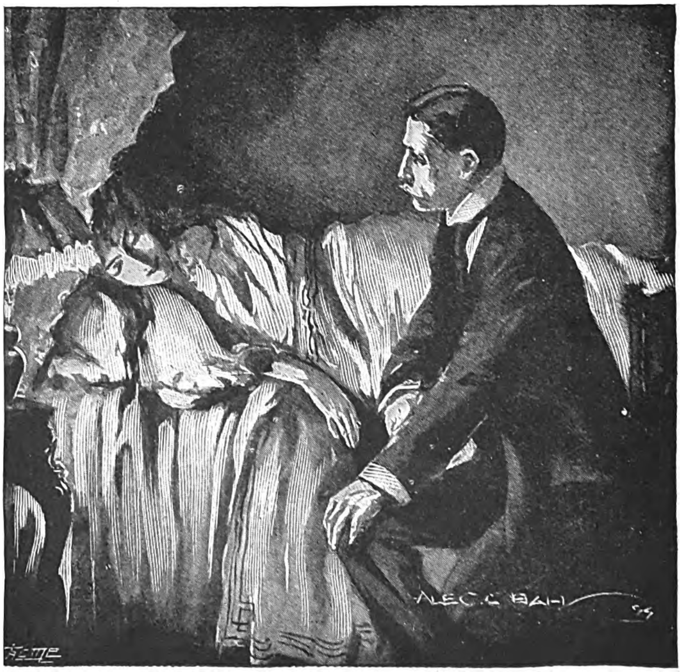
"Then she turned and went out into the night, and we never saw her again. Estella was very ill for some days, for the constant drugging had undermined her health, but we pulled her through.

"My husband treated the Pathan woman's threat lightly, but it has dwelt in my mind ever since. To those who have lived much in India and have learnt something of its wild and mysterious people, with their inexplicable powers, this will not seem absurd. I can only pray and trust that her curse will never be verified."

That was all.

For many weary months I carried in my heart this secret with the dread that its sequel, about which no disbelief was possible, would recur.

Often during the long nights when the moon was at its full I kept guard sleeplessly over Estella, fearful lest she should discover that I did so, feeling at times as though the curse had come upon me also, and would some day hold me under its spell. And then one night, sick at heart, tired out with watching, I slept, and while I was asleep she must have awakened, and drawn by some weird influence, have gone to the window and pulled back the curtains, letting the light fall uninterruptedly upon her.



I sat beside her and kept watch for the rest of that awful night.

Some intuitive sense of danger made me restless in my sleep, and suddenly I awoke to find her bending over me, that fearful look upon her face again, and in her upraised hand —a knife.

I cannot describe this second struggle between us; my soul faints at the thought of it. When it was over, and I had once more gained the mastery, and when as before she fell asleep exhausted, I could only pray that a merciful Providence would take her from me in her sleep, as her mother had been taken—before some awful tragedy divided us, and revealed to her the knowledge of this deadly blight that had come into our lives. From time to time as the year went on, in spite of all my care, the same thing happened; it seemed as though some stronger power than my will, and my devotion to her, mocked at my efforts to save her from the Spell. The strain of always watching for it, of feeling that so slight a barrier stood between the sanity and insanity of the wife who was all in all to me, told upon me physically and mentally.

She began to notice it, and wonder at it herself; and I read more than once in her eyes a dawning fear of me; a transient suspicion that there was something I concealed from her, some touch of remorse, of alarm—of—perhaps, latent madness. I found myself laughing, actually laughing once, at the thought that this last idea should come to her about me; the irony of it struck me with such force.

Her terror at my causeless mirth recalled me to my senses which were certainly unhinged at the moment and restored their balance—I vowed to myself I would never laugh again.

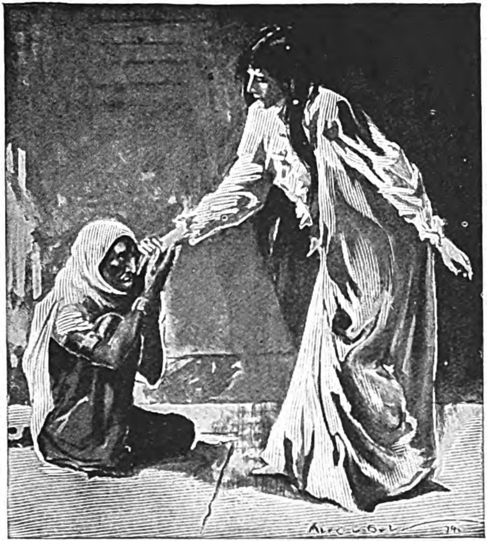
"I tell you what it is," said Randolph seriously to me one evening at this time, "there is something radically wrong with you, Castlement, and if you will take my advice, you will give up work, shut up your house, and travel for at least a year. I don't want to force your confidence, but I have been watching you for some weeks, and I think Mrs. Castlement feels uneasy about you too. You want a change, and fortunately you are one of those who can have what they want."

"A lucky chap," I quoted bitterly.

He stared at me in troubled surprise, and I felt that the same suspicion had entered his mind also.

I decided to take his advice, and see if the strain proved lighter with other surroundings, than it did at home.

"Why not go to India," Estella said, "I was born there you know, Harry, and it would interest me doubly to see the places that mother used to live in. Take me there."



She laid her own white hand on the woman's brown one, and the latter held it up to her lips.

Thank God, I granted her wish!

It was on our arrival at Bombay, at Watson's Hotel, where we went direct on landing, that the crisis came.

The voyage had passed safely as far as Estella was concerned. There had been no recurrence of what I dreaded for her.

But for me, I felt as if the beginning of the end had come; life had become unendurable to me, yet I longed to live for her sake, to shield her from the interference of others, who, were her secret known, might place her under restraint.

The thought of my darling amongst strangers, treated as a dangerous lunatic, was maddening to me; it haunted me night and day.

The cloud between Estella and myself had deepened; my depression affected her, and I could see that she was growing afraid of me.

It was our first night at Watson's, and, believing that Estella was safe, since the night was dark and moonless, I had allowed myself to fall asleep, with no special thought of her in my mind.

About two in the morning I awoke—to find her gone.

A ray of moonlight striking in between the venetians fell on the pillow where her head had rested, and showed me that my sense of security had played me false.

Dressing with frenzied haste, I ran out into the passage, and ascended to the next floor in search of her.

The light shining through a door that stood slightly ajar, drew me towards it, and the glimpse of a white figure standing just inside impelled me to push it open and enter.

Estella was standing motionless and upright, looking like a spirit in her long white robes. Sitting upon a rug on the floor facing her was a dark woman in native dress, old and ugly, the paleness of a great terror shining in her eyes, and showing under the olive brownness of her skin.

Her hands were stretched out as though to ward off Estella's approach. She was muttering and crying incoherently. Even as I stood there someone brushed past me—an Englishman, and went towards the woman, asking her what had happened and why she was calling out.

She answered him in her native tongue, then, still gazing at Estella, lifted her arms above her head, and chanted something in a curious sing-song tone.

The man looked at me with a smile.

"I suppose," he said, that she has been making a noise in her sleep, and disturbed you so that you came to see what is the matter. She is my wife's ayah and has a habit of somnambulism. Do not be alarmed. I am sorry this lady—your wife?—has been frightened."

I had been holding Estella's hand, and watching her face, which had changed its expression of furious cunning for one of divine compassion and sweetness. She put her hand to her forehead now with a sigh and said, "I must have been walking in my sleep, too, and I suppose her voice attracted me in here. But why is she alarmed (for the woman still crouched and sobbed in terror), what does she say?"

"She says," said the man, "that you are a ghost come to kill her. She declares that she laid you under a curse years ago, and that she removes it now and begs you to forgive her. It is a dream, no doubt, but if you would assure her of your forgiveness she would be quieted, and then I will bring my wife to look after her."

Quietly Estella went towards her and said.

"Do not be alarmed. I have quite forgiven you, and I shall never come to frighten you again. See, the curse is gone, and we are friends."

She laid her own white hand on the woman's brown one for a moment, and the latter caught it between hers and held it to her lips.

"Thanks," said the man; "now she will be all right, I am sure. I am so sorry you should have been disturbed."

I drew Estella away, and led her gently down-stairs to our room, which was now bathed in a flood of moonlight.

"How strange it was, Harry," she said, clinging to me; "I had no idea before that I walked in my sleep. Did you guess it?"

She was trembling and looking into my face with troubled, questioning eyes. "Ah, yes, I can see that you did. Oh, Harry, is that what has worried you and made you ill? Is that why you murmur my name so often in your sleep? Is that the shadow that has come between us? Oh, tell me, husband darling. If that is all, I can bear that; and perhaps I shall never walk again now that I have had this horrid awakening. I suppose that woman thought I was a ghost, poor thing, and remembered someone whom she had wronged in the past. If so, I am glad to have set it right. Oh, Harry, did you keep it from me because you thought it would be bad for me to know? I feel as if we were going to be like we were at first, one in heart and mind, you and I. I feel as if a weight were lifted off me. Speak to me, Harry! Tell me our happiness has come back to us."

And at last I could hold her in my arms again, and tell her, with no after-thought of fear or grief between us, that our lost happiness had come back, and that she and I were at one again for always. There is no one in the world, except myself, who knows the truth of this strange story, for even the Pathan only dimly guesses that fate gave her a chance of redemption, and attributes the episode of that evening to the supernatural powers that she invoked to her aid, and that, in their caprice, turned upon her and sent their victim to avenge herself.

And into this question of the invisible world I dare not enter even in my thoughts. I can only vouch for the truth of these bare facts, and accept with untold thankfulness the blessed certainty that the blight on Estella's life has gone for ever.

# THE GENTLE ART OF SMILING.

By R DUFF.

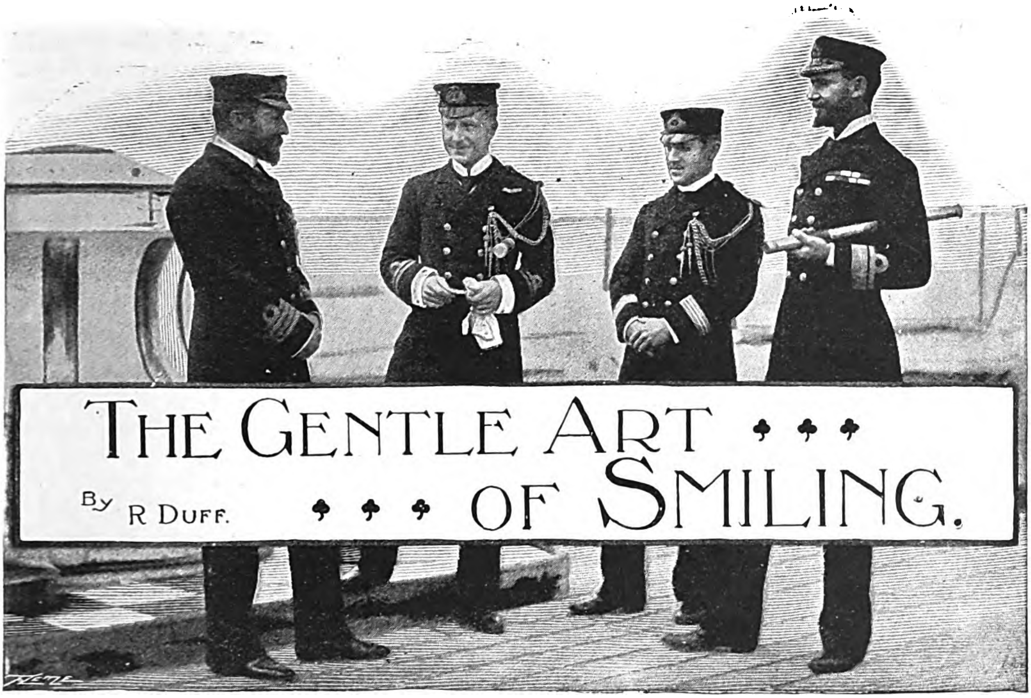


Photo by W. Gregory & Co.

**Four Nautical Smiles. Admiral Seymour and his Staff on board H.M.S. Anson.**

We have often been told not to place any trust in first impressions, nor to allow ourselves to be influenced by appearances, impressions being, so they say, synonymous with illusions, and appearances being deceptive. As such advice has been received as oracular wisdom by the world for generations, it is, perhaps, a little presumptious in anyone to raise a humble objection. Nevertheless, I own to having a strong faith in these tabooed impressions and appearances—a faith based, moreover, on experience, for I have very seldom found either entirely at fault. Just as a painter's rough sketch may give quite as true an idea of the landscape as his picture with all the details painted in, so your impressions of a person, derived from all that meets the eye and ear at the first meeting, may be, and, in my case, generally are, a very fair estimate of his character. Of course, this estimate often undergoes great modifications; the person you put down as detestable may even turn out a very good fellow, or *vice versâ;* but this does not by any means condemn your first impressions as erroneous. It means, as often as otherwise, that your acquaintance has two sides to his character, the pleasant side coming out later, and happening to be stronger, than the unpleasing.

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

**Miss Loie Fuller's Stupendous Smile.**

However, reliable or not, the taking of impressions and the study of physiognomy are most diverting pastimes, a taste for which should be acquired, and especially by such as are compelled to travel much by railway or omnibus.

If you have exhausted your newspaper, and the flying landscape has no particular attractions to offer, begin to make a study of your neighbours' faces and you will find it endlessly entertaining. There sits a comfortable middle-aged man, dignified and puffy, cheek by jowl with a lean unwholesome clerk; there a fresh-looking girl, and beside her an old man with a face like a shrivelled apple; then the spectacled, pugnacious-looking woman, and at her elbow a child with great candid eyes—a wonderful variety of faces, each with a special soul now peeping out, and now retiring; now hurriedly eluding your eye, and now laying itself unconsciously open to inspection.

Photo by Chas. Knight.

Her Majesty's Gracious Smile of Welcome.

A face in perfect repose, that is, with the minimum of expression on it, is very often a sealed book, even to the most practised physiognomist. It is on the face in motion, and, above all, on the smiling face, that you are most likely to find any information you may be seeking. For a smile contains such an infinite amount of meaning! Why, if smiles were merely visible expressions of amusement, they would be endlessly interesting; as it is, the amused smile is but one member of how vast a family. Smiles! Smiles! I could fill a couple of pages or more of this magazine with a mere enumeration of their names, each name describing a smile of totally varying significance. Let me give a few of the commonest—those which we may see every day if only we keep our eyes open and practise a little physiological observation. Thus we have the condescending smile, the angry smile, the self-satisfied smile, the contemptuous smile, the arch smile, the indulgent smile, the sad smile—all these and many more, each with an endless number of variations, and each, according to the frequency with which you detect it on a person's face, significant of some peculiar trait in his character.

But the amused smile is, after all, the most frequent, and, humour being a very important part of our nature, it is also, I think, of more interest than the others. We are told that our possession of the sense of humour constitutes one of the chief differences between us and the lower animals. So at least people declare who ought to know—sages and scientists—and back up their statements with all manner of learned proofs, which I, for one, have never read or mean to read. For I am positively certain (without, however, being able to give any "learned proofs") that many animals have quite as strong a sense of the ridiculous, and see the point of a joke quite as clearly, often even more clearly, than their lords and masters. I remember well on one occasion how a friend of mine in the course of a rather absorbing conversation thrust, inadvertently, the glowing end of a cigarette between his lips. A green parrot in the room showed his appreciation of this little misadventure by laughing heartily, if a trifle unkindly. My friend failed to see the joke. Who, then, I ask, had the finer

Photo by Gunn & Stuart.

The Smiles of our Future King and his Brother and Sister.

sense of humour — my friend or the parrot?

Think, moreover, of cats and dogs. Surely there is no animal, human or otherwise, like the dog for appreciating broad, boisterous fun, and smiling—with his tail; and as for the cat, she is certainly a most subtle humorist. Have you never seen a cat sitting perfectly still, as though she were carved in stone, but with a smile on her face which, though assuredly a smile of humorous reflection, baffles analysis? What may be passing through that cat's mind? What indeed! The man who discovers her thoughts will no longer be puzzled by the strange, enigmatic smile of the Sphinx.

An amusing study in purely humorous smiles is given on one of the accompanying photographs. A small crowd, composed largely of children, is gathered in front of a "Punch and Judy" show. Everyone seems more or less amused, a notable exception being the little damsel who stands in the right corner. She is obviously above entertainments of so trivial a nature. But just observe the white-bearded old fellow a few yards directly behind this serious-minded young person. Here, surely, are the respective parts of youth and age strangely reversed! He has scarcely a tooth to boast of, but that does not for a moment prevent him showing his gums in a grin of the most intense satisfaction. Indeed, if you glance along the background, you will see plenty of adults, and nearly all of them as genuinely pleased as those delighted youngsters in the foreground. Another interesting figure is that of the youth standing with his hand in his pocket a little to the left of the solemn child aforementioned. He is a typical farmer's lad, heavy, and, I should say, not over bright in the upper storey. Nevertheless, he sees the fun, and appreciates it in his own way. Those folds on his forehead do not signify supercilious wonder at all this childish hilarity—certainly not. They merely prove that he is opening his eyes to their utmost extent, so as not to lose anything of the show. His mouth is not parted in a typical smile, but it indicates, without a doubt, sincere enjoyment.

Photo by Hill & Saunders.
The Prince's good-natured Smile.

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.
Madame Nordica's Smile suggests *ennui.*

To turn suddenly from these specimens of simple, straightforward, bucolic smiles to the smiles of great and celebrated men and women is, after all, not so very startling. There may be many variations of humour, to wit—broad humour, ironical humour, American, Irish, and so on—but all these variations have this in common; they are meant to produce smiles, and no amount of fame and wealth and learning can greatly alter the nature of a smile. Compare, for instance, the smile of the old toothless joker of the "Punch and Judy" crowd with that of His Holiness the Pope. You would, to be sure, never imagine the great Pontiff to be looking on at a "Punch and Judy" show; but his smile which is less one of amusement than gentle friendliness, has this in common with the smile of the old countryman—it makes his face eminently pleasant to look at, severely intellectual and ascetic as that face is.

A study in clerical smiles would make, I think, an interesting article by itself, if one were fortunate enough to get the pastors of varying sects and denominations to smile into the camera. For, serious although the nature of his calling is, the cleric is most prodigal with his smiles, more so than the doctor, the lawyer, the journalist, or the man of business; more so, indeed, than the follower of any other calling. And then the almost endless variety of the clerical smile! For each different party, each different sect and denomination, has a special and characteristic smile of its own. I suppose we all know the doctor's professional smile—a smile suavely treacherous, terribly bland, and very interesting—if one happens to be in perfect health when observing it (which is seldom the case; for who has seen a doctor smile when his "client" is in fit condition?). But surgeon, oculist, dentist, and other "healers," all share, with little essential difference, this delightful smile between them. Not so the cleric. You will never persuade me that the Presbyterian minister shares his smile with the Jesuit priest, or the old-fashioned country parson of sporting proclivities with his cheery Calvinistic brother. A smile in common between such would be an utter impossibility, the upholder of each denomination having a totally different outlook upon life. In any case, the clerical smile in all its variations is eminently agreeable—a compliment I would gladly pay the surgeon, the dentist, and other helpful members of the community if I were not afraid of making myself slightly ridiculous.

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co

Who could Resist Miss Lily Hanbury's Smile?

Intelligent, but hardly severely intellectual, and certainly not ascetic, the Prince of Wales's face has always seemed to me the very type of good-nature and tolerance. It is the face of one most indulgent with the faults and foibles of his fellow creatures, the face of an easy-going judge, of a man whose nature is altogether alien to sudden enthusiasms such as keep his Imperial Nephew of Germany in so chronic a fever. Have you ever seen a portrait of the Prince depicting him as an individual of haughty and stern demeanour? Does such a thing exist? I think not. Grave he may sometimes look, but you will always be able to detect a humorous twinkle in his eye, and a friendly expression in the corners of his mouth. In the accompanying photograph he is

Photo by Gregory & Co.

By permission of the *Navy and Army Illustrated.*

The Duke of Connaught appreciates Lord Wolseley's Joke.

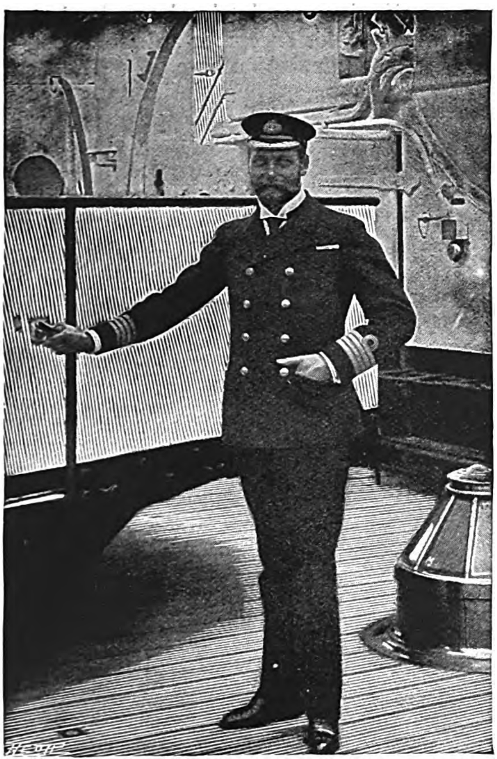


Photo by West & Sons.

The Duke of York is Amused.

palpably amused, and more tolerant-looking, more good-natured, more friendly than ever.

To judge by the smile on the Duke of Connaught's face, Lord Wolseley must be spinning some very pleasant yarn. The Duke's well-groomed, handsome features are crumpled up almost beyond recognition. His face, like that of the Prince of Wales, is habitually, and, even at its gravest, full of good nature, though always with a fine touch of dignity that becomes it well. But where is the princely dignity in the face as we see it here? Ah, that pleasant yarn!

From the genial smiles of these royal brothers, it is rather surprising to turn to that of the Duke of York. Not that his smile is in any way unpleasing—quite otherwise; but it is not the smile of a man easy-going and happy-natured like the Prince, his father. The Duke has, to all appearances, known troubles, and they have marked his face, and tinged his smile with melancholy—vague, I admit, and perceptible less on his lips than about his eyes.

If we turn to the photograph of Admiral Seymour and his staff, at the head of this article, we have the amused smiles of four men, all of them essentially sailors, though of different types. The Admiral himself, standing on the left with a telescope under his arm, and the officer facing him (just observe the latter—he might pose as jollity personified!) are neither likely to be very much dreaded as commanders. Both of them take life easily, and appreciate holidays as much, yes, and perhaps even more, than work. On the other hand, precision, discipline, industry are all written on that officer's face, who has chosen to finger a pair of white gloves while posing for his photograph. You may be quite certain that he has a very good cause for smiling. He would never laugh at a poor or trivial joke (I suspect his right-hand neighbour would laugh at pretty well anything), and his smile—restrained, tight, and dignified—is eminently characteristic. The officer at his left elbow would seem to be only mildly amused, but his smile, though less sensational than that of his colleagues, is pregnant with suggestion. It is that of a man with a strong sense of humour, but chary of smiles and laughter—a not

Photo by R. Banks.

Our Snapshooter Captures Mrs. Langtry's Polite Smile.

uncommon combination, or, shall I say, contradiction—especially among Englishmen.

There are, as I remarked before, smiles of every possible description, and many of them the very reverse from pleasing. But the majority, after all, are good to see, some delightful, and one species at least, positively intoxicating. I mean the gracious white smile of a beautiful woman. Do you know anything in the world better worth seeing? It is wonderful to think how much money we spend, and how far we travel, merely to catch a glimpse of the Pyramids, the Alps, the Colosseum, when all the while something fairer and endlessly new—to wit, this gracious white smile—is always to be seen and without payment or travel.

Photo by Barrauds.
**The Pope's Welcome Smile for Pilgrims.**

Surely beautiful women might amass large fortunes if they resolutely determined to remain serious except for an ample consideration. You have only to reflect a moment on a situation so appalling to feel how grateful we should be to women such as Madame Nordica for their prodigal generosity. Why, if they chose, these fair dames could enrich themselves beyond the dreams of avarice, and beggar the poor lords of creation.

Madame Nordica's is not only the smile of a beautiful woman, it is that of a woman of genius; the smile, moreover, of one who has had a large and varied experience of the world, and is familiar with, and perhaps a little weary of, fame and adulation. One detects also a touch of conscious and amply justified superiority about it, and this surely gives it a charm of which the smile of a

Photo by F. Preece.
**The Masses Smile. A Crowd before a Punch and Judy Show.**

woman, whose sole gift is her beauty, is often sadly deficient.

Decidedly the smile on Miss Lily Hanbury's lips and in her eyes is one calculated to imperil the heart of a young man of susceptible disposition. If it were habitual on such a face, it is greatly to be feared that heart-disease of a certain dreadful nature might speedily become an epidemic. But Miss Hanbury is a clever actress, and means only to show what she is capable of in the event of her suddenly conceiving a violent hatred for the bearded sex. Let us all pray that this may never come to pass!

Quite unique is our snap-shot of Mrs. Langtry. She is obviously altogether unconscious of a villainous snap-shooter prowling around, and the captured smile, unlike that of Miss Hanbury, is absolutely normal. It is difficult to discover any characteristic significance in a smile that seems to me one of mere conventional politeness. Her companion has seemingly told her something which is of greater interest to himself than to her; she, however, thinks it right and proper to show some amusement, hence the smile. This, of course, is merely a surmise; she may be deeply interested and deeply amused. You must judge for yourself.

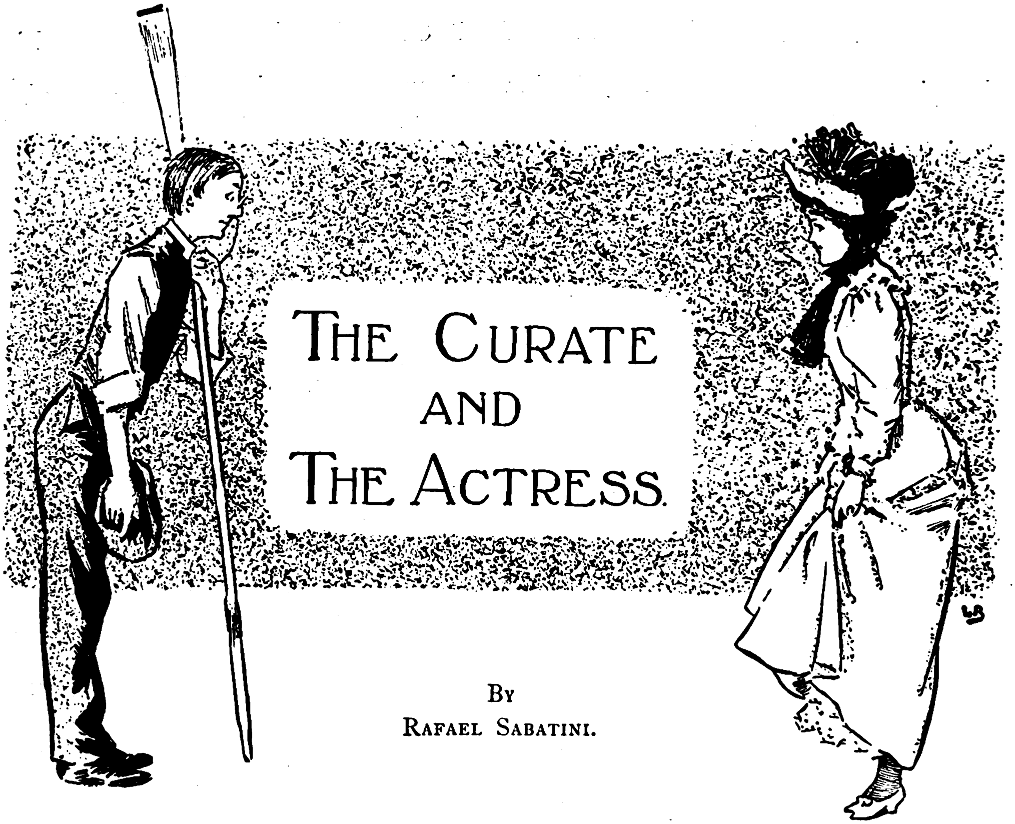
When I spoke of a beautiful woman's smile being the fairest sight on earth, I forgot a child's smile, which is, perhaps, quite as charming in its own way. How delightful are those juvenile smiles that greet you in the "Punch and Judy" photograph! Delightful also the smile, at once gracious and condescending, of His Royal Highness, Prince Edward of York, and those of his brother and sister.

As I am speaking of children's smiles, I should like to say a word about their sense of humour. For a child's sense of humour is most extraordinary and original, and I have never been able to satisfy myself as to whether it is immature, or, in reality, more fully developed than our own. Let the following incidents serve as examples of what I mean. Thinking to give a young friend of mine—he was five or six years old, I forget which—a memorable treat, I took him to a pantomime. Imagine my chagrin and disappointment when, during all the scenes which kept the house in a continuous uproar, he maintained a most judicial severity of countenance, and stared at the stage with great, solemn eyes. Suddenly his face rippled all over with delight, and pulling at my sleeve, he pointed, not at the stage, but at a portly old gentleman sitting close by and enjoying the performance rather immoderately considering his years.

"Look at that fat gentleman laffin'," he whispered loud enough for the "fat, laffin' gentleman" to hear. "Look how funnily his big sides shake!"

Now I ask you, whose sense of humour was the subtler: that of the old gentleman "laffin'" at a performance so absolutely idiotic, when one comes to think about it, as a pantomime, or that of my young friend, who disdained the pantomime, but found something exquisitely comic in the old gentleman's hilarity? And yet this same child, one day when I slipped and badly sprained my ankle, stood over me—I was writhing and groaning with anguish at the time—and gravely declared that he thought my performance quite funny, but believed he could do much better himself, and, suiting the action to the words deliberately set himself to parody my writhings. Yes! juvenile sense of humour is most extraordinary and original!

Finally, I should like you to contrast two smiles, both notable in their way—that of our gracious Queen, and that of Miss Loie Fuller. Her Majesty's is a smile of recognition, of welcome, and not of amusement; and, after closely examining Miss Fuller's, I am inclined to think it expressive of welcome as well as of the appreciation of some stupendous joke. Was there ever such a smile since the world began? Why, looking at the mere portrait, I seem to see those eyes dancing and to hear volleys of silvery laughter. How different is the smile of our good Queen! I always think, though I believe I am alone in so thinking, that, for all its inherent kindliness, Her Majesty's face, when in perfect repose, is somewhat cold and proud. A mere smile—and although the Queen is still visible in every feature, the woman, gracious, friendly, pleased, is now predominant. This portrait, the only one of its kind, I think, will assuredly go down to posterity, and be remembered and loved, when thrice statelier portraits shall have lost their interest or been forgotten.



# THE CURATE AND THE ACTRESS.

BY
RAFAEL SABATINI.

WHEN I mention that Andrew Barrington was a saint, it is almost unnecessary for me to add that he had no pretentions to that emptiest of empty titles, "A Man of the World," for it is already an established and recognised fact that Sanctity is a quality not generally reckoned among the many accomplishments of such.

To thoroughly avoid evil it is necessary to be on intimate terms with it, and where a hardened sinner would have triflingly withstood its onslaught, the Reverend Andrew Barrington was conquered and laid by the heels, despite his armour of piety and virtue, on the strength of which he had reckoned over confidently.

Now, when Andrew's landlady diffidently mentioned that a young lady of the theatrical profession had taken rooms, for a month or so, in her house, a man of the world would have said to himself, "Let us have a look at her." He would have availed himself of the first opportunity to submit the lady to his critical eye, remarking perhaps, "not bad," and then his *blasé* spirit would have been at rest, and he would have thought of her no more.

But Andrew's mode of procedure was unfortunately a less wise, and, despite his sanctity, a less exemplary one.

He grew red in the face when the news was brought to him and worried over the event for two entire days—and the better part of two nights, which resulted in a certain pallor and seedy appearance settling upon his countenance, such as slanderous tongues—if there were any in the world—might set down to dissipation.

To have a woman, and a young one to wit, sharing the same roof was evil enough; but that this woman should be an actress!—a saintly shudder ran through his slender young frame at the mere thought, and for forty-eight consecutive hours he dared not venture forth lest he should chance upon this vulgar painted female, with straw-coloured hair and pencilled lashes, of whom he had caught a glimpse through the window on the day following upon that of her arrival.

He had been glad to come to Stollbridge, for it promised him freedom to pursue his studies in peace, and away from the world; and here, upon his retreat, the fates had flung a very substantial sample of that world which he sought to be rid of for a while.

For two whole days he revolved the painful matter in his mind, with the obvious result that when he awoke upon the third morning after the lady's advent, he was firmly resolved upon setting out that day in quest of new and uncontaminated quarters for his meditations.

His manner was scarcely genial when he apprised Mrs. Jones of his determination, but there are bounds even to the endurance of a curate, and there are times when a little warmth of expression may be justifiable in him.

His landlady was disconsolate, and a corner of her apron was called into requisition as an illustration of her grief and an ally to her protestations, but Andrew was obdurate.

"It was unkind of you, Mrs. Jones," he said, "to have done this. Moreover, it was injudicious and unbusinesslike—for seeing that there was every possibility of my remaining with you for the next year, I think that I might have been consulted before this er-ahem-lady"—and the saint's tones grew actually sarcastic over the word—"was admitted to the same house for a single month."

"I didn't know, sir, as you'd object!" whimpered the landlady.

The silent look which the curate bestowed upon her in reply contained more eloquence than could be found in all the orations of Cicero, and the manner in which he slammed the door after his departing self told of a resolve that no living thing could alter.

He walked down to the office of the bi-weekly, *Stollbridge Chronicle*, and, having handed in an advertisement, wherein he vain-gloriously announced himself as a young gentleman of quiet and studious habits, he set off at a brisk pace towards the river.

He hired a boat and was soon speeding up-stream, propelled by long sweeping strokes that belied the apparent frailty of his slender figure.

Having sculled himself into a perspiration and into a quiet backwater, he tied the painter to the trunk of a tree, and stretching himself in the bottom of the boat, he produced a calf-bound copy of Hyland's "Advanced Psychology," and was soon lost in its metaphysical depths to the world in general and the haunting idea of the yellow-haired actress in particular.

"Excuse me, sir," said a sweet, melodious voice, breaking in upon Andrew's studies and dragging him from the dry abstract into a very interesting study of the concrete, "but could you direct me to Stollbridge?"

The young man's head went half-way round his Roman collar, and his eyes opened very wide, the better to behold the charming apparition standing on the bank close by, in a half-timid, half-respectful attitude.

So ecstatic was his admiration that he forgot to answer her question until she repeated it, whereupon he blushed like a girl and removed his hat.

"I know a short cut," he replied, "but if you are unacquainted with the country, I should advise you to keep to the river."

"Thank you. Is it far?"

"About four miles."

The girl gave a little frightened gasp.

"Four miles," she echoed, "why it will be dusk before I get there. How annoying! This comes of exploring a country."

"Have you walked far?" he ventured timidly.

"Far!" she exclaimed, "I must have walked miles. I left Stollbridge at eleven this morning intending to visit Calvert Hall; I was told that there was a short cut across the fields which reduced the distance to two miles; I attempted to follow out the minute directions which I had received with the result that I lost myself hopelessly, and have been wandering about ever since."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Andrew, then added brilliantly, "You must be tired!"

"I should think I am," she answered; "wouldn't you be?"

Andrew confessed that such a contingency was probable, and then for a moment he pondered over something that had come into his mind. He noted that she was young, that she was very pretty, and very ladylike, both in dress and manners, and this observation troubled him not a little. Had she been elderly or unattractive, his duty would have been clear to him. As it was——

He brought his reasoning to an abrupt termination by offering timidly to take her back to Stollbridge in his boat.

She hesitated at first, looked demure, and spoke of troubling and of not knowing him, but ended by accepting his invitation.

Of course, it could not be expected that these two would travel over those four miles of tranquil river in silence. They chatted affably, and the girl even displayed a certain spirit of innocent badinage which played sad havoc with Andrew's nerves.

He noticed that her eyes were dark and large, and had a trick of opening wide at times like those of a puzzled child; that her hair was of a bright auburn; that her complexion was as delicate as that of a peach; that her mouth was small and sensitive; and that her figure, although *petite*, was well proportioned.

By the time they had travelled a mile, it occurred to the curate that there was no reason why he should fatigue himself by over-vigorous sculling. They would reach Stollbridge quite soon enough. Of course, he told himself that it was not of the least consequence *when* they arrived, but down in his heart of hearts he knew that he was not telling himself exactly the truth, for—well—she was very pretty, and fresh, and innocent, and he was very young.

"You are of course a visitor at Stollbridge?" he inquired presently, and he actually began to fear the conversational powers that he was displaying.

"Oh yes," she replied frankly, "I am only here for three or four weeks."

Andrew was burning to ask her how much of the three or four weeks might still be left, but he thought the question too bold, so, with a sigh, he stifled it and grew silent.

"Do you often come on the river?" the girl inquired after a pause.

"Almost every day, when it is fine."

"And do you often pity ladies who have lost their way and take them back to Stollbridge in your boat?"

"I?" he ejaculated in accents of the profoundest horror. "I—I assure you that I do not!"

"What a pity!" she answered archly.

Andrew felt uncomfortable as the suspicion arose in his mind that, despite his cloth, she was amusing herself at his expense, and he muttered something about not understanding why the circumstance should be a lamentable one.

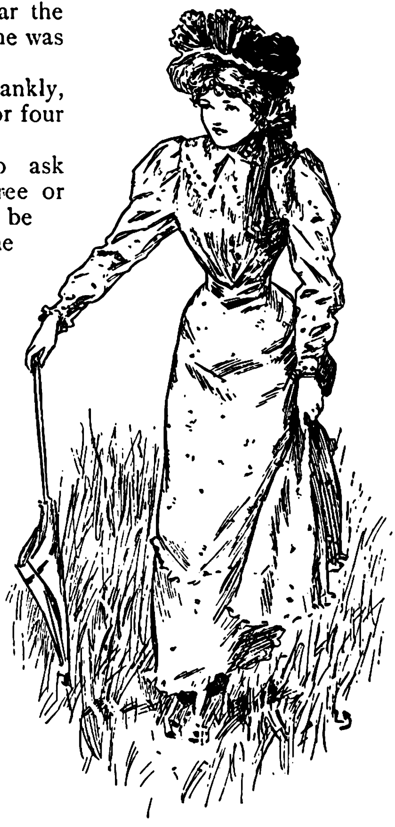
It was not until he had assisted her out of the boat at Stollbridge that she made her meaning clear to him.

"If it were a regular practice of yours," she said, and her eyes had a mischievous look in them like those of a kitten at play, "I might be tempted soon to lose myself again, for I never enjoyed the river so much as this evening. I wonder why?"

Andrew blushed up to the roots of his hair, and deemed her innocent outspokeness very embarrassing. Then, for the first time in his life, he became guilty of a gallant speech.

"No more have I," he replied in a whisper—for his sanctity was afraid that the innocent-looking boatman might have ears like other people—"and if you should contrive to lose yourself again—well—I should be happy to find you."

He realised that he had expressed himself clumsily, and yet he felt that he ought rather to be ashamed of his boldness. But then, as I have said already, he was very young, and she was very sweet and she had very wonderful eyes. Those eyes haunted him as he walked home alone, and he told himself a dozen times that he was a churl for not having seen her to the door of her dwelling in spite of her remonstrances.



"Excuse me, sir," said a sweet, melodious voice; "could you direct me to Stollbridge?"

For the next four days it rained almost incessantly, which kept Andrew indoors. Moreover, he was busy packing his belongings, for he had found suitable rooms near at hand, and he was preparing to move into them; this he eventually did, on the fifth day after his adventure.

He came across the lady with the straw-coloured hair once or twice before he left his old quarters, and his eyes scarcely contained upon such occasions that sympathetic benevolence which is supposed to be characteristic of churchmen.

At last he was installed in his new rooms, unpolluted by the presence of any painted ballet girl—for thus he now defined her.

The next day was Sunday, and, as principle forbade him from boating on that day of pious indolence, he was out of humour. He was especially concerned at not seeing his fair unknown in church, and at a loss how to account for her absence.

But on the Monday, the weather being fine, he went out again and sculled himself into the same shady backwater by the old mill. Only he left his psychological volume behind him this time, and spent two solid hours watching the horizon and thinking of her lovely eyes. He was just beginning to despair, when suddenly the silence was broken by a voice, which, although he had heard it but once, was deeply graven on his memory.

"Please, sir, could you direct me to Stollbridge?"

He looked round to meet her laughing eyes, and laughing in return with pleasure and amusement, he rose, as on the former occasion, to hand her into the boat.

And so it fell out that every day at about the same hour the syren's voice would come to ask the saint to show her the way to Stollbridge, until one day matters grew so bad that the Rev. Andrew Barrington actually allowed it to escape him, that he should be delighted not only to take her as far as Stollbridge but a very considerable distance further.

As a matter of fact Andrew was in love and out of his senses, as a good many more young men have been, when too constantly thrown into the company of an attractive morsel of unchaperoned femininity.

And who can blame him? He was an idealist, and here, in Miss Ellaline de Vaud—for so she had told him that she was named—he had found the incarnation of his ideal.

She was too innocent to understand the curate's gentle metaphor about a longer journey than that to Stollbridge, so she merely smiled, and, taking him literally, told him that if he liked he might scull her up-stream as far as Widenham. And he had not the courage at the moment to put his metaphor into plainer language.

All this went on for the better part of a fortnight (during which the curate's studies and meditations were severely neglected) until at last the vicar, who was an intimate, although somewhat paternal friend of Andrew's, thought fit to administer a gentle remonstance.

But Andrew flew as near a temper as his sanctity—rather rusty of late—would allow, and he told the vicar in plain and very much unvarnished language that he was quite old enough to choose his own companions.

"Yes, yes," replied the vicar, absorbing some of the heat which Andrew was giving out "but it isn't *that*! A certain amount of example is expected from us, you know, and—well—you go out boating every day by yourself and come back accompanied, and—of course people are beginning to talk, which is very distressing!"

For a moment Andrew's sanctity deserted him wholly and the Evil One took possession of his heart, for bringing his fist down upon the table with unmistakable vehemence, he very roundly told the vicar that *people* might go to the devil.

The vicar's face was as interesting as a kaleidoscope at this unexpected rejoinder, and the tone in which he pointed out to Andrew that it was the earthly mission of the clergy to direct people in quite the opposite direction savoured strongly of pity.

Then he took up his hat and umbrella and with a sorrowful shake of the head, he sighingly wished Andrew good day and left him.

The saint was furious.

"How dare the insidious world talk of me and my movements?" he asked himself indignantly. "And to think that even so right-minded a man as the vicar should be affected by what he heard!"

If he had been a man of the world, Andrew might have been justified in competing for a prominent place in the history of profane utterance—as it was, he could only do some remarkably strong thinking. The result was that half-an-hour later he was tearing down towards the river with a speed born of righteous indignation, and a burning desire to set matters right once and for all time.

Yes; it was the only thing to do. He was fortunately the possessor of a nice private income which would allow him to live in blissful independence, and he was determined upon asking Miss de Vaud to take him and his money to church, and marry the lot.

He found her, sitting on the grass, and looking demure in a white dress and a sailor hat—Madonna-like he thought her.

With an original comment upon the heat of the sun and the clearness of the sky, he assisted her into the boat—she accomplishing the embarkation with the orthodox display of ankle—and arranged her cushions with something more than his wonted solicitude.

Then, taking the oars again, he pulled vigorously away in the direction of Widenham. He had in his mind a certain picturesque bower formed by the overhanging boughs of a beech tree, and beneath the generous shade of this, it was his purpose to call a halt and broach the delicate subject. He could do nothing but think of what he should say—and never did a sermon give him half the trouble and anxiety—so that naturally he was strangely silent and preoccupied.

She endured this for a while; but when she had asked him for the third time whether he felt the heat, and he had answered her with a fatuous smile that he thought them very charming indeed, she deemed it time to awaken him. So giving the right rope a vicious tug, she skilfully steered him into a hawthorn bush, which, if not in bloom, was very amply *in thorn*—a circumstance which he appreciated without the aid of his eyes.

As he pushed the boat back, he remarked with a sweet smile, which made his scratches bleed, that it did not signify in the least. Then a bold idea entered his mind—evoked by memories of a novel or two read in those sinful days of his boyhood—and in words which if slightly lacking in veracity, were certainly rich in poetry and fervour, he protested that for her sake he would gladly shed every drop of blood in his veins. In fact, he almost appeared to suggest that blood had been given him for no other purpose.

She blushed in the most highly approved fashion, and applied herself to a careful study of her tan shoes. Noticing this favourable sign, and finding the ice fairly broken, Andrew left the nose of the boat in the hawthorn bush where it had caught, forgot the bower half a mile further up the river, and started forthwith upon the accelerated display of amorous rhetoric.

Pale and gasping, with thumping heart and twitching hands he told his story; now halting and stammering, now plunging headlong into a torrent of verbiage and incoherence.

And she, while contemplating the pattern of her dainty shoe, dimly realised that he was asking her to become his wife. And having guessed, her heart began to beat. Not so much out of sympathy as out of dread lest he should capsize the boat before he had finished.

At last he stopped, and signified by mopping the perspiration from his forehead and the blood from his cheeks, that he had finished.

A crafty and designing woman of the world, would no doubt have commented upon the suddeness of the proposal. The simple unsophisticated child before him did otherwise. Raising for a moment her soft dark eyes, and favouring him with a glance half coy half tender—

"I am so happy, Andrew," she murmured, "so happy!"

The enraptured lover would have fallen upon his knees had he not remembered in time the disastrous results which might follow upon so rash an act. He had to content himself with stretching across the boat and seizing the hand she half extended towards him.

"You love me? You really love me?" the poor boy whispered incredulously.

"More than I can tell you," she answered, casting down her eyes.

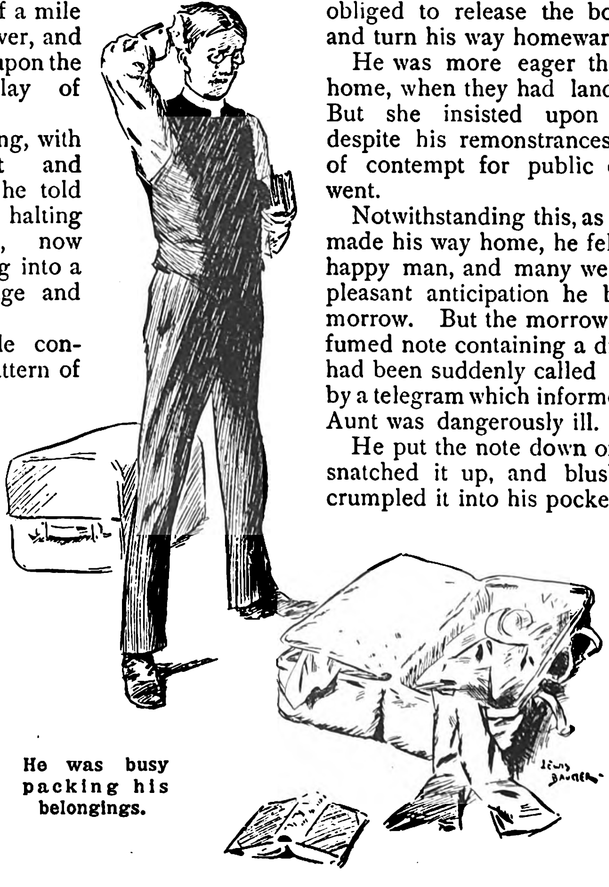
Upon this followed many touching words, many sighs and many impassioned glances. But the sun *will* set, in spite of lovers, and presently with one more sigh, Andrew was obliged to release the boat from the bush and turn his way homewards.

He was more eager than ever to see her home, when they had landed at Stollbridge. But she insisted upon going alone, and despite his remonstrances and expressions of contempt for public opinion, alone she went.

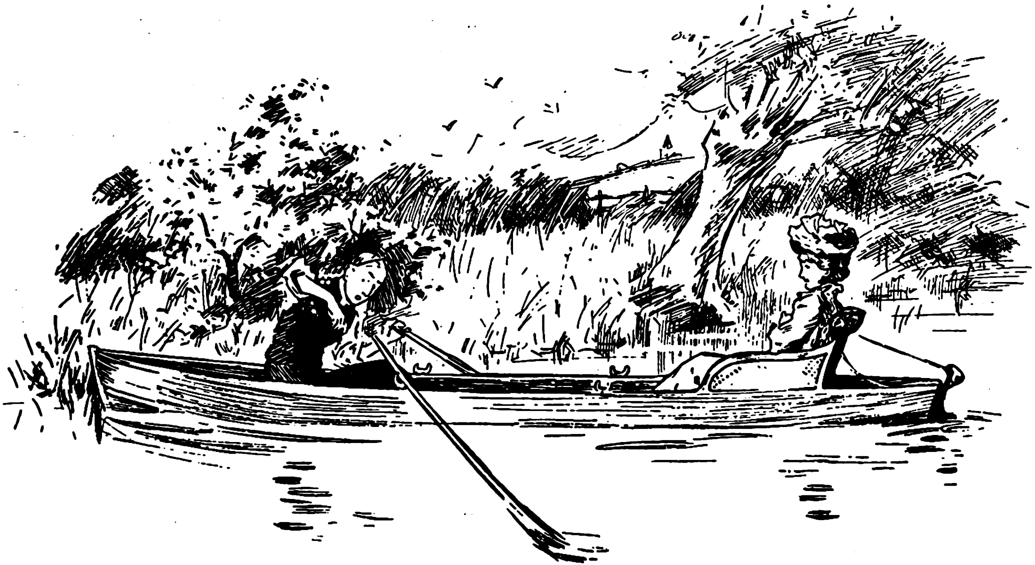
Notwithstanding this, as Andrew Barrington made his way home, he felt himself indeed a happy man, and many were the thoughts of pleasant anticipation he bestowed upon the morrow. But the morrow brought him a perfumed note containing a disappointment. She had been suddenly called to town, she wrote, by a telegram which informed her that her dear Aunt was dangerously ill. Would he write?

He put the note down on the table. Then snatched it up, and blushing furiously he crumpled it into his pocket as the maid-of-all work entered with his breakfast tray.

He felt better when she had gone and began to think. He drew her note from his pocket and read it again. At the word "Aunt" he came to a full stop. It suggested a



He was busy packing his belongings.



Giving the right rope a vicious tug, she skilfully steered him into a hawthorn bush.

family. And with the suggestion came a sickening dread that her people—whoever they might be—should oppose their union. The anxiety was too awful to be borne. He must do something. Again his eye fell upon the note. "Will you write?" Yes, he would write at once. He got the necessary materials together, and, sitting down, he pondered deeply for perhaps half an hour. At last with a sigh he took up the pen and began. He worked assiduously for an hour, and the contents of his waste paper basket grew steadily during that time. But in the end his critical spirit was satisfied, and he appended his signature to one of the most richly tinted flowers of rhetoric that ever bloomed between the leaves of a parson's blotting-pad. What he had written might have been summed up concisely into three sentences: "I love you. I shall never love anyone else. If your parents forbid our marriage I shall be disconsolate."

But, as everyone versed in such matters must know, these three sentences afford very considerable scope for elaboration. It need not, therefore, cause great surprise that by a zealous regard for detail, Andrew was enabled to cover eight pages of notepaper with closely-written matter. Although there may be many who could do better, still, for a saint, Andrew did very well.

The reply came promptly, and set him in a fever of delight. She had no parents, and therefore no wishes but her own to consult. Her Aunt was better, and she hoped to return to Stollbridge in a day or two. She loved him, and she trusted that he was devoting a little of his thoughts to her. Then came the signature "Ella"—a name which Andrew kept uttering aloud, until the maid-of-all-work disgusted him into silence by putting her head into the room and inquiring whether he had called her.

Ella would return in a day or two! And here again those novels read in early youth came to his aid, and he remembered what was expected of him. He had no time to lose, he must run up to town at once and buy the ring.

He put his hat on—a trifle jauntily for a saint—and went round to the vicarage to obtain his superior's sanction of the journey.

He had not seen the vicar since their somewhat unhappy parting of some three days ago, and it was not without a certain restlessness of mind that he entered the presence of that worthy man.

The Reverend Mr. Ritson turned from the papers with which he had been occupied, to greet Andrew.

He was a man of medium height, with iron-grey hair and a rosy clean-shaven face. The levity suggested by a slight upward tilt of his nose was redeemed by the portly dignity of his figure.

"Ah, good morning, Andrew. Won't you sit down?"

Andrew sat down and dangled his hat between his knees in a nervous fashion.

"I have come to ask you whether it would be inconvenient if I were to run up to town for a day or two."

"Certainly not," the vicar answered with a kindly smile. "Go by all means if you——"

Mr. Ritson stopped abruptly, and the smile died from his good-humoured lips. He suddenly remembered having learnt that Miss de Vaud had left Stollbridge two days ago. He was a man of some insight and some worldly experience, and the conclusion he arrived at by a simple process of deduction, was not flattering to Andrew. He turned his clear hazel eyes sternly upon the young man.

"Might I inquire," he said coldly, "what your motives are for going to London?"

"I was about to tell you, sir."

"Oh!" The vicar concluded from this disposition to confess, that his apprehensions were certainly unfounded, and he hastened to relax the rigorous position of his facial muscles, being anxious to make up in kindness to Andrew for the slight his imagination had for a moment cast upon the young man.

"You see, Mr. Ritson, I was twenty-four years of age last birthday. And—and—I have been thinking of getting married."

The vicar raised his eyebrows in surprise, and passing his hands under his coat tails, smiled again.

"You are thinking of marrying! Ah, well, well—a very praiseworthy resolution."

Being a bachelor, the vicar was in a position to make an assertion of this character without any qualms regarding its veracity.

Andrew gathered courage from the words, and explained the motive of his visit to London.

"Of course, of course," the vicar agreed, "but you haven't said anything about the lady of your choice, yet. Come, what is she like? One of my parishioners?"

Andrew remembered their last conversation, and grew distinctly nervous.

"I think you know her, sir," he answered, "I had the misfortune to disagree with you the other day, about the conversational topic I was affording Stollbridge. I have decided to set matters right by marrying Miss de Vaud, whom I very dearly—for whom I have a very deep regard."

The vicar did not say much. But what he did say was pregnant with meaning of an eminently discourteous and even sinister character.

"But—but," stammered Andrew, "I don't understand."

"Great Heavens, sir," Mr. Ritson interrupted. "Have you taken leave of your senses, or has this woman ensnared you into—"

"Sir!" cried Andrew, rising indignant, and confronting him.

The vicar looked at him for a moment, then shook his head sorrowfully.

"So? It's so bad as all that, is it?" he murmured. "Well, well, I'm sorry for you Andrew—you are a young man of great promise. But—think it over; think it over carefully, and come to me again."

"My mind is quite made up, sir."

"Yes, but it may change. I hope it will, for although it would give me very great pain, you will understand that if you persist in your mad intention of marrying an actress—"

"Marrying a WHAT?" ejaculated Andrew.

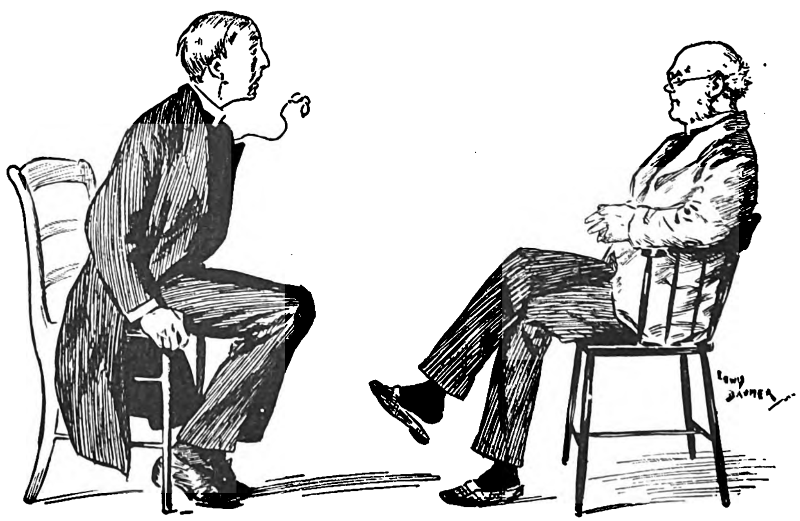
"An actress, I said."

Andrew laughed curiously.

"There is some misunderstanding, I didn't mention an actress."

He uttered the word "actress," as if it were an improper expression which contaminated his saintly tongue.

Mr. Ritson gazed at the young man in undisguised amazement, and



"Marrying a WHAT?" ejaculated Andrew.

began to entertain a very deep concern anent his sanity.

"Did you, or did you not say that you were going to marry Miss de Vaud; Miss Ellaline de Vaud; to make myself plainer still—the Miss Ellaline de Vaud with whom you have been philandering on the river, much to every right-minded person's disgust?"

Andrew might have taken objection at another time to the impropriety of the word "*philandering*." But the season was inopportune for any subtle diagnosis of English vocables. He merely allowed his parched lips to murmur an assent.

"Well then—" the vicar stopped abruptly, as new light broke in upon his mind.

"Do you mean to tell me that you did not know she was an actress? That she was the very woman on whose account you changed your rooms?"

Andrew gasped beneath the load of this revelation. He glanced wildly about him, and out through the window. Someone passing at that moment riveted his attention. Springing across the room, he drew aside the curtains.

"Who's that?" he asked excitedly.

The vicar looked out and beheld a woman crossing the road. She wore a gown of prismatic hues and her hair was of a golden yellow.

"That, I believe," he answered slowly, "is Miss de Vaud's maid, or dresser, or whatever they call such creatures."

"It is the woman I fled from—I understand it all now." And dropping into a chair, Andrew mopped his face.

Mr. Ritson laid his hand kindly upon the young man's shoulder, and sought to console him.

"Fortunately there is no real harm done, Andrew," he said presently. "I suppose you have not written to her?"

"Oh, but I *have*," cried Andrew wringing his hands. "And *such* a letter."

"Good Heavens, man! Oh, Andrew, how could you? Think—think of the disgrace to the cloth if this designing woman drags you into a breach of promise action!"

Andrew groaned, and the vicar—being unable to think of anything more appropriate—groaned to keep him company.

* * * *

A week went by without any fresh developments, saving the departure of the maid, which, the vicar contended, was a sign that Miss de Vaud was not returning to Stollbridge. Andrew received two letters from her. The first was a passionate appeal to his affections and a gentle chiding for his silence. He almost wept over it—and had not the vicar intervened in time, he might have gone the length of answering it.

The second one, which came four days later, was somewhat abusive, and contained a veiled menace. Andrew wept no more—he perspired.

Then another week followed, during which the poor, errant saint lived day and night in a torture of apprehension.

His health was threatening to give way when at last the gods saw fit to turn their thumbs up, and his suspense was ended.

The vicar was the first to bring him the joyful and unexpected tidings that Miss de Vaud was Miss de Vaud no longer. She was married. Yes there was no doubt about it. Andrew read the announcement himself in the *Telegraph*, and the brief sketch of her career which was now supposed to have terminated.

He was able to smile, and to feel very thankful at his escape. The same day a letter bearing the London post-mark and in a familiar hand-writing was delivered to him.

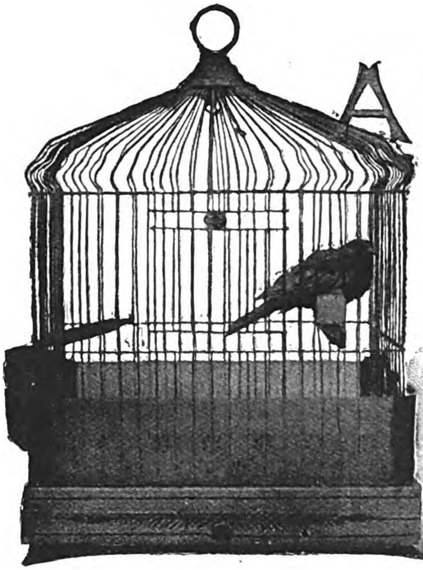
It ran:—

> You will no doubt have learnt before this reaches you of the marriage of that woman for whom you professed such deep and lasting affection, and whom you were horrified afterwards to learn—as I gather from your silence—was nothing more than a designing, wicked actress. I am sorry if I have wounded your vanity or your heart, but I could not withstand the temptation of testing the mettle of the young curate who fled in pious horror from under the roof which had the misfortune to shelter an actress. I hope that I have succeeded in proving to you at least that the horror you felt was only inspired by a word, and that after all an actress may still be sufficiently a woman to cause even a saint to come down from his pedestal and woo her.

She concluded by informing him that she had told her husband everything there was to tell concerning their "flirtation"—he gnashed his teeth at the word—and she enclosed the passionate letter which he had written her and for which she had no further use.

He had not the courage to read his own letter over again. But he took the immediate precaution of burning the two epistles in the same fire.

He has since become an ardent advocate of the celibacy of the clergy, and a trite aphorism which he is never tired of uttering is that appearances are extremely deceptive.

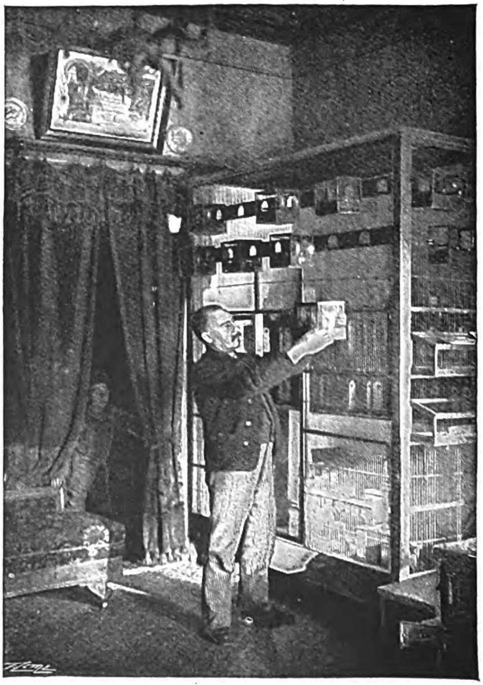


# A SINGING SCHOOL FOR CANARIES

By Margaret Collinson.

The nightingale is the prima donna, the acknowledged Patti, of birdland; but, being both eccentric and wilful, she loves her freedom even better than the applause of the multitude. If this were otherwise, if the nightingale resigned herself to captivity, it is to be feared that the popular favourite—I mean, of course, the canary—would have, with the best grace, to take a back seat, despite her elegance and fine feathers, intelligence and industry. For there is not the slightest doubt about it—she is merely talented, and the nightingale has genius. But it is wonderful what intelligence and industry will do, and these, as I have said, are qualities peculiar to the canary. Like the untutored but gifted aspirant to operatic honours, all a canary needs is a clever and experienced singing master, careful treatment, and peculiar diet, to mould her somewhat thin and over-shrill tones into the rich and variously modulated song which is a delight to thousands.

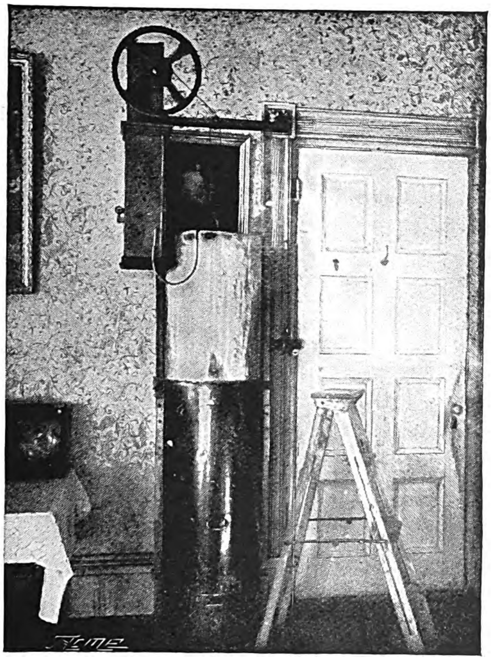
There are many singing schools for canaries, and about the most remarkable is that of a certain Herr Adolf Wolfschlag. Herr Wolfschlag, described as a funny little German, whose voice, from living so long among his birds, sounds like the trill of a canary, is a native of the Hartz Mountains—a district where the culture of canaries has become almost an industry. His method of teaching the birds is decidedly original. It is done by means of a peculiar music machine, his own special invention. This extraordinary apparatus is worked by water and air force. It is cylindrical in shape, and comprises an air tank. The pressure of the water forces the air through a number of variously-sized pipes which are contained within the cylinder, and in this way a soft and peculiarly sweet chorus of sounds is produced, resembling the ideal trills of a trained canary. It has nine variations, just as the canary has nine different tones, and it is always possible to vary to any extent the pressure of the water in



The preparatory school.

order to modulate the sounds.

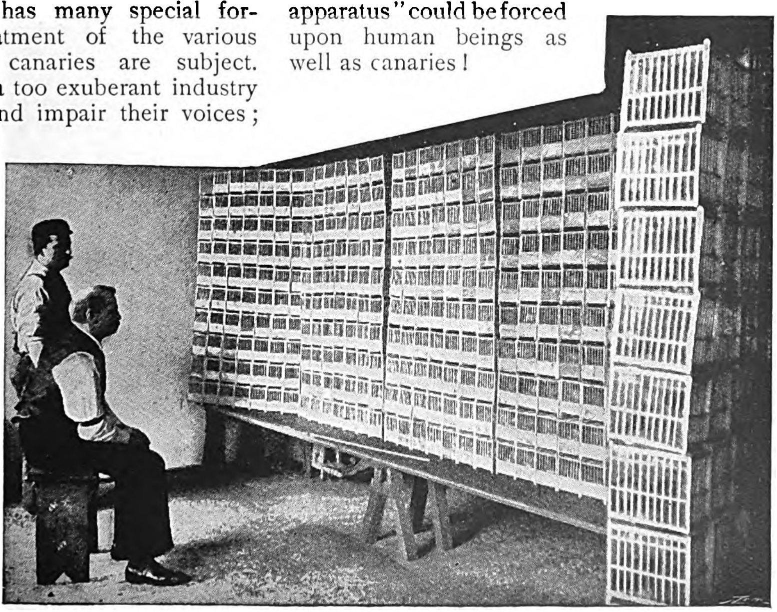
Above this singing academy is the preparatory school — a school which has about two hundred students, whose "years" are as yet too tender for the serious study and strenuous practice of the academy proper. Their captivity is made as homelike and comfortable as possible; and, when breeding time comes round, a number of nests made of plaster of paris and wire are placed in the cages, and a quantity of sea-grass scattered about. This the birds soon discover, and turn to good account by building soft and cosy nests in the plaster of paris moulds. As soon as they are fit to begin lessons they are taken downstairs, and it is remarkable to hear them tune their voices the moment the machine is set going.



The apparatus with which the canaries are taught to sing.

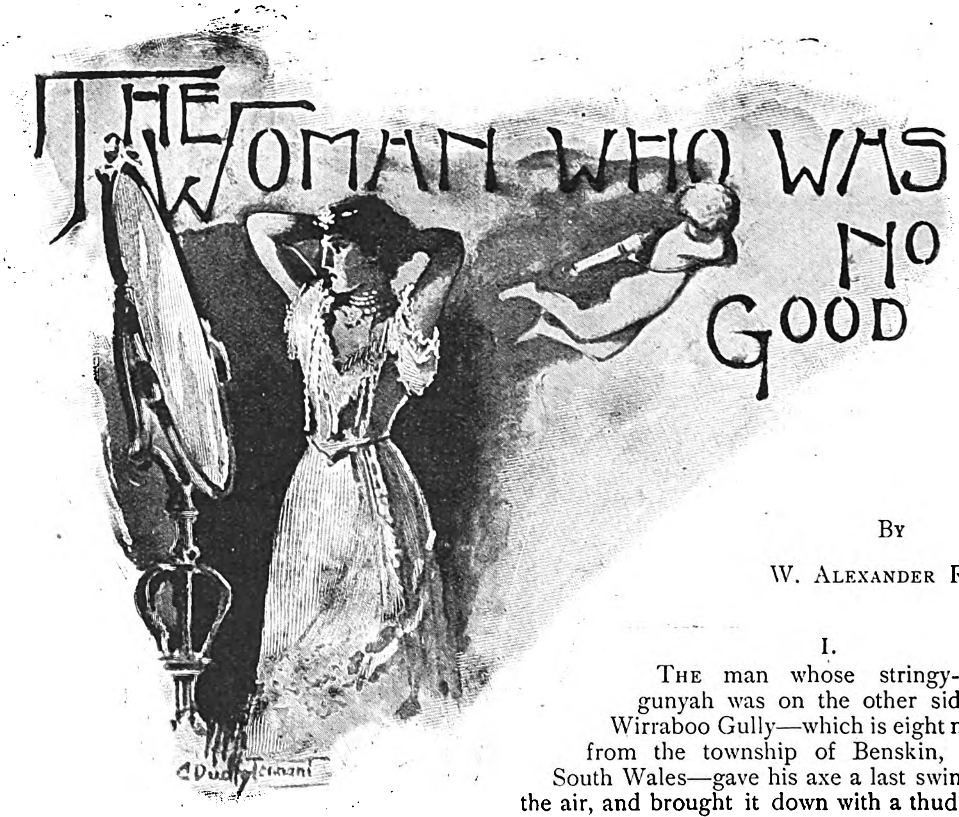
Herr Wolfschlag has many special formulas for the treatment of the various ailments to which canaries are subject. Draughts, cold, and a too exuberant industry injure their throats and impair their voices; and then the doctor steps in and administers honey and a little fat bacon. Herr Wolfschlag, like other canary experts, is wonderfully skilled in testing a bird's voice—so skilled, indeed, that he can distinguish and judge one bird's notes even when hundreds of others are trilling and warbling around it.

It is imperative that a canary, if it wishes to get on in its profession, should lead a moderate and respectable life. We all of us love good fare and our dinner; let us therefore not blame the canary for being partial to canary seed in unlimited quantities. Alas! canary seed induces corpulence, and corpulence ruins the voice; so the poor bird is forced to live on hard-boiled eggs chopped up fine and mixed with hemp. And then—I record it with sorrow—the canary loves its glass, and it is necessary that the bird should drink in moderation. The wily Herr Wolfschlag knows his pupils too well to put temptation in their way and trust them to overcome it. He makes use of an ingenious apparatus which allows them only a certain quantity of drink. Ah! if only an "ingenious apparatus" could be forced upon human beings as well as canaries!



An expert can judge one bird's note when hundreds of others are warbling around it.

# THE WOMAN WHO WAS NO GOOD



By

W. Alexander Ross.

## I.

The man whose stringy-bark gunyah was on the other side of Wirraboo Gully—which is eight miles from the township of Benskin, New South Wales—gave his axe a last swing in the air, and brought it down with a thud into the iron-bark log out of which he had been breaking sleepers all the afternoon. Its polished blade sank deep into the tough, red, splintery wood, and he relaxed his hold.

"I reckon that's about the last I shall break out on Wirraboo Gully for many a day," he remarked, as he pushed his bushy black hair back from his damp forehead.

Then he tramped over the undergrowth down the uneven slope of the gully across to the bark-built humpy on the other side, and, having filled his billy-can and hung it over the fire, he sat down on a big ironwood log in front of the gunyah, and brought out a crumpled and much creased copy of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, which he had brought over from Benskin, whither he had been, two days before to replenish his stock of tobacco, and lay in a fresh supply of the indifferent methylated spirit, labelled whisky, and consumed as such in the Bush.

He had read the column he turned to quite a hundred times before. He knew it by heart in fact—but he read it once more while he waited for the billy-can to boil. And yet it was only a glowing account of the prospects of the then newly discovered goldfields on the South African Rand.

He stroked his ragged coal-black beard while he read, and his black eyes gathered an expression of intense determination in their sullen depths.

"I'll go," he said aloud. "I'm sick of Wirraboo Gully, and yet—" he paused and looked across to where the Wirraboo Hills lay swathed in a lovely blue mist. "There is room to breathe here."

The billy-can boiled over, and the hiss of the water in the fire roused him.

"Hang it! I'll go—I can come back," he said again as he went into the gunyah to fetch his tea-canister.

The full April moon had risen hours, and the purple and silver of the coming dawn were lighting up the sky beyond the tall gaunt gum trees when the man who lived in the bark hut on Wirraboo Gully turned into his bunk. He had read the *Herald* account of the Rand gold discoveries quite a dozen times since his billy-can had boiled over, while the brief Australian twilight was giving place to the lovely southern night.

"I'll go," he said once more as he rolled himself in his rug. "I can come back when I get sick of it."

The faint echo of a dingo howling far away on the Wirraboo Hills came floating dismally through the late summer night as the bushman spoke, and the next moment the weird laughter of the jackasses in the blue gum trees rang out in mocking reply to the howling dingo—or perhaps it was to the dweller in the gunyah below who had spoken of returning.

Late on the following afternoon the man who lived at Wirraboo Gully stepped off the verandah of the hotel in Benskin, and swung himself up to the box-seat of Dobson's coach.

"Coming back, I reckon?" said Bill Jupe the hotel-keeper.

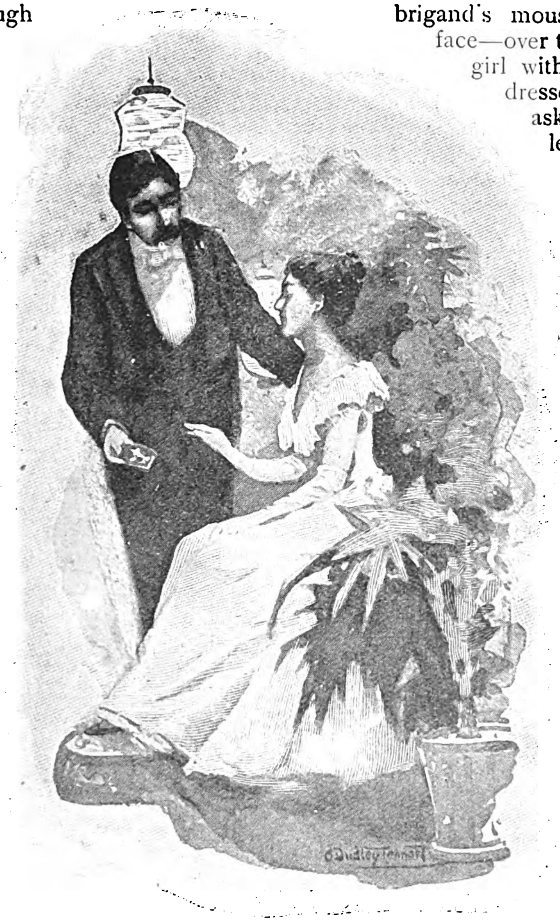
"Just as likely," was the laconic reply as the speaker jammed some more tobacco into his pipe. And the coach started.

"A rum cuss," remarked a swagsman who was standing with the other loungers outside the hotel.

"Yes, Mowbray is a rum cuss. But he's lived on the Wirraboo Gully for seven years, and he's a 'white' man," returned the hotel-keeper.

"Yes, Mowbray is a 'white' man," assented the man who kept Benskin's only store. "If he ain't, I'm jiggered if ever I saw one. What's yours?"

The company adjourned to the bar of the hotel for drinks, while the coach disappeared far down the hot road in a cloud of dust.



"May I add these to my congratulations?" said Mowbray.

## II.

It was late in the London season. There was a big crowd at Mrs. Maitland-Bethune's ball.

"Who is that lanky chap with the brigand's moustache and bronze face—over there, talking to that girl with red gold hair and dressed in peacock blue?" asked a man who was leaning up against a wall and watching the crowd. His companion turned to him in surprise.

"What, you don't know! Of course, I forgot that you have been potting at hillmen on the North-west frontier for the last three years. That is Mowbray, the South African gold king and diamond emperor and all that—a fellow who has spent one-half his life picking up nuggets as big as bricks and Koh-i-noors in South Africa, and now has come to England to find somebody to wear the diamonds and dissipate the gold."

"He won't find that difficult," returned the man who had been potting hillmen on the North-west frontier. There was a touch of bitterness in his tone. He was a younger son with little beyond his pay and the Victoria Cross.

The other man laughed quietly.

"He does. The girl with the red-gold hair is his divinity, and he has been hunting her down like a sleuth-hound for the last two seasons, without success."

"A beautiful woman, and proof against gold and precious stones in abundance—marvellous!" remarked the cynic who possessed a Victoria cross.

"He won't hunt in vain a third season. Lady Millicent's father, old Clewthorne, you know, came a buster over the Ascot Cup yesterday. They say it will clean him out."

Nobody would have recognised in the John Mowbray who was standing beside Lady Millicent, daughter of the Marquis of Clewthorne, the bushman whom they called Mowbray in New South Wales, and who used to live on the Wirraboo Gully. The ragged, black beard was gone, and two years in England, besides three on the Rand in South Africa, had changed him wonderfully. There was a certain air of distinction about him, and his slow manner of speech gave him time to think while he spoke—which was a useful thing for the man who used to cut timber in New South Wales.

At Wirraboo they had called him a "white man." On the Rand they said he had grit as well as luck. In Throgmorton Street they said he was straight. And they all meant the same, thing. Perhaps that was why the taciturn ex-bushman was liked in a way, and was received in certain society circles which some people would have regarded as being fairly exclusive.

The Blue Hungarians broke into the symphony of one of Waldteufel's dreamiest waltzes.

"I am a clumsy dancer," said Mowbray to Lady Millicent. Perhaps I oughtn't to have put my name on your programme. Shall we sit it out?"

The beauty with the red-gold hair shrugged her handsome shoulders in careless acquiescence, and they drifted into the conservatory, where the air was cooler and the lights were soft and dim, and where the murky London moonlight seemed pure and white, as it crept through the panes and fell in faint silvery blotches on the marble floor.

Mowbray felt freer and more at ease there. It was a long time before he spoke. Lady Millicent did not mind; she used her fan with an easy grace that betokened the most perfect serenity of mind.

"I don't dance, and I seldom talk," he said at last; "I daresay you wonder why I am boring you."

"Are you boring me?" she asked slowly.

Mowbray smiled a little sardonically. He was beginning to understand the ways of the world he was living in.

"I think so," he said.

He watched her fan as it rose and fell in a graceful curve.

"It is past midnight, and it is the morning of your birthday. I wanted to be the first to congratulate you," he said, as he brought out a morocco case. He touched the spring; the lid flew up, and disclosed a butterfly set with magnificent brilliants. Even in that dim light it blazed and scintillated like living fire.

"May I add this to my congratulations?"

The fan closed with a graceful snap.

"You may," she said, after a pause. "You are too good."

There was a look of triumph on the face of the man from Wirraboo when he entered the ball-room again, with Lady Millicent on his arm. The diamond butterfly was sparkling in her hair.

The engagement between Lady Millicent and Mowbray was in the next day's papers, and three months later there was a column of marriage ceremony, guests, wedding presents, and trousseau. The luxuriance of the adjectives applied to the diamonds which were the gift of the bridegroom to the bride was appalling.

## III.

John Mowbray was waiting in the library of the house they had taken in Curzon Street on their return from the honeymoon, pending the completion of negotiations for a mansion in Piccadilly. He was waiting to start with his wife for Mrs. Maitland-Bethune's.

Mowbray had been obliged to go a lot into society since his marriage. He had become even more taciturn than he was before marriage, and the part he played in society was that of the looker-on. And he saw more than pleased him. There was an ugly glint in his eyes as he waited for his wife.

Presently there was a frou-frou of silk, and Lady Millicent swept into the room—a vision of radiant beauty, whose jewels were worth a king's ransom.

"Is it Mrs. Maitland-Bethune's to-night?" he asked.

"Of course," was the careless reply.

"I suppose young Paget will be there?"

"It is extremely possible that the Honourable Reginald Paget will be there." There was a touch of hauteur in the lady's voice.

"He generally does turn up where you are," said Mowbray knitting his black brows. "I don't object to your receiving the homage from other men, which it seems to be the custom to pay to other men's wives in your world. But there is just a bit too much of it from the Honourable Reginald for my liking. I want you to pull him up a bit."

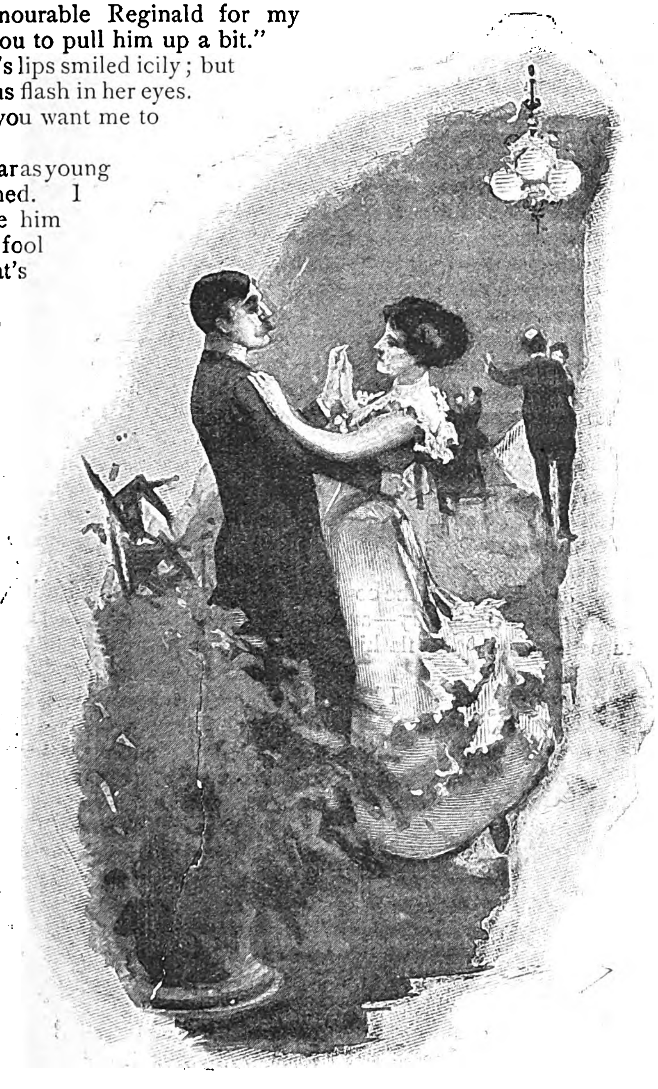
Lady Millicent's lips smiled icily; but there was a vicious flash in her eyes.

"I am afraid you want me to be impossible."

"Exactly—as far as young Paget is concerned. I want you to save him from making a fool of himself. That's all."

He strode to the door as he spoke, and opened it. His wife vouchsafed him neither word nor look in response to his appeal. They drove in silence to Mrs. Maitland-Bethune's.

Mowbray did what was a very unusual thing with him, when he entered the ballroom. He asked Lady Millicent to allow him to put his name down on her programme. She raised her eyebrows in surprise as she handed it to him. He placed his initials opposite the last waltz but one, and then lounged about all the evening.



Lady Millicent danced three times with the Honourable Reginald.

Lady Millicent danced three times with the honourable Reginald, and then sat a fourth out with him.

There was a flash of defiance in her violet eyes when her husband came to claim his dance. He quietly suggested that they should sit it out. They drifted into the conservatory as they did that night when she had accepted the diamond butterfly—and Mowbray.

He gave a sigh of relief as he dropped into a huge cane chair. The sound of the dripping water in the fountain basins, the scent of the flowers, the fantastic shadows the great palms and tropical plants threw on the marble floor, all brought back to him the bush round Wirraboo. He saw it sleeping, swathed in all the wonderful radiance of the Australian night. And he sighed again.

"I am sorry you did not take my advice about Paget," he said presently.

"Why?" asked the woman, with an air of indifference.

"For your sake—that's all."

"How good of you," was the calm reply.

"You do not intend to take it then?" said Mowbray slowly.

Lady Millicent's fan shut with a snap.

"I do not intend to do anything absurd. Your advice is an insult."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mowbray. "I thought you would misunderstand it. We have been married three months. They have not been exactly comfortable, have they?"

Lady Millicent yawned ostentatiously.

"You are bored," continued Mowbray. "Well, money and beauty don't always hit it, I suppose. At any rate, we haven't, have we?"

"You are charmingly considerate to choose such a time for complimentary confession. Pray go on—that waltz will last quite three minutes yet."

Mowbray looked at her curiously for a few seconds. A memory of the dingoes howling on the Wiraboo Hills came back to him, and he heard the laughing jackass's discordant mirth among the branches of the giant blackbutts round the Gully.

"We can tell a lot of truth in three minutes," he said. "Let us be quite straight with each other—for three minutes. You intend to go your own way, whatever I may say or do?"

"Since you put it so frankly—well, yes, I do."

"Ah!" said Mowbray. "Then the 'love, honour, and obey,' and all that doesn't count with you."

Lady Millicent laughed satirically.

"I didn't compile the marriage service—you can hardly expect me to be responsible for all its absurdities."

"Then there isn't any 'love, honour, and obey' absurdity between us?"

He spoke in calm, even tones, but the contempt in his voice stung her into fury—and the truth. She turned to him with flashing eyes.

"No! I tolerate you. That is all. I have never done anything else. I shall never do anything else."

"I'm sorry," said Mowbray. "I'm sorry—for your sake. That's all. I suppose you wouldn't be offended if I died—or something of that sort?"

He stood up and offered her his arm.

"Shall we go back to the ball-room? The band has stopped, and I have not the honour of figuring twice on your programme."

"I had better say good-bye," he said to her, at the foot of the stairs when they had returned to Curzon Street. "Urgent matters will call me back to South Africa at once. I shall be leaving too early to say good-bye in the morning."

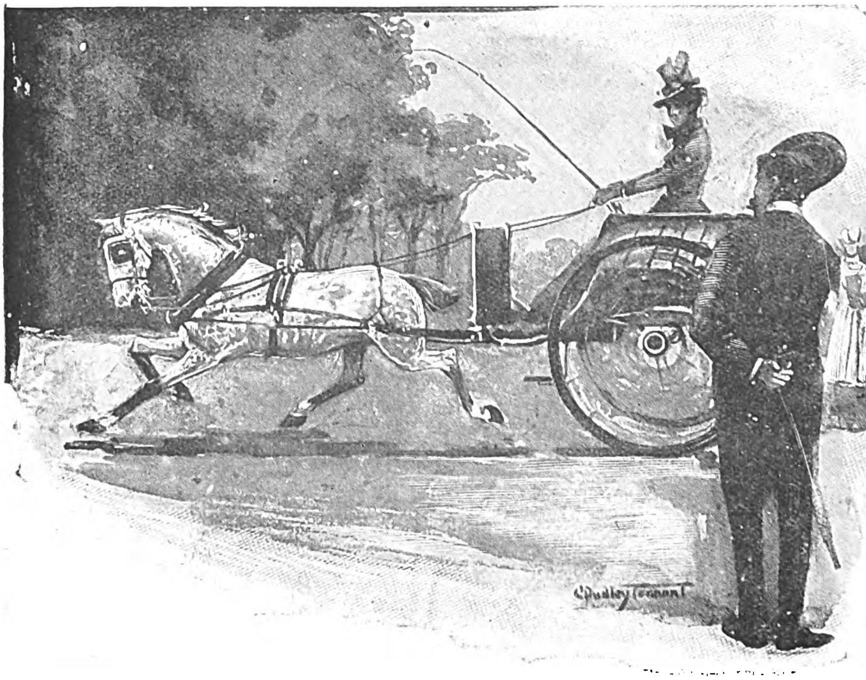
He held out his hand.

Lady Millicent ignored it.

"Really! Good-bye, and *bon voyage.*"

Mowbray stood and watched as she swept up the stairs with the air of a queen. He lit a cigar when she disappeared, and laughed in a mirthless way as he turned into the library.

He was very busy in the City the next day. He saw his lawyers. He paid his brokers a visit, and gave them instructions about his securities which dumbfounded them. He looked in at the people who had in hand the negotiations for the house in Piccadilly, and late in the afternoon called at his bankers

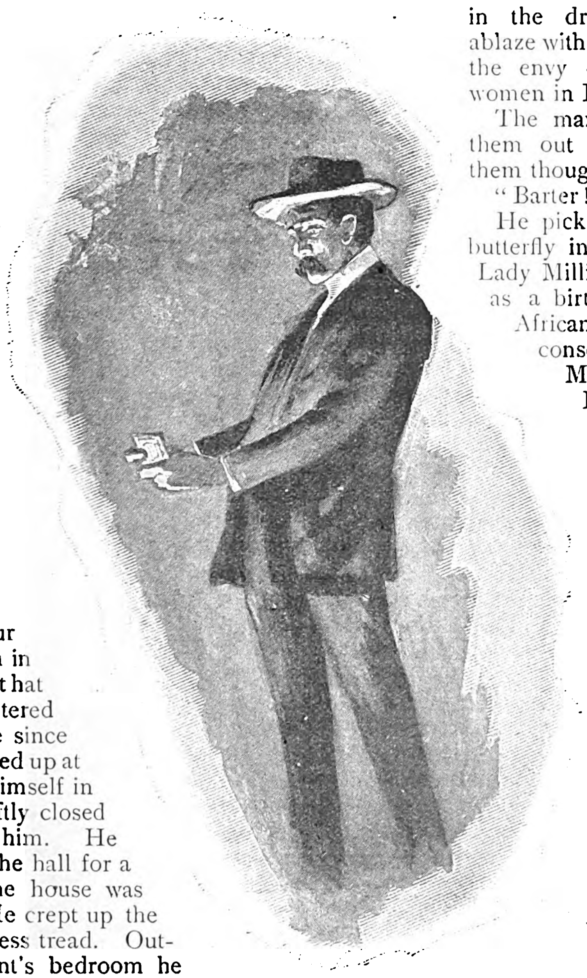


**He raised his hat, and she saw him turn away.**

and saw the manager. A little later Lady Millicent saw him leaning on the rails as she was driving in the Row. Their eyes met. He raised his hat, and she saw him turn away.

She had a surprise when she reached home. A bulky letter from her husband's solicitors was awaiting her. Its contents were startling—it contained her husband's will. She was left everything that John Mowbray had.

She read it with amazement, and when she put it down, his words in the conservatory at Mrs. Maitland-Bethune's came back to her with sinister significance,—"I suppose you wouldn't be offended if I died—or something of that sort." And she sat lost in thought.



He picked up the exquisite butterfly in diamonds.

It was long after midnight of the next day. The lights in the house in Curzon Street had been out for an hour or more when a man in serge suit and a soft hat—who had sauntered past once or twice since midnight and glanced up at the windows—let himself in with a key and softly closed the door behind him. He stood listening in the hall for a few minutes. The house was still as a grave. He crept up the stairs with a noiseless tread. Outside Lady Millicent's bedroom he paused and listened again, before he passed on to the door of her dressing room. Cautiously and silently he opened it and entered. The room was bright with the full moon that was streaming in at the windows. He picked up the trinkets which lay sparkling on the dressing table. A grim smile lit up his stern set face as he looked at them.

Presently he tried the door of the jewel safe. It was locked. He pulled thoughtfully at his moustache for a few seconds, and then crept slowly through the open door into Lady Millicent's bedroom. It did not take him long to find what he wanted—a tiny bunch of keys that lay on a table beside the bed. He stood with them in his hand and looked at the woman who slept on all unconscious of his presence. She stirred in her sleep and the intruder was gone like a shadow.

A few minutes later the table in the dressing room was ablaze with the jewels that were the envy of all the society women in London.

The man who had spread them out stood looking at them thoughtfully.

"Barter!" he muttered.

He picked up the exquisite butterfly in diamonds, which Lady Millicent had accepted as a birthday gift from the African Gold King in the conservatory at Mrs. Maitland-Bethune's. He shook his head slowly, and put it down.

A few hours later the evening papers were full of the robbery of Lady Millicent's jewels. The whole of the magnificent collection which Mowbray had lavished upon her had been taken, but only those. Her own jewels and the diamond butterfly, which had been Mowbray's gift on her birthday, had been left untouched. The same papers stated that Mr. John Mowbray's name appeared among those on the list of passengers by the mail boat which had started the previous afternoon to the Cape from Plymouth.

Lady Millicent fretted and fumed at the loss of her jewels, and at the awkwardness of not being able to communicate with her husband.

A month later she fumed still more when

she received an intimation from her bankers that her account was overdrawn. But that was only the beginning. Enquiries elicited the startling fact that her husband's account was closed. An urgent telegram to the Cape brought back the still more startling fact that John Mowbray had not reached there. He had not travelled by the boat on which he had booked his passage.

Private detectives, detectives from Scotland Yard were called in. The cables to all the ends of the earth were set to work with enquiries for John Mowbray; but neither detectives nor cables brought any news of him.

He had vanished utterly and wholly.

Every week that passed brought some fresh and unpleasant discovery for Lady Millicent. Not only had the man disappeared, but his wealth had gone with him. He had realised everything. All that could be learned was that when he disappeared he must have had in his possession an enormous sum in Bank of England notes. But never a single note came back to the bank to give a clue to the whereabouts of John Mowbray. The end of the season came, and Lady Millicent found herself homeless, and practically penniless. The papers romanced upon the disappearance of John Mowbray, while every day there appeared in their agony columns a distracted appeal from Lady Millicent to him to return.

She knew now who had taken her jewels, and why the diamond butterfly had been left. She knew now who had placed it on her pillow while she slept, the night the rest of the jewels were taken. She understood also the bitter irony of the will that left her possessor of all John Mowbray's wealth, and why he had said he was sorry for her sake when she told him that she only tolerated him.

The weeks grew to months, and the months to years, but John Mowbray remained undiscovered. They found it was impossible to trace his past further back than South Africa. And presently the world forgot that he had disappeared.

## IV.

There was the usual group of loungers on the verandah of the hotel in Benskin one afternoon, when Dobson's coach came in. One passenger only clambered down from the box. He was bearded, dust-stained and grimy. Bill Jupe, grown a little grayer in five years, stared at the new-comer.

"I'm blowed if it ain't Mowbray, who used to live on Wirraboo Gully."

"Mowbray it is. I've come back to break out timber again on Wirraboo Gully."

"Then you ain't had blazing good luck."

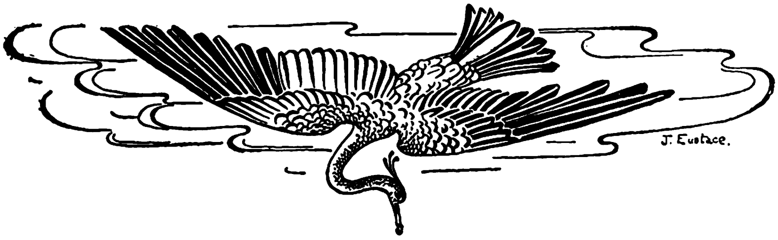
Mowbray laughed sardonically.

"No, I haven't." And turning to the crowd he said, "What's yours?"

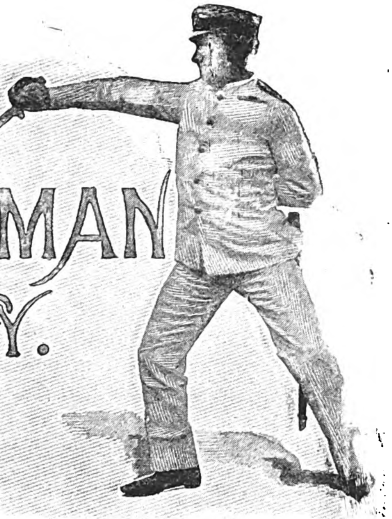
And they adjourned to the bar for drinks. And that was how John Mowbray came back to Wirraboo—for good.

Sometimes when the Bush is sleeping, and the soft Australian night has wrapped it in a lovely canopy of silver and grey, the man who lives in the gunyah on Wirraboo Gully brings out from its hiding-place a box that is filled with jewels that once adorned Lady Millicent. And as he turns them about in the moonlight, and watches the dancing fires prisoned within the glorious gems, he laughs long and loud as he thinks of the haughty and now humbled beauty who vainly waits and waits for his return in far away England.

And the jackasses roosting in the trees on the Gully laugh in their own weird fashion in reply, while the howl of the dingoes on the distant hills quivers dolefully through the night.



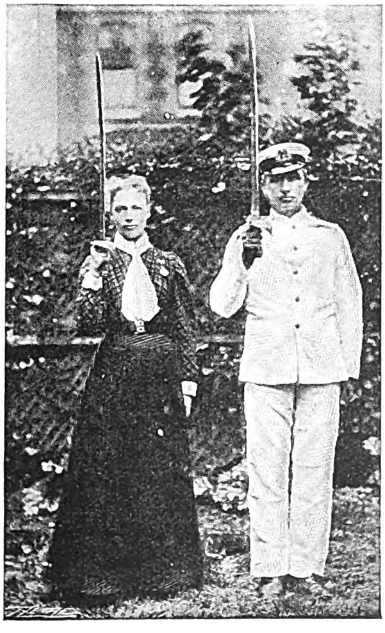
# THE MOST EXPERT SWORDSMAN IN THE NAVY.



By J. J. Bennett.

*Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.*

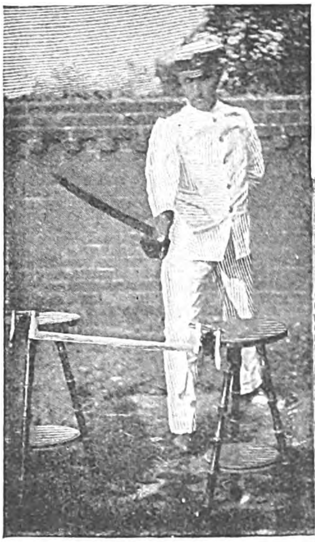
The performance of the muscular cavalryman, who, by the vigour of his arm, severs the carcase of a sheep with a single cut of his sword, is fairly familiar to everyone. But the cavalryman is trained to do these things and the mutton carving exploit fails to arouse much enthusiasm. It is taken more as an indication that the performer is able to give a good account of himself hand-to-hand with an enemy—a thing the British soldier is expected to do—than as a feat of skill. But whatever one may expect of Tommy Atkins, nobody looks to a sailor for feats of swordsmanship. His training is not of the kind to develop this sort of skill at arms. It is true that Jack is drilled in the use of the navy cutlass—one of the most cumbrous and least useful weapons served out to Her Majesty's forces. But his skill lies more in the direction of working big guns than in wielding small arms. Cutlass exercise with him takes somewhat the position of a subsidiary accomplishment. Yet, despite this fact, one of the cleverest swordsmen in Her Britannic Majesty's service is a sailor.



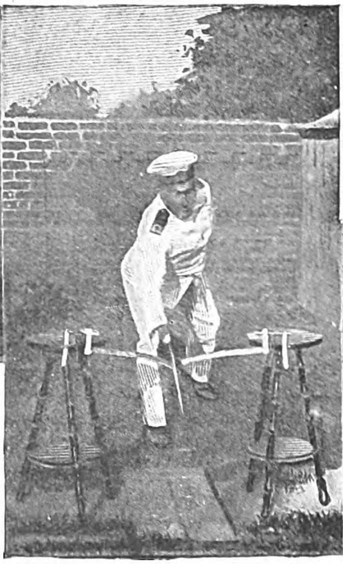
Mr. and Mrs. Barrett saluting.

Chief Gunner Barrett, some of whose feats are here illustrated, may fairly claim to be the most expert swordsman in our navy. With him sword feats are a hobby, and he aims not so much at feats requiring great strength as at those which demand for their performance much precision and dexterity. Mr. Barrett is a typical representative of a class of seamen which is unequalled in any other navy in the world—*i.e.*, the British warrant officers—men who are the very cream of our sailors. During his thirty years' service in the Navy he has risen from the position of a bluejacket boy to that of chief gunner, and the chief's rank is the only commissioned one that the British tar can obtain. For the benefit of those unfamiliar with naval matters one may explain that a chief gunner, boatswain, or carpenter ranks as a sub-lieutenant, but his position is not so renumerative as that of the quartermaster or riding master in the army. It is, however, a much coveted one.

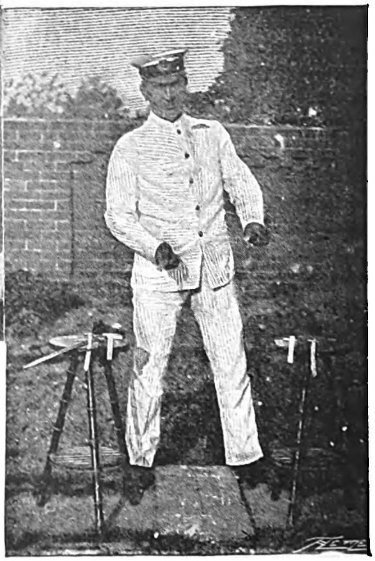
Mr. Barrett has for many years borne the reputation of being a smart hand with the cutlass. But it is only in the last seven years that he has come prominently before the public as a swordsman. In his feats he uses two weapons, a heavy cutlass and a navy sword. Whilst serving on the China Station the officers of the fleet, by way of showing their admiration of his skill, presented him with a Japanese sword. But Mr. Barrett found that his Sheffield cutlery still held the field against all rivals—even against those turned out in the Land of the Chysanthemum, where they are reputed to manufacture swords of exceptional strength and keen temper of blade. One of Mr. Barrett's first exhibitions in public was given at the famous Excellent gunnery establishment, Portsmouth. Since that time he has been much in demand, and has given some fifty exhibitions in London and the provinces, mostly in aid of charitable objects.



A bar of lead rests on tissue paper loops hung upon the edges of razors—



Then with one swift stroke Mr. Barrett cuts clean through the lead.

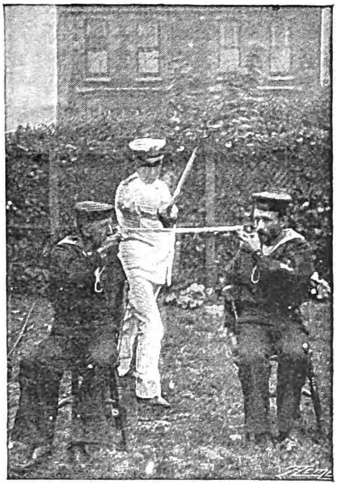


And though the metal is severed the tissue paper remains uncut.

He was in charge of the first party of bluejackets which attended the Royal Military Tournament. This was in 1886, and a good many Londoners will remember the interest his feats then excited.

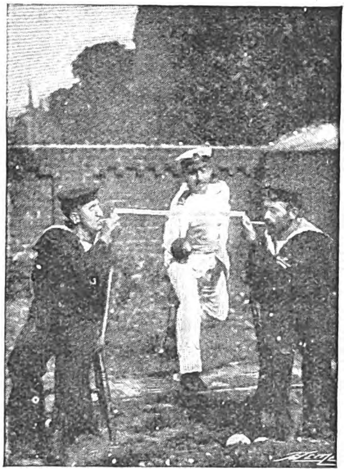
His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who opened the tournament that year, was so pleased with Mr. Barrett's performance that he sent for him to the Royal box, shook hands with him, and heartily complimented him upon the display given by himself and the naval contingent. Since that time Mr. Barrett and his clever wife have had the honour of appearing before Royalty on several occasions.

Probably the most attractive feat Mr. Barrett performs is that of severing a bar of lead that is resting upon the bowls of pipes smoked by two bluejackets. The men "get up steam;" the ends of the bar are lodged on the pipes, there is a bright flash as the broad-bladed cutlass descends, and the lead falls to the ground, cut evenly in half. One might think the experiment rather trying to the men's teeth. But, as a matter of fact, there is no jar, so clean is the cut, and the puffs of smoke are not even interrupted. Occasionally, however, a bluejacket does get nervous, and shuts his eyes in order that he may not see the weapon descend. One of the men in an accompanying illustration has done this. In such a case it is amusing to see the look of surprise on the man's face when he realises that the lead has been severed. We give photos showing Mr. Barrett performing this feat. In one of the pictures it will be seen that he is pointing to the part of the sword with which the lead is cut, whilst the pieces in the men's hands show how cleanly the bar has been divided. Another very difficult feat performed by Mr. Barrett is to cut in two a bar of lead that is resting on tissue paper loops hung upon the edges of razors. So delicate is this " fix-up " that the bar has to be very carefully placed in position to prevent the razors—which are very sharp—from cutting the loops. The slightest additional weight would do this, yet Mr. Barrett manages to cut the lead in two without injuring the paper. A remarkable thing about this feat is that, however often he may perform it he never has a mishap with his delicate apparatus. Amongst other photos illustrating this is one showing the cutlass—which, by the way, is in itself a heavy weapon —just as it is dividing the lead.



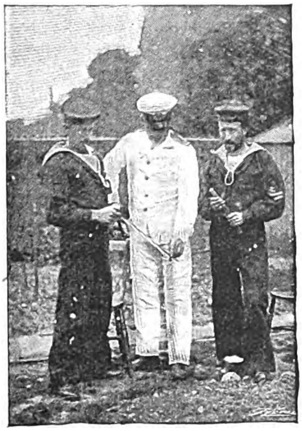
This feat is somewhat similar to that illustrated on the previous page.

Placing glasses of water at the edges of two stools, and lodging a bar of lead upon their rims, Mr. Barrett will cut in half the lead without so much as creating a tremor in the water. He does this feat in various way—one with glasses piled two high and the other with only two glasses in use. But really to appreciate the skilful swordsmanship displayed one should see the feats performed and have an opportunity of examining the apparatus. Some of the feats are quite as remarkable for their deftness as was that which Saladin showed to Cœur de Lion when he divided the feather cushion.



Here Mr. Barrett is shown in the very act of severing the lead.

Like her husband, Mrs. Barrett handles the sword cleverly. Her feats are more sensational in character than his, and they require an exceedingly delicate touch. For instance, if she were not very confident, and very sure of her stroke when cutting a potato on her husband's neck, she might find herself a widow at the end of the performance. But the only occasion on which anything has gone wrong was when Mrs. Barrett was exhibiting at a bazaar in Cannon Street Hotel. This was her first appearance in public, and several ladies in the audience began screaming just as the sword descended. This unnerved Mrs. Barrett, who let the weapon go too far and cut her husband badly. But he patched up his wound, and the performance went on without further mishap. It is nothing unusual for ladies to faint or scream whilst Mrs. Barrett is going through her feats—but such things do not disconcert her now.



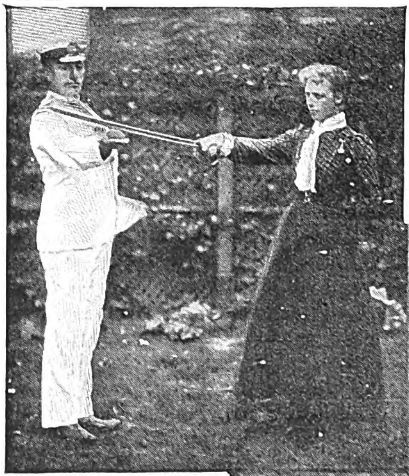
In this extraordinary feat the pipes are not knocked from the mouth of the sailors.

Mrs. Barrett has exhibited her skill with the sword before several Royal personages and at various places in London, for once during his career Mr. Barrett was gunner of H.M.S. *President*, drillship in the Thames. In addition to the feat above mentioned she cuts in half a potato that is placed beneath a handkerchief and held on her husband's outstretched palm—and this without injuring the handkerchief. For the successful performance of such dangerous tricks as these it is necessary that one should have absolute command of the sword, and be able to stop it just in the right place. If it goes only a hair's breadth too far a bad accident is the result. In case any of our lady readers should desire to add skill in sword feats to their other accomplishments, it will he interesting to explain the method of practice adopted by Mrs. Barrett to get the necessary command of her sword. First she began by cutting into a lump of putty. By assiduous practice she became so expert that she could stop the sword at any depth she wished in this. Next she placed potatoes and apples on a table and practised cutting into them. Then her feats were worked up by easy stages. It is not only as a swordswoman that Mrs. Barrett is expert. She excels in the use of Indian clubs and was the first woman to give public exhibitions of battleaxe swinging—an exercise that resembles the clubs, but is much harder work, and dangerous too, if not very smartly done. As will be seen by her portrait, Mrs. Barrett has not a very muscular appearance, yet she has accomplished some remarkable feats of endurance on the various occasions in which she has exhibited in public.

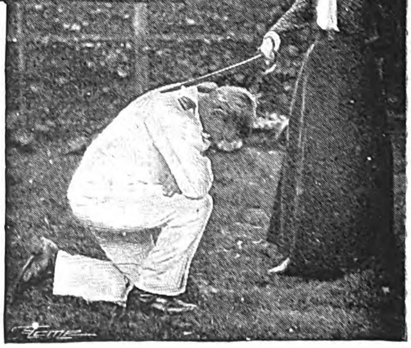
**Mr. Barrett has three little children, all of whom are accomplished athletes.**

"It is really a wonderful performance," said the late Duchess of Teck when Mrs. Barrett was presented to her at the conclusion of one of her displays. Mr. and Mrs. Barrett evidently believe in exercises of this kind for they are training their children to follow in their parents footsteps so far as these things go. Each of the little ones shown in the picture with their father is already an expert with either the clubs or dumb-bells. The sword feats will probably follow.

If Mr. Barrett were not so widely known, if he had not performed his most wonderful feats so often in public, I should scarcely have dared to write this article, in spite of such convincing witnesses as the accompanying photographs. For the British public has become a very sceptical Thomas, and would certainly have shrugged its shoulders and turned contemptuously away. "Such things are impossible," people might well have said. "How can any man cut through a bar of lead supported on two pipes without injuring the pipes at all? The cheek of these magazines—!" Well, and I do not mind confessing that when first I heard of Mr. Barrett's performances I was the least bit incredulous, although tolerably familiar with wonderful feats of swordsmanship. To-day, even after having witnessed the performance on more than one occasion, I am quite in the dark as to the scientific explanation of the razor and tissue paper feat, and I doubt whether any amount of scientific explanation would render it any less marvellous and more possible.



Mrs. Barrett is also wonderfully expert at swordsmanship. She cuts a potato in two while it rests upon her husband's open palm. The slightest mishap would injure the hand of the Chief Gunner.



**Another of Mrs. Barrett's feats is to divide a potato that rests upon her husband's neck.**

# COLLABORATION

By E. A. Smith.

**What** was it they had quarrelled about? Heaven only knows!

They hardly knew themselves, and for any outsider to propound a theory on the sore subject, would have been to meddle with things beyond him. Jealousy was at the bottom of it, and as of the two, the lady felt most injured, she was probably most in fault.

It was quite a year after their broken engagement, that they met at a friend's country house. They encountered each other unexpectedly on the stairs, and for a moment were as truthfully embarrassed as a schoolboy, and a bread-and-butter miss, at the most blushing age, could have been. Then conventionality rushed to their aid, and made them fulsomely talkative.

“This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Herrick! I did not think of meeting you here.”

“I daresay not. It is only a short visit. I leave to-morrow.” It had taken her two seconds to make this resolution. He looked politely sceptical.

“But some lady friend of our hostess, was coming to-day, to stay a week or ten days. Are you that friend? I heard no name mentioned.”

“It is most kind of her, but I have many engagements just now.”

“I would not hurry away if I were you. The country is pleasant, and will be until the weather breaks.”

He spoke as unemotionally as though she were some great-aunt of the family he was staying with, who had come there for her rheumatism. Yet in reality he was thinking how sweetly pretty her hair was under the lamp-light, and what on earth possessed her to have that sweet odour of violets about her which reminded him of—dash it all! what a disappointing world it was!

“How are you getting on with your book?” she asked—anxious to change the subject to one in which she might score a little more. “I mean your last book.”

“Abominably. That is the mildest word I can think of. How about yours? The first one I mean.”

“The first and last I'm thinking. May I use your word, although it is a little mild?”

“Ah, well, it is only a pastime for the fortunate Miss Herrick. She can easily do without that little amusement.”

Ida Herrick was justly indignant at this sordid view.

“That is a great waste,” he answered slowly “at least it would be with some people. As a rule the thing you feel least is usually the best written. Try without any heart at all.”

This was really the rudest of speeches, and he was searching himself for an apology, but she gave him no time.

“The truest novel has yet to be written. But it takes two to do it, a man and woman.”

“Surely that is nothing new, nor are the books better nor worse than the majority.”

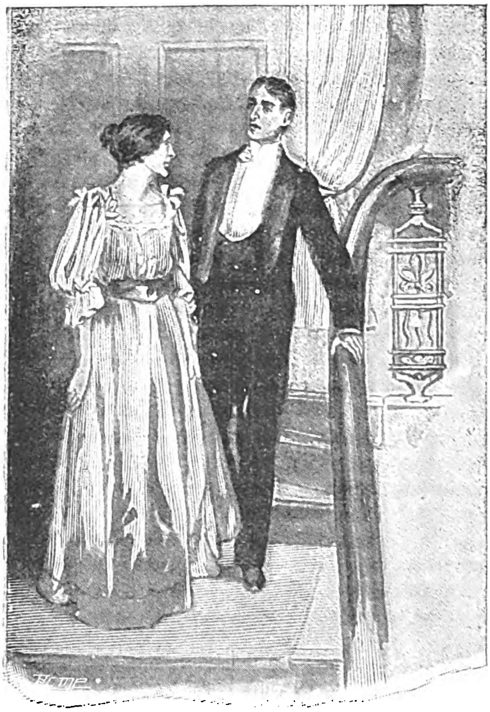
“I doubt if it has been done the way I mean. In this book the man should draw the female characters, and the woman the men.”

“But I thought—”

“That is a mistake. If I wanted the true judging of a man, I would ask a woman and *vice versâ*. You see there is instinct in both cases.”

Then all I can say is, that instinct makes an aw—”

He spoke so emphatically that she stopped him.



For a moment they were as embarrassed as a Schoolboy and a Bread-and-Butter Miss.

"You need not be afraid, Miss Herrick, a man can be most solemnly convincing without bad language."

She laughed a little, but hardly with amusement, and tried to think of something to say. He suddenly assumed a brisk and business-like air.

"Suppose we test this theory of yours the next wet day that ever is. We both know something of the craft, and Mrs. More will give us up the library for a whole quiet morning,"

She saw difficulties and hesitated, but quite forgot her intention of leaving next day. He saw the hesitancy and struck it into determination with an artfully planted gibe.

"Of course, if it's merely an idle opinion with nothing to back it—"

"It is a fixed conviction," she answered, "and I am willing to test it—"

"Very well then, the first wet day. Of course the story must be a short one, we could not keep the peace through more than one chapter, could we?"

"Surely we are not so childish as to quarrel over a matter of business; the idea is too absurd."

This loftiness set him down, as it was meant to do, and that evening their civility to each other had great distance in it. On seeing this, Mrs. More, who had pretended a total forgetfulness of their broken engagement, became very hopeful. Her awe and admiration, too, at their professional industry, on the first wet morning, was excellently expressed, and the library was placed entirely at the service of genius.

"On condition that you read us the joint production after dinner, Mr. Hurst," she demanded quite gushingly. "Think how it will reconcile us to the atrocious wet day."

Mr. Hurst glanced at Ida for permission.

"The very thing. We shall want an impartial judge."

"There can be no objection to that," she answered with serene indifference that barely covered a great many objections, "unless, of course, it is very bad indeed."

"Oh, it won't be that, Mrs. More," said Hurst reassuringly. "The moral tone will be everything that you can desire."

And then they saw that the demure little serge gown, with its white collar and cuffs, was the disguise of a small fury, contemptuously calm as she tried to be.

"Of course, as a matter of business"—began Hurst warningly, but Mrs. More had already left them, so while Ida placed herself at an extreme window, he sat down at the writing table, and produced, besides foolscap, a quill pen more than half a yard long, so that the feather waved over his shoulder as he wrote. She took a dislike to it on the spot.

"What an unpleasant-looking pen! It's a caricature."

"Think so? It was a present to me, so I laid it by for a great occasion. Shall we begin? I'll undertake writing, spelling, and the girl, if you will concentrate your energies on the man."

The general outline of the plot was quickly arranged between them, but details were more trying.

"I may as well tell you frankly," said Hurst, "that, unless your man is very nice, I shall not allow my girl to have anything to say to him. I must insist on his being a gentleman."

Once again the disguised fury peeped out of her eyes.

"As though I could possibly draw a cad!"

"That shows poverty of ideas. You ought to be able to draw one. I shall think nothing of your literary ability it you cannot evolve such a simple thing as that."

She felt she had to assert herself.

"I want the first speech, please."

But his pen was already squeaking busily over the paper.

"Sorry! the lady insists on the first word and the last. I am fast losing control of her tongue! Now, what are you going to say?"

"How can I possibly tell, unless I know what you have written?"

He felt her indignation just.

"It will take a little time, but I will read it out."

He did so at some length. She listened with apparently no interest whatever.

"And is that your idea of a pretty girl?" she said contemptuously, just to punish him for his heroine being fair-haired and blue-eyed.

"It is," he answered stoutly, "and I know far better what a pretty girl is like than you do. There is instinct, you see."

In some haste she began to dictate, and the quill pen to hurry after as quickly as it could.

"And is that your idea of a pretty man? Need he be quite so ugly?"

"Good looks are of no importance in a man. Please go on. I lose the thread if you are so slow."

The collaborator bowed his good-looking head meekly, and scratched resignedly on.

"Excuse me. I'll write it, of course, but he wouldn't say that if he was really a man."

"But he is a man, and he does say it."

"He may be from your point of view; from mine he's a molly!"

"Oh!" she cried, "you are more correct than I thought. We shall never last through a chapter. What is wrong now?"

"Why, he would never talk about giving her up for her happiness. He would stick to her for his own."

"How selfish!"

"Not at all. I suppose he means to work for her, and love her, and take care of her! He will have to promise all that before he wins this girl of mine. She is worth it."

"But I thought," she said, ever so little wistfully, "that we had decided against a happy ending?"

"Of course. So we have. I forgot for a moment that we are to be realistic."

There was no humour in his tone then, only bitterness, and the work went on for some time without criticism on either side.

"You can take a breathing space now, while I write the girl's letter."

Nothing loth, she leant back at ease, and watched him. After all, it was pleasant that they two were alone together, even remembering what was past and gone. It seemed absurd that a meaningless flirtation with a wretched little subaltern had actually had power to part them. How nice he looked, how familiar the companionship seemed. But surely he had aged more than one year since their parting. He was even a little gray.

Looking up suddenly, he caught the softness in her eyes, and his face changed.

"Well," he said gently, "I am waiting."

"But what does the letter say? I must know that first."

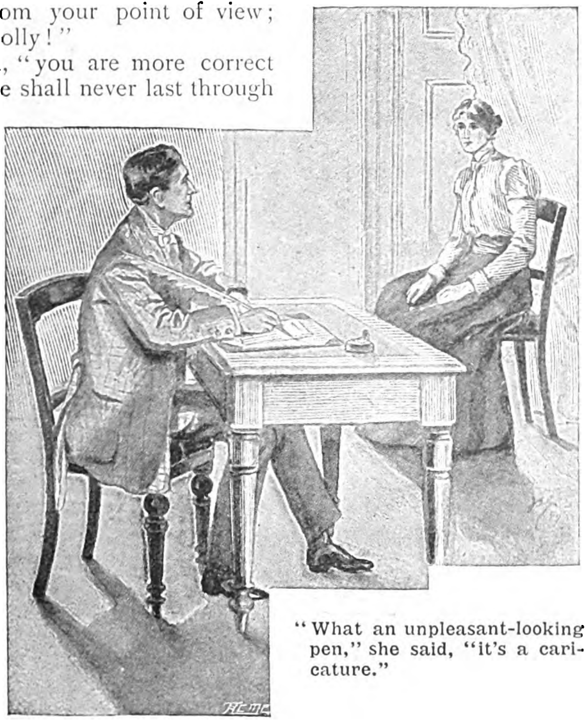
"I read every word aloud as I wrote it."

"Then I could not have been listening."

He drew a chair up, surprisingly near his own.

"Come here, and read as I write. It will save me trouble."

She came, and he drew the chair still closer, to make it more convenient for them both. Then he began carefully punctuating, as she glanced over the page. He had not made more than two fat full stops and a semicolon before she seized the pen by its feather top, and sent the nib wildly gyrating over his neat MS.


"What an unpleasant-looking pen," she said, "it's a caricature."

"What induced you to do that? I shall have to write the page again." But he spoke without vexation, and with the ghost of a smile.

"Indeed, you will not. It is monstrous!"

"Is the style so faulty? I thought it rather good."

"I know nothing about the style. It is the matter I so strongly object to. Do you think any girl would be so poor-spirited as to write such a letter as yours? Why, for the last half hour I have had almost to keep her at arm's length to prevent her making a fool of herself."

Her sparkling indignation was intensely real, and she held firmly to the feather pen, that it might not be constrained into assisting at more libellous matter. Yet he had the audacity to still smile.

"That is your mistake again. You may have kept her at arm's length, but the man, the real man, would have done just the opposite. Take my word for it. You see, she is my heroine, and I am very fond of her, but having acted unwisely, she ought not to be too proud to say so."

She turned a little pale then, and in her turn began carefully punctuating.

"But even if she did, the man might not—"

"Oh yes, he would; you admit he is a gentleman?"

She glanced up. He, too, was pale and grave, and in his kind eyes she saw intense anxiety. Then the feather pen did things so wild that he took it from her.

"Surely you can trust him, when he is so entirely in your hands to do what you like with?"

Her next speech was entirely irrelevant to anything in the story.

"It was so ridiculous of you to imagine that under any circumstances I could possibly care for that conceited little monkey! Where *is* my handkerchief?"

In her haste, she could not find it; but there are other methods.

Perhaps he employed these. At any rate, they were very happy.

"So at last the long year comes to an end. The very dreariest I ever lived through."

"It has been dreadful," she admitted; "I only wonder—but what are you doing?"

For he was making dozens of crosses on the MS.

"Only finishing the story."

"How absurd, and Mrs. More is to see it."

"They are absurd—on paper. No satisfaction in them. But shall we just glance through our effort to see if it is fit for publication?"

They did so, on the best of terms.

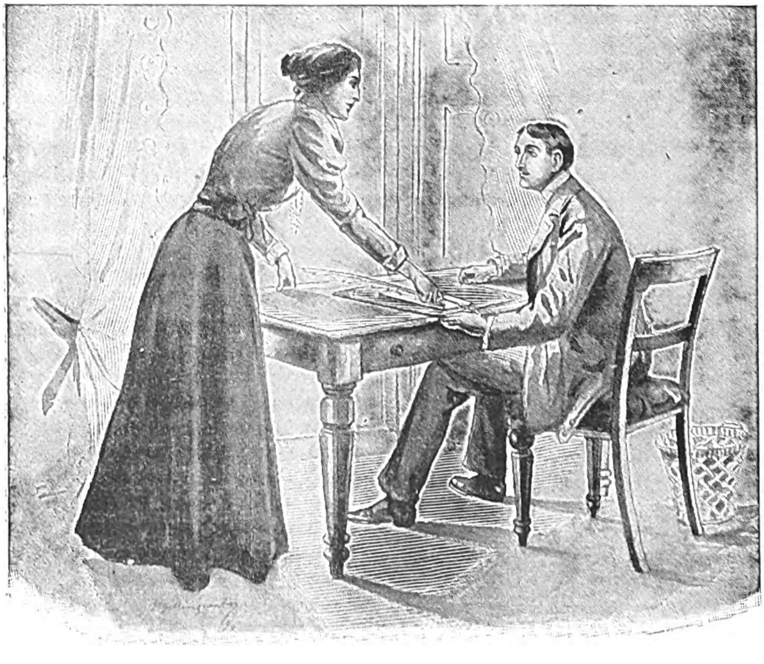
"Well, is it?" she asked when the last word had been reached.

He shook his head, and looked into her face with smiling eyes.

"No?" she asked softly.

"In one sense, yes. In another, no." He paused, and took her face between his hands. "My darling, I think it is the very worst story that was ever written; but ——" She took hold of his wrists and tried to draw his hands from her face, but his hands remained there nevertheless.

"But it is the best story in the world; for the ending is simply perfect."



**She seized the pen by its feather top, and sent the point wildly gyrating over his neat MS.**

# THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By Geo. A. Best.

*Illustrated entirely from photographs by Arthur Ullyett, Leigh-on-Sea.*

## CHAPTER I.

### IN CLOUDLAND.

Leslie Gordon was a very pretty and thoughtful boy, and, what is even better than being pretty and thoughtful, he was both brave and kind. Leslie was something of an explorer, too, in his own small way. He had once discovered the source of a brook which, after leaving the great river, ran for many miles through a very hilly part of the country; and he had afterwards made a map of the brook, showing how it gradually became narrower and narrower until the spot was reached where the water came bubbling up from the earth with great force. This map (which I am bound to admit nobody but the explorer could understand) was carefully tacked to the nursery wall; and Leslie would often give very learned lectures, to a select circle of friends, descriptive of his adventures and trials in connection with the expedition.

But the select circle of friends did not take much interest in these lectures; in fact, they became so bored at length that the map was one day torn down and burned in the nursery fire, after which Leslie Gordon drew another chart (which bore no likeness to the first), and lectured for hours to a great tom-cat, which never appeared bored, or doubted the assertion that the brook was a thousand miles in length, or that it contained an abundance of bloaters and kippers, besides a few stray sharks and sea-serpents.

Every boy and girl in the United Kingdom would like to know who Santa Claus is; where the good man lives, and how he manages to distribute so many hundreds of tons of toys at Christmastide. Leslie Gordon was even more perplexed about this subject than are the majority of children. He had frequently asked his father why Santa Claus was never to be seen except in the windows of toy shops, but Mr. Gordon had only smiled in a knowing sort of way, and replied: "You had better ask mother, little one. She knows far more about old Santa Claus than I do." And when mother was questioned, she had answered: "You'll know all about it when you are a man, Leslie. Ask your father."

So Leslie determined to write a letter to old Father Christmas; and he worked on it for a whole week, using four penny bottles of ink and a complete packet of stationery. And when the letter was posted, it was such a mass of blots and grease that the Postmaster General could not read the address, so he returned the note, several weeks afterwards, through the Dead Letter Office.

Mr. Gordon was a very clever man. He had constructed several flying machines which wouldn't work; and his latest invention was a gigantic war balloon, which was warranted to go to any part of the world and never come back again. When Leslie Gordon first beheld the pear-shaped monster, it was fully inflated with more gas than could have been burned in an ordinary house in six months, and anchored to the roof of a large conservatory in the garden. A short ladder led from the asparagus bed to the car of the balloon; and while Mr. Gordon was making a rough map of the North Pole in his study, Leslie climbed into the car and sat down.

"I wonder if this thing would take me to the home of Santa Claus," he mused. "Dada says there's enough silk in it to make a thousand ball dresses, so it would be a fine present to give to Mrs. Claus."

Just as Leslie had finished making this very kind and thoughtful speech, he was startled by a terrible crash beneath the car. At the same moment the balloon shot upwards towards the clouds, with a portion of the conservatory roof still attached to the anchor.

MAP OF THE SAUCE OF MY BROOKS

Leslie would give very learned lectures.

The old cat never appeared bored.

Leslie determined to write a long letter to Santa Claus.

"Oh dear!" screamed poor little Leslie, as he watched the earth rapidly sink beneath his feet. "Oh dear! Whatever shall I do?"

At this moment the conservatory roof fell from the swaying anchor, and the balloon rose to a great height.

"Now, I'm in a fog!" exclaimed Leslie, as the great machine soared into a dark cloud which hung around the car like mist. "And it's so dark and lonely," he sobbed pitifully. "I think I'll say my prayers—bless dada an' mamma, and make me a good little boy—then I can go to sleep, and the big gas bag won't hit the moon before morning."

And while the balloon was passing rapidly over a great ocean, the lonely little traveller lay curled up at the bottom of the wicker car, and sobbed out his simple prayer until the clouds disappeared, and the stars peeped out one by one, to gaze curiously upon the upturned face of an unwilling visitor to cloudland.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS.

ALL through the long night the balloon sailed through an ocean of clouds, passing first over a great sea, and then drifting inland far above a tract of flat country, in which the lights of many stately cities were reflected on the waters of the dark canals which connected them. And presently the sun rose; his first rays falling upon a more beautiful land, covered with dark forests, relieved here and there by the gleam of a silver river, and bounded by high mountains with snow-clad peaks, which appeared to rise quickly into the air to meet the falling balloon.

The falling machine was now drifting towards the grounds of the only building in sight—an old-fashioned mansion covered with glittering hoar-frost—and the heart of our little traveller beat wildly with excitement, for he descried a very familiar form standing on the highest point of the great mountain with arms outstretched. There was a kindly smile of welcome on the ruddy face, which appeared all the redder and jollier by contrast with the mass of snow-white hair which peeped from beneath a frost-covered hood.

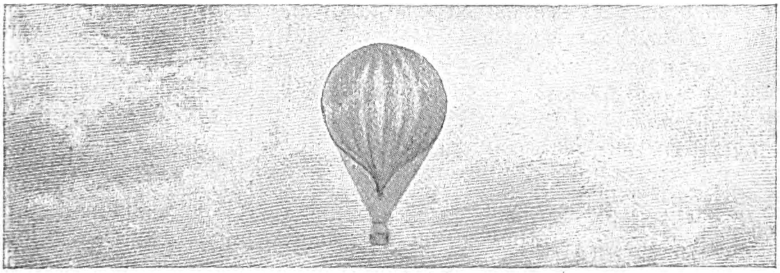
In another moment the car fell to the ground with a great crash, and Leslie Gordon was disentangled from a mass of silk and netting by the strong arms of Santa Claus himself. Leslie was not a shy boy, and when he discovered that the hands of the jovial old man were warm, in spite of his frosty appearance, he felt quite comfortable and was not at all afraid.

The balloon suddenly shot upwards towards the clouds.

"Good morning, old Santa Claus!" he exclaimed, politely. "How jolly and warm you are! I thought you were only made of plaster of Paris at first; but you don't feel a bit like that! My name is Leslie Gordon, and I'm five years old and very hungry. Have you got a bit of Christmas pudding about you?"

An unwilling visitor to Cloudland.

"There's plenty indoors, Leslie," replied Santa Claus, pointing to the glittering homestead, "and there's a large joint of roast beef all ready waiting for us on the table."



The balloon sailed through an ocean of clouds.

"Any dessert—almonds and raisins, and sour oranges?" asked Leslie.

"Tons of them!" answered Santa Claus, "and there are also a number of liquorice powders, and some bottles of black draught, Leslie!" he continued, with a sly wink.

"Do you live in this big place all alone?" asked Leslie, as they approached the large entrance hall of the palace.

"No; I keep about fifty thousand willing servants," was the astonishing reply.

"Don't tell fibs," exclaimed the visitor, rudely (even Leslie was very rude at times). "I don't see a single servant! Who does the washing, and cooks, and makes your bed, and darns your socks?"

"My toys and mannikins," answered Santa Claus, mysteriously. "I'll tell you all about them presently, Leslie; and to-morrow I'll take you over the mountain to see my town of toys."

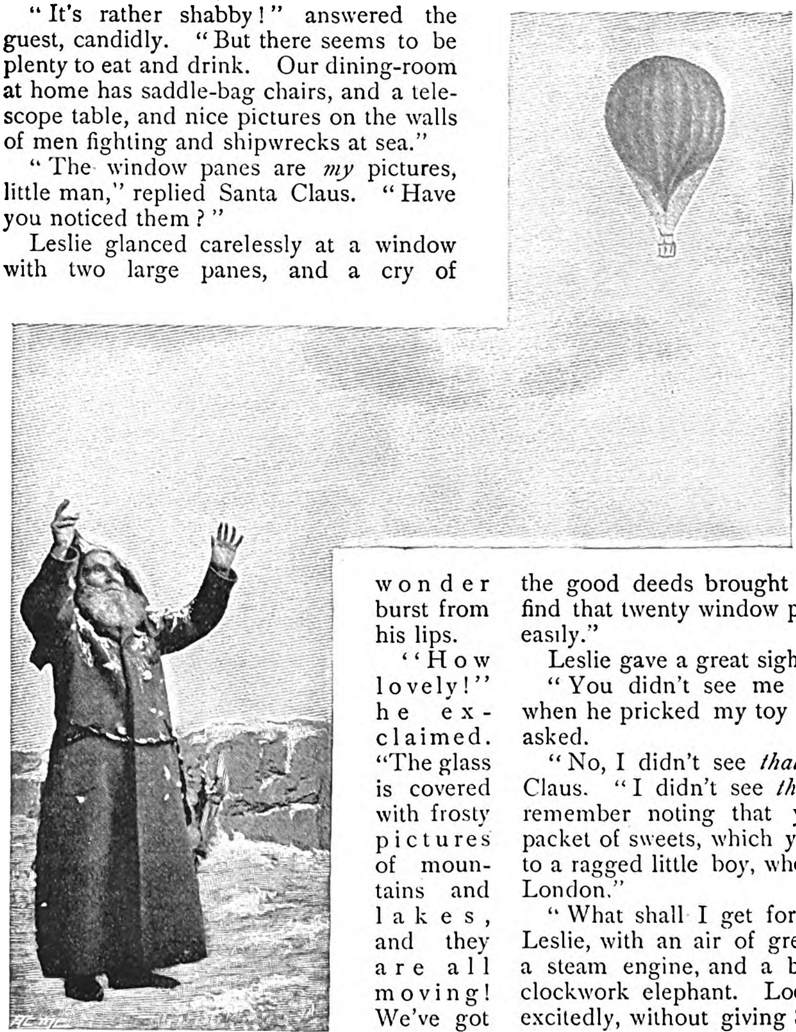
Santa Claus and his little guest now entered a large dining-hall together. The room contained only a long table of unpainted wood, and two kitchen chairs. The walls were unpapered, and there was not a single picture to be seen. Leslie was bitterly disappointed, in spite of the fact that the table was covered with Christmas fare, and the steam from a huge joint of beef filled the apartment with a most delightful odour.

"Well, Leslie, what do you think of my home?" asked Santa Claus, taking his seat before the steaming dish.

"It's rather shabby!" answered the guest, candidly. "But there seems to be plenty to eat and drink. Our dining-room at home has saddle-bag chairs, and a telescope table, and nice pictures on the walls of men fighting and shipwrecks at sea."

"The window panes are *my* pictures, little man," replied Santa Claus. "Have you noticed them?"

Leslie glanced carelessly at a window with two large panes, and a cry of wonder burst from his lips.



**He beheld a very familiar form standing with outstretched hands.**

"How lovely!" he exclaimed. "The glass is covered with frosty pictures of mountains and lakes, and they are all moving! We've got nothing like *that* at home!"

"Tell me what you see," said Santa Claus.

"Oh! dear old Santa! I can see dada's house and the garden at home!" cried Leslie, clapping his hands gleefully. "And our old postman has walked up the drive, and mamma has run out to meet him. And now dada has run out, too, and they're both reading the letter together, and laughing and crying at the same time. And dad has given the postman some money, and shaken hands with him. I wonder what the letter was about."

"About you, Leslie," answered Santa Claus. "It tells your father and mother that you are quite safe. I posted the letter only five minutes ago."

"It's soon got there," said Leslie. "How did you know where I live?"

"My windows tell me all about millions of little boys and girls," explained Father Christmas. "I can see every kind action they do; but I should require a hundred miles of glass to record all the naughty tempers and wicked actions of my little people, so I have only the good deeds brought before me. And I find that twenty window panes hold them all easily."

Leslie gave a great sigh of relief.

"You didn't see me smack baby's face when he pricked my toy balloon, then?" he asked.

"No, I didn't see *that*," answered Santa Claus. "I didn't see *that*, little man, but I remember noting that you gave a whole packet of sweets, which you had just bought, to a ragged little boy, when you were last in London."

"What shall I get for that?" bargained Leslie, with an air of great virtue. "I want a steam engine, and a box of tools, and a clockwork elephant. Look!" he continued excitedly, without giving Santa Claus time to answer the question. "There's a little girl in the frost picture on the next pane to mine, who is helping a blind old man across a plank bridge. How much is that worth?"

"That little girl has earned five shillings and a workbox already," replied Santa Claus. "And now, Leslie," he continued, "although I have no piano, you shall hear some really good music while we are eating our pudding."

And in another moment, a grand military band of toy soldiers marched across the table playing "The Mistletoe Bough" with great spirit.

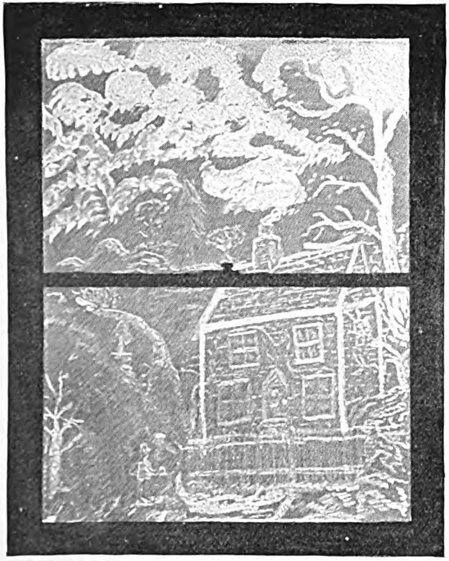
When the toy band had marched six times round the table, the musicians stood in front of Leslie and marked time, while a Christmas pudding was mysteriously lowered through a trap-door in the ceiling on to the cloth beneath. Then the drum-major cried

"Quick march!" in a thin squeaky voice, and the soldiers arranged themselves in a circle around the dish and played: "Here we come a-wassailing!" until the broad shoulders of Santa Claus shook with merriment. Leslie Gordon fairly screamed with delight.

"They're all alive!" he cried. Have they got real bones inside of them, Santa Claus?

"These little soldiers are only made of lead, Leslie," explained Santa Claus, as the big drummer sat on his instrument, and filled a tiny pipe with a single grain of tobacco. "They can walk and talk, eat and smoke, but they're not real flesh and blood as you and I are. In my town of toys you'll see tin horses which can run alone, and without winding up; live dolls scrubbing out their tiny houses; clockwork trains hurrying to and fro, managed by doll engine-drivers and India-rubber guards; and toy ironclads manned by tiny sailors such as you can buy for a few coppers in the toy-shops of London. All of these little people, composed of saw-dust and rags, are great friends of mine, for I have the power of giving life to a certain number of the millions of toys which are made in my town every year. But I love my mannikins far more dearly, because they are really tiny men and women, who can feel pain, and know both joy and sorrow, as we do."

The Home of Santa Claus.


The window was covered with frosty pictures.

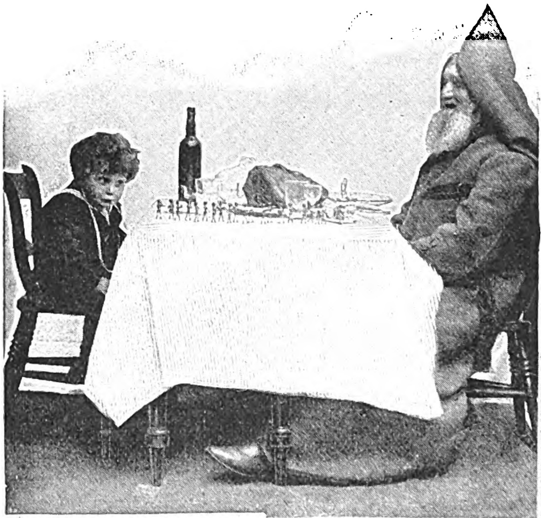
"Show me a mannikin, please, Santa Claus," pleaded Leslie.

Father Christmas blew a tiny whistle which was suspended to his girdle, and a lovely little lady, scarcely three inches in height, appeared on the table. At the same moment a tiny gentleman of the same size, attired in full evening dress, and carrying a smart walking stick, approached Santa Claus, and politely raised his hat.

"These are sample mannikins of the better class, Leslie," explained Santa Claus. "This gentleman is a City merchant, and the lady is his wife. There are thousands of similar people of all kinds in this house; and it is they, assisted by a few intelligent dolls, who keep my house clean, cook for me, and do everything which I require. I have mannikin butchers and bakers, mannikin lawyers and doctors, and even chimney-sweeps and car-

The table was covered with Christmas fare.

penters! Near the town of toys there is an underground city, peopled entirely by these little creatures; and I hear that in consequence of a dispute between the doll Mayor of Santa Clauboro' and the King Mannikin of Sweetchester, there is every likelihood of a war between the armies and navies of the rival towns."



A grand band of toy soldiers marched across the table.

"Why do the mannikins live underground?" asked Leslie, who was greatly interested in these fascinating little creatures.

"Because they dislike the light of day, and work only during the night," answered Santa Claus. "As a rule, mannikins sleep during the day-time, and that is why you have never seen one before. Every house in the world contains a number of these tiny men and women. They have streets around cornices and door-frames, and tubular railways in the walls, with stations at frequent intervals throughout the house. It is my mannikin agents, Leslie, who carry down the presents on Christmas Eve, which are placed on house-tops all over the world many weeks before Yuletide. Without their aid I should never be able to distribute so many tons of toys in a few hours. And now, my dear little fellow," concluded Father Christmas, dismissing the mannikins with a wave of the hand, "I will relate to you a story which no little boy has ever heard before—the true history of Santa Claus!"

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Leslie, shuffling about on his chair. "And when I go home I'll tell it to papa and mama and baby. I know—I'll write it all out, and call it 'The Jography of Santa Claus.'"

"Biography, Leslie," said Santa Claus. "Yes, that would be a good idea."

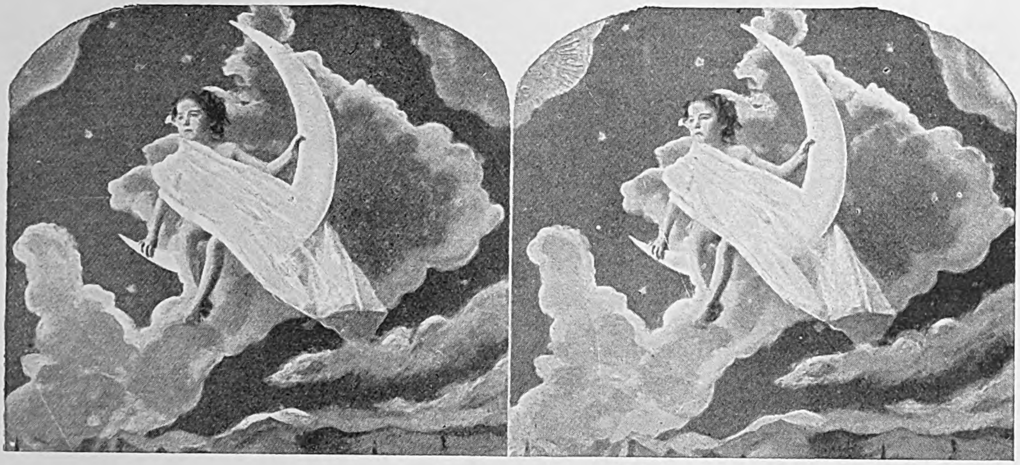
"D'you know, Santa, I wanted to know who you were, so I wrote you a nice letter. But the postman brought it back, and said he didn't know where you lived. I thought the postman knew where everybody lived. Didn't you? Now, go on," Leslie added, "I hope the story'll be exciting." And Santa Claus began.

(*To be continued.*)

The soldiers arranged themselves in a circle round the pudding.

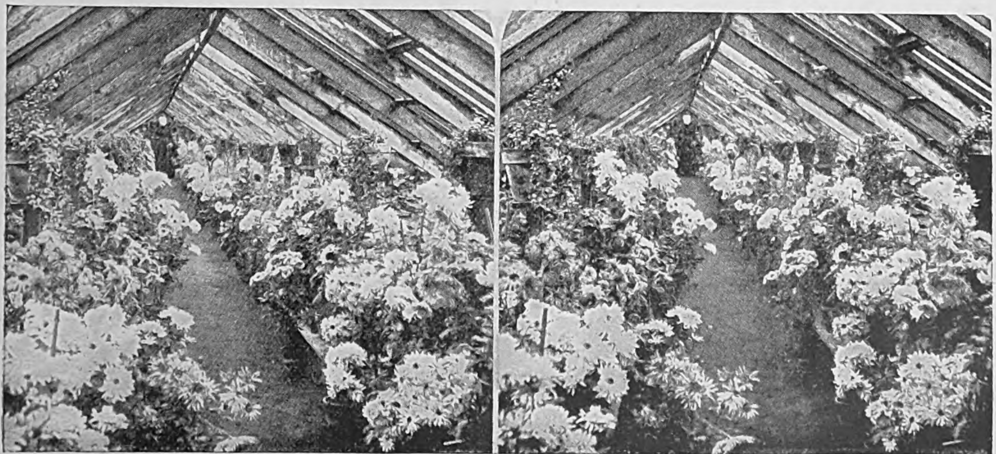
A pair of mannikins appeared on the table.

# OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.



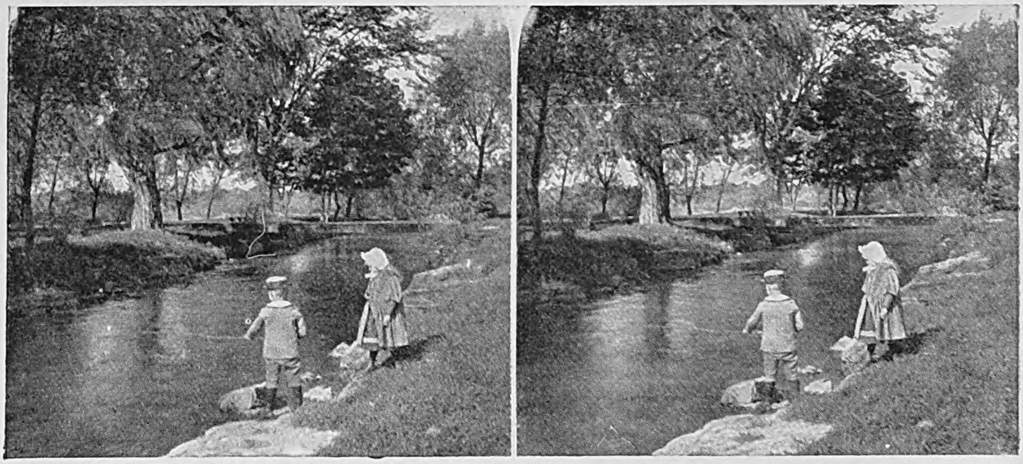
The Moon-Child.

The Pigeons of St. Mark's.

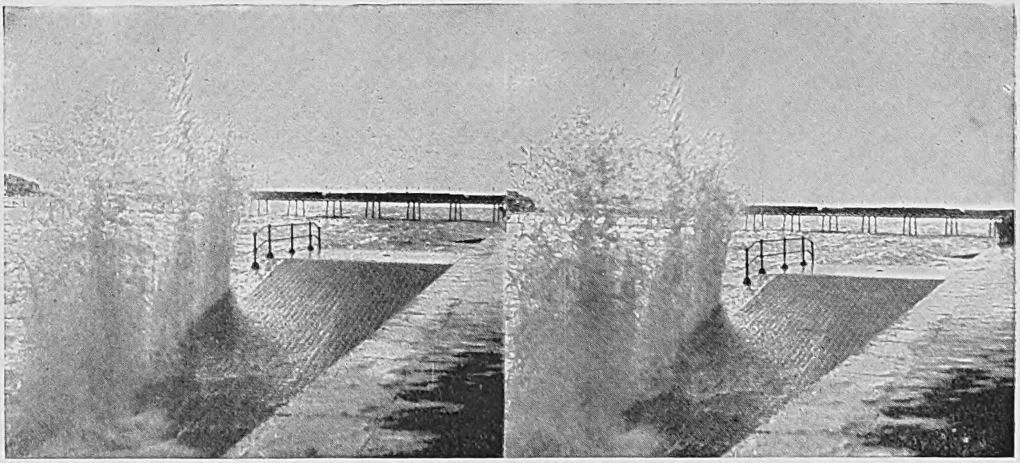


Chrysanthemums.

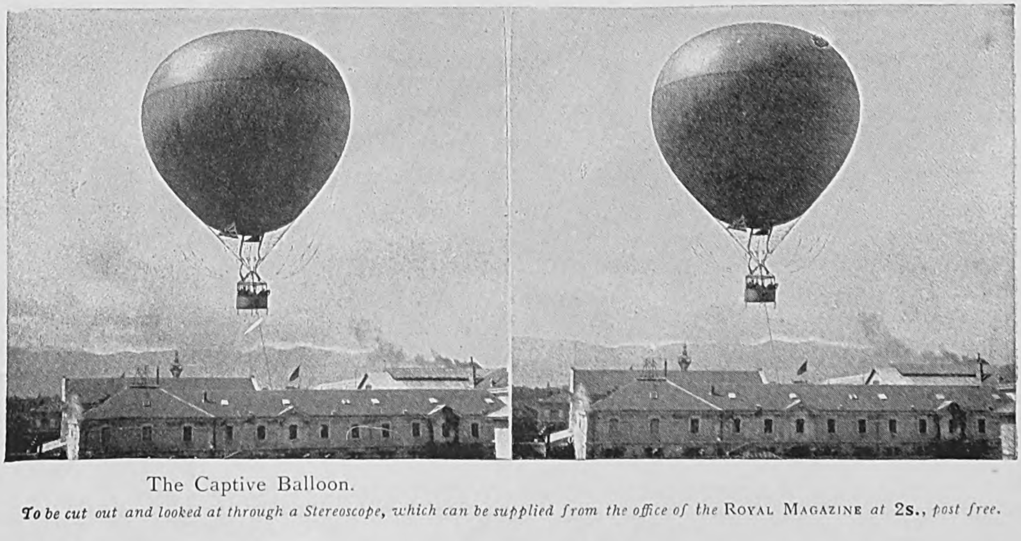
*To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the* ROYAL MAGAZINE *at* 2s., *post free.*



Izaak Walton, Junior.



A Big Wave.



The Captive Balloon.

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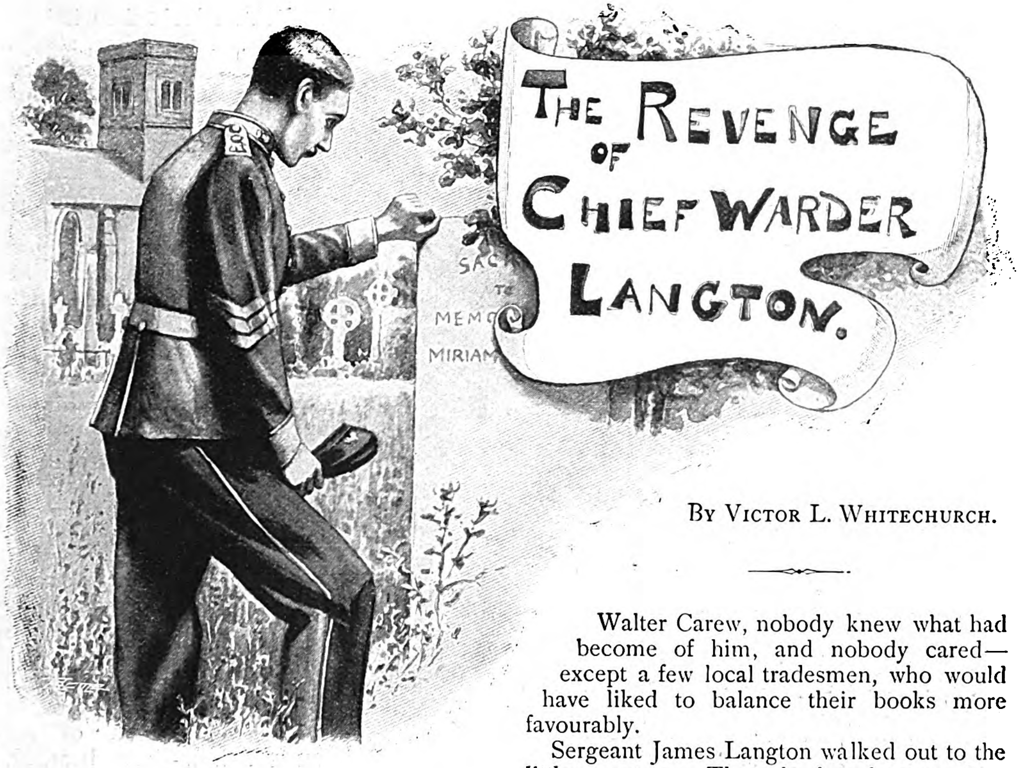
# THE REVENGE OF CHIEF WARDER LANGTON.



By Victor L. Whitechurch.

If ever there was a case of intense hatred it was that which Sergeant James Langton bore Walter Carew. And it came about in this way.

When James Langton enlisted he left his heart in Dullminster in the keeping of Miriam Watson; but the vows between them—at least, as far as she was concerned, were destined to become broken, like the sixpence that they halved between them when they parted. And so it came to pass that during the period when Langton was broiling under the Indian sun on foreign service the letters from Miriam Watson became fewer and further between, until they ceased altogether. In vain he wrote to her—there was no answer.

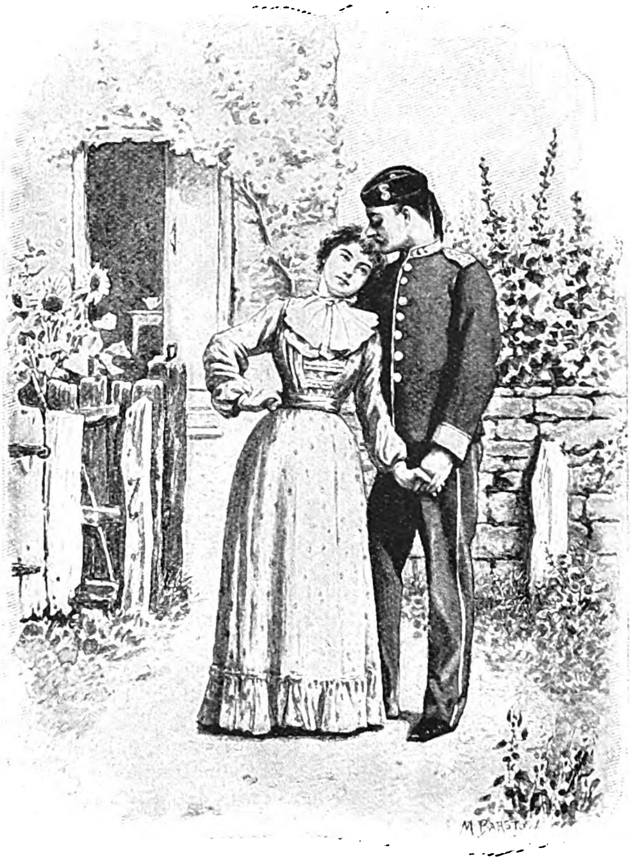
And when Langton came back to the old country and visited Dullminster he had to listen to a very ugly story. He was told how bonnie Miriam Watson, the belle of the town, had run off with Walter Carew, the son of a Dullminster doctor, a handsome, reckless young fellow, whose reputation was not by any means one of the best. Nor was that the worst of it, for a year afterwards Miriam had returned to die, neglected and ill-treated by the brute who had tired of her. As for Walter Carew, nobody knew what had become of him, and nobody cared—except a few local tradesmen, who would have liked to balance their books more favourably.

Sergeant James Langton walked out to the little cemetery. There he found a grave in a quiet corner, and swore revenge from the bottom of his heart—and meant to have it whenever Providence or the devil threw Carew in his way. Long and earnestly he sought for him, but to no avail. Night and morning he prayed for the day of reckoning, forgetting that it were a wiser thing to leave vengeance to a higher Power. Nevertheless, in due time, after many years, the day of reckoning came.

* * * *

Chief-warder James Langton was no favourite at Dartmouth Convict Prison, either among his fellow-officers or with the prisoners. A sour, morose sort of man, he was rarely known by the former to laugh at a jest or to take part in any of their amusements, while to the latter he was the sternest and most uncompromising warder of the whole establishment. Any unfortunate wretch in broad-arrow garb caught by Chief-warder Langton whispering a word to a fellow prisoner, or skulking in his work, or committing the slightest breach of discipline, was pretty sure of being reported and getting at least twenty-four hours in the punishment cell, with the plainest of plain diet—16 ounces of bread and pure water.

Was there a particularly troublesome cus-



**When James Langton enlisted he left his heart in Dullminster.**

tomer within the grim walls of the prison, a man who resented the deprivation of his liberty with all the fury of a wild beast, only let Chief-warder Langton come across him. The brute was sure to be subdued—not tamed, mind you; they rarely tame this kind of customer within gaol or without—but forced down to the discipline, and made to know that kicking against it only hurt himself.

There was more than one desperate ruffian who had cursed the chief warder loudly and deeply, and sworn, too, to have his life; but Langton only laughed in his low, chuckling kind of manner, and took no further notice. Once or twice he had been attacked; but it seemed to matter little to him, for he still went on in his stern, relentless way.

His fellow-warders did not hesitate to say that Langton was a disappointed man—that some event in his previous life had soured him and made him bitter. On this account he came to be pitied rather than disliked by many of them. As to his integrity, there was never the slightest doubt about it. The Governor of the prison always felt that Langton could be trusted implicitly, and when any service of a delicate nature had to be performed, the ex-sergeant was often the man chosen.

One day there arrived at Dartmouth a fresh prisoner whose features made Langton start and set his teeth when he saw him for the first time. He recognised his life's enemy.

Walter Carew had at length met with his deserts. He had sunk lower and lower in the social scale until, clothed in the garments of disgrace, he had come to work out a term of ten years penal servitude for forgery and embezzlement.

Long and keenly did Langton gaze upon the new comer, and a feeling of great satisfaction stole over him when he found that the recognition was by no means reciprocated. "Convict 137" little thought that in the person of the grizzled, iron-grey bearded, chief warder there stood the man he had wronged, and long since forgotten.

"What's come over Langton?" said one of the warders to another as they went off duty." He's as cheerful as a cricket. Never knew him smile before, and this afternoon he actually cracked a joke."

"Well, *I* thought he was funny, too," replied the other, "he caught a chap shirking this afternoon, and only grinned and called him a lazy scoundrel instead of reporting him."

But if Chief-warder Langton was disposed to be good-humoured that day, and for many days afterwards, it was because fate had at last placed his enemy in his power, and his cheerfulness was only the secret joy of feeling that he was within reach of his revenge.

There was no doubt about it that "Convict 137" was a most unlucky beggar. If there was a nasty job to be performed he was inevitably in it. If he broke the slightest rule, somehow or other it was sure to come before the Governor. The man protested sometimes; he did so when he was charged with tearing his clothes. He actually had the impudence to say that someone must have entered his cell when he was asleep and torn them purposely!

The Governor treated this as an excellent joke, and Langton, who was standing by, joined in the laughter. *He* thought it an excellent joke, too, and so he did the three days' punishment cell that No. 137 got for it. Even some of the warders used at times to feel a sneaking pity for the poor wretch, and to wonder why he had turned out such a "right down bad 'un."

For a "bad 'un" he certainly became. Eighteen months of this sort of thing with never a chance of getting good conduct marks—though he once got marked with the cat—does not improve a man's character, and in spite of the exhortations of the chaplain and the admonitions of the Governor, Walter Carew, at the end of that time, had developed into a dangerous and desperate individual.

But James Langton's revenge was by no means complete. He had acted very cautiously, and in no case had he let it be imagined that he had a personal spite against the prisoner. But he wanted more. He determined that a still heavier blow should fall upon the man, although he himself was not to be conspicuous in the striking of it.

One morning "Convict 137" found a little scrap of paper in his cell. How it got there he knew not—perhaps his story of a midnight intrusion was not so very far wrong after all. On this scrap of paper there was the following:

"Look out. Friends are planning your escape. Destroy this."

With his heart in a flutter and his brain in a whirl the convict did destroy it—in the best way he knew. He ate it.

Liberty! Cooped up within four walls; every action spied upon; ground down under the iron rod of an unbending discipline; day after day, month after month, year after year, the same stern, relentless routine. No converse; shut up not only within a cell, but within *oneself*; to brood, to chafe with the fury of an unconquerable thraldom; to feel it pressing in on every side, weighing upon body, and brain, and soul; forced to work and drudge, and toil through the hours of despair and weariness. Ah! the meaning of that wonderful word "liberty" to the prisoner. Small wonder that he trembled with excitement, and that there was a flush of joy in his face as he came forth to his labour. Chief-warder Langton noticed it, and there was a flush of joy in his face, too. The beginning of his terrible revenge was working.

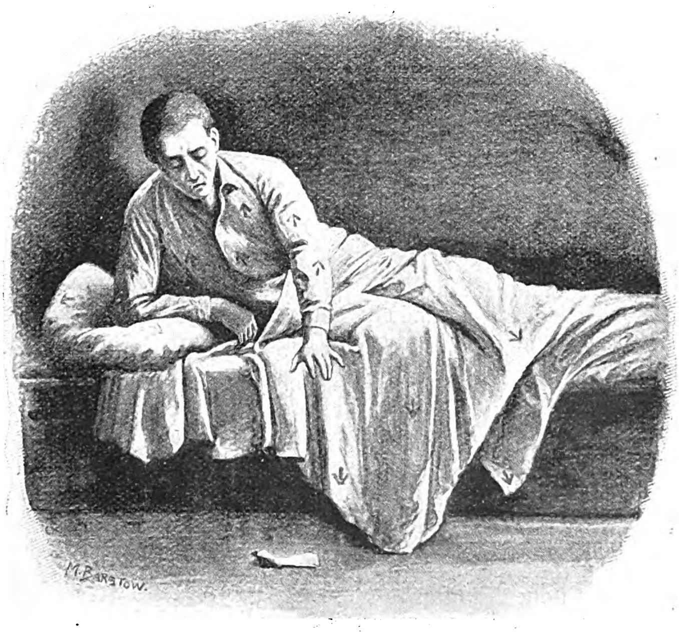
As a cat plays with a mouse, so, in secret, the chief-warder played with his victim. For a whole month the convict received no other sign. The anguish of hope deferred was what his enemy wanted, and as he realised that it was there he muttered to himself:

"Ah, Walter Carew, *I* knew what it was to watch and wait for news. When I was down with fever at the hospital at Jungpore how I yearned for the letters that never came—never came at all—for she was playing me false, and *you* were the cause of it. Wait, then, a little longer!"

Then there appeared another mysterious scrap of paper in Carew's cell with only these words:

"Next week."

That was on the Monday, and it mean another week of mental torture to the prisoner



One morning "Convict 137" found a little scrap of paper in his cell.

The following Monday there came another missive:

"Friday night."

The convict nearly fainted as he rolled it up and swallowed it. The chief-warder chuckled, and took the earliest opportunity of re-oiling the lock of the cell door where his enemy slept. This cell was on the ground floor and close to the iron-grated door which opened from outside on to the corridor.

On Thursday night the prisoner received a longer communication. It read thus:

> "To-morrow night, after the prison clock has struck one, wait till the warder in charge has passed your cell. You will hear two taps on your door. Wait one minute. Then go out; the door will be open. Pass through the outer door, which will also be open. You can climb the outside wall with a plank you will find in the yard. Destroy this at once."

Such was Walter Carew's vision of freedom. This is how he obtained it.

In the building in which he was lodged were five tiers of cells, one above the other. The building was entered, as we have said, by means of a heavy iron gate, of which the chief warders only possessed a key. This opened directly into a corridor, with cells on either side. By a spiral iron staircase at the other end of the building, light iron galleries were reached, running on either side, by means of which access was gained to the upper cells. A warder was inside the building, and it was his duty to visit each cell in rotation, looking through the peephole provided, and seeing that the inmate was safe. It is obvious that it would take him some time—over half an hour—to do the whole round.

*Outside* Chief-warder Langton was on duty, and Chief-warder Langton played a very curious game that night.

One o'clock sounded, and Langton watched through the iron gate. Presently he saw the warder pacing along the ground floor, examining each cell—passing by an empty one a few doors removed from Carew's, the door of which empty cell was open. In a few minutes he had mounted the staircase and was pacing round the first gallery—then the second—then the third.

Chief-warder Langton had provided himself with a pair of elastic-sided boots instead of his regulation ones. Slipping them off and depositing them in a corner, he cautiously opened the outer gate, the lock of which was well oiled. In another moment he had his pass key in the door of Carew's cell, and silently turned it. Two light taps on the door, and the chief warder vanished into the empty cell and waited.

Had the warder in the gallery above looked down a minute later he would have seen Convict 137 emerge from his cell, slip along the few feet of corridor that lay between him and the gate, and vanish outside. Then he would have seen his superior officer slip out of his hiding-place, lock the cell of the escaped man, make his exit, and close and lock the outer gate. A moment later and he had his boots on, and was tracking his victim in the prison yard.

"No. 137" doubtless thought it was a curious thing to select a moonlight night for his escape. Crouching, however, in the shadow he made towards the wall, found a plank at the foot of it, raised it against the wall, and took stock of things.

About thirty paces or so away a sentry, with his carbine barrel shining in the moonlight, was mounting guard on a sort of raised terrace commanding a view of the wall. Carew shivered as he saw him. He would have shivered still more had he known that the man was the crack shot of the prison. Carefully marking the sentry's actions, he noticed that he paused for ten seconds or more at the end of each beat. There would just be time to reach the top of the wall and jump if he started to climb the instant the sentry began to walk in the opposite direction. So he set his teeth and commenced.

It was a desperate scramble, and there was an interested spectator in the person of the chief-warder, who, hidden in the courtyard, watched his every action. Nearly half-way up! The sentry had reached the end of his beat, and paused. One more effort—his hands clutched the top; he drew himself forward—Ah!

A shout behind him.

"Look out, sentry! On the wall behind you—quick!"

It was the voice of Chief-warder Langton.

The sentry turned like a flash of lightning. Yes, a prisoner was escaping—just about to drop on the other side.

"Fire, man!" yelled the chief-warder.

In an instant the sentry's carbine was at his shoulder. There was a flash of flame and a loud report, and "Convict 137" threw up his arms and fell back into the yard of the prison.

"Good God! I must have killed him," shouted the sentry.

"Yes," said the chief-warder, as he bent over the prostrate form, "you've given him his freedom in a way he little expected; but," he added under his breath, "exactly as *I* intended him to get it."

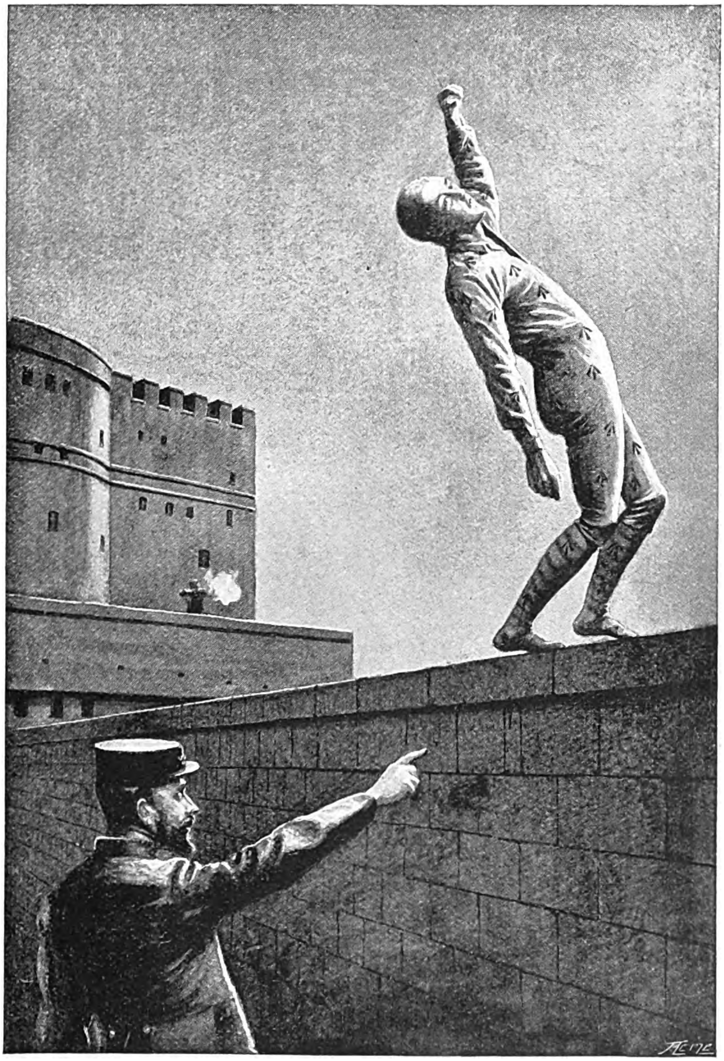
Of course there was an inquiry, but the thing remained shrouded in mystery. How the prisoner got out was never fathomed. Langton was not suspected for a moment of conniving at his escape, especially as he had been the first to give the alarm; but, nevertheless, both he and the under warder were severely reprimanded for negligence, as it was obvious that their watch was relaxed *somewhere*. But Chief-warder Langton cared little for this. He had had his revenge!

And sometimes, in the ugly, walled yard that forms the graveyard of the convict prison, where those who have died within its harsh precincts lie beneath unlettered stones in hopeless oblivion, Chief Warder Langton pauses for a moment or two. With a grim smile he stands upon a broad flagstone that covers the remains of the man who wronged him so bitterly, and on whom he was so terribly revenged after long years of waiting, and he thanks the sentry's unwavering aim as he raised his carbine to his shoulder that night.

But the grim smile fades away when, once in a while, at rare intervals, he wends his way back to his native home, and out into the corner of the quiet cemetery. And there the tear-drops of memory come flooding into his eyes, and he feels that even his terrible revenge was powerless to stifle the old love. Besides, there dawns upon him at that second grave the uncomfortable thought that he had better have left his revenge in the hands of Him who said, "Vengeance is mine."

For if we take our revenge into our own hands we are never satisfied therewith. The problem of retribution is often above our grasp. At all events Chief Warder Langton found it so, and in spite of the fact that his revenge was *terrible*, whenever he visited that quiet churchyard he felt that he had failed—somewhere.

His secret was his own, but those with whom he came in contact knew that somewhere in his life there had been a passage which he might have desired blotted out, and none ever dared question him, for the expression of his countenance forbade even a reference to such a subject.



**There was a flash of flame, and "Convict 137" threw up his arms and fell back into the yard of the prison.**

# A Picture Preaching

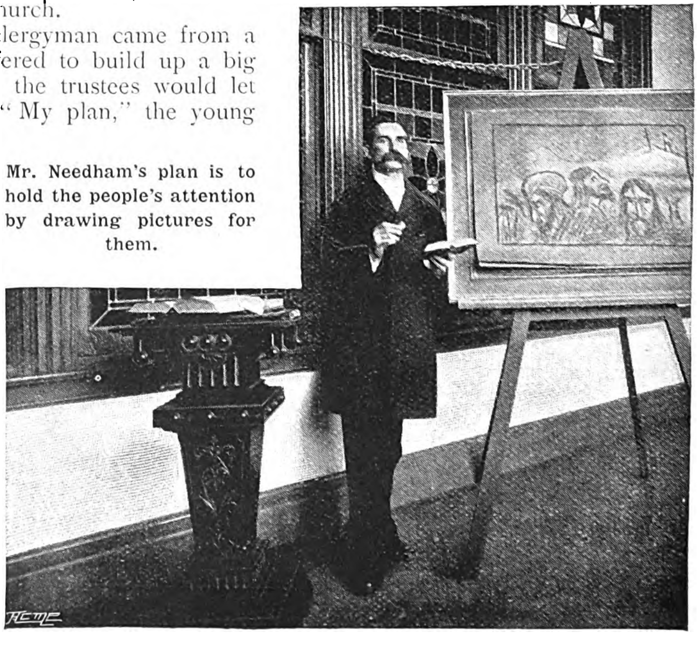
By C. Montgomery M'Govern.

Excursion trains, and the immense popularity and ever-growing cheapness of the bicycle have, no doubt, been a source of honest pleasure to thousands. But like nearly everything else, these delights have also their darker side. They are the bane of our clergymen, and the primary cause of that poor attendance of our churches which is so general a complaint nowadays. The clergy have put their heads seriously together, and many suggestions and attempts have been made so as to render the church service more attractive than it has hitherto been.

Perhaps the most successful of these attempts was that of the Rev. W. Carlile, of St. Mary-at-Hill Church, Monument. This courageous and enterprising gentleman not only introduced a fine magic lantern, and a brass band, into his church, but held lectures on all manner of topical subjects, beautifully illustrated with magic lantern slides, and gave solo trombone performances from his pulpit. Mr. W. Carlile indeed deserved the success he earned. So crowded was the church that hundreds had to be turned away; the excursion trains, the bicycle, and the public-house were forgottten.

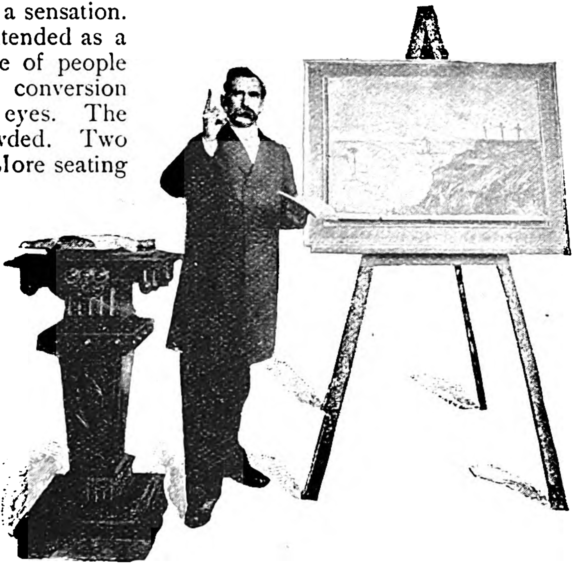
A less sensational but even more interesting scheme for filling poorly attended places of worship has been tried with surprising success by the Calvary Baptist Church of Brooklyn. This building was erected some four years ago in a non-church-going neighbourhood, and, although no expense was spared to make it of more than ordinary attractiveness, for a long time a full house was the exception rather than the rule. The trustees secured the best music and the hardest-working pastors, but still the people would not come to church.

At this point a young clergyman came from a small country town, and offered to build up a big congregation immediately if the trustees would let him have his own way. "My plan," the young minister said, "is to catch the people's eye by drawing pictures for them, and while I am holding their eyes it will be an easy matter to reach their ears." The proposal to illustrate sermons by drawings made on the spot was so utterly unheard of that the trustees refused to listen to it at first, on the ground that they would be accused of running a Sunday theatre. But the earnest persistence of the young countryman won the day, and he was appointed pastor temporarily.



Mr. Needham's plan is to hold the people's attention by drawing pictures for them.

It was on a New Year's evening that the picture sermon was first tried upon a congregation. The holiday kept half the regular congregation away, and the half that did come were there from idle curiosity more than anything else. But they who were present experienced a sensation. Although the sermon was in no wise intended as a "revival," there were more than a score of people who stood up and testified to their conversion through the pictures made before their eyes. The following Sunday the church was crowded. Two weeks later people were turned away. More seating accommodation was procured, but in two months even these could not hold all the people who clamored to become members of the congregation.

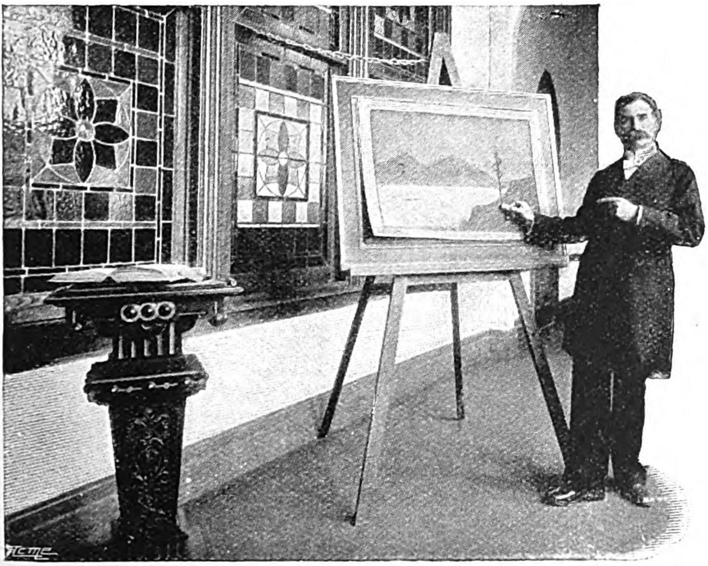


This sketch was to illustrate a sermon on the Crucifixion.

Conversions by the picture sermons became so numerous that other churches sent in requests for the assistance of the pastor of the Calvary church. He acceded to as many of these as possible, and the effect everywhere was like magic—the churches were packed and the conversions countless. And now there is not a better known or more popular clergyman in Brooklyn than the Rev. William E. Needham. Already ordained clergymen cannot, of course, follow his example, as they have not the artistic training, but many young theological students have written to Mr. Needham to say that in addition to their other studies they are taking up art in order to become, like him, artist-preachers.

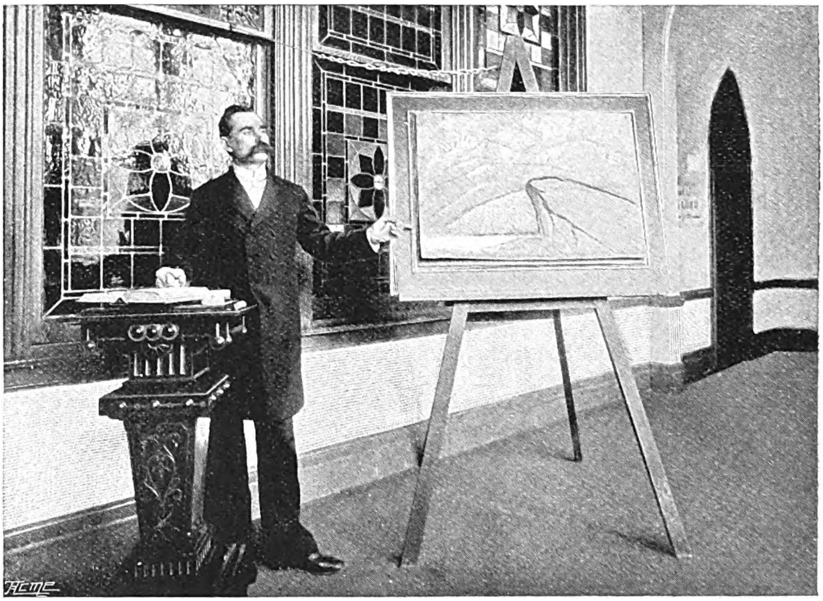
"To say that the next generation of clergymen will have a goodly number of 'picturists' is not to make a rash statement," says the original minister.

To get the full benefit of a picture sermon one must see it and hear it personally. It is not the mere pictures that interest the audience—that is, not the fineness of them from an artistic point of view—for all of them are made within from one to three minutes each. The rapidity of the clergyman's crayons—they are in all colours — the forcible way in which they carry the story of the sermons to the minds of his hearers, and the impressions which they leave upon their minds, continue to do good long after the ordinary sermon would have passed out of the hearers' minds. I think that I will never forget the tremendous outburst of feeling among the audience at a seaside church some time ago,



The pictures are drawn with vari-coloured crayons. Here is the minister making a sketch of the Serpent in the Wilderness.

where Mr. Needham was assisting a famous song-preacher in a "service of song." It was being held for the purpose of collecting funds for missionary work. The sermon being over, Mr. Needham placed a fresh sheet of cardboard upon his easel, and, while the singer began the strains of a well-known hymn, Mr. Needham drew in two minutes a most realistic picture of a ship sinking at sea, with the hands of a hundred passengers held up in piteous appeal. "Throw out the life-line," he labelled the finished picture. "Throw out the life-line" was the title of the hymn, and "throw out the life-line" the audience certainly did, for the collection taken up was the largest in the history of that particular church.



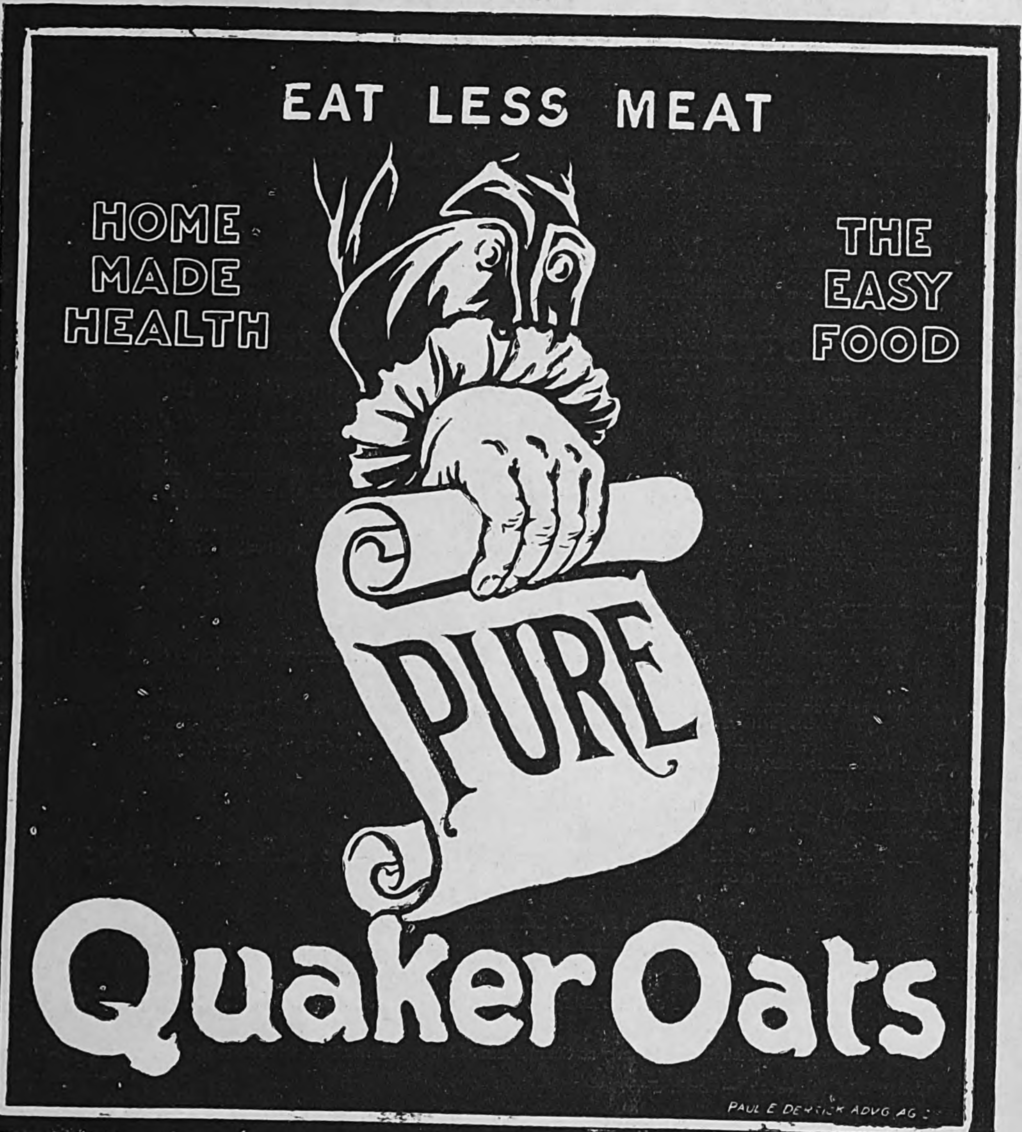
**The drawings are wonders of rapidity and effectiveness combined, and the remarks with which Mr. Needham accompanies them are pointed and eloquent.**

The pulpit occupied by Mr. Needham is of the conventional sort. To the left of it is the large easel, upon which is suspended a drawing-board with a gilt frame. Half-a-dozen sheets of cardboard are laid, one on top of the other, upon this drawing-board, and as each picture is finished, it is torn off and taken away by the sexton.

Opening the Bible at the chapter he has chosen, the artist-preacher announces his text, and while he begins his sermon in the usual manner, he picks up a piece of black crayon and draws one or two lines across the paper as he talks. Different coloured crayons follow one another, the preacher pausing now and then to face the audience directly and pound the air by way of emphasizing. The drawing does not interfere with his talking, neither does the latter interfere with the former, so that in probably three minutes he has finished a picture which illustrates what he has been saying. In this way he continues for thirty minutes, when his sermon is completed, five pictures having then been made in that time.

"My idea in making the picture sermon, in the first place," says the artist-preacher, "was to impress my hearers through the eyes, and then complete the impression through the ears by my words. Words, you know, are but arbitrary sounds—artificial things to the human mind—while pictures, on the contrary, are natural things—natural to the human mind. And as we best remember those things which strike us as natural, a picture sermon is better remembered and therefore will do much more good than a sermon of mere words and gesticulations.

"There are two things which I keep in mind before me while delivering a picture sermon—rapidity and effectiveness. It is difficult to draw and speak at the same time, because one has to do double work, but constant practice has made the thing comparatively easy for me now."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(See page 134.)

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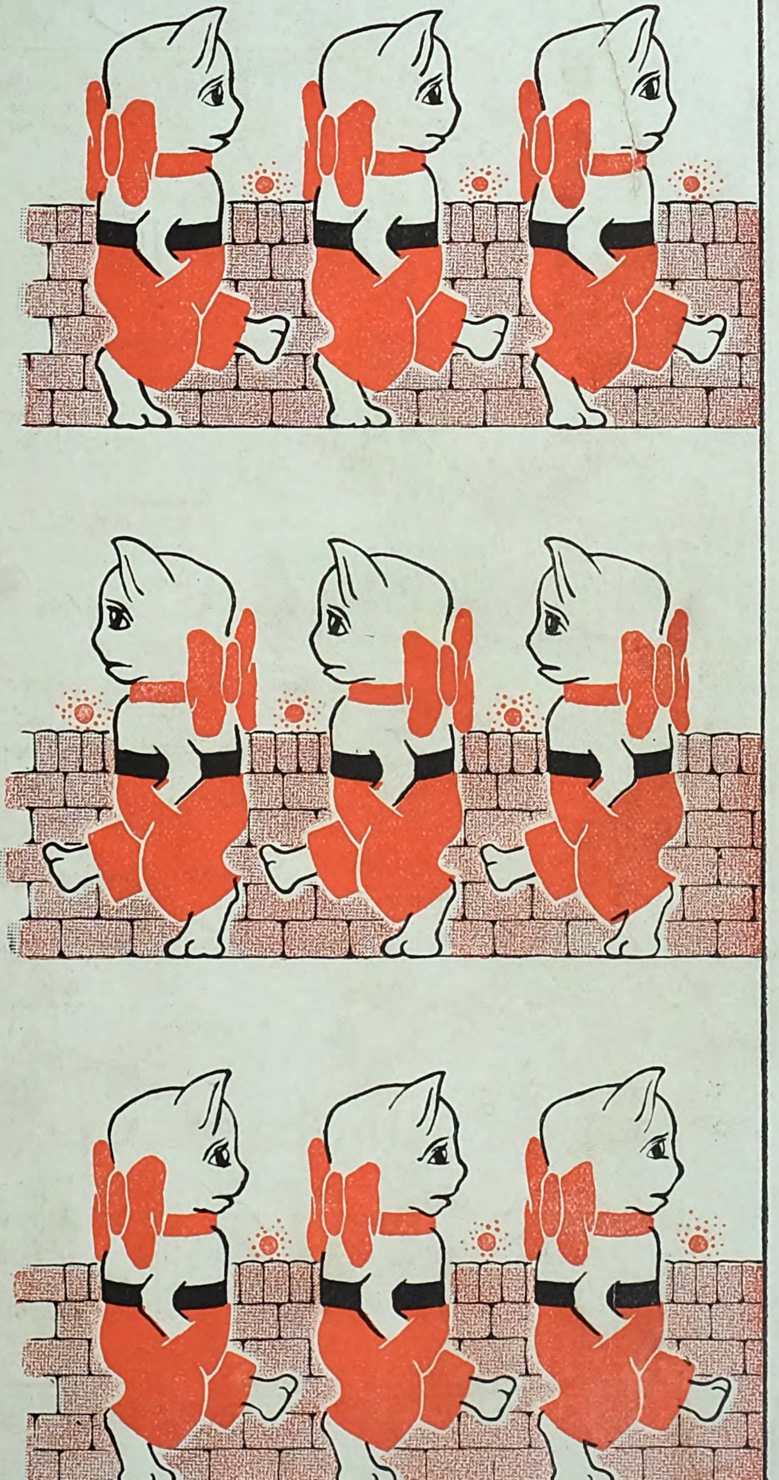

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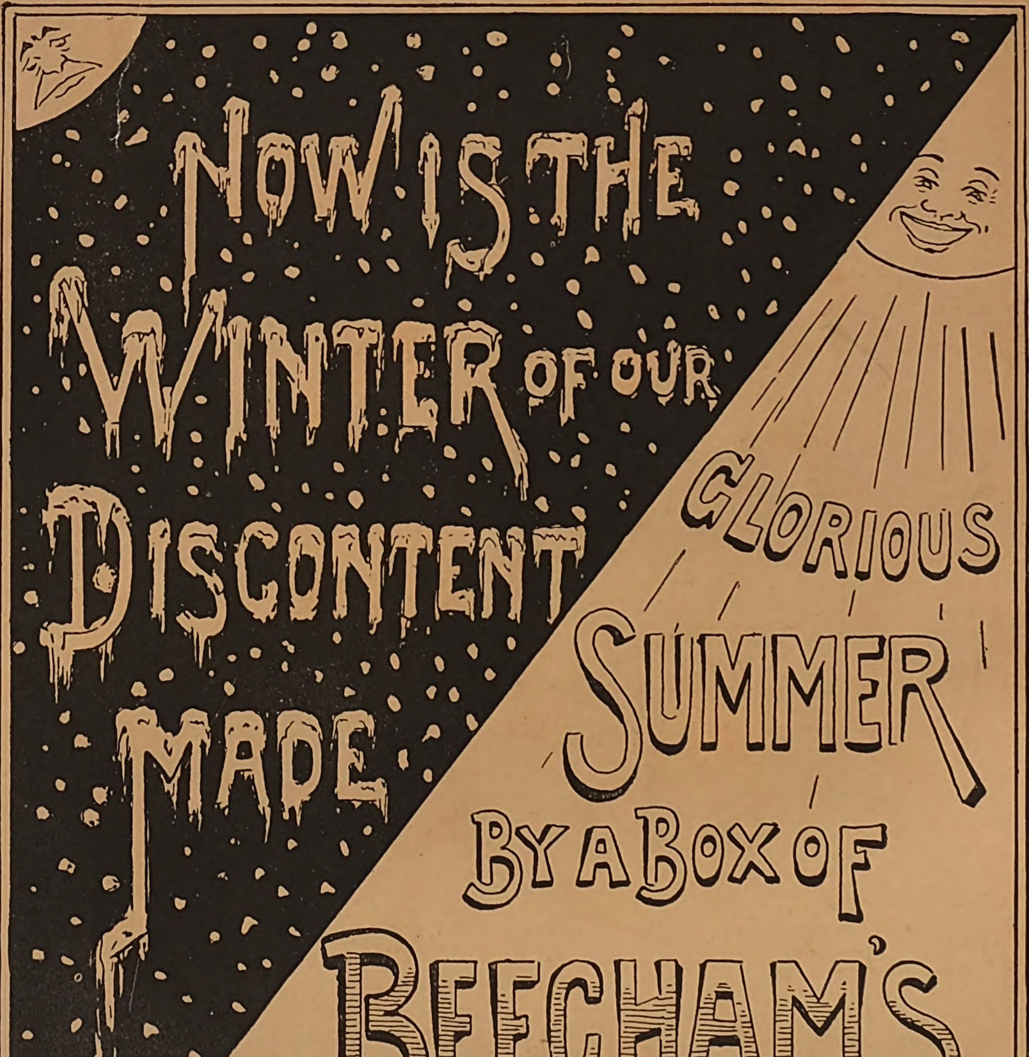
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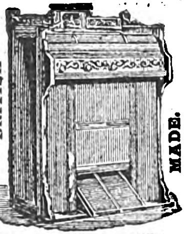

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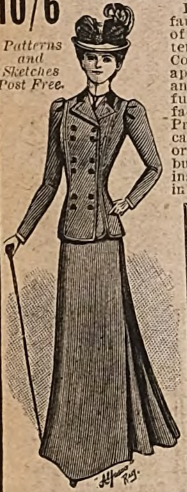

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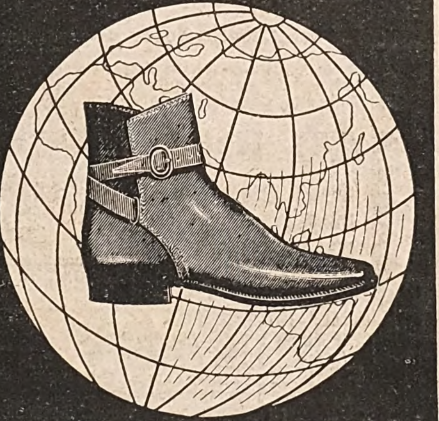

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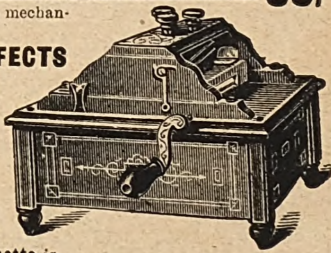

Music, because of its **Inspiring** and **Elevating Influence**, is a desirable feature of all **"Home"** life, and for the **Family Circle, Domestic Gatherings, Parties, Entertainments** and other **Social Functions** this **Organette** is

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Anyone (even a **child**) can play **SACRED** or **SECULAR MUSIC** in the **Softest and Sweetest Strains** or with **Powerful and Orchestral Effect!**

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Hymns, Airs, Waltzes, Quadrilles, Polkas, Accompaniments, &c. **EQUAL**, in all respects, to an **ELABORATE** and **COSTLY ORGAN!**

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***GIVES A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.***

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**LOT 125 contains:—**

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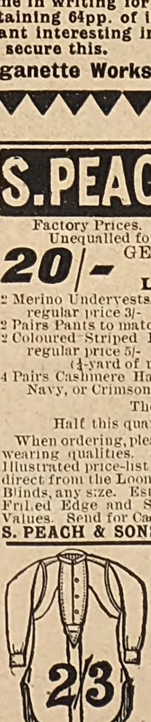

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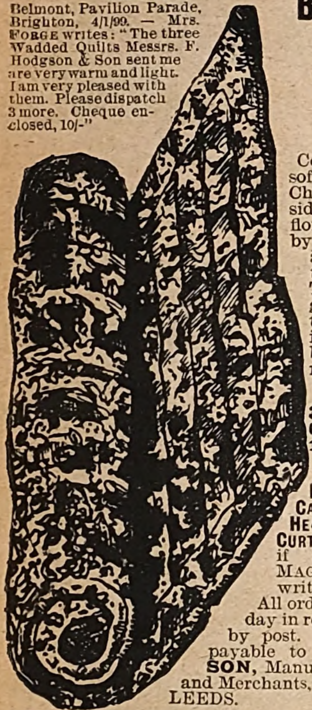

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*Re* BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO.,

LATE OF OLD STREET LONDON.

**F. HODGSON & SON, of LEEDS,** have purchased for Cash the whole of the above business, goodwill, and effects from Official Trustee in Bankruptcy. Illustrated Sale Catalogue of Brussels, Axminster, Velvet, and Foreign Carpets and Hearthrugs can be had post free if mentioning ROYAL MAGAZINE, 1/12/99, while writing.

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Woven and Reversible, rich Brussels and Turkey patterns and Colourings, superior quality, with handsome Border to match. A Marvel of Excellence and Beauty. These Carpets are superb imitations of real Brussels, and except by the closest scrutiny, the difference cannot be detected.

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| 6 ft. by 6 ft. ... | **2/11** | REDUCED SALE PRICE. | 10½ ft. by 12 ft. ... | **11/6** |
| 6 ft. by 7½ ft.... | **3/11** | | 9 ft. by 15 ft. ... | **12/6** |
| 6 ft. by 9 ft. ... | **4/9** | | 12 ft. by 12 ft. ... | **12/9** |
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When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

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Gigantic Sale of the **"Queen's Royal" Household**

**Sale Price**

## 2/- HEARTHRUGS (Regd.)

In REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 6 ft. long and 3 ft. wide. These HEARTHRUGS have gained a world-wide reputation for MAGNIFICENCE, CHEAPNESS and UTILITY, having no equal. Registered New Designs, and considered Works of Art. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. **SPECIAL OFFER. Three for 5s. 9d., Six for 11s. 3d., Twelve for 22s.**

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| 6 ft. by 6 ft. ... | **4/11** | REDUCED SALE PRICE. | 9 ft. by 13½ ft. ... | **16/6** |
| 6 ft. by 7½ ft. ... | **6/-** | | 10½ ft. by 12 ft. ... | **18/-** |
| 6 ft. by 9 ft. ... | **7/6** | | 12 ft. by 12 ft. ... | **21/-** |
| 8 ft. by 9 ft. ... | **9/-** | | 9 ft. by 15 ft. ... | **19/6** |
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Ramsden, Charlbury, 4/3/98.—Lady HICKS BEACH writes: "Will Messrs. F. Hodgson & Son send her one of their 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 9 ft. by 9 ft., 11s. Cheque enclosed. The other parcel received safely, and I am pleased with it."

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In rich Oriental and Indian Art Designs, measuring 6 ft. by 3 ft., which, for price, real value, weight, and richness of manufacture will be found unapproachable.

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COLOSSAL SALE OF RICH VELVET PILE

## REAL BRUSSELS CARPETS

Extraordinarily Heavy, very Best Quality, Newest and Choicest Designs. In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra Cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest colours. With handsome border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down):—

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| 4½ ft. by 7 ft., | **11/-** | VELVET PILE BRUSSELS CARPET SQUARES. | 9 ft. by 12 ft., | **38/-** |
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Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Also **RICH VELVET PILE STAIR CARPETS,** bordered to match, 18 in. wide, **1/8** per yard; 22½ in. wide, **2/-** per yard; 27 in. wide, **2/3** per yard.

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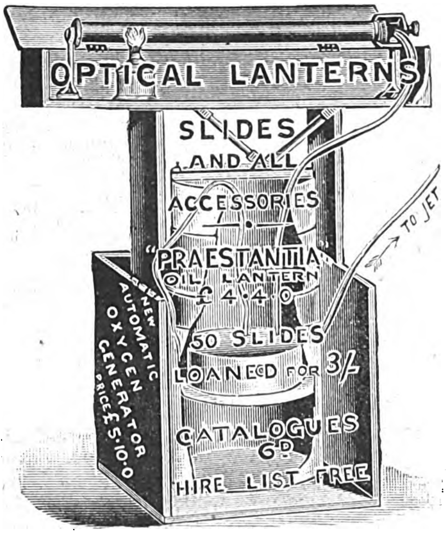
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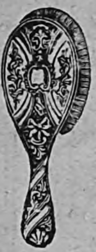
*Ask for Thompson's Pamphlet,* **"The Woman Beautiful."**



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Richly Chased Solid Silver Hair Brush.
Medium size ... **15/9**
Large size ... **21/6**
Silver-mounted Comb to match, **7/9**

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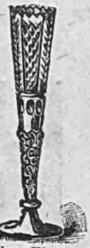
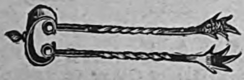
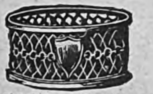
**SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST POST FREE.**



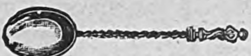
Cut Glass Flower Holder on richly Chased Solid Silver Foot, 6 in. high, **4/11**



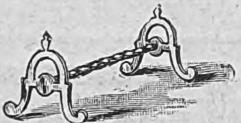
Solid Silver Sugar or Ice Tongs, Antique Design. 4 in. long. **5/6**



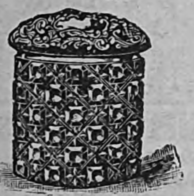
Solid Silver Serviette Ring, pierced design, **5/6**
Do., do., oval shape, **5/0**



Heavy Solid Silver Apostle or plain Old English Tea Spoons, **35/-** per dozen.
Sugar Tongs to match, **4/6** per pair.



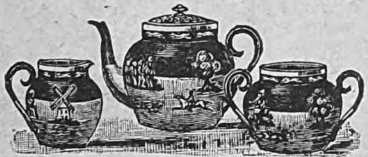
Solid Silver Knife Rests, assorted designs, **15/6** per pair.



Fine Cut Glass Puff Box, with richly chased solid silver top.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1½ in. high | .. .. | **3/10** |
| 2 " " | .. | **4/11** |
| 2¼ " " | .. .. | **6/6** |
| 3 " " | .. .. | **10/6** |
| 3¾ " " | .. .. | **15/9** |

Solid Silver Handle Button Hook, 6¼ in. long, **1/9**



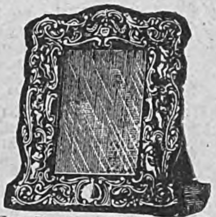
Elegant real "Dog Toby" Doulton Ware Sterling Silver-mounted Tea Pot, Sugar Basin, and Cream Ewer, in four sizes.

Capacity of Teapot—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ½ pint | .. **8/11** | the set of three pieces. |
| 1 " | .. **10/6** | |
| 1½ " | .. **13/11** | " " " |
| 2 " | .. **17/6** | " " " |

Hot Water Jugs and Coffee Pots to match above: 1 pint, **8/6**; 1½ pints **10/6**; 2 pints, **12/9** each.

Sterling Silver Salt Spoon, Albany or Old English pattern, **1/10** each.



Very Handsome Massive Solid Silver Cabinet Photo. Frame, mounted on velvet back, **28/9**
Do. do. simpler design, **11/6** **21/-**

**SIX GOLD MEDALS.**

# Goddard's Plate Powder

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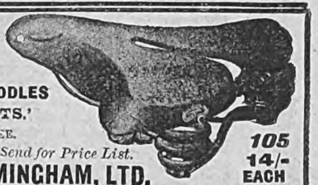
**MARTIN-SILENT**
**Tool Bag**
*Always Neat and Tidy.*

**MARTIN-SILENT SADDLES**
**LADIES & GENTS.'**
2 YEARS GUARANTEE.

*Of all Agents or direct. Send for Price List.*

**MARTINS—BIRMINGHAM, LTD.**

*Martin's Silent Pump Carrier will not scratch the enamel,* **6d.** *per pair*



**1/3**

**2/-**

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***New and Seasonable Designs for 1899—1900.***

**THE TWO GREAT PACKETS OF THE SEASON ARE**

**"THE IVY,"** Published at 2/-, and reduced to 1/3 | **"THE SWAN,"** Published at 3/6, and Reduced to 2/-

Each packet contains twelve assorted designs in beautiful Embossed Floral Relief Cards, Jewelled, Folding and Trifold Cards, choice Autograph Greeting Cards, Landscapes, &c., judiciously selected from the finest productions of English and Continental Artists, with wording by H. M. Burnside, F. R. Havergal, Browning, and others.

*For distribution amongst one's Family or Friends nothing better or prettier could be desired.*
*A delight to send, a pleasure to receive.*

**"THE IVY"** Price **1/3** | **"THE SWAN"** Price **2/-**

*A Magnificent Collection. Splendid value. Sure to please.* | *A Superb Packet. Highly recommended. Every Card a Gem.*

Send for one at once, you will be delighted. Each parcel sent securely packed, post free, per return.

A NOVEL CONTEST. SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER OF

# £80 IN PRIZES

To Purchasers of either of the above packets sending more than two correct solutions of the following:

1. *Each man went forth to grapple for his life.*
2. *Three birds appeared, their plumage sparkling in the sun.*
3. *Give them a lamp each it is so dark.*
4. *The agile monkey bounded off in fear or anger.*

£40 amongst those who solve six.
£20 amongst those who solve five.
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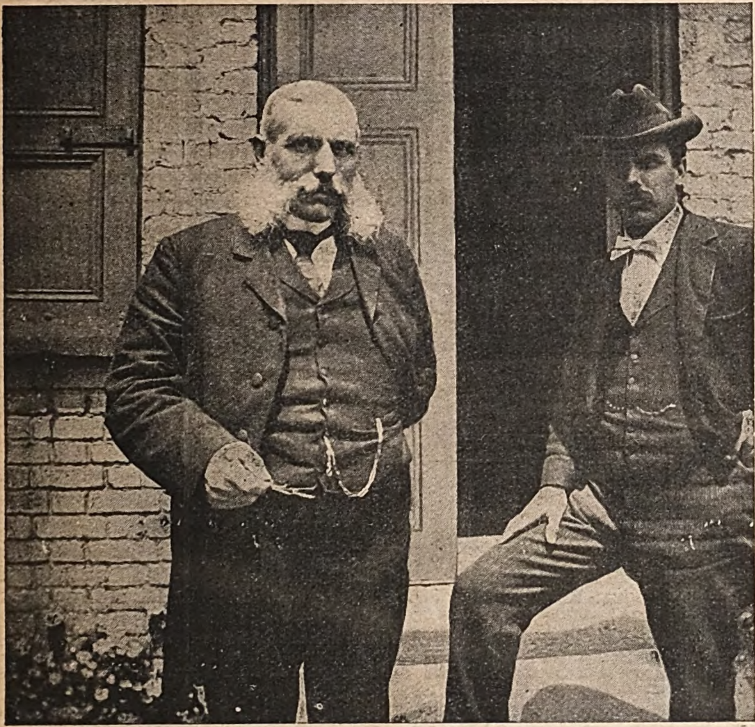

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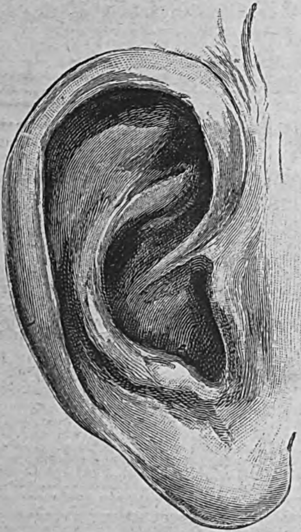

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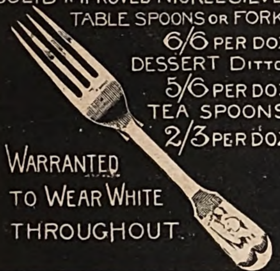

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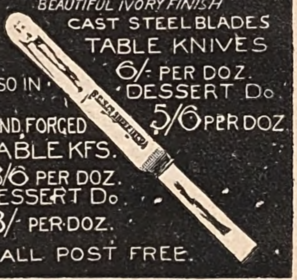

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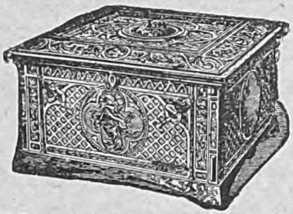

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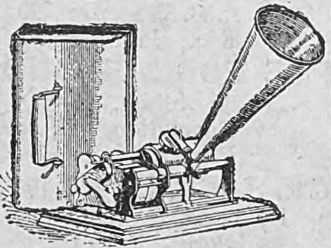

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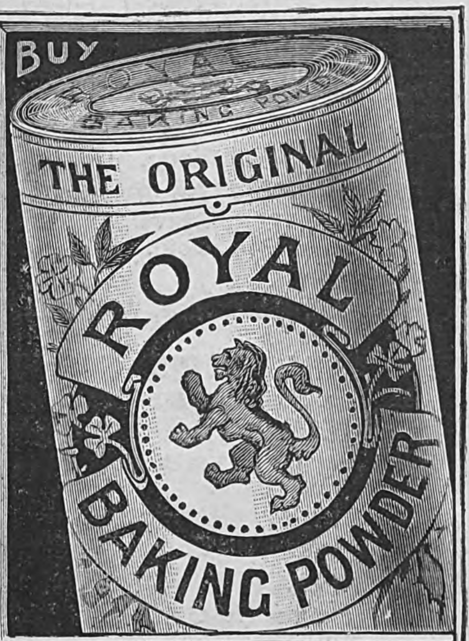

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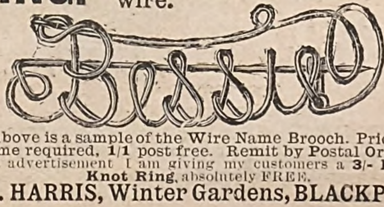

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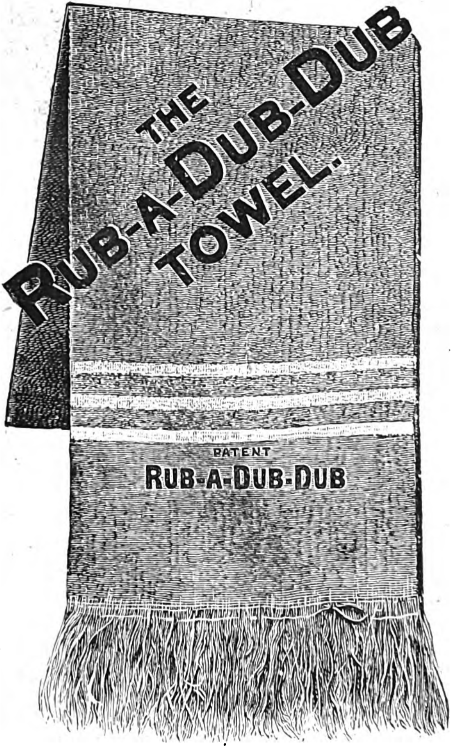

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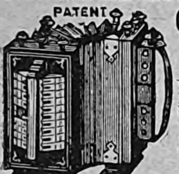

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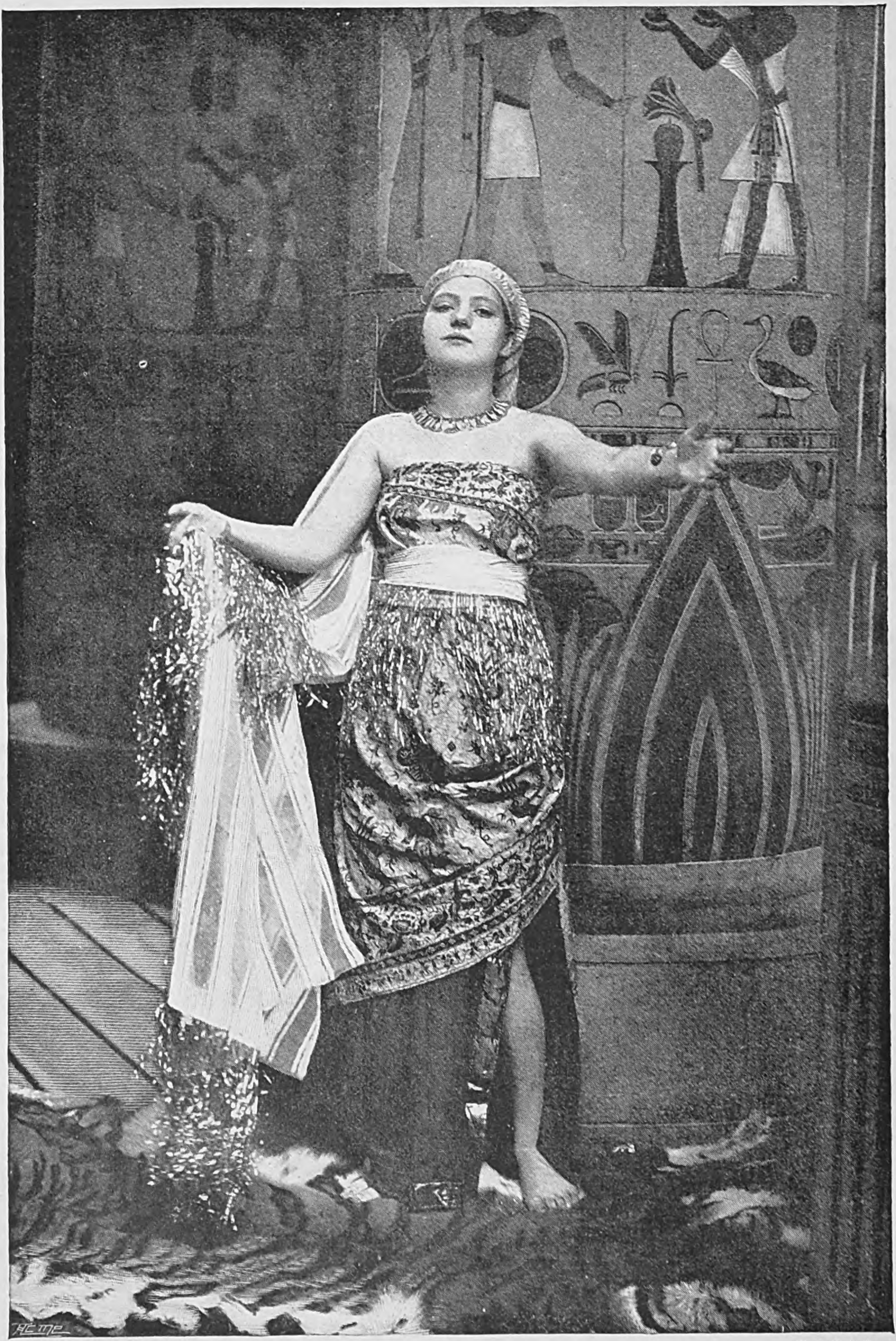

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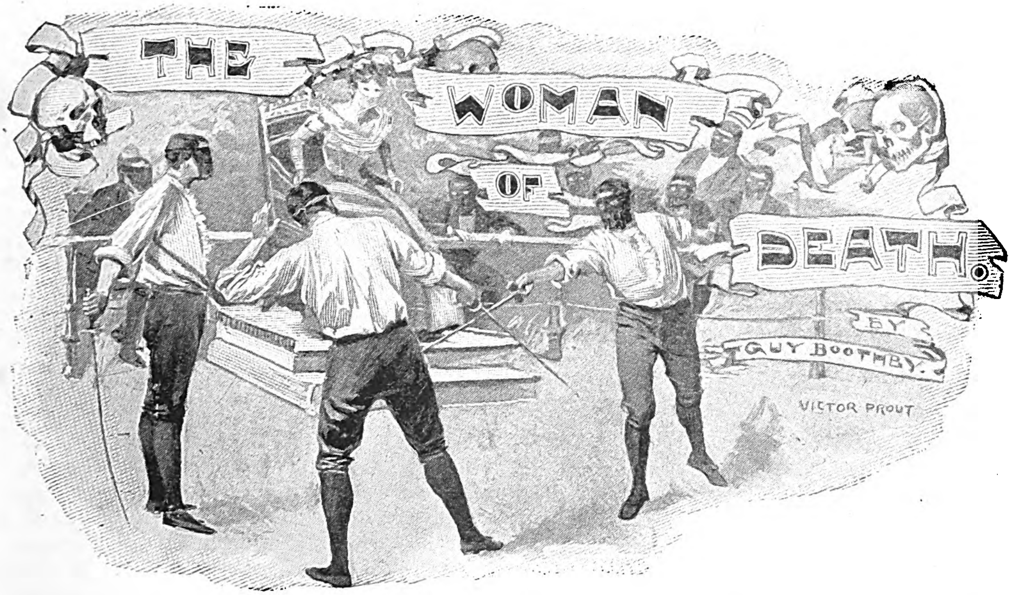

## INTRODUCTION.

Lord Middlesborough, when at the Casino at Monte Carlo, is greatly struck by the face of a strange lady with whom he exchanges a casual remark. Afterwards he is introduced by the Duke de Rheims to Madame d'Espère, a celebrated woman of mysterious antecedents. The same night he dreams that these two women are to influence his future life, the latter for evil and the former for good.

## CHAPTER II.

Upwards of a fortnight had elapsed since Middlesborough's return to Paris from Monte Carlo. During that time he had occupied himself with what was popularly supposed to be a round of reckless gaiety. If the truth had been known, however, he found it difficult to kill the time. Since he had tired of everything, one enjoyment was much the same as another to him. He knew everyone who was worth knowing, saw everything that was worth seeing, heard everything that was worth hearing, and was at last compelled to confess that he could find no satisfaction in anything. As far as he was concerned it was all Dead Sea Fruit.

Not once, but a hundred times he had thought of the curious interview he had had with Madame d'Espère at Monte Carlo. He had also endeavoured to discover the girl for whose face he had taken such a strange liking at the Casino the same evening. All his attempts, however, to find her were in vain. No one could tell him anything about her. She seemed to have vanished out of his life as suddenly as she had appeared in it.

One afternoon, Middlesborough had returned from a reception at the British Embassy, which he had felt compelled to attend, not so much for diplomatic reasons as for the fact that the wife of the Ambassador was a connection of his own, to find the Duke de Rheims in his chambers. He apologised for having kept his guest waiting, and, as he did so, wondered what the other's presence could betoken at such an unusual hour. It was not long before the Duke enlightened him.

"*Cher ami,*" he said, "I have come to inform you that Madame d'Espère has returned to Paris. I met her this afternoon, driving in the Bois, and she enquired with particular kindness after you. She asked me, if I saw you, to bring you with me to her reception to-night to renew your acquaintance with her. Have you any objection?"

"On the contrary, I should enjoy it immensely," Middlesborough replied, only to regret, a moment later, that he had been so impulsive. If the truth must be told, he had been thinking of her for some considerable time past, and had been wondering when he should be permitted an opportunity of seeing her again. After the commonplace life he had led for the past few weeks, it

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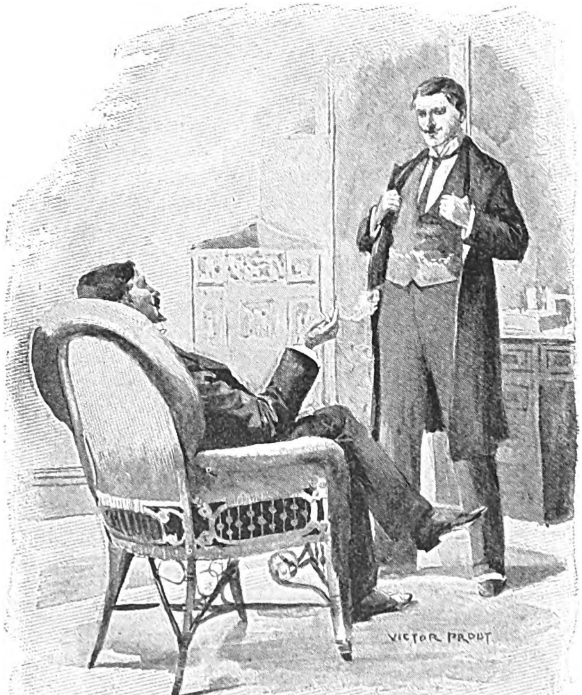
came like a breath of fresh air even to think that he should soon be seeing someone so original.

"What time is the reception?" he inquired of his friend. "And how shall I find her house?"

"The reception is at ten o'clock," the Duke replied, "and if you like I will pick you up here, or, if you prefer it, at the Amphitryon."

"Let us say the club," Middlesborough replied. "I have an appointment with Jimmy Foote, who crossed from London this morning. I would not miss him for worlds. He is always charged with the latest scandal, and it is occasionally diverting to fire him off, particularly when you have been absent some time from England. You learn then how many of the suspicions you once formed have been verified, you hear what the reasons are that induced Benedict to go suddenly shooting big game in South Africa, and why Beatrice has taken it into her head to spend six months with a maiden aunt in the north of Scotland. Believe me, it is by no means undiverting when you can see behind the scenes."


VICTOR PROUT.

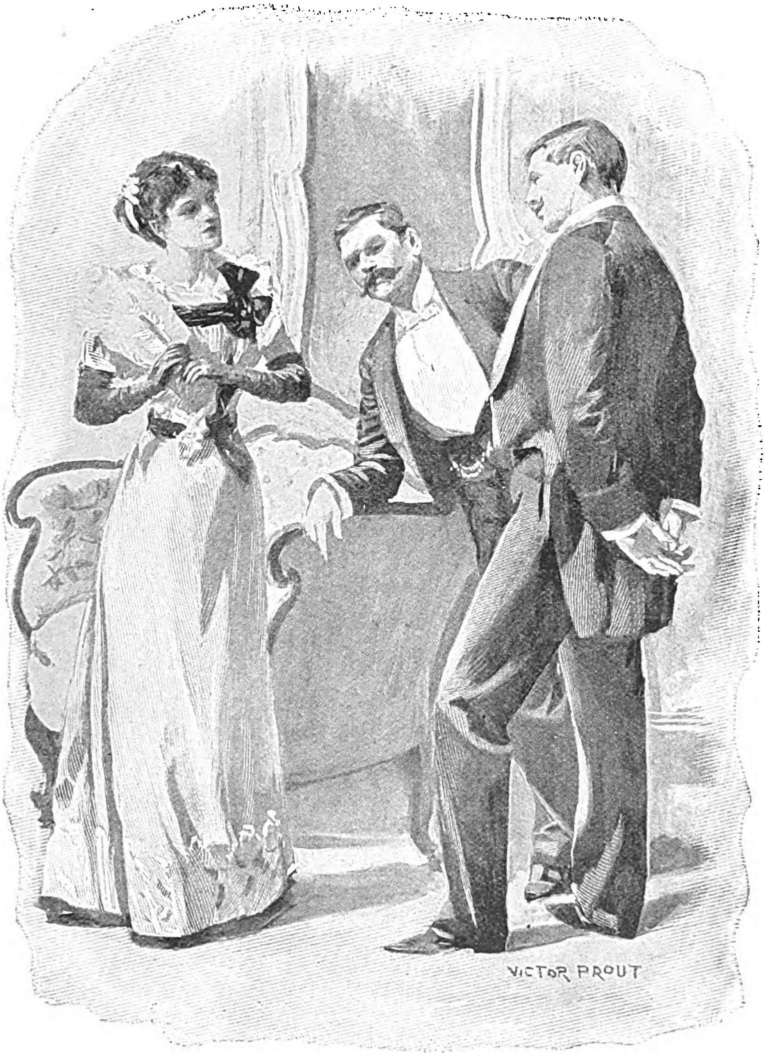
"*Cher ami,*" he said, "I have come to inform you that Madame d'Espère has returned to Paris."

"I have no doubt," said the Duke. "Scandal is like alcohol; when you have once acquired the craving for it, it's deuced hard to live without it. Well, I will pick you up, then, at the Amphitryon Club at half-past nine."

When the other had left him a change came over Middlesborough. Being in a speculative mood, he tried a fall with his understanding, and endeavoured to convince himself that he did not in reality care very much whether he saw Madame D'Espère again or not. He had been interested in her when he had met her at Monte Carlo, and he had often thought of her since as one of the most remarkable women he had ever met. That, however, was probably the result of *ennui*, not of any more sober attraction. Nevertheless, he found his eyes continually wandering towards the clock, and his friend, Jimmy Foote, with whom he dined that evening, has since been heard to declare that he found him for once in his life, an unusually *blasé* and uninteresting companion. At half-past nine, punctual almost to the moment, the Duke put in an appearance, whereupon Middlesborough bade Jimmy Foote good-night, and they adjourned to the street in search of Middlesborough's cab. When the two young men had entered the vehicle, the Duke gave the order to the coachman and they set off. They passed through the Place de l'Opéra and along the Boulevard de la Madeleine, then down the Rue Royale into the Champs Elysées. For the first time for many years Middlesborough experienced a sensation of novelty as he drove through the streets of Paris. He was like a school boy on the way to his first pantomine, for, in spite of his arguments of the afternoon, he was compelled to acknowledge that his introduction at Monte Carlo had only served to whet his curiosity for what was to follow.

Reaching Madame d'Espère's residence, they entered the courtyard by means of two elegantly wrought gates, above which the electric light was burning brightly. The cab drew up at the steps and they alighted. Vehicles were entering behind them, while others were passing out through the gates upon the further side. From the accomplished manner in which her servants regulated the traffic it was plain to Middlesborough that Madame d'Espère was in the habit of receiving many visitors. In the hall soberly attired men-servants, of approved decorum, relieved them of their cloaks and hats, and afterwards passed them on to others, who in turn conducted them to the salon in which the reception was being held. As he passed up the stairs, Middlesborough made good use of his eyes. He was anxious, if possible, to obtain some clue from the appointments of the house as to the taste and habits of its mistress. What he saw astonished him. The hall itself contained several fine statues and a large number of unique pictures, many of them of great value; the staircase was lined with some undeniable tapestries, while the woodwork was black, and exquisitely carved.

Drawing back the curtains, the major-domo entered the room and announced the two young men.



**"What may seem fun to you may mean death very probably to me."**

"Ah, Milord Middlesborough," said Madame d'Espère, after she had shaken hands with the Duke, and bade him welcome to her house, "so M. de Rheims was able to persuade you to pay me a visit? Can it be possible that you have been in Paris so long and are not tired of her?"

Middlesborough smiled. He remembered what she had said to him at their last meeting.

"No," he answered; "for once in my life I am proving constant to my divinity. I must confess, however, there are times when my patience is sorely tried."

"How so?" inquired his hostess, when she had welcomed a prominent member of the Senate, and had paid a compliment to a somewhat pompous General of Division. "Do you find your life so uninteresting that you get no pleasure out of it?"

"Very little," Middlesborough answered. "Has not M. de Rheims informed you that it is consistent with my character to get tired of everything?"

"Monsieur de Rheims is a good friend, and points only to your good qualities," she answered. "He leaves me to find out the others for myself. But, seriously, am I to understand that you find your life so very dull?"

"I say it in all seriousness," Middlesborough replied. "I am half thinking of sailing for South America. There is always some chance of excitement there. What with earthquakes, murders, and revolutions, you never know when you rise in the morning whether you will be alive in the evening."

"And are you so weary of life that you crave excitement of any kind?" asked Madame d'Espère, as she slowly fanned herself.

"Why not?" replied Middlesborough. "The greater the risk the greater the enjoyment. That is as much a rule of life as it is of arithmetic."

"Suppose it were possible, then, to help you to a little excitement of the kind you seek? What would you say?"

"I should be thoroughly grateful. I cannot give you a better answer."

"In that case I will see what I can do," she replied.

"And when shall I be permitted to hear the result?" Middlesborough replied with a smile on his face, for he still believed her to be jesting.

"I cannot say," she answered. "Remember I commit myself to nothing. I will do what I can for you, but before you take any step, consider well what you are doing. After that, if anything happens, do not hold me responsible."

"I will promise to absolve you from all blame," he replied. "I am already under an obligation to you for you have done something for me that no one else has accomplished—you have aroused my curiosity."

At this juncture he was compelled by the arrival of more visitors to leave her. He accordingly made his way along the room in search of de Rheims. It was a magnificent apartment, large and lofty, and furnished in a fashion that betokened the possession not only of taste, but also of considerable wealth. The pictures on the walls were modern without exception, but they were by the best masters. Middlesborough noticed, however, that there was a sameness about the subjects chosen. One near the door depicted Saul consulting the Witch of Endor, that on the left of the fireplace showed an Egyptian magician reading the stars, while Pharaoh reclined upon a couch at a little distance; another pourtrayed Mephistopheles upon the Brocken, with the lightning playing round his head, and a host of little devils peeping at him from among the rocks. Middlesborough remembered the conversation he had had with his hostess, and also the stories de Rheims had told him at Monte Carlo, and after that her curious choice of pictures seemed in keeping with her character. He was studying the last of the works named, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, turning, he found himself face to face with a man he had not seen for many years. He was a celebrity now, for he had lately penetrated into the heart of Africa, and had written a book in connection with his travels which had taken literary Europe by storm.

"My dear Fritz," Middlesborough cried, as he took the other's hand, "I had no idea you were in Europe, and still less that I should find you in Paris. I thought you were on the other side of Albert Nyanza. Pray when did you return?"

"I have been at home nearly two months," the other replied.

He was a fine looking man, in the prime of life, bronzed with travel, and carried with him the air of one who had been accustomed to encounter life in its wilder moods. Middlesborough slipped his arm through his and led him to a comfortable settee at the side of the room. They seated themselves upon it.

"I want you, Fritz," he said, when they had talked for a while on other subjects, "to tell me how long you have known Madame d'Espère, and, in fact, to give me all the information you can about her."

"I'm afraid that will not be very much," the other answered. "I was introduced to her just before I left for Africa three years ago. When I returned she was one of the first to write me a letter of welcome. Yesterday she heard I was in Paris, and invited me to call upon her—hence my presence here."

"And what can you tell me of her private history?"

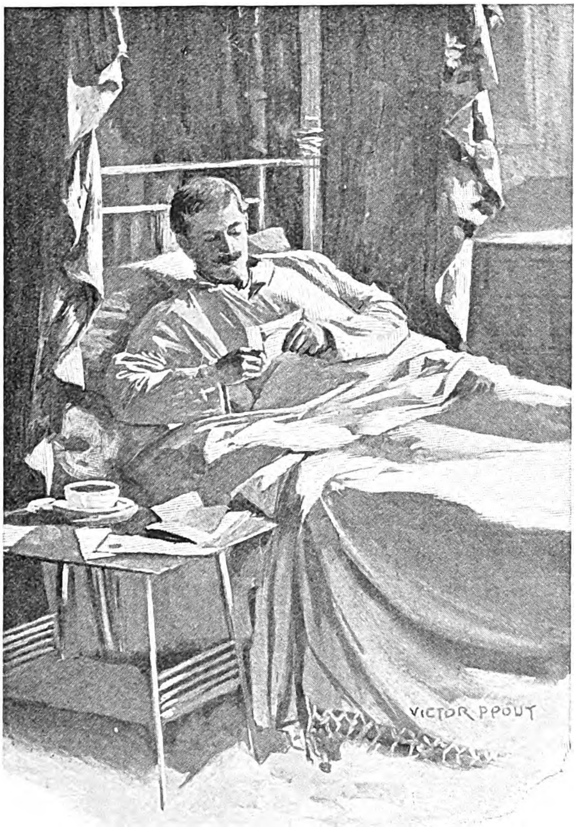
"No more than anyone else can," the other replied. "She is a mystery, which, to my thinking, adds to her triumph. But you don't mean to say that she interests you? I thought you were beyond the power of any human being."

"My dear Fritz," said Middlesborough, "I am afraid your sojourn in Africa has made you sarcastic. I am quite as ready to study my fellow man as you are, but you must agree with me that the usual run of people one meets are so devoid of anything but the commonplace, that it would require an Ibsen or Maeterlink to find anything of interest in them. Our hostess, however, is quite different. There is something about her that is indescribable. She, like you, has accused me of having lost all interest in my surroundings. As a matter of fact, she has promised only this evening to remedy the defect as soon as possible. She is going to discover a new form of excitement for me—a panacea that will not fail to effect a cure."

His companion gave a start of surprise.

"Then you do not know? I thought, since you were in the house, that you knew everything," he said.

Middlesborough shook his head.



It was an extraordinary epistle, and contained an extraordinary suggestion.

"What is it that I should know?" he inquired. "Everyone seems to think I am aware of something, when, as a matter of fact, I am quite in the dark as to what is going on. Will you not let me into the secret?"

"Not for worlds," said the other. Then with unusual seriousness he continued: "My dear Evelyn, for Heaven's sake be careful what you are doing. Have no more to do with this woman than you can help. Above all, do not let her find you any amusement. If you do, I give you my word you will regret it to the end of your life."

"My dear old friend," answered Middlesborough, "this sort of thing is really delightful, but, at the same time, it is slightly annoying. What does it all mean? Is Madame d'Espère a female vampire, that you should warn me against her with so much seriousness? You have added fuel to my curiosity, and, whatever happens, I must really go on. Come, make a clean breast of your story, or let us drop the subject altogether."

"I cannot," his friend replied; "I have pledged my honour not to reveal anything. But, once more, I implore you to follow my advice. Go away, return to England, do anything, but, on no account, let her find you amusement."

They had both risen by this time, and the traveller was speaking with more than usual earnestness. So occupied were they indeed, that they did not notice the approach of their hostess, who was close upon them before they became aware of her presence.

"Ah, Monsieur Fritz," she said, "why are you so cruel as to endeavour to prevent me from having the pleasure of ministering to Lord Middlesborough's happiness?"

"You must not be vexed with Fritz," Middlesborough replied. "He does not mean half he says. As a matter of fact he has been talking in fables."

"Why in fables?" Madame d'Espère inquired.

"He remembers the story of the boy and the frog you see. He thinks that when you speak of finding amusement for me, what may very probably seem fun to you, may mean death to me."

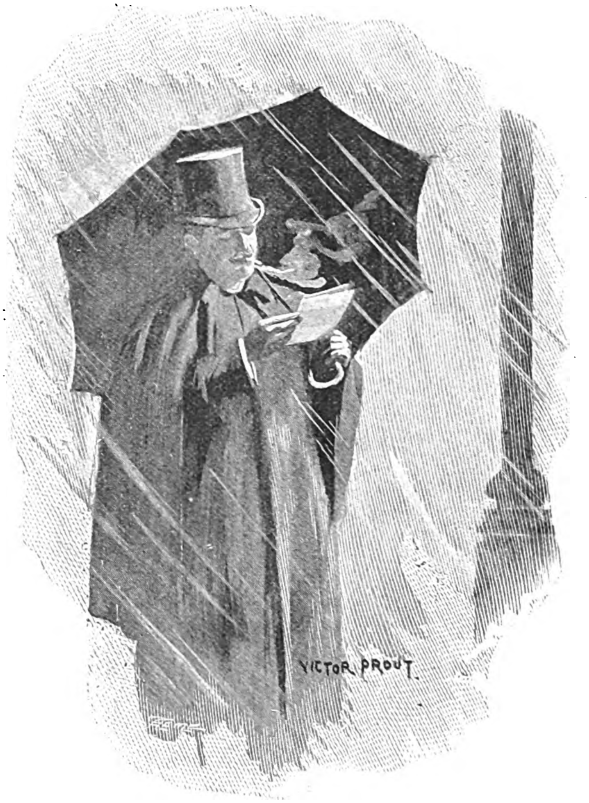
He spoke in jest, without the least idea of causing trouble, but he noticed that both his hostess and Fritz gave a little start of astonishment.

Madame d'Espère looked at him curiously.

"Perhaps you are trying to pay me a compliment," she said a little nervously, as if she were not quite sure of her ground.

"That was my intention," Middlesborough replied, as he realised that he had made an unfortunate remark, and that this was the best way out of the difficulty.

A few moments later he had thanked her for her hospitality, had made his adieux, and was in the street once more. He was conscious of a pleasant titillation of the senses for which he could not account. He endeavoured to analyse it as his neat little brougham drove along the Faubourg in the direction of his residence, but in vain. He had not solved it when his manservant, an individual of superhuman discreetness and experience, bade him a respectful good-night, and closed his bedroom door upon him an hour and a half later.



He took from his pocket the letter, which he carefully perused.

As usual next morning his letters were brought to him with his chocolate. His mail was invariably a large one, and this morning it was even more so than usual. Invitations sufficient to occupy all his waking moments twice over poured in upon him; tradesmen implored his patronage; horse-dealers desired to bring under his notice the merits and perfections of animals which, more by fortune than by good management, so it would appear, had fallen into their hands; charitable organisations endeavoured to persuade him that to endow homes for dilapidated drunkards and institutions for the reclamation of inveterate thieves by purely personal influence was a better way of spending money than wasting it upon long excursions to foreign lands that did no good to himself, and, for that matter, to anybody else. More often than was altogether wise there were delicately scented little notes, which it was necessary should be reduced to ashes as soon as their contents had been perused. Middlesborough had tossed the begging letters aside to be answered later on, when he returned to England, and was about to get out of bed, when a somewhat bigger envelope than the rest caught his eye. The writing was bold, masculine, and quite unknown to him. Before he opened it he turned it over and examined it carefully. What was the reason of it he could not say, but his instinct told him, as plain as any words could speak, that it had some connection with Madame d'Espère. At last he tore it open and withdrew the contents. These proved to be a letter and a small ebony counter or disc, upon which a Greek word was inscribed. The document read as follows:—

> If Lord Middlesborough desires to avail himself of an opportunity of joining a club which has for its sole object the dissipation of that *ennui* which has settled itself upon him, let him be standing before the Rameses monument punctually at ten o'clock this evening. As the clock strikes the hour a brougham will drive up; a man will look out and speak to him. On being shown the accompanying talisman, he will conduct him to a certain place where he can see something of the institution in question. Should Lord Middlesborough intend to avail himself of the privileges accorded him, it must be plainly understood that he pledges his word of honour that he will at no future date reveal to anyone either the object of his visit, or anything he may see or hear during his stay within the walls.

That was all. He scrutinised the writing carefully; it told him nothing, however. To the best of his belief he had never seen it before. He then examined the postmark, with the same result. All that he could discover was that it had been posted at the General Post Office in the Rue du Louvre before midnight the night before. Then he read it through again. It was an extraordinary epistle, and contained an extraordinary suggestion. He was fond of an adventure. The question for him to decide was whether he should go or not. What was this society which had founded itself solely for the destruction of *ennui?* It sounded original enough, while there was an air of mystery about the arrangement that appealed forcibly to his imagination. Should he go or not? Weary as he was of the continual round of modern amusements, he had still sufficient prudence left in his constitution to prevent him committing himself to any definite action before he knew what was to follow. He therefore locked the letter up in his cabinet with the ebony talisman, and resolved to decide upon his line of action sometime during the day. But, as he soon discovered, it was one thing to pretend to banish the matter from his mind and another to do so.

As a result by midday he had decided that the prospect of an adventure was more than he could withstand. When he returned to his residence that evening, to dress for dinner, he went to the cabinet and took from it the letter and the disc. He stood looking at the latter meditatively. Engraved upon it in Greek was the word "Oblivion." The word had suddenly come to suggest a significance for him that it had never possessed before. He dropped it into the pocket of his waistcoat, and resolved that the hour of ten should find him at the *rendezvous.* Happen what might he was determined to see the adventure through.

## CHAPTER III.

Precisely at the appointed hour, Middlesborough turned from the Quai des Tuileries into the Place de la Concorde. He crossed the Square, passed the fountains, and approached the spot where once the best blood of France had been spilt. Having reached the obelisk, he looked about him, expecting to see the carriage and the man who were to meet him there, and who would explain the mystery surrounding the letter he had that morning received. With the exception, however, of a Sergeant de Ville, who was interrogating a ragged match seller, that particular portion of the Square was deserted. Anxious to be sure that he had made no mistake, he walked to the nearest lamp-post and took from his pocket the letter which he carefully perused. There could be no sort of doubt about it. He was to meet the messenger at this spot punctually at ten o'clock. He accordingly returned to the Obelisk, and once more took up his position before it. He had scarcely done so before a neat, single horse brougham came through the Place, and pulled up opposite where he stood. A moment later the window nearest him was lowered and a man's voice said—

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Lord Middlesborough?"

The other immediatety strolled towards him and reassured him upon that point.

"Possibly," said the new comer, "you have something with you that will prove you are the person whom I am to meet?"

By way of reply Middlesborough produced from his pocket the small ebony disc which had been sent him that morning.

"A thousand thanks," the other replied, and as he said it he opened the door and invited Middlesborough to enter the carriage. The latter, on his side, however, was not prepared to do so until he had convinced himself of the messenger's *bona fides.*

"I should be glad if you would tell me where you are going to take me," he said. "So far, I know nothing, except what the letter I received this morning told me.

"I am afraid I cannot give you any information upon that head," the other replied. "My instructions were to meet you here and to escort you to a certain house in the suburbs. If, however, you have any fear for your safety, let me at once assure you that you may abandon it. All I ask in return is, that you will give me your word that nothing you may see or hear during the time you are there, shall pass your lips again. That once done, the rest is easy.

"I will give you that assurance with pleasure," Middlesborough replied. "But I must confess I should like to know something more of what I am about to do. However, as you cannot tell me that, I suppose I must do without it."

So saying he entered the carriage and took his place beside the man. Immediately he had done so the carriage started, and passed out of the Place de la Concorde, along the Champs • Elysées, through the Place de l'Etoile and the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and finally crossed the Seine by the Pont Neuilly. They had been driving for upwards of five minutes before either of them entered upon a conversation. Then Middlesborough begged permission to light a cigarette. He took his case from his pocket, and, having opened it, tendered it politely to his companion. The latter, however, respectfully declined the honour. Middlesborough thereupon placed one in his mouth, and was about to strike a match when the other stopped him.

"Permit me," he said, and as he did so

he took from his pocket a small silver box. There was a clicking sound, and then a little electric spark became visible inside. Middlesborough obtained a light from this, and as he did so, made a mental note of the circumstance. He had hoped, in lighting the cigarette, to be able to obtain a glimpse of his companion's face. The other, however, had forestalled him with his clever little invention, which threw the light like a policeman's lantern, all in one direction. It was evident from this that he was not the sort of person to be caught napping.

"We are crossing the Seine, I see," said Middlesborough; "then our address must either be Neuilly, Nanterre, Reuil, or Bougival?"

"Your Lordship must forgive me if I do not answer that question," the man replied. "Under the circumstances, it would perhaps be as well if we confined ourselves to subjects of more general interest. I am under orders, you see, and must be pardoned if I obey them."

"Of course," Middlesborough answered. "I congratulate Madame d'Espère on being so well served."

To this the man returned no reply, and Middlesborough saw that this shot also had failed to reach its mark. It did not prevent him however, from trying to keep a watchful eye on the country through which they were passing. Unfortunately the night was dark, and a sharp storm of rain rattled against the window panes, rendering it impossible for him to see anything of their direction.

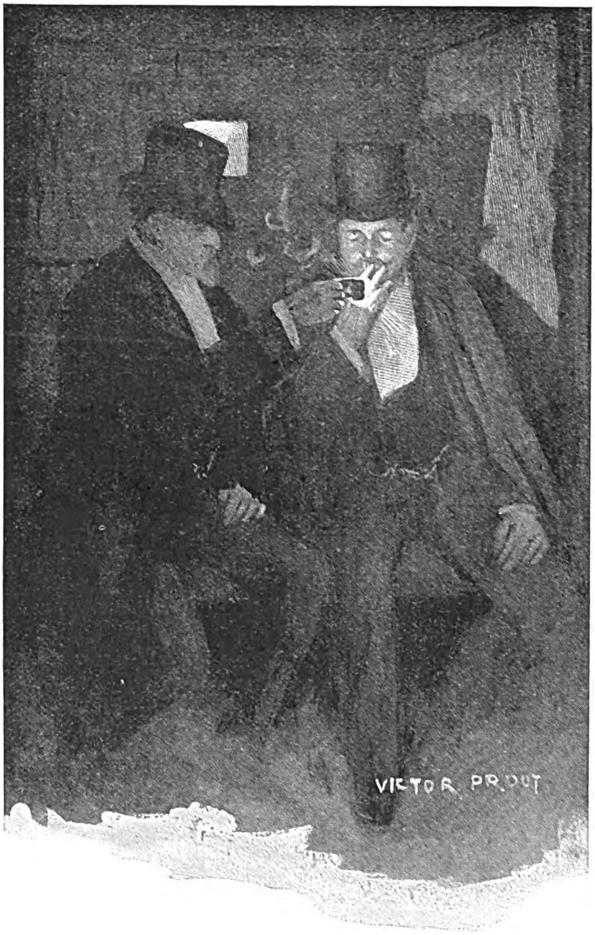
"Whatever our adventure may prove to be," said Middlesborough to himself, "it is quite evident that they and the weather, are taking great pains to prevent my finding my way to the place again. It is to be hoped that the end will justify the means."

"Have we very much further to drive?" he enquired of his conductor, when they had been sitting in silence for a quarter of an hour.

"In less than ten minutes we shall be at our destination," his companion replied. "I regret that your Lordship should find the time hang heavily upon your hands. I trust, however, that your evening's amusement may compensate for that."

"I sincerely hope it will," Middlesborough returned. "Are you aware whether Madame d'Espère will be present herself?"

"I know no such person," the other replied, but in a tone which led his companion to believe that his assertion was not altogether in accordance with the truth. He said nothing on this point, however, but relapsed into silence once more, and waited for the ten minutes to pass by. When five of their number had departed the man sitting beside him suddenly showed signs of animation.



**There was a clicking sound, and then an electric spark became visible inside the silver box. . . . It was evident he was not the sort of person to be caught napping.**

"Your Lordship was kind enough before we started to give me your assurance that whatever you might see or hear to-night, you would never reveal upon any consideration whatsoever. I presume, therefore, that you will have no objection to attaching your signature to a written promise?"

"I have given you my promise," said Middlesborough stiffly, "but if my word is not sufficient, I will do as you request. It is quite unnecessary, however."

"I am aware of that," the other answered, "but, unfortunately, in this matter we are compelled to be more than usually careful. A written promise is exacted from every member before he is admitted to the privileges of the Club, of which you will be an honorary member to-night."

"Are there any other rules? If so, please acquaint me with them, for I have no desire to commit a solecism."

"As you are, for this evening, at any rate, only an honorary visitor, we will make no further demands upon you, save to ask you to preserve your incognito. Here is a mask, my lord, which you will be kind enough to wear during the time you are in the house."

With that he produced from his pocket a small mask of black velvet fringed with lace, which he invited Middlesborough to place upon his face. At first the other felt inclined to demur, but when he was informed that admittance to the club was impossible without, he waived his objections and did as he was ordered. A moment later the coachman stopped, there was a sound of opening gates, and then the carriage rolled in between them, and passed along an avenue of sighing trees. The rain was still beating pitilessly down, and, as Middlesborough told himself, there had hitherto been plenty of mystery but very little cheerfulness in the adventure. The darkness of the carriage, the beating of the rain outside, and the general air of gloom must have affected his spirits, for he began to wonder whether he had been running his head into a trap. Only a week before, he remembered, a young foreigner had been decoyed into a house in the suburbs, and there murdered under particularly revolting circumstances. What was to prevent the same fate befalling himself? He thanked his stars that he had at least taken the precaution to slip a small revolver into the pocket of his coat before leaving the house. With that he would be able to give two or three of his enemies a fair *quid pro quo* before they brought him down.

"Your house stands a long way back from the road," he said to his companion, after they had been driving for upwards of five minutes along the avenue. "Nor, from what I can see of it, does it appear to be a particularly cheerful sort of place."

"You will alter your opinion in a moment," the man replied. "One must not judge everything by externals. I have known many a dull prologue precede many an extremely witty play."

"I am glad to see that you have some sense of humour," said Middlesborough. "Pray tell me how I am to find my way home again when the entertainment to which you are conducting me is at an end?"

"You need not distress yourself on that score," the other answered. "Everything has been arranged for your comfort. As a matter of fact, I shall myself have much pleasure in conducting you back to Paris."

He had scarcely said this before the carriage once more pulled up, and he was invited to alight.

*(To be continued.)*

From a Photo.

# THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

**The Amateur Amateur.**

I incidentally mentioned last month that beyond all question the fixed-focus camera is the most serviceable for those who do not indulge in too lofty ambitions with respect to photography.

After all, this comprehends a vast proportion of the individuals who use cameras. Photography as a scientific pursuit, or as an intricate art, has long been the hobby of a few. But photography as an intellectual, and not too difficult, amusement has, within recent years gained so enormous a hold, simply and solely because it is exceedingly easy. Merely to carry a camera to a certain spot and then turn it on to the subject selected and press a button and leave other folks to do the rest, has much that appeals to many.

If it is a snapshot of individuals, for the moment unaware of what is happening, the picture is a feat to be proud of. So much so is this that from such class of work has sprung that most trying of all creatures the "camera fiend." The enjoyment seems to lie in getting the snapshot, and in the excitement of seeing the result. When once it has been developed and printed, the interest abates, and after a laugh or two (very feigned on the part of the victim), the photograph is tossed aside.

However, the snapshot may comprise a subject of more lasting interest, such as a street scene in some foreign town, or a peculiar building, and so on. Whichever it is, such photographers make no pretence of their photographs being works of art. They are kept as reminders of what the traveller has seen. The album into which they are pasted becomes, as it were, a collection of sketches.

Photo by Charles Reid.

The Performing Bear.

**Fixed-Focus Cameras.**

Now it is perfectly obvious that the more complicated an instrument is, the more is the skill required for its proper use. When it is used pro-

Photo by Madame Lallie Garet Charles.

"Sweet as the Rose in her Bosom!"

perly it is, of course, infinitely more efficient than its simpler and less complex rival. But unless it is properly understood in all its various ramifications, a most woeful result is sure to follow.

Here, then, is the secret of the advantage of fixed-focus cameras over those that focus, for such people as have no time, or more possibly, no inclination, to achieve an expertness in the use of a complicated apparatus.

Photo by F. Ollo.

**A Leader of the Blind.**

It is certain, of course, that the best picture obtainable by a fixed-focus camera, when surrounding circumstances are somewhat adverse, is immeasureably inferior to that produced by the better instrument; but it is equally certain that in the hands of two — what shall I say — duffers, or, better still perhaps, beginners, the fixed-focus camera will be in all probability more successful than the elaborate focussing one.

It really amounts to this, that there is no great margin for mistakes in an ordinary fixed-focus camera. Given favourable circumstances, the little affair will do its own work for itself. But here we have the whole difficulty. It is just with respect to surrounding circumstances that we find ourselves so limited. We become slaves without a chance of helping ourselves. If everything is not exactly right we can only tuck our camera under our arm, and watch our more skilful companions take a photo with a camera rejoicing in a capacity to focus and in an iris diaphragm, or in a series of stops.

**The Advantages of Stops.** There is in the way of cameras a halfway house between the fixed focus camera that is a mere toy, and the more elaborate combinations. This consists of a camera incapable of focussing, but, at the same time, fitted with an iris diaphragm or a series of stops. To explain the scientific reasons of the advantage and working of a diaphragm is, with respect to the learned and expert photographer, a matter of carrying coals to Newcastle; whilst to enter into elaborate details would be neither more nor less than tedious to the ordinary individual. Suffice it is to say that, in a sense, the closing of the aperture or, in other words, the using of a smaller stop, concentrates the rays of light, and, in a fixed-focus camera, is a substitute (up to a certain point) for focussing.

**A Simple Camera.** The majority of fixed-focus cameras are similar in quality. It may be a Frena, or it may be a Kodak, and there are many others. With respect to the Kodak, I can give some facts and figures of

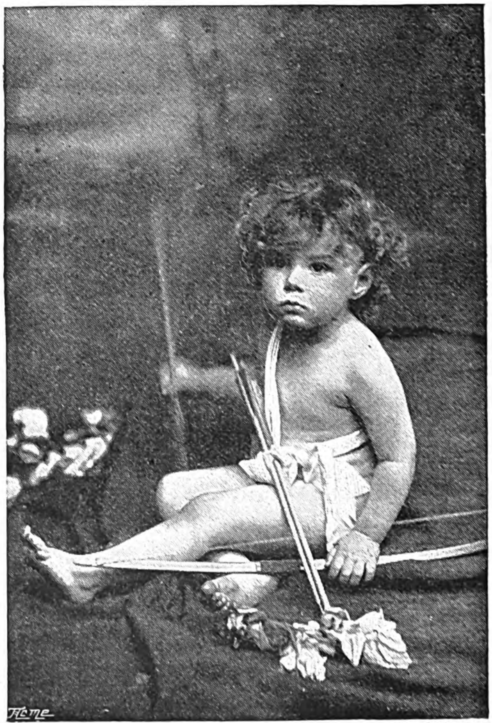


Photo by Guy & Co. Ltd.

**Cupid.**

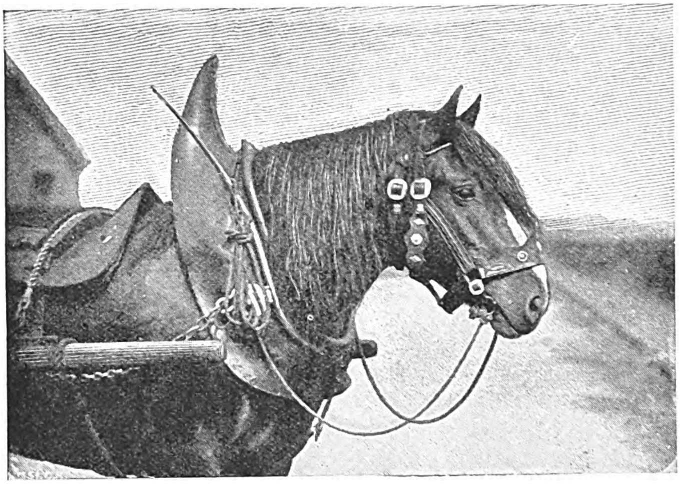


Photo by **Patience.** Charles Reid.

my own experience, and facts and figures are always useful. The principle is, however, identical, whatever camera is used.

I will suppose, for the sake of argument, and for the purpose of giving my remarks a definiteness, that you are using a No. 2 Special Bullet (or Bullseye) Kodak. Here you have a fixed-focus camera, and one fitted with an iris diaphragm.

### The Use of Different Stops.

Now a snapshot pure and simple is only possible (and by possible I mean really likely to turn out well) if the main portion of the picture is over 10ft. away, and if the light is good. Then the full aperture can be used. Such a photograph presents no vast difficulties. If the sunlight is fairly strong, the diaphragm can be reduced to F 8. There is no difficulty in this, and no learning is required, for the scale is marked and a pointer indicates the exact aperture. If the snapshot is on the sea, or if the sunlight is very strong, the aperture can be still further reduced to F 16. If you have the combination of sea and bright sunshine, you can still further reduce the aperture by stopping down to F 32. This, too, is the right stop for use with a time exposure, if you are attempting a portrait, the sitter being anything beyond 10ft. from you. F 16 is, moreover, the correct stop for a time exposure when the subject is at a distance.

F 64 is absolutely useless for a snapshot; under no circumstances can it be anything but a failure. For time exposure out of doors, however, it gives you a very sharp result, far sharper and better than you could possibly get if you had a camera not fitted with stops. When your subject is a landscape, with plenty of sunshine, you can use the "lever" exposure, which means that the shutter is open as long as you keep the spring pressed down. You must make as quick an exposure as you can.

The smallest stop of F. 128 is of course, only for use for time exposure.

### The Best Result.

Now let me try and summarise the above information into something approaching a table. F. 8 is for a snapshot in ordinary sunshine. F. 16 is for a snapshot on the sea, and for subjects not too close and with plenty of sunshine. F. 32 is for snapshots on the sea when the sun is bright; also for portrait work when the sitter is beyond 10ft. F. 64 is for time exposure out of doors and for portrait work within 10ft, also for "lever" exposure for landscape. If there are light clouds, from a half to one second exposure is correct; if the clouds are heavy then from two to five

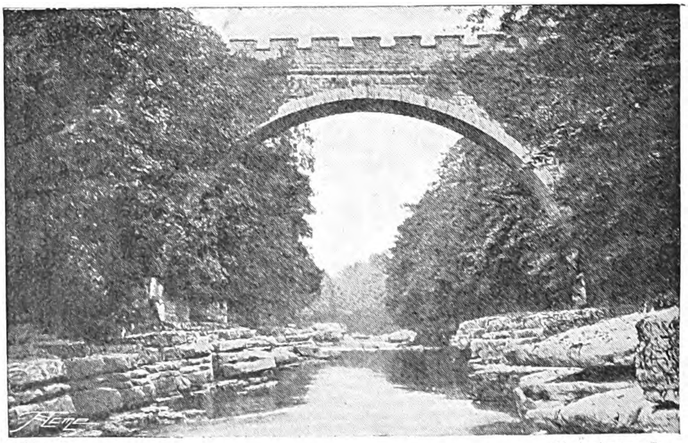


Photo by **The Abbey Bridge, Barnard Castle.** Photochrome Co.

seconds. It is also the best aperture for portraits out of doors with diffused light, the exposure being from four to eight seconds.

It is not to be supposed that the data I have given will prove absolutely complete or infallible. Still, it will prove of inestimable value and assistance to the amateur, that is, to the amateur who has a camera, and only a very small idea of how to use it. It will, too, tend to show how very much greater are the possibilities of a camera fitted with stops over the one which is not. My advice is to cut this paragraph out and paste it on to your camera for ready reference.

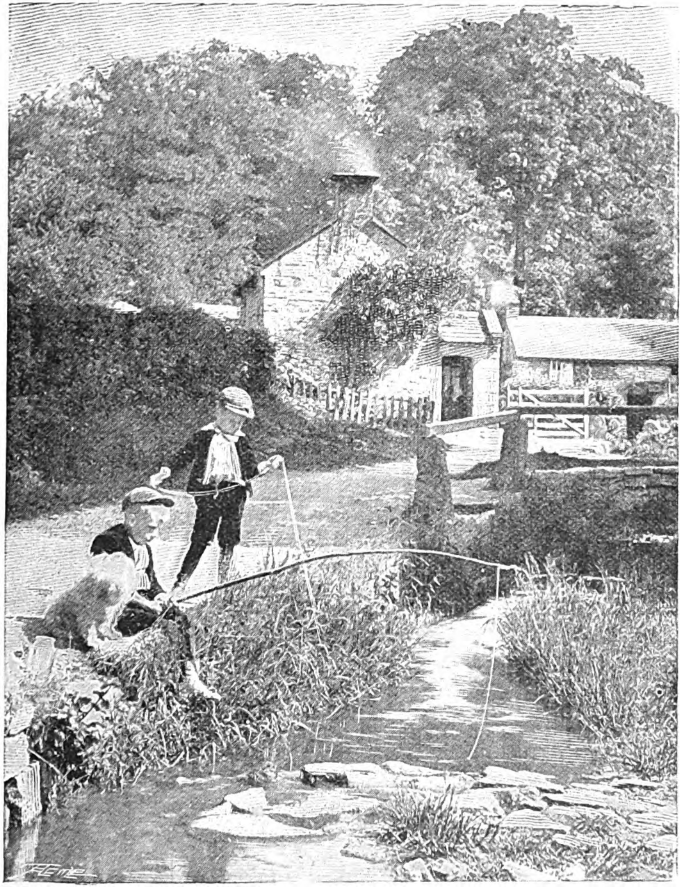


Photo by C. F. Inston.

The Anglers.

### The Camera in London.

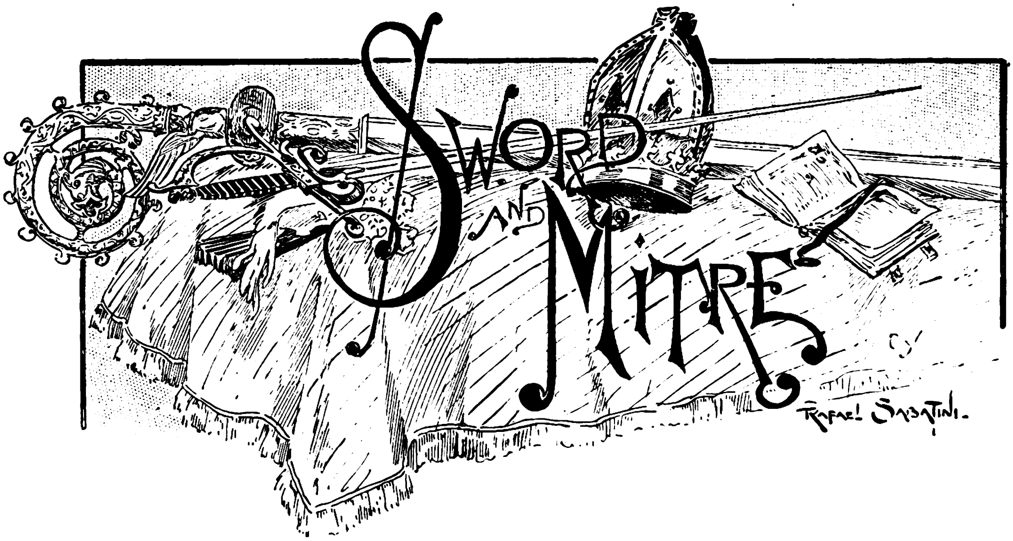
A small fixed-focus camera has a number of advantages when one wishes to indulge in a little snap-shooting in London or any other big city.

Of course there is the limitation of light. It must be a really good light or, for a certainty, the films will be underexposed. But given propitious surrounding circumstances, what limitless fields for work are some, nay, indeed, all or any, of the great London thoroughfares!

It is not a question of snapping off pictures of the traffic. They never come out well. The chief prizes consist of individuals, some of those queer quaint creatures that haunt the roads of London. They are characters to talk to, and almost obviously they are characters to look at. Many of them are actual institutions. The same square yard of pavement or roadway sees them year in and year out. Generally they are newspaper sellers, sometimes they are match sellers; occasionally they are crossing sweepers, often enough —far too often—they are little more than children.

Have you ever seen that blind woman sitting on the stone support of the railing of one of our great hospitals? She sells matches, if I remember aright, and her face, absolutely tranquil and yet with a look of old pain on it, would make a most pathetic study. And you who are familiar with those roaring rivers of traffic, Fleet Street, Cheapside, and the Strand, have doubtless seen a blind man with a face not unlike Mr. Cecil Rhodes' characteristic visage. He (the blind one, not the African Napoleon) thumps the pavement with his stick, and cries out his wares in a loud, sing-song, and peculiarly melancholy voice. Have you seen him? He, too, would be well worth the trouble of photographing. These are only two of how vast a multitude!

But I have no space to write more of the London street arab. Some day I must give him a number to himself.



## I.

The Marquis de Castelroc stood smiling before me, and in his outstretched hand he held the appointment, which unsolicited and even against my wishes, he had obtained for me, in Lorraine.

For some moments I remained dumbfounded by what I accounted a liberty which he had no right to take, and yet, imagining that feelings of kindly interest had dictated it, I had not the heart to appear resentful.

At length I broke the painful silence.

"Monsieur is extremely kind," I murmured, bowing, "but I regret that I cannot accept the appointment."

He dropped the parchment on to the table, and going over to the fireplace, leant his elbow on the overmantel; with his gaze fixed upon the ormolu clock, he appeared lost in thoughts of no pleasant character to judge by the expression of his face.

"You are still a very young man, Monsieur de Blèville," he said at last.

"Pardon me," I interrupted impatiently, "but I was twenty-four last birthday."

"A great age," he sneered, then quickly changing his tone as if he feared to offend me, "I speak comparatively," he continued. "You are young when compared with me, who am old enough to be your father. Youth, *mon cher* Vicomte, is rash, and often does not recognise those things which would revert to its own advantage. Now I mean you well."

"I doubt it not, Monsieur."

"I mean you well, and I take more interest in you than you think. I have noticed that you are growing pale of late; the air of Paris does not agree with you, and a change would benefit you vastly."

"I thank you, but I am feeling passing well," I answered with some warmth.

"Still," he persisted, puckering his brows, "not so well as a young man of your years should do. Lorraine is a particularly healthy country. You will take the appointment."

"A plague on the appointment!" I exclaimed, unable longer to restrain the anger which his impertinence excited, "I do not want it! Do you not understand me sir? *Notre Dame!* But your persistence grows wearisome. Permit me to bid you good-night; I have pressing matters to attend to."

So saying, I reached out for my hat which lay on the table beside the lighted tapers. But he caught my arm in his hand with a grip that made me wince.

"Not yet, Vicomte!" he cried huskily; "I take too great an interest in you to let you go thus. We must understand each other first."

His pale face had an evil scowl, and his voice a ring of mockery little to my taste.

"Your life is in danger, Monsieur," he said presently, "and if you persist in your determination to remain in Paris, evil will befall you."

"And from whom, pray?" I inquired haughtily.

"My Lord Cardinal."

“Richelieu!” I gasped, and I know that I paled, although I strove not to do so.

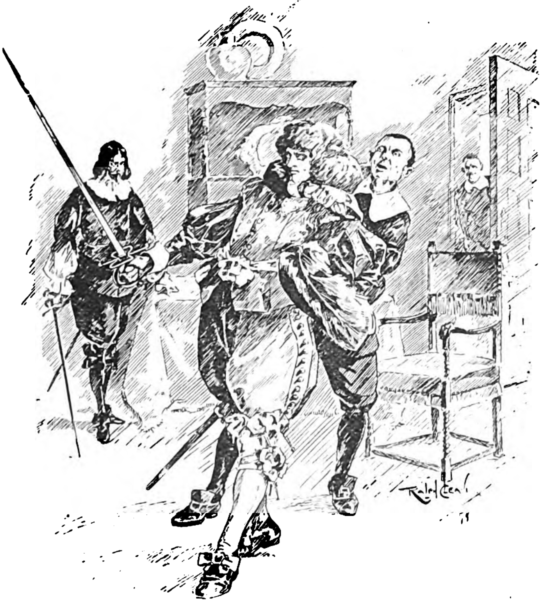
Bending over until his lips were on a level with my ear, “Who killed Beausire?” he whispered suddenly.

I recoiled as if he had struck me, then, in an access of fury, I sprang upon him, and seizing him by the costly lace about his throat, I shook him viciously in my grasp.

“What do you know?” I cried. “Answer me, sir, or I will strangle you. What do you know?”

With an effort he wrenched himself free, and flung me back against the wall.

“Enough to hang you,” he snarled, panting for breath. “Your presence in Paris is distasteful to me. I have determined that you shall quit it, and go you shall—either to Lorraine or the Bastille, as you choose.”



Before I could disengage, my arms were seized from behind.

“I choose neither, sir,” I answered defiantly. “You cannot substantiate your calumny!”

“Ho, ho! Calumny, eh?” he jeered.

“Yes, calumny,” I repeated, thinking to have found a loophole.

But my hopes were soon dashed.

“Pish!” he said, “but I have proofs, boy—written proofs. I have a letter which Beausire wrote to his wife, on the morning of his death, wherein he told her that he was going to St. Germain to a rendezvous with the Vicomte de Bléville.”

“And why,” I inquired suspiciously, “if such be the case, why was this letter not shown to Monseigneur de Richelieu by the widow?”

“Because it contained a request that it he fell, no disclosures should be made. The widow was forced to respect his last wishes. But she died last week, as you may possibly be aware; she was my sister, as you may also know, and after her death, I found this letter among other treasured papers. What do you say now? Will you accept the appointment?”

“It was an honourable duel,” I murmured sullenly.

He laughed.

“You can explain that to His Eminence,” he answered derisively, “If you think it will weigh with him.”

I knew full well that it would not; for besides the royal edicts which forbade duelling—and in virtue of which we had gone to St. Germain, to fight without seconds, trusting to each other's honour, so that there might be no witnesses, and so that the survivor might not be pestered with the law—Beausire *was the Cardinal's Nephew.*

Again Castelroc repeated that monotonous question, “Will you accept the appointment?”

“Would you vouchsafe to tell me why you desire my absence?” I inquired at length.

“Because your presence annoys me,” he answered surlily.

“That is no explanation, Monsieur. I must have a reason.”

“And, by Heaven, you shall!” he retorted furiously. “Listen, sir. There is a certain lady in Paris whom I love and whom I desire to wed, but I may not do so whilst you are by.”

The absurdity of his explanation was such that I could not withhold a laugh.

“I do not understand how my presence can affect your *affaires de cœur.*”

“No more do I! *Mort de ma vie,* I do not!” he answered vehemently. “But women are strange things, and this one has the bad taste to prefer you to me.”

“But, Monsieur de Castelroc,” I exclaimed, “how can I be guilty of all this? I do not seek to wed the maid.”

He looked at me in blank astonishment.

“You do not seek to wed Mademoiselle de la Haudraye?” he muttered.

“Who?” I thundered, starting forward.

“Mademoiselle de la Haudraye.”

For a moment I stared at him, then, stimulated by anger and scorn, I burst into a long, loud laugh.

"It amuses you?" he said icily.

"*Par Dieu!* In truth it does! Imagine the presumption of a man of your years and reputation, aspiring to the hand of such a woman as Mademoiselle de la Haudraye! *Mon Dieu*, 'tis passing droll!"

And with my hands in my sides, I gave unrestrained vent to my hilarity, forgetful for the moment of the Cardinal, and the dungeon yawning at my feet.

But Castelroc sobered me suddenly by picking up that plaguey parchment.

"When you have had your laugh, you young fool, perhaps you will reconsider the advisability of accepting this document," he snarled white with passion.

"May the devil take you and your document," I answered, picking up my hat. "Do what you please. I remain in Paris."

"I will give you twenty-four hours to deliberate," he cried.

"My mind will be unaltered in twenty-four years."

"Then, *Mon Dieu*, I will go at once." And he touched a bell that stood upon the table. "My hat and cloak, Guitant," he said to the servant who answered his summons, "and order my carriage, I am going to the Palais Cardinal."

"And I to the Rue du Bac," I cried, as the door closed upon the lacquey.

"Where?" he ejaculated.

"To the Rue du Bac, to tell Mademoiselle de la Haudraye what manner of man you are, and what you are about to do. Now, Master *mouchard*," I exclaimed triumphantly, "if you imagine that your suit will prosper after that; if you imagine that the Comte de La Haudraye will permit his daughter to wed one of the Cardinal's spies, you are a greater fool than I hold you for."

It was a rash speech, but for the life of me, I could not have withheld it.

"You shall not go!" he roared, turning livid; "you shall not leave here but to go to the Bastille." Then raising his voice,—"Ho, there, someone! *A moi!*"

My sword was out in a trice, and I rushed wildly at him for his threat had scared me, and I saw that my rashness was like to cost me dear.

He drew as I sprang forward, and was barely in time to parry a stroke that threatened to end his intriguing for all time. Before I could disengage, my arms were seized from behind, and, struggling madly, I was held there at his mercy.

But he only laughed, and, sheathing his sword, said the Cardinal would deal with me.

I was flung rudely down, and whilst one servant pinned me to the ground, another fetched a rope wherewith they bound me firmly, hand and foot. Then Castelroc rolled me over and struck me on the face. I opened my mouth to tell him in fitting terms what I thought of his act, when, quick as lightning, he gagged me with a *poire d'angoisse;* then, with a parting gibe, he strode away in the wake of his *sbirri*, and locking the door after him, left me there, stretched upon the ground, powerless, inert and mute.

## II.

For perhaps ten minutes I lay where I had been thrown, too stunned by the rude manner in which I had been handled, to indulge in active thought.

Presently, however, I revived somewhat. The ticking of the ormolu clock was irritating to me, and I felt a burning desire to dash it from its shelf and silence it. But as I gazed upon the ornament, I turned my thoughts to the time it measured, and in spirit I followed the Marquis de Castelroc to the Palais Cardinal.

"Even now," I thought, "he will be there. Say he is kept waiting five minutes, it will be half-past eight before he has speech of the Cardinal, another five minutes to relate his story, and ten minutes for his return, accompanied by an officer of Richelieu's guards, or of the *Mousquetaires*.

"By a quarter to nine I shall be arrested, by nine o'clock I shall be in the Chatelêt, and by to-morrow in the Bastille."

I shuddered and groaned alternately, for the next minute—and groaning with a choke-pear in one's mouth is not easily accomplished.

Next I remembered that I had my own rash tongue to thank for the ropes about me. Had I held my peace, I might have been left free to proceed to the Rue du Bac, and warn Adeline and her father of what was about to take place. I could have gone calmly to the Bastille, afterwards, reassured by the vows which I knew my lady would utter, and—I thought—fulfil, to wait for me. She might have to wait a few years, but even the Cardinal de Richelieu could not live for ever, and he was already old, and in the end I should be released, and we might still be happy together.

But to disappear in this fashion, as if the earth had consumed me—it was dreadful! She would not know that it was Castelroc's handiwork, and after she had mourned me for a few weeks—with that villain at hand to console her—who could say what might happen? Women, I told myself, were fickle things, and many had an unhealthy fancy for a profligate, especially when, like Castelroc, he chanced to be courtly, handsome, and gifted with a persuasive tongue.

As these thoughts paraded themselves tormentingly before my brain, I was nigh upon becoming mad with anger. In a paroxysm of rage, I writhed like a wounded snake upon the polished floor, and rolled myself over and over, until I had almost broken my pinioned arms.

I paused at length in my futile struggles, and lay panting, on my back, staring stupidly at the hands of the timepiece, which now pointed to half-past eight. In another quarter of an hour, Castelroc would return.

Oh, if I could only have that quarter of an hour free, so that I might yet go to the Rue du Bac!

Then, the thought of escape suggested itself, and I was astonished that it had not occurred to me before. The next instant, however, I laughed inwardly—the choke-pear prevented me from laughing aloud—as I remembered how impossible it was. But I set myself to think.

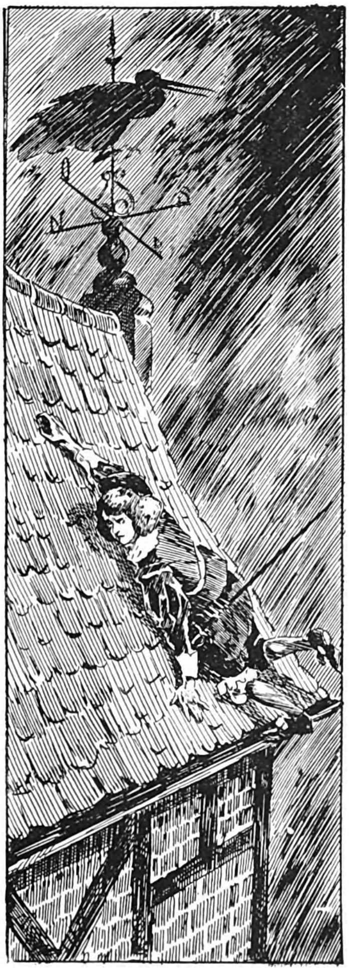
If only I could release my hands! But how? I glanced about me. My sword lay on the ground, but I could devise no means of employing it.

Then my eyes alighted on the tapers that had been left burning, and my heart almost ceased to beat at the idea they suggested.

I glanced at the clock. It was already twenty-five minutes to nine. If only I had time. And at the thought I fell to cursing myself for not having acted sooner.

In ten minutes Castelroc would be back. Yes, but that was if he gained immediate audience. What if the Cardinal kept him waiting? He might spend a half-hour, an hour, or even two hours in the ante-chamber. Richelieu was not particular, and he had tried the patience of better men than Castelroc, in this fashion.

Still, fortune favours fools and rogues as well as brave men, so that it would not do to build my hopes upon a moonbeam. Of ten minutes I was certain, and what a desperate man could do in ten minutes, I would do.


I clawed the roof like a cat, and caught myself betimes.

With the agility of a reptile, I wriggled across the room, and having turned myself upon my face, I contrived to kneel. Next, with my chin upon the table, I strove to raise the weight of my body.

I had almost succeeded when of a sudden, my feet slipped, and I fell heavily to the ground once more, dragging the table with me. Two of the tapers spluttered and went out, but the third, fortunately, still burnt, upon the floor.

With a wildly thumping heart, I lay there listening, and wondering if the noise of my fall had attracted attention. But as all remained quiet, I crawled over to the lighted taper, and having gained my knees, I bent over it backwards, holding the rope that bound my wrists, in the flame, heedless of the searing of my flesh.

In half a minute my hands were free, although severely cut and scorched. To draw the gag from my mouth, and cut the cords at my ankles with my dagger, was the work of an instant.

Then, having righted the candle, and recovered my sword, I made stealthily across the room, to the window.

It wanted but twenty minutes to nine. I had but five minutes more!

I opened the window and looked out. It was a fine night and clear enough, although the moon had not yet risen, for which I was thankful.

I paused for a moment to inhale a deep,

invigorating breath of the pure, April air, then glanced about me for a means of escape.

I groaned as I beheld the street pavement a good forty feet beneath me, and saw nothing that might assist me to climb down, as I had hoped.

A full minute I wasted in cursing my ill-fortune, as I realised that after all, there was nothing for it, but to submit to the inevitable and remain.

Only three minutes left! The thought acted on me like a dagger prod, and served to quicken my tumultuous thoughts.

I turned wildly this way and that, and at last my eyes fastened upon the sloping roof of the adjoining house, not more than twelve feet below the window whereat I stood, but quite three feet away to the left.

For a moment I thought of jumping it; but the peril was too great, and I would of a certainty have been dashed to pieces. Then a bright thought occurred to me, and I rushed back for my cloak, which lay in the room.

An iron stanchion protruded from the wall, a little to the left and some two feet below the window. I know not what it did there, nor for the moment did I care. It was already a quarter to nine.

Reaching out, I tied with trembling hands a corner of my cloak to that most *à propos* of stanchions. Even as I completed the task, a carriage came rumbling down the street, I felt myself grow cold with apprehension. Could this be Castelroc?

I went near to dropping from my perch on the window sill at the thought. But the coach passed on, and I took its advent as a good omen. I would cheat the dog yet! And I verily believe that I laughed, as I lowered myself gently from the window.

For a moment I clung to the sill, suspended in mid-air; then, moving my right leg across, I got astride of the stanchion, wondering for the first time if it would bear my weight, and sweating with fear at the thought.

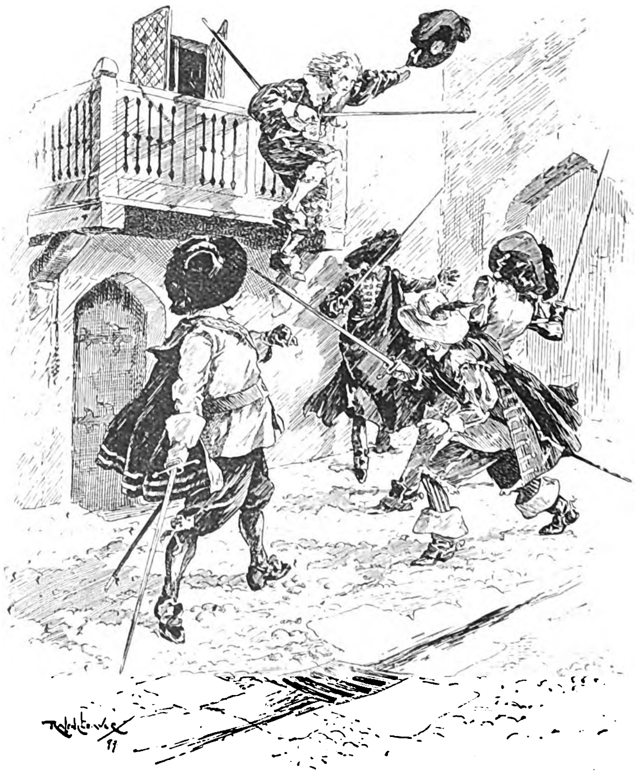
But the iron was stout and firmly planted, and presently I was sliding slowly down my cloak, until there was perhaps a yard of it above my head. Next, taking a firm hold, I set myself to swing backwards and forwards, until presently the roof of the adjoining house was immediately below my feet.

Twice might I have loosened my hold and dropped with safety, but a miserable fear made me hesitate each time until it was too late. The third time, however, realising that the strain was beginning to tell upon my arms, and that I might not have strength enough left to swing across again, I commended my soul to God, and let go.

Down I came with a crash, upon the tiles, and it is a miracle that I did not slide over the edge of the sloping roof, and take a plunge into eternity. I did indeed, slip for a foot or so, but in wild terror I clawed the roof like a cat, and caught myself betimes.

Panting, and covered with perspiration, I lay there for a minute or two to regain my breath, and steady my shaken nerves, gazing at my still dangling cloak, and at the lighted window above, and marvelling greatly that I had had the daring to undertake so desperate a journey.

Castelroc had not yet returned, so I concluded that the Cardinal had kept him waiting. Still, he might appear at any moment, and I was too near my prison to feel safe as yet.



**I dropped with a yell into their astonished midst.**

Then picking myself carefully up, I crawled along, on hands and knees for a while, until presently, growing bolder with experience, I rose to my feet, and hurried as rapidly as I dared, along that elevated highway.

For some five minutes, I pushed steadily onward, with naught save a stray cat or two to keep me company, but in the end, albeit the road was passing new to me, and vastly interesting, I began to weary of it, and paused to think how I might descend to the more usual walks of men.

I had reached the corner of the Rue Trècart by then, and as I looked about me, I saw an attic window, conveniently situated on one of the roofs to my left.

Turning I wended my steps in that direction, and with infinite pains I crawled down until I stood beside it.

The window was fastened, but it was an easy matter to put my foot through it, and afterwards my arm, and thus gain admittance.

I stood for a moment in the small, unfurnished room, to listen if there might be anyone at hand to resent my intrusion. Hearing naught, I went forward, and having opened the door, passed out on to the landing, and in the dark I felt my way stealthily down the stairs.

I had reached the first floor, and was debating whether I should go boldly down and quit the house in a rational manner by the street door, when suddenly hearing male voices and a certain raucous laughter, suggestive of the bottle, I deemed it best to risk no meetings that might be avoided.

I applied my ear to the keyhole of the door by which I stood, and as all remained still, I turned the handle and entered. There was nobody in the room, which I could just discern was tastily furnished and contained a bed; so closing the door after me, I stole across to the window which opened on to a wooden balcony.

As I reached it, my attention was arrested by the clash of steel below.

"What!" I thought, "brawling at this hour, and in the very streets of Paris, in spite of the edicts?"

Softly I opened the window and stepped out on to the balcony. The sight which met my eyes filled me with astonishment and anger.

A tall, well built Cavalier, with his back against the wall immediately beneath me, the crown of his hat almost on a level with the balcony, which was little more than six feet from the ground, stood defending himself with masterly dexterity against the onslaught of three evil-looking knaves.

If these men had no respect for the laws of the king, they might at least have some for the laws of chivalry. I did not hesitate a moment what to do; I forgot my own affairs utterly, and drawing my sword, I vaulted over the low wooden railings, and like the warrior St. Michael from Heaven to do battle for the right, I dropped, with a yell, into their astonished midst.

## III.

*Notre Dame!* How those three ruffians stared at my unexpected and inexplicable advent!

And I, having seen what manner of men they were, felt no compunction at profiting by their surprise to run my sword through the nearest of them, from breast to back. He uttered a sharp cry, dropped his rapier, and clawed the air for a moment, then falling in a heap upon the ground, lay still.

With a shout of rage, another one sprang at me before I could release my sword, and the lunge he directed upon me would assuredly have sent me from the world unshriven, had not the cavalier interposed his blade and turned the murderous stroke aside. The next instant, however, he had to defend his own skin from the third ruffian, who sought to take the same advantage of him, that his fellow had endeavoured to take of me.

But the respite had permitted me to regain my sword, and I now engaged my assailant across the body of his fallen comrade, and kept him busy, albeit the light was bad.

As I had expected, he was but a sorry swordsman, and his parries reminded one of a windmill; nevertheless, he kept up a vigorous cut and thrust play of the old Italian school, which, albeit, soon reckoned with in daylight, is mighty discomposing in the dark, and on a slippery ground, with a body at your feet to stumble over if you lunge too far.

During the first few passes I laughed at his labours, and asked him banteringly if he were wielding a battle-axe; but presently, when I had been forced to turn my sword into a buckler three or four times, I recognised that the season was ill-timed for jesting.

If only I could catch that busy arm of his quiet for a second, I knew I should have him.

Presently he essayed a direct thrust, thinking to force my guard, but I caught his point, and with a sharp *riposte* which ended in an engage in *tierce*, I brought his play to a standstill at last.

The opportunity was not to be wasted, so with a quick, one, two, stroke, I sent my point round under his elbow, and whilst he went fumbling away to the right for my blade, it was grating against his ribs on the left.

He fell heavily across his companion's body, then raising himself by a stupendous effort, he fastened one arm around my leg, and attempted to shorten his sword, but the exertion overcame him, and as I kicked my leg free, he sank down in a swoon.

The whole affair had not lasted two minutes, and the cavalier was still at work with his opponent, but when turning, I advanced to his aid, the remaining ruffian sprang back, and setting off at a mad gallop down the street, was soon lost to our eyes and ears alike.

"I am deeply indebted to you, Monsieur," said the cavalier, in a curiously muffled voice, as he held out his left hand to me. "My right hand is bleeding slightly," he explained.

I took the proffered hand, and as answering him, I looked up at his face, I saw that he wore a mask.

"I am happy to have been of service to so valiant a gentleman," I answered, bowing, "but how came you, if I may inquire, into such company."

"I was decoyed hither," he answered, with a bitter laugh. "I was bidden come alone, and I was foolish enough to accept the invitation."

Whereat, thinking that possibly there was some jealous lady in the matter, and knowing how such affairs are managed, I enquired no further.

"And had it not been for your timely arrival," my companion added, "there would have been an end of me by now. But whither are you bent?" he inquired suddenly.

"To the Rue du Bac," I answered, as my own forgotten affairs came back to my mind.

"Then I will take you there in my carriage—it is waiting not many yards from here—I can thus make up to you for the time that you have lost on my behalf. But let us see to these knaves, first."

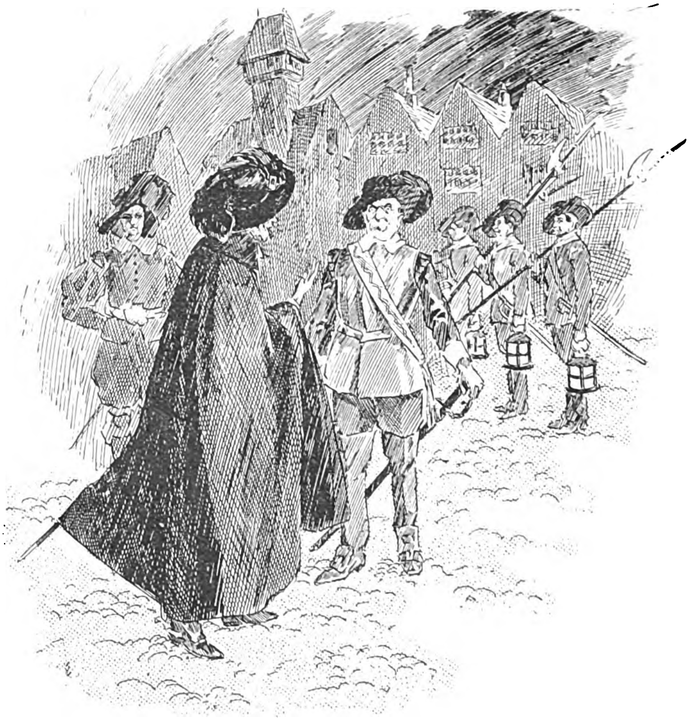
We turned the two fellows over; one of them was but slightly wounded, but the other one—the first to fall—was quite dead. We dragged them under the balcony, and propped them against the wall.

"I will send someone to attend to them," said my companion. "Come, it is not safe to linger, the patrol may pass at any moment."

With that, he linked his arm in mine, and drew me away from the spot. And as we went, he fell to thanking me again, and ended by praising my swordsmanship—albeit, he had seen but little of it himself—and saying that it was an accomplishment one should be thankful for.

"And yet, Monsieur," I exclaimed, "although I am thankful enough to-night, since it has afforded me the opportunity of serving you, yet am I at this very moment in grievous trouble; thanks to my rapier-play."

"Ah!" he murmured, with a show of interest, "and if I am not impertinent,



The sergeant fell back with a cry of dismay.

what is this trouble? I may be able to assist you—who knows?"

I required no second invitation, for youth is ever ready with its confidences, and as we walked along, I began my narrative. When I spoke of Castelroc as a spy of Richelieu's, he stopped abruptly.

"The Marquis de Castelroc is no spy of the Cardinal's," he said coldly.

"Ah, pardon! I have offended you, Monsieur," I exclaimed. "Castelroc is a friend of yours."

"God forbid!" he ejaculated.

"But you know him?"

"Yes, for the greatest rogue unhung, but pursue your tale, you interest me."

Briefly I told my story down to the point where I had sprung from the balcony to his assistance.

"The dastard!" he muttered, then quickly added, "*Hélos!* my poor friend, your case is indeed grave; but if you were to seek audience of the Cardinal and explain to him, *qui sait?* he might forgive. The affair is old and probably forgotten. Moreover, you appear to have been forced into this duel with Beausire, and, *ma foi!* I fail to see how a gentleman could have done otherwise than fight, under such circumstances."

"Aye, Monsieur," I answered shaking my head, "but the Cardinal will not trouble to inquire. His edicts forbid duelling—that is sufficient. But if more were needed—Beausire was his nephew."

"You misjudge him."

"Nay, Monsieur, I do not. I recognise in His Eminence, a great and just man, too just to err on the side of mercy."

At that juncture we turned the corner and walked full into a patrol coming in the opposite direction.

My companion surprised me by bidding the sergeant go attend to the wounded man we had left behind.

"Has there been a duel?" the fellow inquired.

"Possibly," answered the cavalier, with great composure.

The sergeant eyed us suspiciously for a moment, then bade us return with him.

"We have business elsewhere, and the affair does not concern us," answered my companion.

"I know not that——" the other began, when suddenly,

"Peace, fool!" the cavalier muttered, and drawing forth his right hand which he had said was wounded, and hitherto kept carefully under his cloak, he held it up.

I knew not what magic was in those fingers, but at the sight of them the sergeant fell back with a cry of dismay; then recovering himself, he bowed low before us, and bid us pass.

A moment later, and before I could master my surprise at what I had witnessed, we entered a carriage that stood waiting hard by.

"Palais Cardinal!" said my companion.

"No, no!" I exclaimed, making for the door; but the coach was already in motion. I turned to expostulate with my companion. He had removed his mask, and a wild panic seized me as, by the light of a street lamp, I recognised—the Cardinal!

"Well, my young friend," he laughed, "you are in luck to-night, and since you have caught Richelieu breaking his own edicts, you have a right to expect that he will not judge you over harshly, and that for once this 'great and wise man' *will* err on the side of mercy."

"Your Eminence!" I cried.

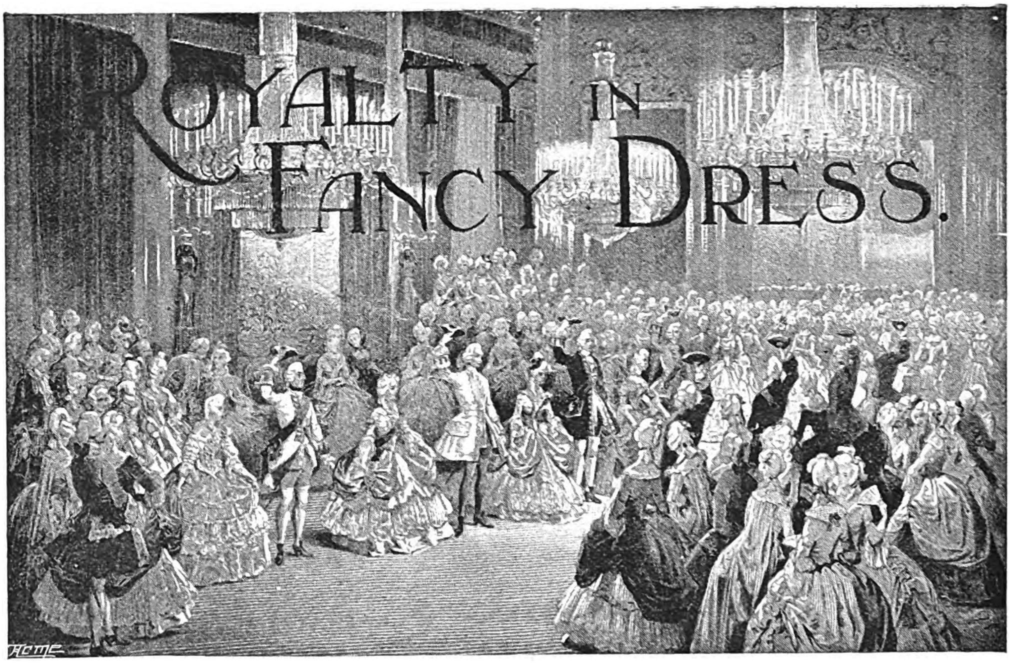
"He raised his hand, upon which I now beheld the sacred amethyst which had so subjugated the sergeant.

"Say no more," he said, "you owe me nothing, whilst *I* owe you my life. As for this Castelroc, I am sorry to keep you from Mademoiselle de La Haudraye for a few moments longer, but I shall be grateful if you will afford me the amusement of beholding his face when we walk in, arm in arm, to grant him the audience for which he is no doubt still awaiting. I know the gentleman of old; he was involved in a Gascon plot last winter, and had a finger in one of Anne of Austria's tasty pies, a few weeks ago. I have been lately thinking of finding him a change of lodging, and your story has decided me. I do not think a sojourn in the Bastille would be amiss, do you?"

I confessed with a laugh that I did not, and a few minutes later, Richelieu's fancy for studying facial expression, found ample entertainment. Castelroc, seated in a deep chair in the ante-chamber, leapt up as we entered, and, *Mon Dieu!* his eyes started out of their sockets when he saw me, and his jaw dropped like that of a dead man.

As ten was striking—so quickly did it all occur—Castelroc and, I left the Palais Cardinal, in separate carriages—he going to the Bastille with a mounted escort, and I—at last—to the Rue du Bac.

# ROYALTY IN FANCY DRESS.



By Mary Fermor.

*Illustrated from old Engravings and from Photographs by Messrs. Lafayette, Dublin.*

Now that court life has been robbed of so much of its splendour, shorn of many of its magnificent trappings and transformed from lavish display to stately simplicity ; when the ever-growing practical spirit of the century has succeeded in banishing all that is picturesque from male attire, and has reduced uniforms to a minimum of colour and decoration, it is interesting to study an even temporary revival of the sartorial glories of the past, such as is afforded by a Court fancy dress ball.

On May 12th, 1842, Queen Victoria gave at Buckingham Palace what is known as the Plantagenet Ball; and it is no surprise to find that a kindly sympathy with her suffering subjects prompted Her Majesty to command this splendid pageant. Prince Albert, in writing to the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha, thus alludes to the event : "We have organised it with the view of helping trade in London, which is greatly depressed. We are to represent Edward III. and Queen Philippa, and the whole court is to appear in the court dress of the period. The Duchess of Cambridge is to head a procession of one hundred and twenty persons, intending to represent France, Italy and Spain."

Certain turbulent spirits across the Channel seized on this laudable combination of duty and pleasure as an instrument wherewith to fan the anti-English sentiments of some politicians into a flame of national indignation. A heated debate took place in the French Chamber as to the propriety of their ambassador in London being present at a function which, under the disguise of philanthropy allied to frivolity, was in reality a deeply-laid scheme to inflame England with the memory of former conquests and revive British hostility to France. During the sitting, M. Guizot is reported to have stated that M. de St. Aulaire proposed to appear as Joan of Arc, the avenger of France ! and the following paragraph was in the "Morning Advertiser," of May 11th : "The authentic armour of the Maid of Orleans reached Manchester House (the French Embassy) in several band boxes marked with the royal arms of France."

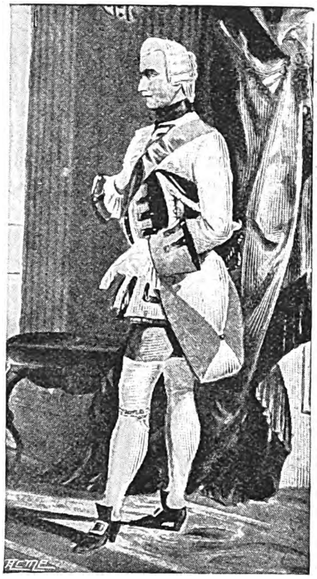
It is a fact that the King of the Belgians wrote saying: "Great excitement has been aroused at the Court of Paris by the report that in the above-named procession, King John of France was to be represented as a *prisoner in chains* !"

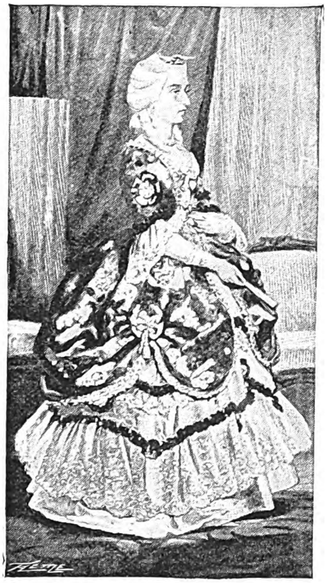
The Queen's costume consisted of a demi-trained skirt of *ponceau* (poppy-coloured) velvet, over which was a surcoat of blue and gold brocade, that looked like a corslet enriched with the loveliest golden flowers, with open, hanging sleeves of the brightest velvet. The fur that trimmed and lined the

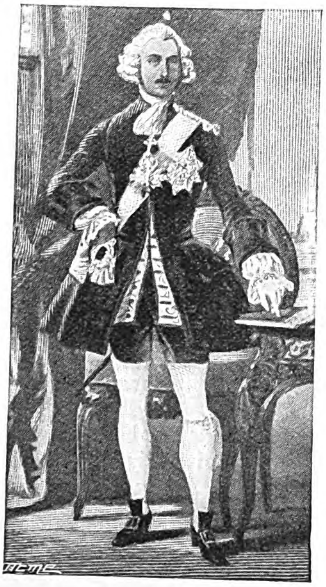
Queen's robes was minever, the skin of the Siberian squirrel, which in the Middle Ages was only worn by people of the highest rank, and appeared on no other costume on this occasion.

In the centre of the minever stomacher was a band of gold tissue overlaid with costly gems, the value of which was estimated at £60,000, exclusive of the pearl necklace, head-dress, and other jewels which adorned the regal costume. From the shoulders hung a mantle of gold and silver brocade, with flower design in brilliants. The hair was folded inward *à la Clovis* under a light, jewelled crown of graven gold, with vine leaf points and pendant oreillettes of diamonds.

By the kindness of Her Majesty this gorgeous dress was on view two days before the ball, and two hundred and fifty carriages belonging to the aristocracy and votaries of fashion thronged Hanover Square while their owners inspected the royal costume.


The Duke of Cambridge impersonated an 18th century general of cavalry.


The Queen's costume was that of Caroline, the consort of George II.


The Prince Consort's costume at the great ball of 1845.

Prince Albert's stately figure and handsome face showed to the best advantage in the scarlet velvet, ermine-lined mantle, edged with its twelve hundred goodly pearls, under which was a robe of gold brocade worth fifteen guineas a yard, slashed with Royal blue velvet, the bands and collar being studded with emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. His Royal Highness was attended by a group of noble courtiers in the corresponding costumes of the period.

H.R.H. Duke of Sussex wore correct Highland dress with handsome silver-mounted dirk, pistols, and claymore. H.R.H. Princess Augusta of Cambridge, as the Princess Claude, the fair daughter of Anne of Bretagne (the Duchess of Cambridge), wore a robe of light blue velvet, embroidered with *fleur-de-lys* in silver, over a petticoat of silver tissue edged with a broad band of ermine. The bodice of the dress was adorned with diamonds and turquoises, and the sleeves of silver tissue had rows of pearls up the back of each arm and at the wrists. A veil of silver tulle flowed from under a circlet of brilliants, turquoises, and pearls, and the white kid gloves were also jewelled.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and the Queen Dowager were both present in costume. All the costly and artistic fabrics used for the Royal costumes were made by the Spitalfields silk weavers, whose distress had been specially brought before Her Majesty's notice.

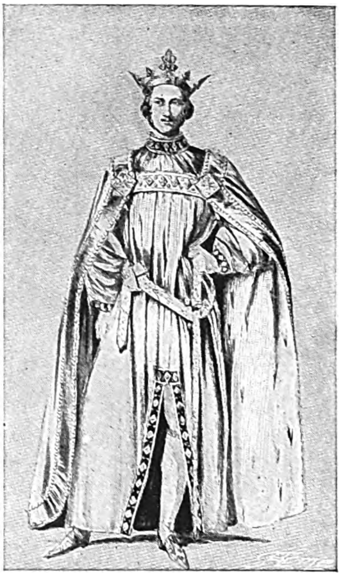
The Duchess of Sutherland's display of jewels was worth £100,000, and the costume worn by the Earl of Chesterfield is said to have cost £800, while the Earl of Pembroke, who impersonated Francis I., borrowed

£10,000 worth of diamonds for the night from Storr and Mortimer, at the rate of one per cent. Sir Robert Peel, Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, laid aside the cares of State to attend the ball. The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe represented King David Bruce, and Queen Jane of Scotland, respectively. No such gorgeous Court pageant had been seen in England since the days of the Merry Monarch.

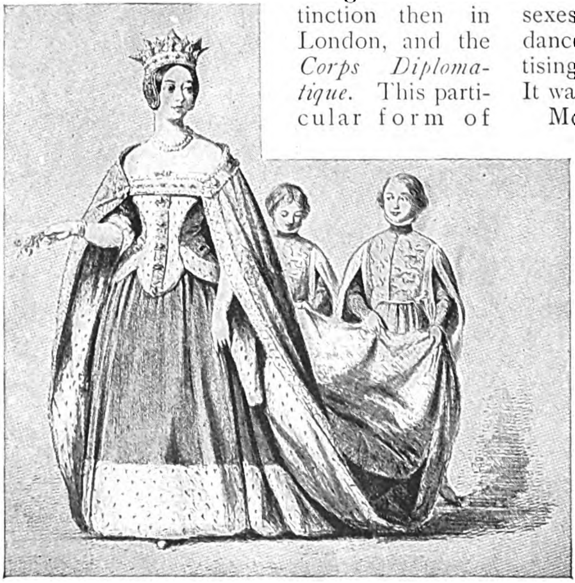
There were more than 2,000 guests invited, and Her Majesty remained in the ball room till nearly three o'clock. As soon as the homage of the guests had been paid the Royal procession moved to the ball room, where French, Spanish, German, Crusaders, Waverley, Scotch, Cossack, and Greek, quadrilles were danced in succession before Her Majesty, who then dropped her minever mantle and took part in the Royal quadrille. A magnificent supper was served in the dining room at 1 a.m., and presented an unwonted scene of brilliancy and splendour. The tent of Sultan Tippoo Sahib was erected for refreshments in the upper Corinthian portico leading out of the green drawing-room.

Three years later—on Friday, June 6th, 1845—Buckingham Palace was the scene of a simpler and less picturesque gathering, the Powder and Patch Ball, the period chosen being 1740 to 1750.

Invitations were issued to 1,200 guests, including all foreigners of distinction then in London, and the *Corps Diplomatique*. This particular form of gaiety does not seem to have found favour with statesmen of that day, for Lady Granville in one of her charming letters writes thus:—"The fancy ball is the talk of the moment. The Ministers have made a respectful appeal to Her Majesty, but she has written to them *à la ronde* that she cannot let them off, nor the *Corps Diplomatique*. Van de Weyer (the Belgian ambassador) says there is an epidemic beginning among them." Charles Greville cynically remarks: "All London was engaged for some weeks with the Queen's ball, and could think of nothing else; all the elderly folks of both sexes dressing themselves up and learning to dance minuets. There was nothing but practising going on at one house after another. It was a very brilliant and amusing affair."



The Prince Consort appeared at the famous Plantagenet ball as Edward III.



Her Majesty as Queen Philippa. The gems on her costume are said to have been worth more than £60,000.

Most of the nobility copied portraits of their own ancestors, and officers holding Her Majesty's commission wore the corresponding uniforms of their respective services; thus, the Duke of Wellington appeared as the Duke of Cumberland of Culloden notoriety. The venerable Baroness (then Miss) Burdett-Coutts wore the famous "Collier de la Reine," the fatal diamond necklace that brought disaster to the ill-starred Marie Antoinette.

The Queen modelled her costume upon those patronised by her ancestress, Caroline of Anspach (consort of George II.), whose artistic taste had modified the stiff, ungainly outline of the then prevailing fashion.

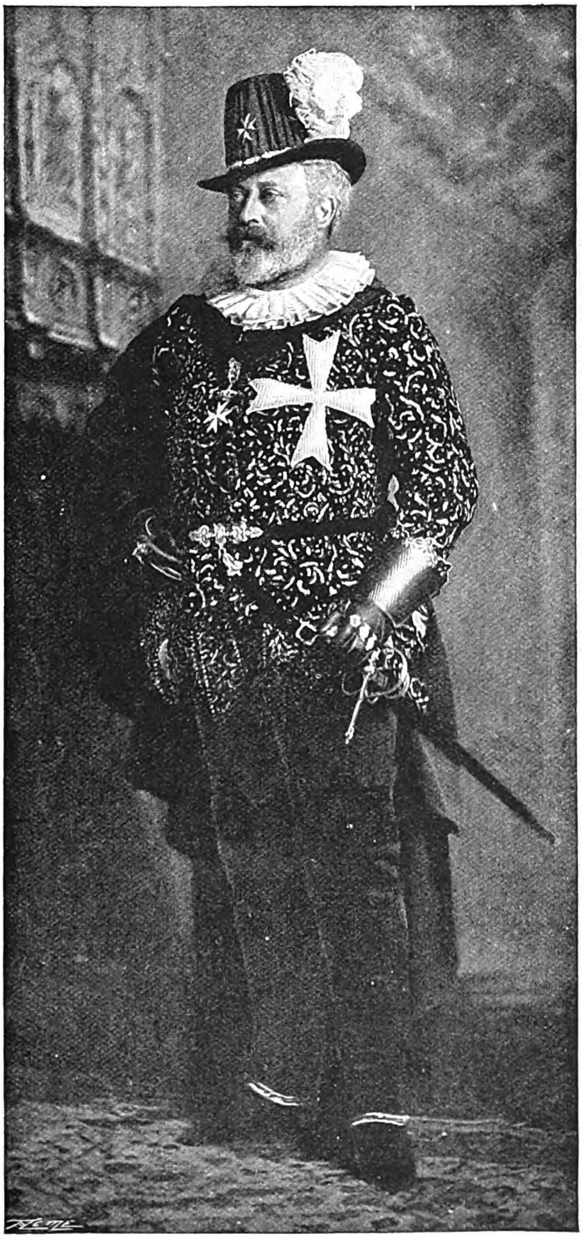
Her Majesty wore a bodice and tunic of woven cloth of-gold and silver, with a running pattern in sky-blue, and brocaded with bunches of poppies and marguerites. The tight-fitting bodice was cut square, and had a stomacher of cloth of silver. The under skirt was draped with delicate lace flounces, arranged in festoons, headed with ruches of crimson ribbon and looped with rosettes of the same, in the centre of which nestled clusters of diamonds. The powdered hair was surmounted by a low diamond tiara, and in addition to her other jewels, the Queen wore the Ribbon and Order of the Garter. White satin, high heeled shoes with crimson rosettes and diamonds completed the costume.

Prince Albert looked a fine manly figure in his red velvet and gold, his peruke, lace cravat and ruffles, his sword, and flashing, oval diamond shoe-buckles. On his breast blazed the Order of the Golden Fleece in brilliants of great value, as well as the coveted Garter.

Prince George of Cambridge donned the scarlet and gold uniform of a general of cavalry, and the Prince of Leiningen, the Queen's step-brother, wore a handsome uniform of the period. Both these distinguished guests also wore the Order of the Garter.

Among the most striking figures were the handsome Duc de Nemours and his lovely wife, a princess of Saxe Coburg Gotha, the playfellow of Prince Albert's childhood, and whom he describes in these words: "She was gentleness, goodness, unassuming sweetness and love itself." She had been on terms of close friendship with the Queen from girlhood, and her early death in 1857, which took place at Claremont, caused deep sorrow to the royal couple.

On this occasion she wore a rose-coloured damask silk, richly trimmed with gold blonde, pearls, and silver fringe, over which hung a tunic of costly point d'Alençon lace. The corsage and sleeves were edged with ermine bands, and below the jewelled stomacher hung rich silver tassels. On the left shoulder was a nosegay intermixed with diamond wheat ears, a headdress of pearls and diamonds rested on her luxuriant hair, and the purple satin shoes were embroidered with *fleur-de-lys* in gold and diamonds, the gloves being similarly adorned. The

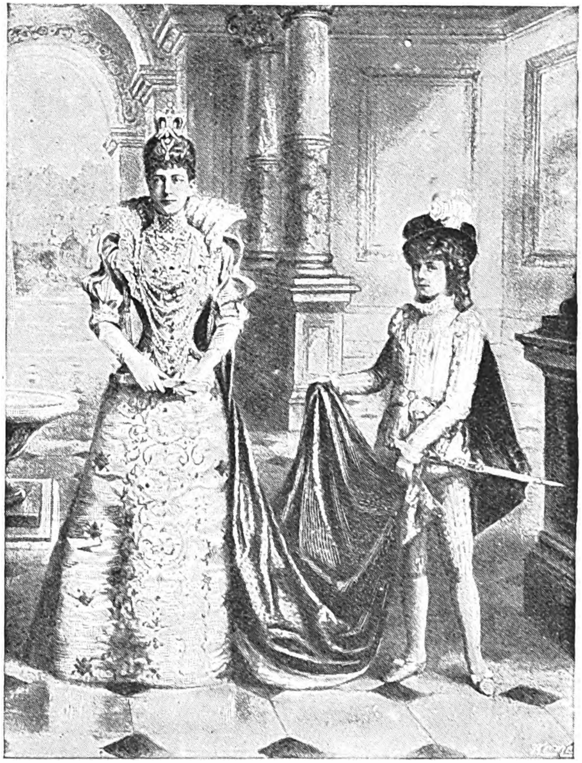


At the Diamond Jubilee Ball the Prince of Wales wore the costume of the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

Duc de Nemours carried off his splendid uniform of silver and gold over crimson with courtly grace.

The Duchess of Kent chose a dress remarkable for its subdued splendour, and Her Majesty commissioned Mr. Haghe to execute a portrait of her august parent, as also a picture of the *Menuet de la Cour*.

Dancing began with a Polonaise in which the Queen and her Royal guests took part, and which was extended through all the state apartments to the combined music of the various bands. The company then passed before Her Majesty, after which she danced a minuet with H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge. Prince Albert took the Duchesse de Nemours; Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lady Douro; the Prince of Leiningen, Lady Mount Edgcumbe; the other four couples being members of the court.



The Princess of Wales looked very beautiful as Marguerite de Valois. Her page was the daughter of Sir Francis Knollys.

During the evening the Queen danced three more minuets, choosing for her partners Prince Albert, the Duc de Nemours, and the Prince of Leiningen, while the Prince Consort honoured the Duchess of Beaufort and the Countess of Wilton.

The programme included Sir Roger de Coverley, a few quadrilles, but no polkas. The strathspey dance was played by the Queen's own piper. Some of the ladies fainted under their unaccustomed adornments, and not a few were lacking in grace of deportment; but it was noticed that Her Majesty carried herself throughout with easy dignity, despite the extra weight of her wealth of jewels.

We must skip over fifty years and more to come to the famous ball given at Devonshire House in honour of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. The only important occasion on which Royalty had donned fancy dress during the intervening half-century was at Marlborough in 1874, when the Royal host appeared as Charles the First and his beautiful Princess as a Venetian lady. T.R.H. the Princesses Christian and Louise were Queens of Clubs and Hearts respectively, and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught wore a leopard skin to give the necessary ferocity of "Beauty's" lover, "The Beast."

Within the historic walls of Devonshire House a gorgeous pageant was enacted, whose every detail had been planned and approved after careful study by artistic and historian experts. All that wealth, art, and luxury could devise was scattered with lavish hand. Beautiful and stately women represented Queens of the East and West, each of whom led her court to pay homage to the most beautiful and stateliest of them all — our ever-gracious Princess of Wales—in the exquisite dress of Marguerite de Valois.

*La Reine Margot*, as she was called, was famed for her beauty, her wit, and her faultless taste in dress. The Princess elected to wear a rich white satin, embroidered in gold and silver, with a high collar, from which hung a train of cloth-of-gold lined with silver brocade.

The corsage was almost concealed by the mass of jewels which studded it and hung from the throat. A diamond crown, a superb pearl-shaped pendant pearl attached to a *rivière* of brilliants, and pearls threaded in the coiffure put the crowning stroke to this vision of regal grace.

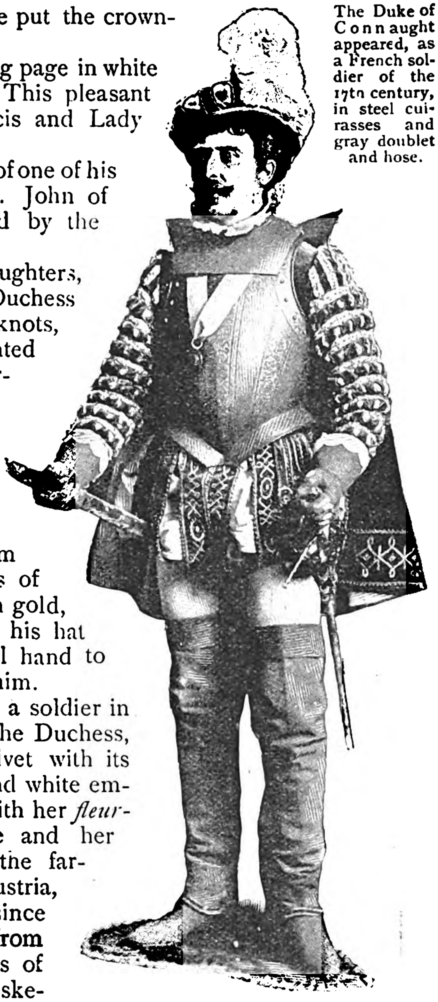
Her Royal Highness's train was borne by a charming page in white and gold, with scarlet velvet cape and cap to match. This pleasant office was filled by the young daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Knollys.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales chose the sombre garb of one of his many offices—Grand Master of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem—the black velvet and jet being enlivened by the diamond Cross of Malta and the Order of the Garter.

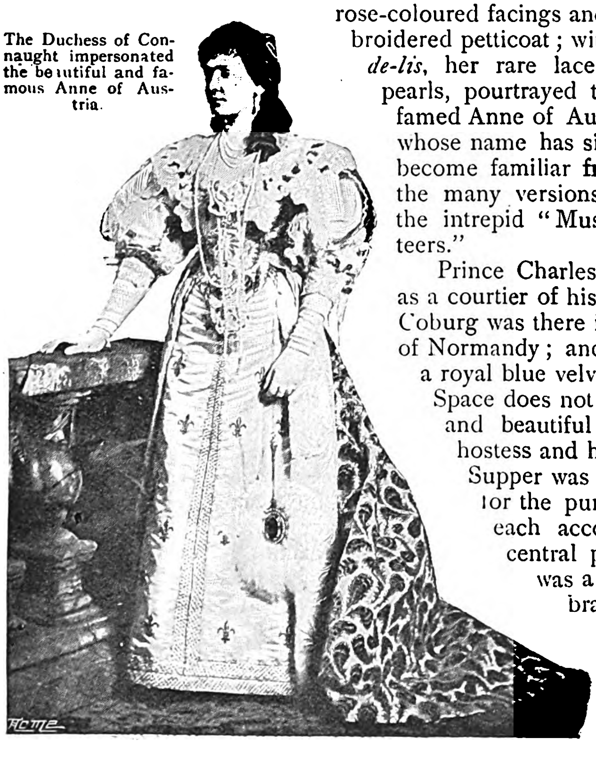
In attendance on the Princess were her three daughters, in white, maize, and pale pink respectively, and the Duchess of York in pale blue, embroidered with diamond knots, pearls, and silver. Some large diamond stars ornamented the front of the dress, and a jewelled silver fringe encircled the waist

H.R.H. the Duke of York, our sailor prince, impersonated his namesake George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, one of those delightful, daring Elizabethan adventurers who divided his time between winning triumphs as the Queen's champion in the lists at home and seeking to sweep the Spaniards from the seas abroad. The gallant courtier's costume was of crimson and gray, with a steel gorget damascened with gold, and a glove fixed with a diamond clasp to the front of his hat in memory of the one Queen Bess drew from her royal hand to bestow upon " her knight," as she was pleased to call him.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught looked every inch a soldier in his steel cuirasses and gray doublet and hose, while the Duchess, in her robe of havana velvet with its rose-coloured facings and white embroidered petticoat; with her *fleur-de-lis*, her rare lace and her pearls, pourtrayed the far-famed Anne of Austria, whose name has since become familiar from the many versions of the intrepid "Musketeers."



The Duke of Connaught appeared, as a French soldier of the 17th century, in steel cuirasses and gray doublet and hose.



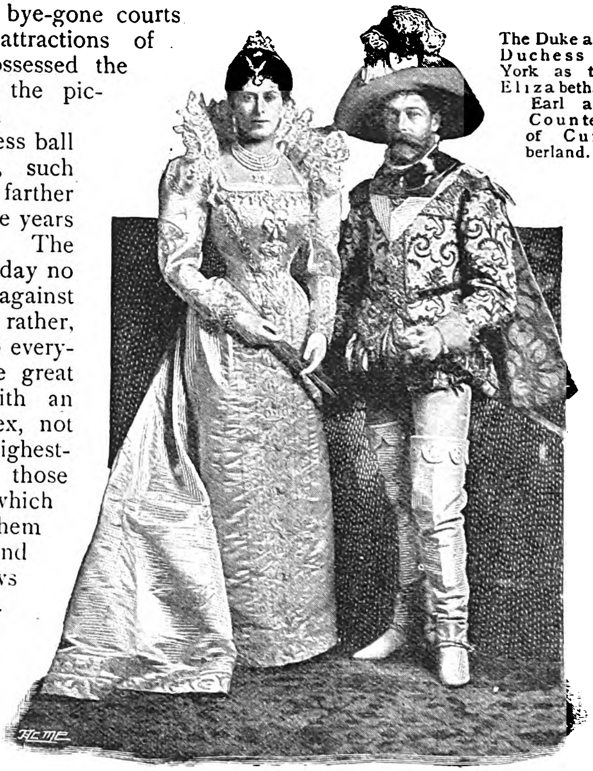
The Duchess of Connaught impersonated the beautiful and famous Anne of Austria.

Prince Charles of Denmark wore black and purple as a courtier of his native land; the late Prince Alfred of Coburg was there in masque and coat of mail as Robert of Normandy; and the Duke of Fife was resplendent in a royal blue velvet Elizabethan costume.

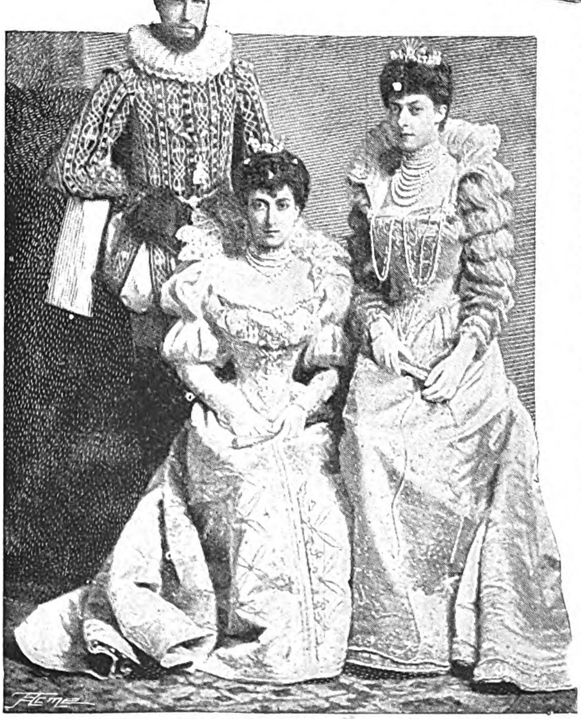
Space does not permit of a description of the brilliant and beautiful dresses worn by the distinguished hostess and her other guests.

Supper was served in a temporary room erected for the purpose, containing twelve round tables each accommodating twelve guests, and the central point of the abundant floral decoration was a tall palm on every table, from whose branches hung vari-coloured lanterns lighted by electricity.

The details of this triumph of entertaining have been brought so recently before the public that it is unnecessary to dwell longer on this sumptuous revival of the glories of bye-gone courts and the many and multifarious attractions of those days when every-day dress possessed the richness of colour, the variety, and the picturesque charm of a Fancy Dress Ball.

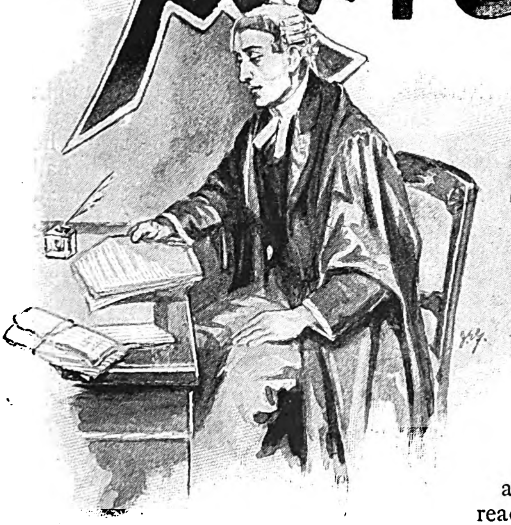

The Duke and Duchess of York as the Elizabethan Earl and Countess of Cumberland.

When will the next great fancy dress ball take place? It is difficult to say, such entertainments being fewer and farther between than in the early and middle years of Her Gracious Majesty's reign. The reason for this is far to seek, for to-day no one raises a foolish puritanical outcry against affairs of this nature, which give, rather, unalloyed pleasure and satisfaction to everybody in all classes of society. The great omnipotent middle-class look on with an approving smile; and the gentler sex, not only of the middle-class but of the highest-class and the humblest, revel in those inspired descriptions of dress with which all the newspapers abound—treasure them up (surely, this is no exaggeration), and read and re-read them—Heaven knows how often!—in their spare time. Indeed, I am quite convinced, and have had much chance of observing, that to outsiders a greater pleasure accrues from magnificent entertainments of this nature than to those themselves who take part in the entertainments. They say that the realisation of a dream is never so sweet as the dream itself, and all the girls who dream themselves in resplendent costumes and dancing with royalty and aristocracy enjoy, I dare wager, the imaginary revels quite as intensely as those who took part in the reality.


How the Princesses Maud and Victoria and Prince Charles of Denmark appeared at the great Ball.

Think, moreover, of the more material satisfaction that a fancy dress ball of this description gives. It is a red-letter day for tradesmen of all kinds when they hear the welcome announcement that a fancy dress ball is to be held, and the satisfaction is shared by their humblest employées. For our princes and princesses—the same cannot be said of our aristocracy—are thoroughly patriotic even in such details as the making of their clothes. English tradesmen get the orders; and that means no small gain, when costumes such as those which are displayed in the accompanying photographs are to be made.

# MATED BY A PAWN



By A. E. Manning Foster.

When a man is about to entertain a very charming girl whom he is anxious to impress and suddenly finds that, with the exception of a few coppers, he has no money in his pocket, he may surely be forgiven the use of a few strong ejaculations.

Such was the plight of Everard Hamlyn at ten minutes to one on a certain Saturday afternoon. He had been so absorbed in reading the brief of an important case which was to be heard in the Courts on Monday that he had forgotten the emptiness of his pockets. At one o'clock Alice Valentine, an American girl with whom he had formed a deep friendship, was coming to see what a barrister's chambers in the Temple looked like, and she was also to be taken out to lunch.

The worst was that there were only ten minutes to rectify the mistake. He wrote out a cheque hurriedly, and then remembered that time would not permit him to go to the bank to cash it. His clerk was gone and the Temple was wrapped in its usual Saturday afternoon peacefulness.

Without a hat he rushed over to Harcourt Buildings to see if his friend Anderson was in his chambers. He could rely upon him for a couple of pounds.

But the fates were against Hamlyn. Anderson was out, and the doors were locked.

Realising that there was nothing for it but to go to the bank, he hurried along up the court into Fleet Street, meaning to hail a hansom. But as he arrived there the clock struck one, and he knew that he could not get to the Bank and back under twenty minutes. Alice would never forgive him if he were not at his rooms to receive her.

Suddenly his eye was caught by the three brass balls hanging over a shop almost opposite. The sight suggested a new idea to his mind, and he promptly acted upon it. In another moment he rushed across the road, and entering the shop handed his eighty-guinea hunter over the counter.

"How much?" said the clerk, eyeing the hatless and breathless Hamlyn somewhat suspiciously.

"Oh, I only want a fiver," replied Everard hurriedly.

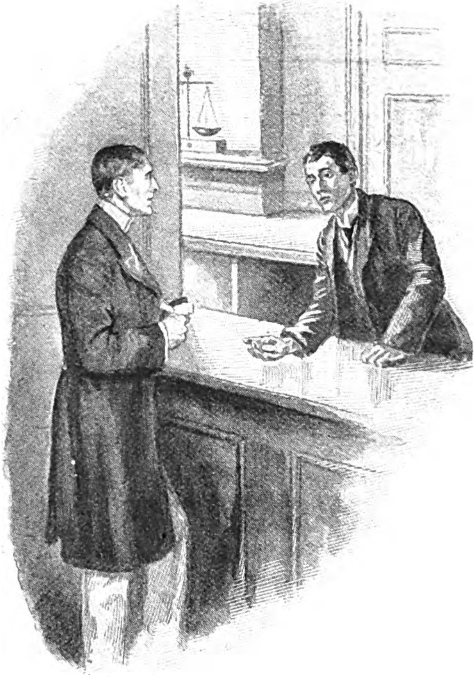
"Have you got a card on you?" asked the clerk, thinking he was on the track of a swell mobsman.

Unversed in the ways of pawnbrokers, Hamlyn pulled out his case and handed him a card.

"All right, sir," said the clerk, seeing the name and address, and noticing it corresponded with the initials on the watch. "I beg your pardon, sir," and he hastily filled up a ticket and counted out five pounds. "Have you a penny for the ticket, please?"

Hamlyn impatiently threw down a copper and fairly bolted out of the shop. The people in Fleet-street stared at him with amazement, and a gutter arab with whom he had collided shouted "Who are yer shovin' of?" as he crossed the road.

Now it happened that Alice Valentine was just at that moment passing down Fleet Street on her way to the Temple She had arrived somewhat earlier than she had intended, for she upheld the traditions of womanhood with regard to unpunctuality.



Hamlyn pulled out his case and handed him a card.

"It would never do," she said to herself, "to be quite punctual. He would think I was too impatient."

So, timing herself to arrive in the Temple about a quarter-past one, she was strolling leisurely along when she caught sight of Hamlyn rushing wildly out of a pawnbroker's shop. For a moment the ludicrous side of the situation struck her very forcibly, and she laughed softly to herself. But gradually, as she realised the full significance of the action, her amusement gave place to pity.

"Poor boy," she murmured, "I had not the faintest idea he was hard up. And to think that I have let him spend such a lot of money in taking me about. I must get even with him somehow."

There was a very tender spot in her heart for the tall clever young barrister who had shown so plainly his preference for her above all other women. Alice Valentine and her aunt Miss Safford were making a tour of Europe, and had met Hamlyn first of all at an hotel in Geneva. He had rendered them a number of civilities, and as he happened to be doing the same round of Switzerland as they, for a month he was their almost daily companion. With the frankness of American women, they accepted his attentions graciously, and, finding him a pleasant attendant, enrolled him in their service without further ado.

At parting he had given them his card and promised them a good time when they arrived in London, and during the fortnight they had already passed he had certainly redeemed his promise. Almost every day he arranged some festivity for them. He had introduced them to his friends, and there had been a constant round of theatre-going, dinners and sight-seeing.

Miss Safford generally accompanied Alice wherever she went, and showed quite as much an eagerness to "do" every place thoroughly as her niece. It was only on rare occasions when the elder lady was obliged to admit that she was "too tired for anything," that Hamlyn had a chance of taking Miss Valentine out alone.

The constant companionship, however, had brought about the usual result. Hamlyn was not an inflammable man. He had reached the mature age of thirty—not unsought after—without having succumbed to feminine charms. But there was something about the fair American which fascinated him in spite of himself. Her evident delight in everything she saw and did, her frankness of speech and absence of coquetry rendered her a delightful companion, and from the realisation that the days he spent with her were among the pleasantest in his life gradually grew the knowledge that she was becoming indispensable to his happiness.

To-day, as she came into his room, a perfect vision of freshness and loveliness in the gloomy atmosphere of the Temple, Hamlyn was conscious of a certain shyness and reserve in her manner that he had not noticed before.

"I don't believe I ought to come here by myself," she said when he had closed the door. "I wonder what Aunt Catherine would say to it."

"You are late," said Hamlyn. "I have been waiting impatiently for you."

"Am I really?" replied Alice. "What is the time, then?"

He pulled at his watch chain mechanically, forgetful of his escapade, and disclosed the bare swivel. He coloured slightly as he realised his mistake, and felt her eyes upon him, but answered lightly:

"About twenty minutes past one, I fancy."

She was walking round the room glancing at the ponderous-looking books and the papers tied with pink tape, getting, as she expressed it, the "atmosphere" of the place.

"It must be just lovely to work here," she said. "Everything seems so old and historic. I believe I should only have to sit here a few hours a day and I should become a lawyer by breathing the air."

"Which reminds me," said Hamlyn, "that I have been breathing air quite long enough and want lunch. Where shall we go?"

Alice Valentine hesitated.

"Look here," she said at last, "I want to say something to you. You have been taking me about such a lot and I have done nothing for you. I feel real mean. I want you to let me stand you a lunch to-day."

He shook his head laughingly. "You forget," he said, "that you are my guest; but I want you to say where you would like to go."

He named a well-known restaurant in Piccadilly, where she knew the prices were ruinous.

"No," she said, "don't let us go there. Will you take me to one of those little Bohemian places you told me of where you get a *table d'hôte* lunch for eighteenpence. I should love to go. It would be a new experience."

"You look far too smart," he replied, glancing at her admiringly, "but I tell you what I will do. We will split the difference and go to a kind of semi-fashionable place where you shall see all sorts and conditions of people and hear a band."

Once or twice during lunch, when conversation flagged, Hamlyn noticed again the thoughtful expression on her face. At last he took the matter up.

"Tell me," he said, "what you are thinking of?"

"I was thinking," she replied slowly, "of how I could help someone who has been very good to me."

"Not a difficult matter, surely — for you?"

"It is very difficult," she said, "under the circumstances. The person I want to help is poor and, I think, very proud."

She was looking down at the tablecloth and studiously avoiding his eyes.

"Can I be of any assistance?" he said.

"You — why — " she laughed. "Yes, perhaps you can. I will think about it and let you know."

There was a new sympathy in her voice and manner, and Hamlyn felt a mad desire to take her there and then in his arms and cover her face with kisses.

But there was no opportunity then to tell her of his love. Immediately after lunch they were obliged to hurry off to meet Miss Safford at a *matinée*, and Hamlyn had no further chance of a *tête-a-tête* with Alice, but he arranged satisfactorily a meeting for Monday afternoon, when he determined to put his fate to the test.

"You will not forget," he said at parting, "to let me help you in the matter you mentioned?"

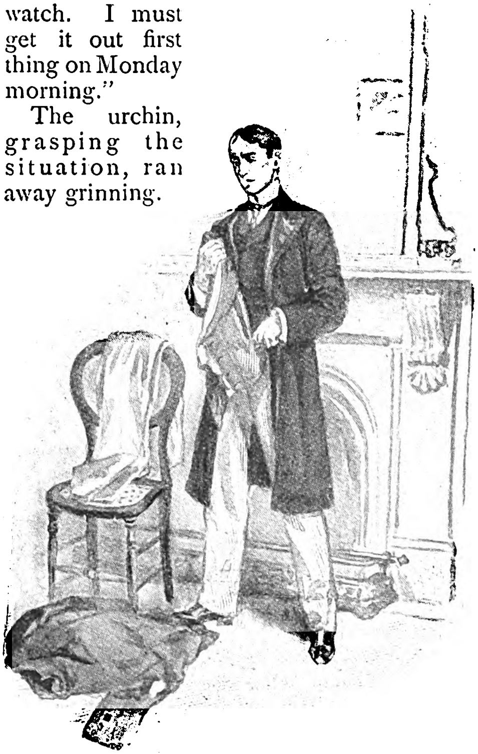
"No," she replied, with a singular look on her face. "I will not forget."

As Everard walked home he recalled her tones, her face, the fair, flushed cheeks, sweet mouth, earnest brows, and eyes of softest fire. There was that in her look which satisfied him.

He was awakened from his reverie by an urchin inquiring what o'clock it was. For the second time that day he mechanically tugged at his watch-chain.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, as he realised his loss. "I never knew that it was such a nuisance to be without a watch. I must get it out first thing on Monday morning."

The urchin, grasping the situation, ran away grinning.



**He fumbled in his waistcoat pocket: it was not there.**

On Sunday Hamlyn again bethought himself of the watch.

"I had better study the ticket," he said, "and see what I shall have to pay."

He fumbled in his waistcoat pocket; it was not there. He tried the others with the same result. With growing uneasiness he searched in every pocket of the clothes he had worn on the Saturday, but the pawn-ticket was not to be found.

"I must have left it at my chambers," he decided at last. "It is very careless of me. I hope my clerk won't find it."

On Monday morning he got up earlier than usual and drove down to the Temple in a hansom. His clerk had already arrived. Hamlyn searched all over the table carefully, then in all the drawers, but could not find the ticket. Finally he summoned the clerk.

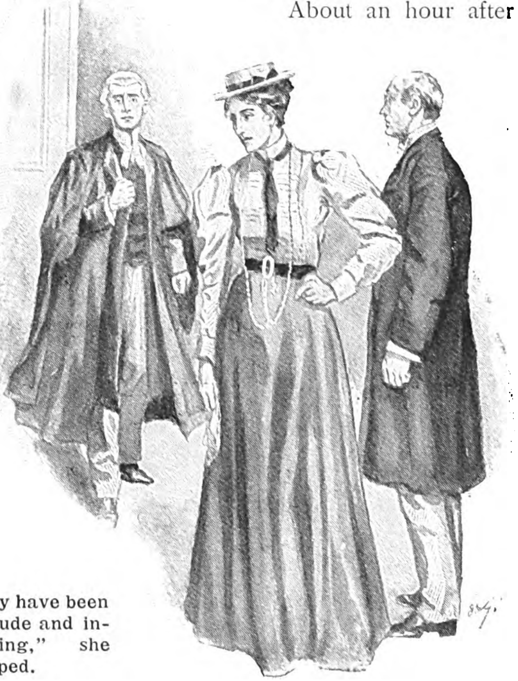
"Have you moved any papers?" he asked rather irritably.

"No, sir. I haven't touched a thing."

"You haven't by any chance found a ticket I suppose?" pursued Hamlyn.

"No, sir. What kind of ticket have you lost?"

"It doesn't matter," he returned impatiently. "It's of no importance."



"They have been so rude and insulting," she gasped.

Putting on his hat, Hamlyn hurried into Fleet Street to the pawn-shop.

"I want to redeem the watch I left here on Saturday," he announced.

"Where is your ticket, sir?" said the man.

"I have mislaid it," replied Hamlyn," "but it's all right. You remember me, I expect. The watch belongs to me and I want it now."

"I am very sorry, sir, but you can't have it without the ticket."

Hamlyn muttered an exclamation of impatience.

"But suppose I have lost it, what then?"

"I will give you a form of declaration to be made before a magistrate."

"Is there no other way?" said Hamlyn, realising the trouble and annoyance this would cause.

"No, sir," said the pawnbroker, "I am afraid there is not."

There was no time to waste. He had to be in Court early as his case was amongst the first in the lists. It was no use stopping to argue the matter. He must go before a magistrate and sign the declaration as soon as possible. Returning to his chambers, he put on his robes and was soon lost in contemplation of the business in hand.

About an hour after his visit to the pawnbroker's shop, Alice Valentine drove up in a cab to the same door. She had found the pawnticket lying on Hamlyn's table on the Saturday afternoon, and had appropriated it, meaning to redeem the watch and send it back to him as soon as possible. She was rather nervous at going into the shop, but she was not the kind of girl to allow her own feelings to stand in the way of any project she wished to carry through; so, putting on an air of unusual haughtiness, she entered the little compartment and handed in the ticket.

"I want this watch, please," she said.

The pawnbroker's assistant looked her up and down carefully. When he had, as it were, sized her up completely, he inquired drily, "Where did you get this?"

Alice flared up indignantly. "That is no business of yours. Tell me what I have to pay and give me the watch."

"Not so fast," said the young man, "you must answer one or two questions first."

He went away and, after a whispered confabulation, returned with a grey-headed old man, who was polite but firm.

"I am sorry, madam, but I cannot allow you to redeem this pledge until you inform me how this ticket came into your possession."

"I found it," said Alice.

"Allow me to inform you then," said the pawnbroker sternly, "that you are committing a very grave offence. By attempting to obtain the watch you lay yourself open to criminal proceedings."

"But," said Alice, "I am a friend of the gentleman to whom the watch belongs."

"Come, come," replied the man, "that won't do at all. A gentleman who called himself Mr. Hamlyn was here about an hour ago endeavouring to get the watch himself."

"Mr. Hamlyn been here this morning!" cried Alice. She had never suspected that he would be able to redeem his watch so soon.

"Better send for a policeman," suggested the assistant.

"Hold your tongue," said his master. Then, turning to Alice Valentine, he said, "I do not wish to be hard upon you but I insist on an explanation. I will send over to the address on the ticket and if your story is true, Mr. Hamlyn will corroborate it. Harvey, send the boy over to Queen's Bench Walk and ask Mr. Hamlyn to come here immediately."

"Mr. Hamlyn coming here," cried Alice unguardedly. "Oh, I must go at once."

"I cannot allow it," said the pawnbroker. "You must wait. If you refuse I have no option but to call a policeman."

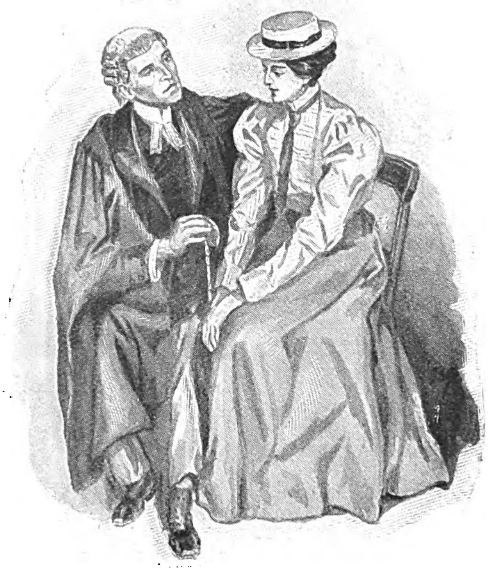
If looks could kill the pawnbroker would have died on the spot as Alice, with the air of a tragedy queen, submitted to the indignity of being escorted to the back-parlour, while Harvey kept watch and ward over her.

A quarter-of-an-hour later Everard Hamlyn jumped out of a hansom and hurried into the shop. He was an impetuous person, and he had not waited to change his robes, but had come straight away in wig and gown from the Law Courts. He was met in the passage by Harvey, who had been awaiting his arrival with keen interest.

"There's a woman in here," he said, pointing to the parlour, "who says she's a friend of yours, and has found your pawn-ticket, but I suspect——"

"Out of the way," cried Hamlyn, thrusting the officious young man on one side and rushing into the room.

"Alice, by all that's wonderful!" he exclaimed; and then seeing that her bosom was heaving convulsively, he put his arm around her and inquired tenderly what had happened.



He took out the watch and held it before her eyes.

"They have been so rude and insulting," she sobbed.

Hamlyn waited for no further explanation, but seizing Harvey by the throat, he shook him until the unfortunate youth had not a breath in his body. Then, turning to the older man, he cried sternly: "What do you mean by insulting this lady?"

The pawnbroker, discovering his mistake, was all apologies, but Hamlyn's temper was still up.

Nothing could justify rudeness to a lady, he said, and he insisted on an abject apology from the crestfallen assistant.

Then he took Alice back to his rooms in the Temple. When they were alone, he put his arm around her, and said impulsively:

"Oh, my darling, how sweet of you to try to get my watch back for me. Did you do it because you care? Tell me, darling—I love you!"

"It was very silly of me, I know," she said softly and shyly, "but I thought you were poor and—oh, I wanted to help you."

"I am not poor," he said smilingly, "at least, not very poor. I have a thousand a year, and we might manage on that."

"It would not have mattered," she whispered, "if you had been a poor man."

He took out the watch and held it before her eyes.

"I shall never look at it," he said, "without thinking that I won you through it."

# ARMIES THAT DO NOT MEAN TO FIGHT

The Army of San Marino Drawn up on the Public Square.

By Herbert Vivian.

Probably half the recruits in half the armies of the world are reconciled to their career by the prospect of strutting about in a gay uniform and winning the admiration of the other sex. Compare the ordinary yokel or bar-loafer with the same individual arrayed in all his martial glory, and you need not wonder that nursemaids bid pennies against one another for the soldier's companionship.

If enlisting did not involve the risk of being shot, probably nine-tenths of us would become candidates for the Queen's shilling. Look at the popularity of the Volunteers! No doubt in the event of a foreign invasion, they would have to come to the front, and everyone is agreed that they would do their duty there most gallantly.

But the possibility of our navy permitting an invasion seems so incredible that even the most peaceable do not hesitate to join a corps. It is only by superior attractions in the matter of pay, uniform and prestige, that our regular army can hold its own. Imagine then what the competition must be to join a regular army which has none of the hardships or dangers of warfare in prospect.

Such armies are to be found in various neutralised countries, which are guaranteed by the Powers against foreign invasion, and in a few diminutive states, which have so far survived the universal mania for centralisation. It might be imagined that, once the inviolability of the territory had been secured, a police force would be found sufficient to maintain order, but where an army has once existed, it is difficult to disband it without irritating many interests and disappointing many aspirations. Moreover, the dignity of a Sovereign requires that he should be attended by a military guard, and some small Sovereigns rate their dignity very high.

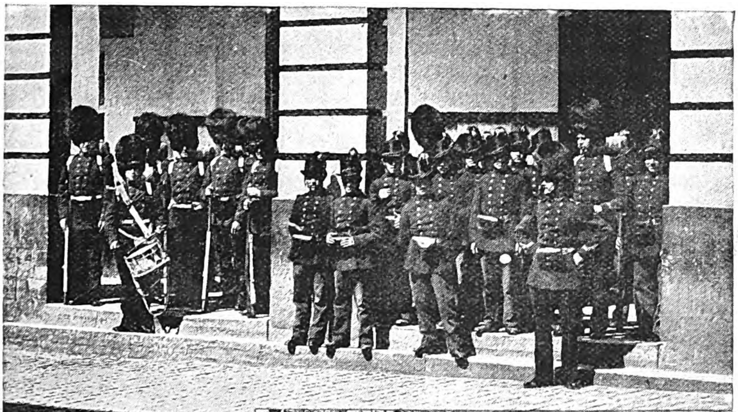
Perhaps the strangest fact connected with this subject of non-combatant armies is that the Swiss republic, with its notoriously simple tastes, and a president, who, so far from seeking to ape the monarch, is scarcely even known by name outside his country, should maintain one of the largest European forces in proportion to its size.

While some 7 per cent. of the French, and some 6 per cent. of the German population, would be available in the event of a war, Switzerland claims to be able to put no less than one-sixth of her whole people into the field; and one-third of her budget goes to military expenditure, a proportion almost equal to that in the German Empire, and considerably greater than that in France. And this in spite of the fact that the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland and the perpetual inviolability of her territory were guaranteed by the Great Powers in 1815.

No doubt in case of a great European war, a general might have small regard for treaties and international guarantees, but such a remote contingency scarcely warrants so much expenditure of time and money on the part of a frugal people.

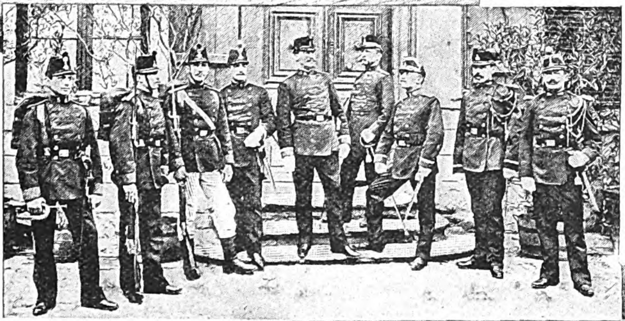
The Swiss have, however, been fighters all through their history, and even though they are unlikely to have to cross swords with a foreigner again, they cannot resist the joy of military parade from time to time. They came most near to a real brush with an enemy during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, when there seemed quite a chance of their territory being violated by one or other of the belligerents. It was an anxious time; the Swiss reserves were hastily called out and massed upon the frontiers, where they tasted all the excitement of campaigning without exposing a limb.

The curious thing is that this little country, with the largest proportional army in Europe, has a fundamental law forbidding the maintenance of a standing army within its borders. I do not understand how this has been got over, but there seems some kind of quibble about there being no federal army, only a collection of cantonal contingents, each under the local authority of its district.



Belgian Grenadiers and Carabiniers.

In any case every Switzer, on attaining the age of twenty, is liable to military service unless he chooses to obtain exemption by paying a special tax. He is called out for a certain number of days' drill every year, until he is 32, and then passes into the various classes of the reserve.



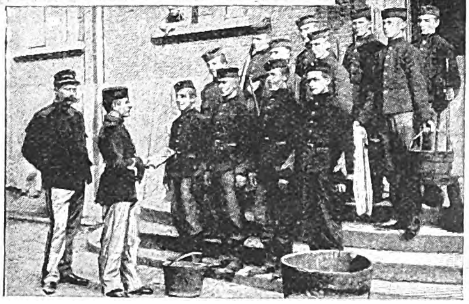
Types of the Army of Luxemburg.

If the Swiss army is debarred from fighting, a Swiss subject may still remember that great martial glories have been won by his countrymen all through history in the service of foreigners. So long as heroism is revered by man, the gallantry of Louis XVI.'s Swiss guards, who died in a hopeless struggle at the post of duty, must always excite the deepest enthusiasm. Visitors to Lucerne will recall the beautiful lion, which has been carved there as their monument.

Nowadays, however, the Swiss seem to have ceased to seek service as mercenaries, and the only living memory of their prowess is to be found in the corps of Swiss Guards, which the Papacy maintains as the last remnant of her old troops. But few, if any, of them are now natives of Switzerland, and their name is to-day their only link with the past.

Membership of this guard is eagerly coveted by zealous Roman Catholics all over the world, and the corps is recruited from among the noble families of every country.

Every visitor to the Vatican will be familiar with their quaint mediæval uniform. At the battles with Garibaldi the Papal soldiers, inspired by their religious zeal, fought with unexampled bravery, but nowadays the Holy See is dispirited, and inclined to place its confidence in diplomacy rather than in



Another specimen of the Army of King Leopold.

force, so that its last remaining defenders have few tasks more active than that of keeping the sentinel's watch, or directing a tourist to a picture. They may, therefore, find inclusion under the category of this article.

While Switzerland has proportionately the largest army in Europe, the two other states, whose neutrality has been guaranteed by the Powers, have probably the smallest. Belgium can only boast of some 50,000 regular soldiers, or roughly, ¾ per cent. of the whole population.

The Pope's Swiss Guards.

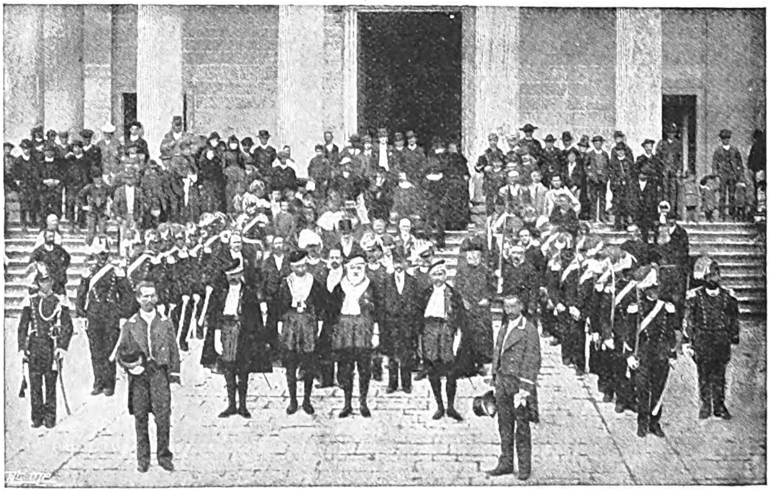
There is, however, also a Civil Guard, nearly as numerous, organised by the local authorities—an unfortunate arrangement, as party feeling runs high in Belgium, and the two forces generally contrive to take different sides. I have been told by Belgians that whenever any of the Civil Guard are sent out to keep the populace in order, it is found necessary to despatch an equal number of regulars to overawe the Civil Guards.

The latter certainly have strange notions of discipline, for I have seen bodies of them parading the streets of Brussels arm in arm, wearing their uniforms and yelling political songs, while a corporal strode in front beating time.

Every able-bodied Belgian is liable to conscription when he reaches the age of twenty, but he is allowed to provide a substitute, and as he has by no means a martial temperament, the recruiting falls far short of its due proportions.

Belgian soldiers certainly do not look as if they meant to fight. I hardly think I have ever seen a more slouching, slovenly, miserable-looking set of men in uniform in any part of the world. The officers, if anything, lack smartness even more than the men, and often present a truly laughable appearance. I noticed that the Belgian army possesses a very elaborate ambulance, and, as no fighting is anticipated, I presume that this is a precaution lest any of the officers should happen to trip up over their swords. I was reminded of the habit of French sportsmen, who make a point of taking out surgeons and litters—almost even trained nurses—to pick up the pieces when they go a-hunting.

With the best will in the world it is impossible not to feel impatient when we see Belgians playing at soldiers. Those who have had anything to do with them in Africa cherish the worst possible impression of



The Captains Regent of San Marino, with their Guard of Officers.

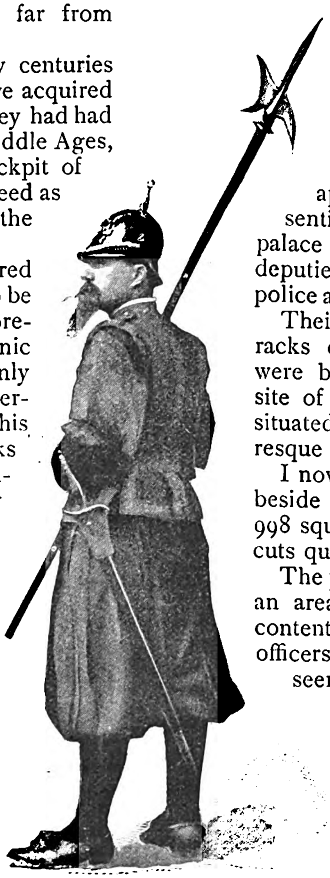
A Parade of the San Marino Militia.

them, and the Belgian lion, with his tail between his legs, stands out as an appropriate monument upon the field of Waterloo, where the Belgian troops came so very far from distinguishing themselves.

It is strange that after so many centuries of fighting, Belgians should not have acquired the rudiments of warfare, but as they had had more than their due share in the Middle Ages, it was perhaps fitting that the "cockpit of Europe," should at least be guaranteed as neutral territory by the Powers at the Treaty of London in 1831.

Another Treaty of London declared the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg to be neutral territory in 1867. It had previously formed part of the Germanic Confederation and would certainly have been swallowed up in the German Empire of 1871, but for this guarantee. As it is, Germany looks regretfully upon it and would welcome an opportunity of annexing it. The old Prussian barracks may still be seen there, but they have now been turned to the peaceful use of a manufacture of corsets.

Before the Treaty of London ordered the destruction of the fortifications, the town of Luxemburg was one of the finest natural strongholds in Europe, and even now, with its denuded battlements, it looks as if it could hold its own against many besiegers, standing sheer over precipices on all sides, and surrounded by the rivers which form an imposing moat.



A Trooper of the Papal Guard.

The Grand Duke's army is of modest but not unpleasing aspect. Nominally it numbers some 500 men, but in reality there are only about 200. They wear a sober uniform, do their drills regularly, and present a fairly smart appearance. They provide sentinels for their sovereign's palace and the small chamber of deputies, and the greater part of the police are recruited from their ranks.

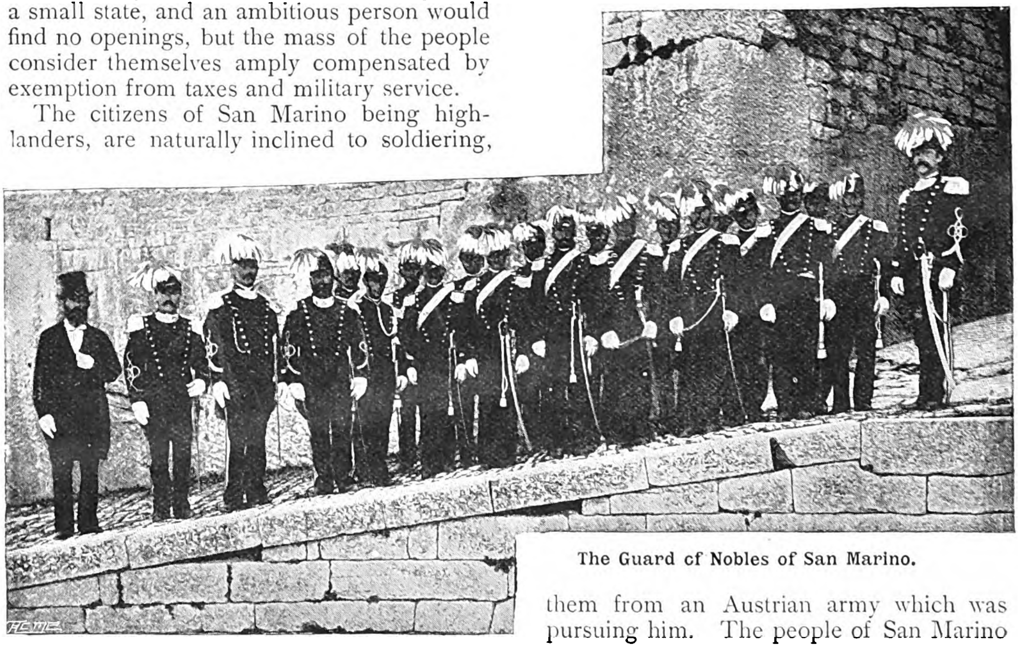
Their quarters are at the Barracks of the Holy Ghost, which were built by Louis XIV. on the site of an old monastery, and are situated at one of the most picturesque corners of this lovely rock.

I now come to the dwarf states, beside which Luxemburg, with its 998 square miles and 211,000 souls, cuts quite a respectable figure.

The principality of Monaco, with an area of eight square miles, is content with a standing army of five officers and seventy men. They seem to have a very easy time of it, and, when not required to take their turns as sentinels at the Prince's palace, spend most of their time lounging about the fragrant gardens belonging to the gambling establishment.

On rare occasions, such as the name-day of the Prince, they come out in force for a parade, and from time to time they may be discerned playing at drill with the useless old cannon, which decorate the time-worn battlements. More fortunate than the soldiers of many countries I could name, they can count upon receiving their pay regularly, thanks to the generosity of the Casino, which defrays practically all the expenses of the little state. As there is no conscription in Monaco, the privilege of its citizenship is eagerly coveted by the inhabitants of the two neighbouring military states, and stringent precautions have to be taken against its being improperly obtained.

There may be drawbacks about belonging to a small state, and an ambitious person would find no openings, but the mass of the people consider themselves amply compensated by exemption from taxes and military service.



The Guard of Nobles of San Marino.

The citizens of San Marino being highlanders, are naturally inclined to soldiering, and have had their full share of it during the Middle Ages. Their independence seems to have been maintained more by good luck and a certain shrewd diplomacy. How, alone among the numerous statelets of the peninsula, this tiny republic escaped being absorbed into United Italy has never been made clear, and when I stayed there I could find no one to enlighten me.

It may have been due partly to a sympathy with Garibaldi, and partly to its name of a republic, though it is only a republic in the old aristocratic sense, and by no means a democracy.

Italy concluded a treaty with San Marino in 1872, and promised her protection, but this lapsed in 1895, and there is nothing now to prevent annexation if an Italian Government should one day have a mind to complete the work of unity.

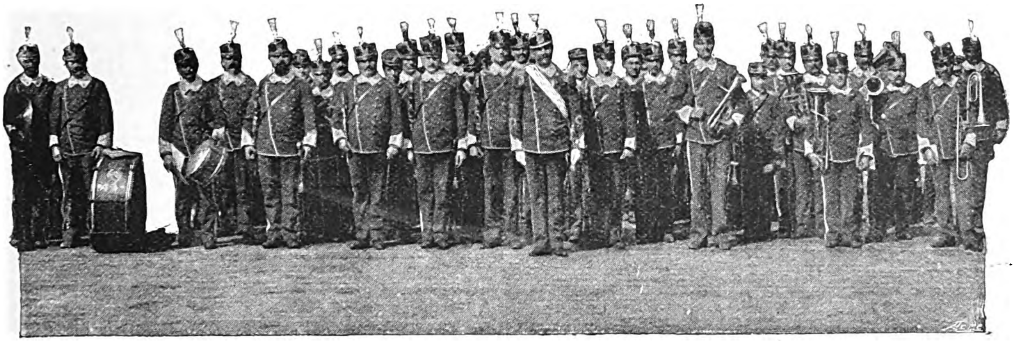
In the Middle Ages the rock of San Marino must have been almost impregnable, but it could not hold out against modern methods of assault, and it is unlikely that the little army would make any attempt at resistance.

The soldiers have, however, quite a martial aspect, and evidently know that they are very fine fellows indeed. All have a smart appearance, and the officers in particular are very proud of their uniforms. The last time they had to show their teeth was in the sixties, when Garibaldi sought refuge among them from an Austrian army which was pursuing him. The people of San Marino did not wish to receive him, as such a breach of their neutrality was likely to bring down the wrath of the Austrians.

However, they entertained the outlaw for as short a time as they could, and afterwards managed to pacify the Austrian commander. Now they profess to be proud of the episode and have put up a commemorative tablet over the house where Garibaldi slept.

When Italy declared war against Austria, San Marino declared war, too, as a mark of sympathy. This was forgotten when Italy concluded peace, and we are now confronted by the curious fact that, legally, San Marino is still at war with Austria.

As, however, neither can reach the other without passing through the territory of a



**The Military Band of San Marino.**

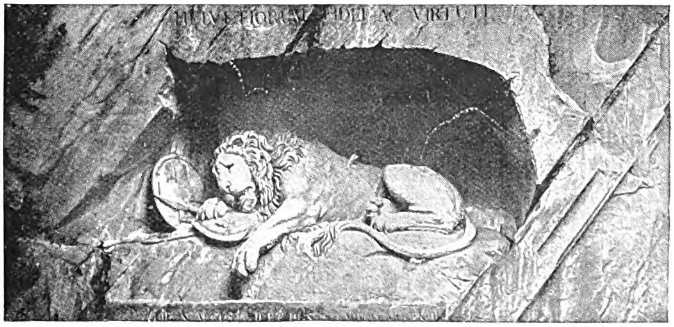
neutral, there is no great fear of immediate bloodshed.

Very similar to this redoubtable little Republic is the semi-independent state of Andorra, in the Pyrenees. I have called Andorra a semi-independent state, and such it is, being under the suzerainty of France and the Bishop of Urgal. It is not, however, on its history that our main interest in this Liliputian state is centred, but on its army—an army that will never have cause to draw its sword. This gallant little force of militia, a force of 600 mountaineers, would certainly, did the contingency arise, fight for their land to the last man. They are commanded by two generals, one chosen by the Bishop of Urgal, the other by the government of France. In addition to commanding the troops, one of the chief offices of these generals is the administration of criminal justice, and decisions are not delivered in accordance with any written law, but solely on the responsibility of these officers. This sounds very French; but luckily for the people of Andorra, Merciers and Rogets seem to be a special monopoly of the suzerain power.

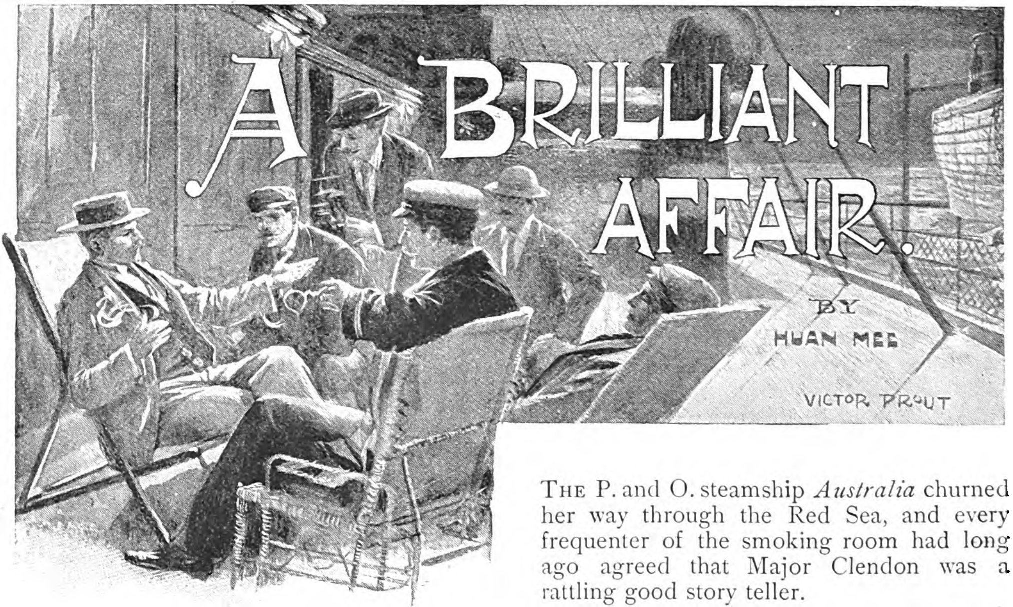
In a case of dire necessity—and it requires a mind of no mean imaginative power to realise so remote a contingency—in such a case the whole male population—to say nothing of the ladies, who are celebrated for their stalwart exteriors — is capable of engaging an enemy. Wonderful to relate, all the citizens have been trained in the gentle art of self-defence; they can shoot fairly accurately, and have been initiated into the mysteries of sabre manipulation. When the great battle of Andorra comes to be fought, they will, without a doubt, give an excellent account of themselves, and show the enemy what heroic deeds an Andorran citizen can do in defence of his Republic.

Finally we have the only really reasonable state in Europe, the little principality of Liechtenstein. I went there from the Lake of Constance, expecting to find that the sturdy Highlanders had not been able to resist the usual martial make-believe. But not only was there not a single regiment, but the Prince, who has spent most of his reign at Vienna, does not even allow himself a body-guard for his rare visits. For one thing, he knows it would be quite unnecessary, for his generosity has made him exceedingly popular among the villagers.

The principality is independent, and, being under the friendly protection of Austria, enjoys all the security of its great neighbour, without the burden of conscription, and almost without that of taxation.



**The Famous Lion of Lucerne.**



# A BRILLIANT AFFAIR.

BY HUAN MEE

THE P. and O. steamship *Australia* churned her way through the Red Sea, and every frequenter of the smoking room had long ago agreed that Major Clendon was a rattling good story teller.

"Boys, the limit's reached," he cried, throwing down his cards. "Learn wisdom from a fool—never more than five-and-twenty in one evening. I've lost that, and I guess I'll sign off."

"Stake your diamond pin, Major; that's worth another night's losses."

"I just reckon it is," he answered, his fingers caressing the stone in his loose silk tie; "but I wouldn't sell it for five hundred. It was a present from a remarkably clever little woman, remarkably clever. Whew! isn't it hot? Come on deck, and I'll spin the yarn. She was the cleverest little woman who ever trod shoe-leather," he continued, as we settled ourselves comfortably in our chairs. "Even tricked *me*," and we marvelled as much as the temperature would permit—for it was a new idea to think that the Major ever could have been tricked—placidly puffed our cigars, and waited.

"Look here, Ashton, my boy, when a young, popular, and fascinating comic opera star loses her diamonds, how do you account for it?"

"Advertisement," Ashton replied, in a tone that implored someone to ask him something just a trifle more difficult.

"Exactly—advertisement. Two years ago or thereabouts I came to the same conclusion. You remember Miss Stella Deane—made an enormous success in 'The Parisian Belle.' Charming woman, lovely voice, perfect figure, and the face of a goddess. London went mad over her; simply raving, tearing mad. At a bound she reached the acme of woman's glory. Soap manufacturers begged on their knees for testimonials that 'she used no other,' while perfumers were almost driven to distraction through indulging in wild dreams of the fortune that must pour into their coffers, if she would only say that she preferred their triple extract of this or that, to any other scent in Bond Street. Everything was named after her—bonnets, bows, shoes, parasols. She had reached the pinnacle of feminine glory, but what did the silly little woman do?"

"Got married," someone suggested from behind the smoke of a big cigar.

Major Clendon drank off a four-finger tot before answering his own question, and then, in a solemn whisper, continued, "Lost her diamonds. This woman, who was right there, on the tip-top, played that old fossilised wheeze, and announced in the papers that she had been robbed. Brougham run into by a fire escape, or something of that sort. I forget the details. Hey, presto, gone! thirty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, and two thousand pounds reward."

Everyone breathed an appreciative sigh: the yarn promised to be interesting.

"I rented a flat in those days in Shaftesbury Avenue, and she was staying in the same Mansions."

"The long arm of coincidence is upon us," the youth with the cigarette ejaculated.

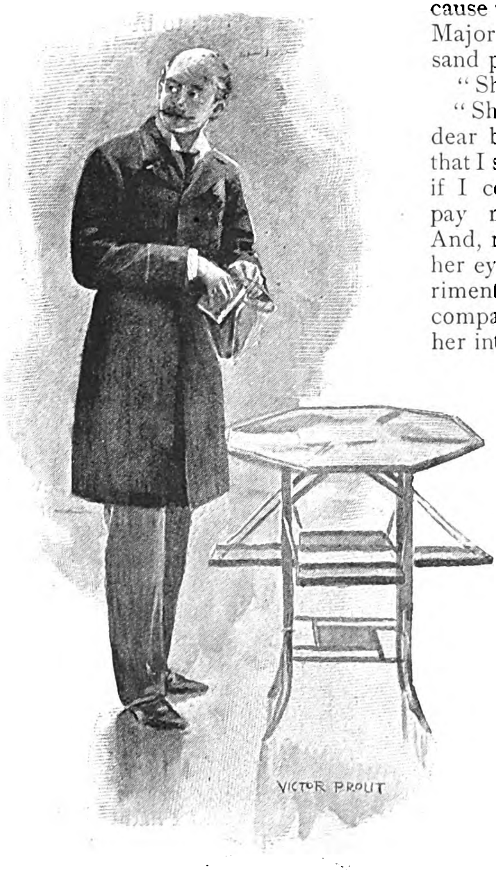
"I at once thought as Mr. Ashton does," the Major imperturbably continued, "that it was a ridiculous advertisement; but at the same time it appeared to me that if she had not lost them, and yet I regained them for her, it would be a couple of thousand easily earned. If she had not lost them, I could not be accused of stealing them. Equally, if I handed them back to her, it could not be said that I had obtained money under false pretences, because she had never lost them, and need not unless she chose, pay me a reward for recovering what had not been missed. You see the deal was square. Well, thinking as I did—I at once took steps to recover what, in my opinion, was not lost, and—I—er—searched the lady's flat."

There were two long drawn sighs. Two men, if it had been anywhere else but the Red Sea, where it was too hot to raise arguments, would have ventured an opinion.

"Couldn't find them anywhere, and I almost began to think that, perhaps, they had been stolen after all. In fact, quite candidly, I was in considerable doubt, until I saw in the evening papers that the police had a clue, and that satisfied me that they hadn't. Then the idea struck me that, perhaps, I had better call and see Miss Deane herself. It seemed more straightforward.

"I tell you frankly, boys, I never met a more charming woman in my life. Had I not known that she was trying to deceive us all, I should have called her bewitching."

We all sighed, a sympathetic symphony. It was a very hot night.



The bag was filled with the usual feminine odds and ends.

"I informed her that I had the honour to reside under the same roof, and even more, the honour to have been born in the same country. She was from the States, you know. I added that I was a bit of a crank in the detective line, had my own theories and my own little methods, and I had determined to recover the diamonds for her.

"And she agreed, Major?"

"Well, yes. In the most musical voice in the world, she asked: 'Because we are from the States, Major, or for the two thousand pounds?'"

"She was cute."

"She was from the States, dear boy. Well, we settled that I should trace the stones if I could, and she should pay me if I succeeded. And, my gracious! the way her eyes sparkled with merriment when we made the compact. I felt like taking her into my arms right away, and dancing through the world, straight into heaven. Well, next morning I went to her flat again, found the diamonds, and—"

"Here, half a minute, Major, let's follow it a bit. Don't rush along, we're in no hurry, it's only just gone five bells."

"But it isn't the point of the story, old chap."

"Maybe not, but we would like to know how you—well, to use your own delicate expression—*found* the diamonds."

"Well, it's quite simple. Miss Deane always carried about with her a green Russian leather hand-bag, and while she was engaged with her maid, I indulged in the liberty of taking it in my hand."

"Ah! found it heavy, and the diamonds were discovered," Ashton superciliously interjected.

"The next man who interrupts my story, I'll fine him drinks round," the Major announced emphatically. "The bag was not heavy, and the diamonds were not found, because, as I have explained so often, they were never lost. The bag was filled with the usual feminine odds and ends one would expect to find in it—purse, powder-puff, and fifty-and-one other things, but in the inside pocket was the key of a small safe. That safe I had noticed on my first and unannounced visit, was in the bedroom, and therefore the jewels which were never lost, were securely under lock and key. Well, I obtained the key of the safe—"

"Major, you've been already requested not to slur over the quintessence of your reminiscence. Don't be bashful, how did you get the key?"

"I didn't get it at all. I simply noticed the name of the maker of the safe stamped upon the key, and that was sufficient. For a few days I made a point of calling at Miss Dean's flat, when I knew she was at the theatre, and awaiting her return, told her of mysterious clues that I had discovered, until I became a frequent, an acknowledged, and, I am proud to say, a welcome visitor. Then one afternoon I looked in upon the makers of the safe, and, informing them that the keys had been lost, made an appointment for the same evening for one of their men to call and attempt to open it at nine o'clock sharp."

"Well, I call that sheer robbery," Ashton jerked out, and we waited an explosion.

It was a very hot night, and the Major merely broke the pause that followed by asking languidly, "Of what—her diamonds? Why, they had been stolen already."

"But—"

"There's no but—you can't steal from a woman what she hasn't got."

"But she had got them."

"Of course she had, but I didn't steal them. They were in her room when first I called upon her, and still there when I said good-bye for the last time. Well, the skilled mechanic from the safe people called and asked for Major Clendon, and I was naturally on the spot. He had a score or so of master keys with him that perhaps might fit, if not, the safe must be forced. One did fit, and he at my request left it with me until duplicates could be made. Just as I expected, the diamonds were there, nice and snug in their velvet nests, and after I had seen him out, I placed the cases in my pocket, relocked the safe, and sent a telegram to Miss Deane at the theatre, telling her that her diamonds had been recovered, that I had them, and was awaiting her return.

"Well, you can guess the lady didn't waste time after the show was over, and you can guess too that she arrived in a state of delicious perplexity. When a girl pretends she's lost her diamonds, having them all the time locked up in a modern safe, and then gets a wire saying that someone has recovered them for her, it's calculated to make her just a little curious as to how things are going to turn out.

"It was a chilly evening, and when she entered the room dressed in about the finest furs to be bought in London, her face aglow, her lips all smiles, and her eyes dancing with excitement; why hang it all, I felt inclined to give her back her diamonds, and go down on my knees for forgiveness."

We all sighed and blew a cloud of smoke. The mental vision of the Major on his knees was too affecting.

"But you were not so weak, Major?"

"No, I resisted the temptation, helped her to remove her sables, drew a comfortable chair up to the fire for her, took one opposite myself, and was lost in the contemplation of the daintiest little shoe in the world, perched upon the edge of the fender."

"'Major,' she cried with a laugh, 'I believe you're getting a joke on me.'

"'My dear Miss Deane!' I expostulated.

"'I don't believe you've the faintest clue to my diamonds, and you've simply coaxed me home early because you had no one to talk to.'

"'It's very ungallant to have to admit it, but that is not the truth. I know where your diamonds are.'

"'Indeed,' she cried with a tinge of annoyance in her voice, 'where?'

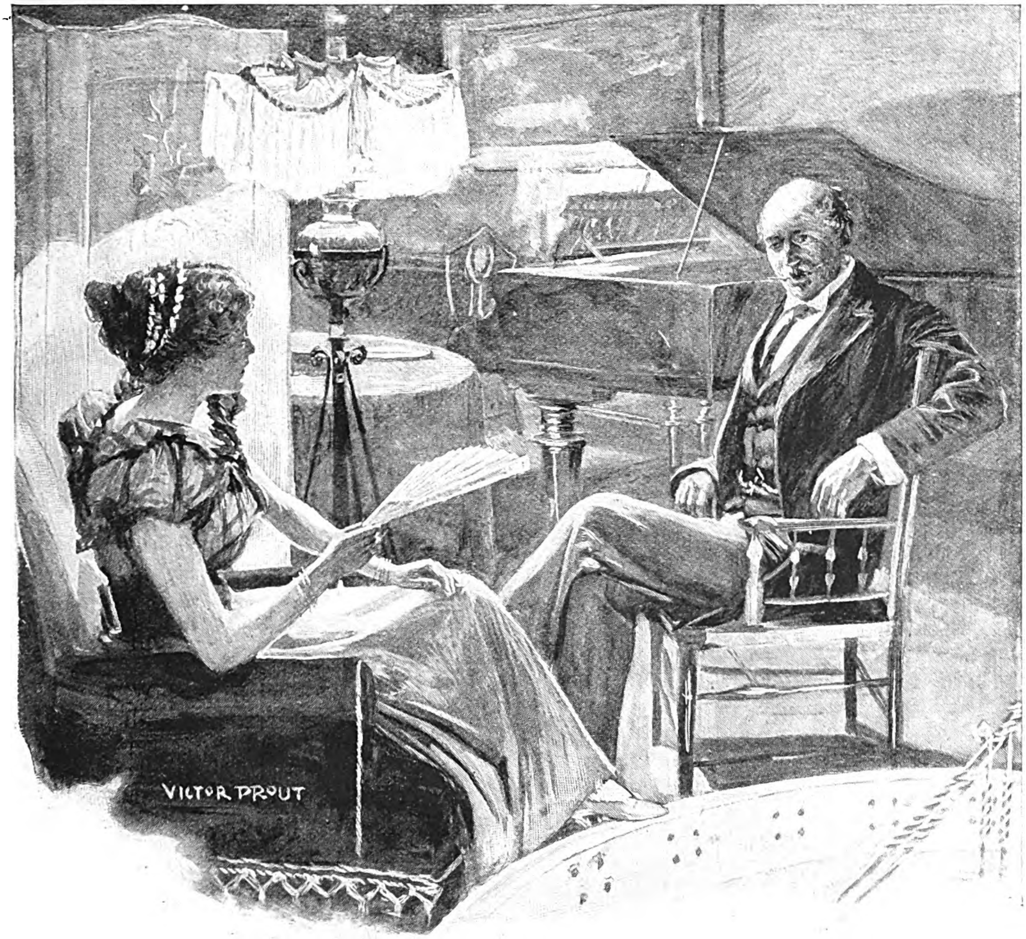
"'In my pocket.'

"She sat back and laughed, a quiet laugh of enjoyment, the laugh one indulges in when one has the cream of a joke all to oneself: and I had to laugh too, because hang it all, it *was* amusing."

"'I traced them,' I continued, 'got them from the person who had stolen them, and here they are.'

"I placed the cases upon a little table by her side, and opened them, and she, with a cry of astonishment, gazed at the stones for a moment, and then laughed until I thought she'd never stop.

"'Major,' she cried, 'if you're not very careful you'll get yourself into trouble. You've gone and threatened someone into handing diamonds over to you, but, you dear silly man, they're not mine. Take them back, now do. Fancy if they caught you, and put you into a nasty yellow suit with



**"I don't believe you've the faintest clue to my diamonds," she said.**

broad arrows upon it; why, I should die of shame when I called on visiting days.' "

"Keen sense of humour that little girl had," someone muttered approvingly.

"Rather prophetic, too, bless her! What did you do, Major?"

"I said, 'My dear Miss Deane, I may be dense, but I'll be hanged if I know what you're laughing at.'

"'Why, you silly fellow,' she answered, 'I have not lost my diamonds at all. It was only done for advertisement. They're locked up in my safe. I'll show them to you.'

"With another ripple of laughter, she flitted into the adjoining room, and then I caught a light cry of amazement, and she stood looking at me from the doorway.

"'My diamonds have been stolen,' she exclaimed, walking towards me.

"'So I have always understood.'

"'They were stolen to-day—to-night.'

"'Then your newspaper paragraphs were a bit previous, eh!' I ventured to suggest. 'What a mercy it is I have been able to regain them for you.'

"'And if I refuse to pay you, what then?'

"'You cannot refuse to pay a reward you deliberately offered. That the diamonds were stolen since does not affect the question, for you gave me the commission to recover them for you. The pretty little advertisement trick, I fancy, you would rather was never mentioned."

"She walked quietly to an escritoire in the corner of the room, and took out her cheque book. 'Two thousand, is it not?'

"I nodded, and she rapidly wrote a cheque and passed it to me.

"'The diamonds are yours,' I said, and took up my hat.

"'Sit down,' she cried, a smile breaking through the seriousness that had overspread her features as she wrote the cheque. 'Business is over, and we don't allow business to interfere with pleasure. Just let me see if my balance is sufficient. You wouldn't care for my cheque to be dishonoured, would you, Major? The idea is a bit too homœopathic, isn't it?'"

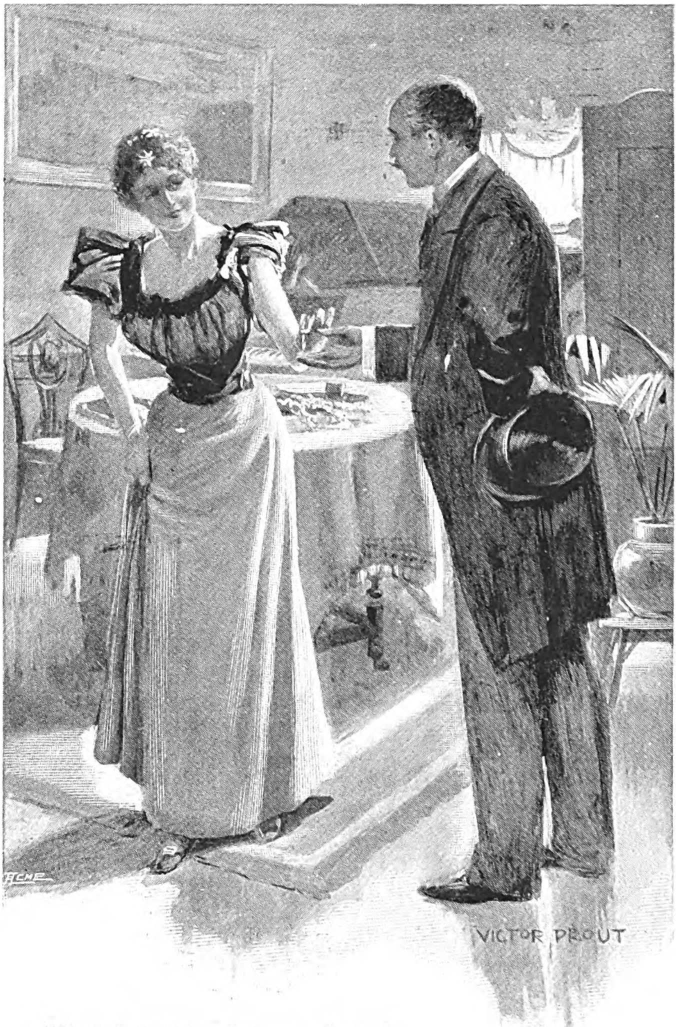
"By the holy saints," second officer Riley ejaculated, "she'd got a gifted tongue."

"'She was a gifted woman altogether,' the Major responded with boundless admiration. 'Five hundred and thirty-five pounds two and sixpence,' she added, consulting her passbook.

"'In addition to the two thousand,' I suggested.

"'No, that's the whole balance,' she answered, with a pathetic sigh. I'm afraid I'm terribly extravagant. I've just paid two hundred guineas for my furs.'"

Six men stopped puffing at their cigars, and the youth with the cigarette nearly swallowed it in his surprise. Then a chuckle ran round, and someone murmured, "It's great."



"Have it mounted for my sake," she said sweetly.

"'Yes,' she repeated, 'I know I'm terribly extravagant, but you shall not suffer, Major.'

"She lifted the diamonds from their velvet cases, two necklaces, three or four stars, and half a dozen rings, and placed them in my hands.

"'Take them, Major,' she said demurely, 'take them for your trouble. They're only paste.'"

The chuckle spread to a grin, the grin into a roar, and the group of seven, for the Major seemed to enjoy the joke also, laughed until everyone was compelled to mop his face and gasp for breath.

It was a very hot night.

"'You silly man,' she cried, smiling again, 'you thought you were so smart. You discovered the story of the robbery was only a harmless, necessary advertisement, but it did not dawn upon you that I could scarcely afford to sink thirty thousand pounds, even if I could ever have earned such a sum, in unproductive jewels. Put them in your pocket—I expect they'll realise about fifty pounds—and say good-night.'

"She walked towards the door and

I followed her, holding the jewels in my hand.

"'Goodnight, Major, to-morrow I shall be telling the funniest story of the year, and I'm indebted to you for it. Fancy all your trouble for nothing,' and her eyes sparkled and danced like the diamonds themselves.

"'Don't laugh at a fellow,' I said meekly.

"'No, he mustn't be laughed at,' she cried.

"'Good-night.'

"'Take them,' I pleaded, holding them out to her.

"'Not for worlds," she protested. 'You must have some reward for your trouble. Oh dear! I can see you walking all over London trying to get a proper price for them.'

"'Oh! don't be so heartless,' I retorted, smiling in spite of myself. 'Now be a good girl—stop laughing, and take them back. As a favour to me.'

"'Well, I think if I do, I must really send a paragraph to the papers to-morrow, saying Major Clendon has presented Miss Stella Deane with a new thirty thousand guineas set of brilliants.'

'Oh, don't chaff, you little terror! Say good-night.'

"She took the jewels from me, and flung them upon the table, shook my hand, and then, still laughing, caught up one of the necklaces, and twisted the smallest stone off with the fastening.

"'Have it mounted for my sake,' she said sweetly, 'just as a souvenir; wear paste as I do, Major. Good-night,' and she shut the door behind me. She was the cleverest woman who ever walked."

"I quite agree with you, Major, she was," said one of the listeners, rising and throwing the end of his cigar over the side.

We all followed his example, for it was getting late.

"Good-night, Major, I'm glad she did you."

"Good-night, Major.—— Good-night, old chap."

"Good-night, old fellow."

"I say, boys," the Major remarked quietly, "don't you want to hear the end of the yarn?"

"What! is there more?"

"Just a trifle, you may as well hear it; it gives a finishing touch."

"Right you are. Go on."

"I did have the diamond mounted, and I'm wearing it now."

"Well, we guessed that, of course."

"Yes, I honour the lady's whim, and wear it as a souvenir," the Major reflectively continued, "It's a brilliant of the first water, and worth thirty pounds."

"What? Then the others were——"

"All genuine, my boy, every one of them, and worth thirty thousand pounds, every penny of it. She spoofed me dead. Good-night, boys."

# HAND IN HAND.

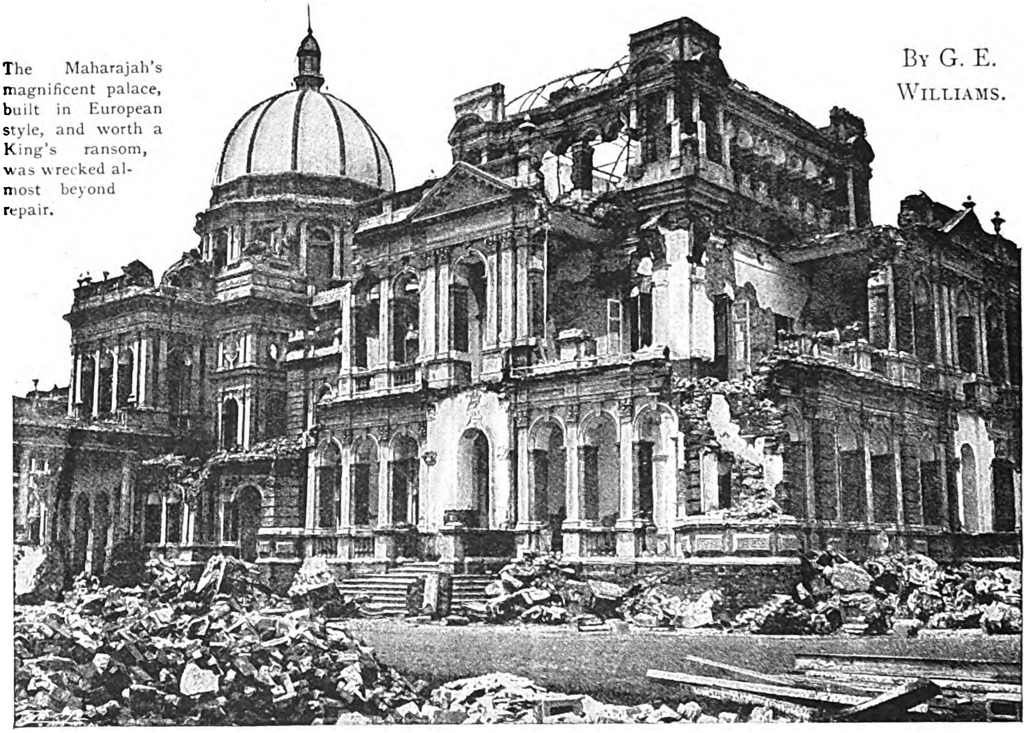
Life is full of joy and gladness,
As we wander by the stream;
Hand in hand, together, darling,
In a golden, happy dream.
Nought we know of pain or sorrow,
All for us the sun doth shine.
Thus would I for ever wander,
With your little hand in mine!

But the time will come, my darling,
When the clouds will gather fast,
For the golden sun of springtime,
Will not thus for ever last.
But the darkest cloud will brighten
With a glist'ning, silver line,
If we wander, still, together,
With your little hand in mine!

May the close of life's December
Find us still, dear, hand in hand,
When we cross the dark, swift river,
Flowing to the Better Land.
Through that higher life in Heaven,
With a love yet more divine:
There, perchance, we still may wander,
With your little hand in mine!

Constance M. Low.

The Maharajah's magnificent palace, built in European style, and worth a King's ransom, was wrecked almost beyond repair.



By G. E. Williams.

# THE UPHEAVAL OF A MOMENT.

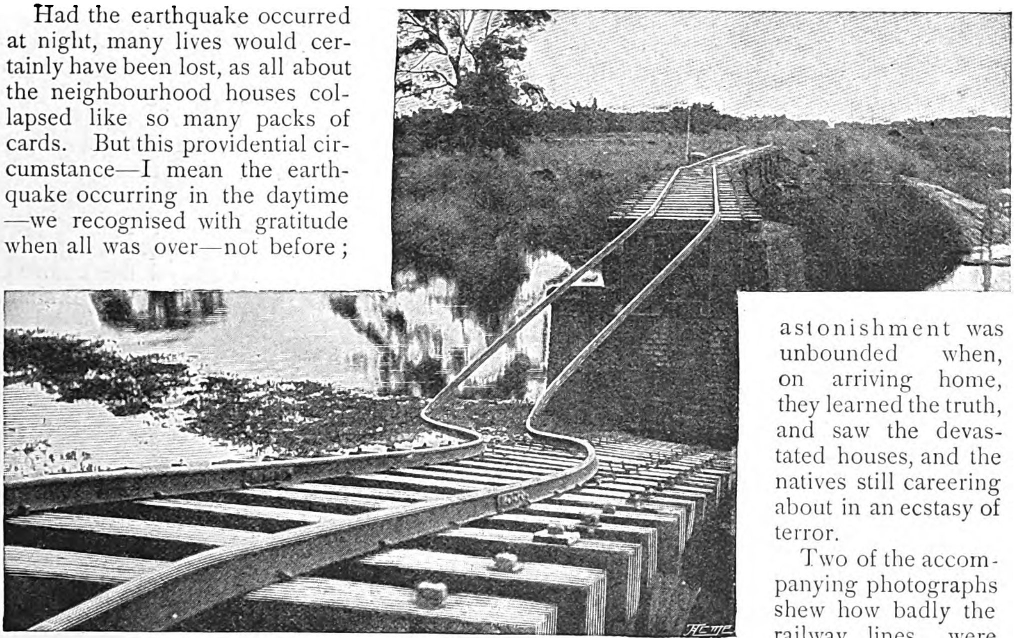
During my sojourn in India—some sixteen or seventeen years—I have experienced as large a share of earthquakes as most people who have lived in the tropics. Some of these upheavals have been tolerably severe, others slight, and one, at least, so disastrous and terrifying that the memory of it will remain with me until my dying day. I allude, of course, to the great earthquake of 1897.

It had been one of those sweltering days that no one who has not lived in India can possibly imagine—a day when the lightest costume seems an intolerable weight, and the air you draw suffocating, and like fire in the lungs. At about five in the afternoon, when most people were sitting down to afternoon tea, the earthquake suddenly began, and all was over in less than five minutes. But what a five minutes! They are the most alarming I have ever gone through. Very many of my readers have been in a storm at sea, and the sensation, never over pleasant, is somewhat similar to that of an earthquake, though infinitely less horrible, be the storm never so violent. I could hardly keep on my legs, and the deadly feeling of nausea that came over me is an experience I shall never forget, and hope never to go through again.

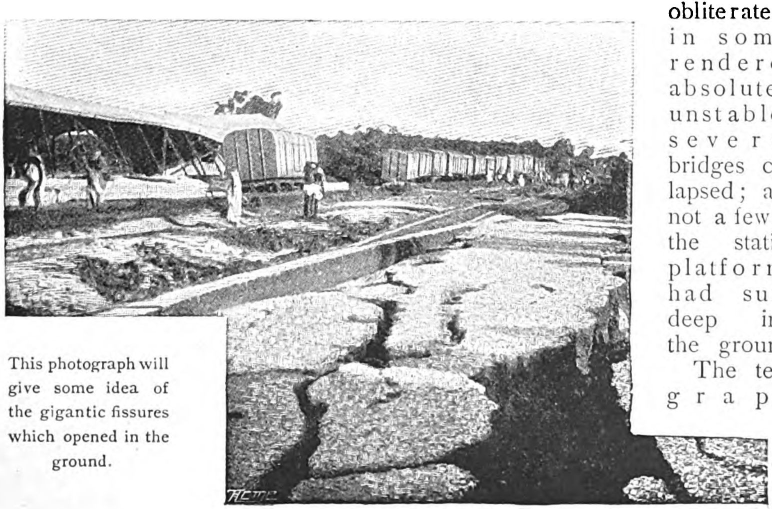
Perhaps even worse was the awful din that accompanied the shocks. It beggars all description. The loudest clap of thunder would be a mere whisper in comparison. It sounded, for all the world, as though whole mountains were rolling down, or all the powder magazines in the world exploding simultaneously.

People, as I have said, were just sitting down to afternoon tea or dressing to go out, and, in spite of my terror, I remember well laughing—somewhat hysterically perhaps—at all the good folk that hurried with scared faces out into the open—gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves, ladies in their petticoats. As for the natives, they were terrified out of their senses, and rushed hither and thither like madmen, praying and screaming. Birds flew about screeching in wild excitement, dogs barked, horses tried their level best to kick the stables to pieces, and my elephant's trumpetings were simply deafening. In fact, it was a regular pandemonium.

Had the earthquake occurred at night, many lives would certainly have been lost, as all about the neighbourhood houses collapsed like so many packs of cards. But this providential circumstance—I mean the earthquake occurring in the daytime—we recognised with gratitude when all was over—not before; the experience, while it lasted, seemed well-nigh as bad as it could be.

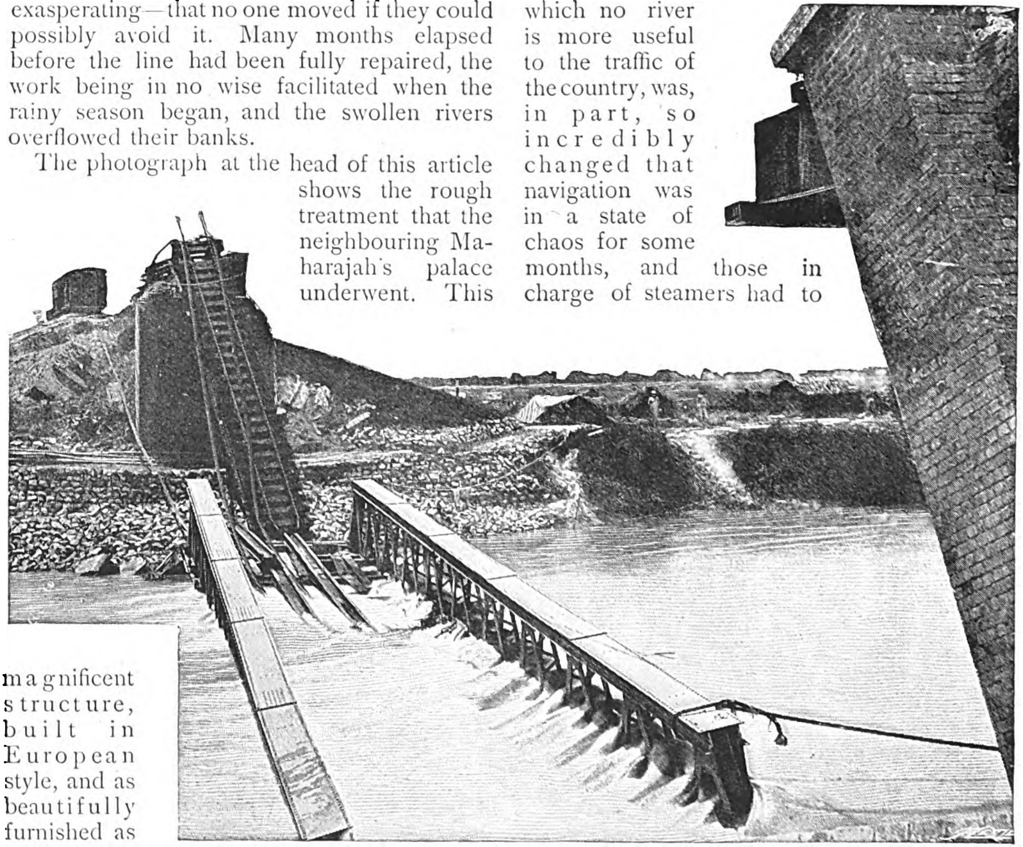

Here is an example of the fearful damage done to the Bengal State Railway.

One strange incident I remember hearing of some time after. Two friends of mine had gone out for a ride that same afternoon (energetic men—in such heat!), and happened to be on horseback at the time of the earthquake. Wonderful to relate, they had not the faintest suspicion of the convulsions over which they were riding! True, they noticed that their horses rolled and stumbled; but imagining that the animals were tired and faint after the sweltering heat of the day, pulled them into a trot, by which time the shocks had subsided. The appalling din they believed to be claps of thunder, for during the earthquake there was a slight thunderstorm; and their astonishment was unbounded when, on arriving home, they learned the truth, and saw the devastated houses, and the natives still careering about in an ecstasy of terror.


This photograph will give some idea of the gigantic fissures which opened in the ground.

Two of the accompanying photographs shew how badly the railway lines were damaged. These were taken on a portion of the line on the northern section of the Bengal State Railway, some sixty miles south of the Silijuri Railway Station—an important terminus, being the station at which you change for Darjeeling. As can easily be imagined, the traffic was stopped for several days, and it was more than a month before the lines were in a fit state to bear the weight of heavy goods trains. Indeed, the annexed photographs give but a faint idea of the vast damage done. In many places the line was completely obliterated; in some, rendered absolutely unstable; several bridges collapsed; and not a few of the station platforms had sunk deep into the ground. The telegraph service had, of course, been stopped, and for many days we were completely shut off from the world. As a natural consequence, all manner of wild and dreadful rumours came flying about—one that Calcutta had been utterly destroyed; another that Burmah had wholly disappeared off the face of the globe. It speaks very well for the management of the railway service, that in little more than seven days people were once more able to travel, though, to be sure, at such an exasperatingly slow rate—and slow travelling under an Indian sun is unspeakably exasperating—that no one moved if they could possibly avoid it. Many months elapsed before the line had been fully repaired, the work being in no wise facilitated when the rainy season began, and the swollen rivers overflowed their banks.

The photograph at the head of this article shows the rough treatment that the neighbouring Maharajah's palace underwent. This magnificent structure, built in European style, and as beautifully furnished as any house in Belgrave Square or Park Lane, cost thousands to erect; and everybody, English and native, was very sorry when they heard of the Maharajah's loss, he being the most popular man in the neighbourhood, and an ardent sportsman.



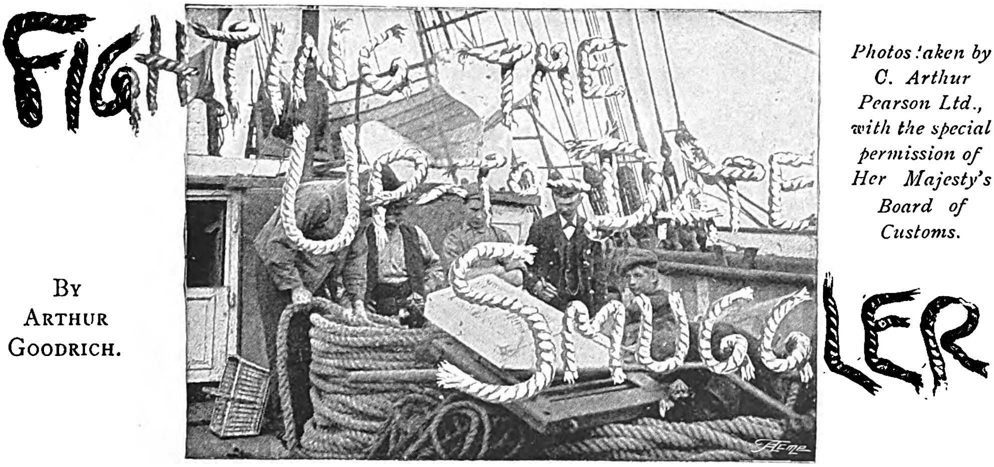
This splendid iron bridge, which cost thousands to build, collapsed in a moment, and as a consequence railway traffic was stopped for more than a month.

In many places the earthquake made deep cracks in the roads, and out of these sand and water were often flung into the air to the height of twenty feet. One of the accompanying photographs will give the reader a good idea of these cracks. Personally, I had not the opportunity of witnessing one of these upheavals; nor, indeed, do I greatly deplore having missed such an experience; but those who were present at the time assure me that the sight is one of the most terrifying imaginable.

After the earthquake many places in the country were altered quite beyond recognition. Great landslips had changed the course of rivers, and even the deep and wide Brahmaputra, than which no river is more useful to the traffic of the country, was, in part, so incredibly changed that navigation was in a state of chaos for some months, and those in charge of steamers had to be very careful when steering over unknown depths.

For many months after, the earthquake shocks were felt, some fairly severe, others slight, none very comfortable or very reassuring after our recent shaking. And now, as I am reading the proof pages of this article, news comes of another terrible earthquake in the Darjeeling district.

# FIGHTING THE SMUGGLER



*Photos taken by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., with the special permission of Her Majesty's Board of Customs.*

By
Arthur
Goodrich.

The aspects of man vary according to the standpoint from which he is regarded. He has been variously described as a clothing, a collecting, a gambling, a bargaining, a killing, and a cooking animal to the satisfaction of the various definers.

In the eyes of the Custom's authorities, man, and for the matter of that woman also, is a smuggler, a hardened, irreclaimable, artful smuggler, only deterred from defrauding the Revenue by a wholesome fear of the pains and penalties attaching thereto.

Is this estimate a just one?

Butler has placed on record his belief that "the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat."

Had the philosopher lived in these days, the spectacle of a Custom's officer searching a vessel for contraband might have led him to modify this axiom, but his general opinion of humanity would probably have remained the same. In all ages and all climes, the desire to overreach one's neighbour, or, as we call it, getting the best of a bargain, is universal.

When we read of the sturdy young Yorkshireman whose love for his father was so great, that on one occasion he risked his life to save that of his parent, yet could not withstand the temptation a little later of trying to jockey him in a horse transaction, all we can do is to admit that the human race finds the delights of deceit are too great to be resisted.

If Dame Nature has not done her work badly, how comes it that one of the greatest of all intellectual enjoyments seems to be that which is derived from the practice of deception? Just as the boy revels in despoiling the orchard, and the swain prizes the kisses most, which are stolen, so the smoker loves the tobacco which has not paid duty—that is, when he can get it, which is not often.

Not long since, in pursuit of material for this article, I journeyed to the mouth of the Thames, and accompanied a party of Customs officers on board a newly-arrived vessel.

Presently, I noticed an officer gazing intently at one of the crew.

The man, a Briton with a truculent expression, seldom to be seen on the faces of the apathetic foreign sailor, assumed a bold, defiant gaze, as much as to say, "You are wrong, my fine fellow; in me you behold an honest man."

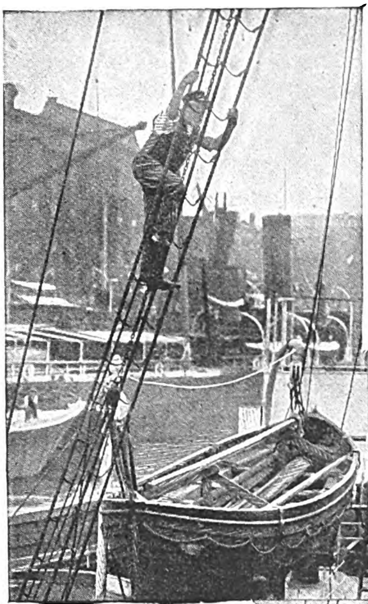
But the officer, with the knowledge born of experience, was of a different opinion, and his nimble fingers soon brought to light so many packets that I began to think I was witnessing a conjuring exhibition.

Now, does any one suppose that this misguided salt was endeavouring to defraud Her Majesty's Customs for the sake of saving a few pence?

It seems inconceivable.

He had run the risk because the human mind craves for excitement, and it must surely be a trying moment when the lynx-eyed officer, having asked whether you have anything about you which you ought to declare, you reply "No," knowing all the while that you have.

Evolution has, of course, been at work with the species. In the last century, when the two hundred odd different articles of merchandise necessitated the Customs maintaining over a thousand officers at Gravesend alone, the smuggler was a bold dashing fellow, worthy of being ranked with buccaneers, corsairs, filibusters, contrabandists, and the like. He was as full of resource and as fond of the petticoats as the hero of a melodrama. His belt bristled with pistols, and his keen-edged sword was ever ready to be drawn on a preventive officer.



When a ship comes into the Thames the rigging is searched for contraband—

And the furled sails have to be carefully examined—

As the only articles left worth smuggling are tobacco and spirits and scent—for tea and coffee, independent of the lowness of the duty, are too bulky—the old-fashioned smuggler has vanished. Still, as no less than 14,000 vessels from foreign parts and 49,000 coasters pass up the Thames yearly, the revenue officers have to exercise an almost superhuman vigilance to prevent the revenue being defrauded.

The work, too, is much more difficult than of yore, for the number of natural hiding places in modern vessels is so large that the odds, especially as the smuggler has plenty of time to hide his contraband and the officers only an hour or two to find it, would appear greatly against the searchers. Fortunately this is not so. The officers have not only their accumulated experience to help them, but, in addition, the work so develops a kind of bloodhound instinct that, with the aid of the plain clothes detectives who patrol the reaches of the river between London Bridge and the Nore, it may be safely averred that little, if any, contraband escapes seizure.

The methods pursued in searching vessels vary. During a couple of days' "rummaging" (as searching is called), in company with some Customs officers, I noticed that the big ocean steamers were not subject to the same sort of searching as the smaller vessels hailing from the tobacco ports of the Continent.

Although ocean-going steamers are literally crammed with nooks and crannies, the temptation to smuggle when a vessel only visits a port, say, once in three months, is small. But there is another reason why very little smuggling is done on board big vessels, and why, when it is, detection is almost certain. The smuggler must keep his own counsel, or the contraband would be raided by his mates; and he must also select a hiding-place within the limits of his watch and daily work.

For it is no uncommon thing for an attempt to be made to conceal dutiable articles in such curious places.

How greatly a knowledge of this facilitates the work of the Customs I saw, when something in the appearance of one of the engine-room hands of a big steamer having attracted the suspicions of the officer, he declared his intention of searching the stoke-hole. This was the third vessel we had boarded, and as some rummaging I had done on the other two had generated quite a liking for the work, I hastily encased my hands in improvised gloves of cotton waste, and darted below in pursuit of the searching party.

The heat was intense, but a violent blow on the head soon cooled my enthusiasm.

The fender is invariably prodded.

The great aim of naval architects being to pack the engines in as small a space as possible, no one with a figure inclining to central expansion should seek to penetrate a stoke-hole. I got so confused with "lower your head a little," "now lean to the right," "bend your back," "screw up a bit smaller," "now crouch a little," "mind your head against that steam pipe," "be careful about the next step, for it's missing," that when I arrived at the bottom, I felt that the whispered comment of one of the officers, "'e don't know where 'e are," was literally true.

Such unlikely places as the binnacle may conceal illicit stores.

By the time I had mended a little, I had got so convinced that I was not a born rummager, that when the officer declared his intention of turning over the coal, of which there must have been quite ten tons, I fled. After this I lost my way, and when at last I did regain the open air, I looked so grimy, greasy, and forlorn that the officer on deck laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

Ten tons of coal want a bit of turning over, but the sleuth-hounds below were on a hot scent, presently they found the bag they were looking for, and passed it up through the stoke-hole.

Occasionally tobacco is found stored in the toes of long sea-boots.

The smuggler of the past is spoken of in the Service as being of the rough and ready sort. His descendant of to-day is much more wily.

"Oh, so you are on this vessel, are you?" says one of our party, to a pleasant looking seaman. "Just cast your eye over the fenders, Jem."

Thereupon an officer thrusts a long bodkin into the middle of a fender, as if it were a cheese, withdraws the instrument and smells it.

Passengers' luggage is searched on board, but cargo, as a rule, is not examined till landed.

The ordinary girder does not seem to be quite an ideal hiding place. Still, girders specially prepared for the reception of contraband are not unknown.

One of the most daring attempts to smuggle tobacco ended in the confiscation of no less than five tons. The contraband was packed in two large marine boilers, which were landed at Newcastle. The authorities, who were in possession of private information, decided on allowing the boilers to be sent on to London, in order to catch the thieves red-handed. Through a mistake, however, in a telegram, one of the boilers was got away from King's Cross without the authorities being aware of it; but, unluckily for the conspirators, its weight broke down the trolley conveying it away, so the detectives were able to get on its track.

In the end the smugglers were fined £4824, which, not being prepared to pay, they went to prison. The boilers turned out to be dummies, made of very thin plates, but so splendidly put together that they would have deceived the finest expert.

Captures like this are rare; but tobacco is frequently found in casks and cases.

A favourite dodge is to cover a big pot filled with contraband with a lining of grease.

A pie dish was utilised on one occasion.

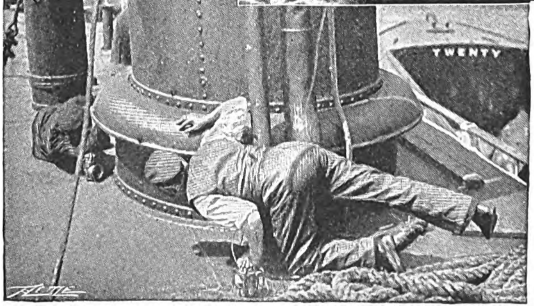
An officer came across a pie. The crust presented such an inviting appearance, that he laughingly remarked he should like to taste it. The pallor which overspread the cook's face, not escaping the attention of the human bloodhound, the crust was raised. Tableau.

The rapidity with which a party of Custom House officers will search a vessel is astonishing.

They have to do the work thoroughly, for, as they say, "till we have been everywhere, it is impossible to say there is no contraband on board."

One of the vessels we boarded contained no less than six convicted smugglers. Rudder trunk, binnacles, pillars, sails, rigging, and numerous other places were soon searched, one officer pursuing his investigation to the end of the bowsprit. Even the air-tight tanks of the lifeboats were not overlooked.

The examination of the bulwarks occupies much time and trouble.



Some might think the bases of the funnels would escape the Custom officers.

A favourite dodge of one of these erring ones was to suspend bags behind the matchwood lining of the cabins. Foolish man! A stiff piece of wire, when handled by a rummager, always brings these packages to light. The wainscot, however, yielded nothing this time. But, still undaunted, the officers went steadily on; two casks of potatoes were turned out. Tiles in the lavatory were removed, the inside of a piano in the chief cabin was peered into, and the planking outside the entrance of the forecastle raised. This, although once a favourite hiding-place, is seldom resorted to now; still, officers when rummaging, always closely scrutinise the planking. A piece of the deck removed, and replaced by a thin layer, will hide a dozen pounds of tobacco.

While this was going on I conversed with some of the evil-doers. I cannot say that they impressed me unfavourably. Indeed, even the revenue officers admit that as a rule smugglers are good sailors. One said to me:

"When I wor a few years younger I allays smuggled if circumstances favoured.

"Years ago, when officers were not as gimblet-eyed as they are now, I used to get a lot of stuff through. It wor work as paid, for the duty on tobacco is five times its value. You buy a few pounds of tobacco at one shilling a pound, and you sell it at three shillings a pound; and a hundred cigars you give three shillings for, you can get rid of for twelve shillings easy.

"It's wonderful how fond people are of smuggled tobacco. Why, years ago I had a regular lot of customers I supplied.

"One old gentleman, who knew when the vessel was due, would come ten miles to buy a couple of pounds. He would almost weep for joy if I sold him any. He used to tremble like a leaf when he said, 'Have you got any, Jack?'"

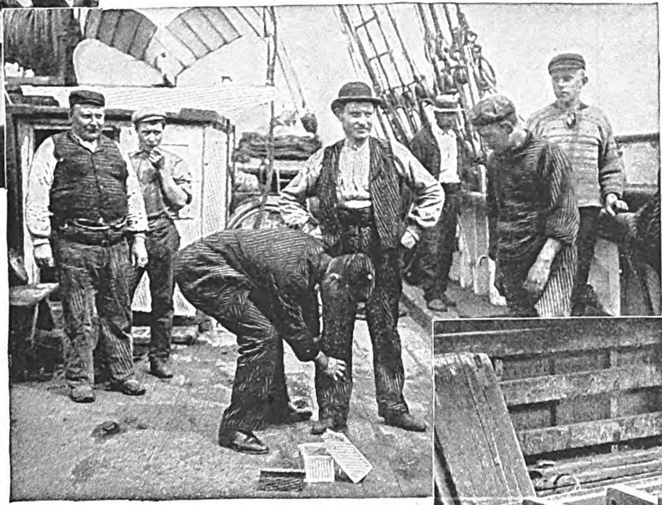
"And how did you spend the money?" I asked.

"Easy comes, easy goes, was the motter in my day, and as anything made was spent on the spree in

This energetic officer is not daunted by a ship-load of baskets.

Amsterdam or Rotterdam, the wives and kids being never no better off, I determined at last to chuck it, and I wish I had made up my mind sooner, for I got bowled out at the finish, and all my sticks were collared to pay the fine."

In the present age of ostentation a sailor is much more likely to defraud the revenue in order, say, to pay for his daughter being taught the piano than for any amount of spreeing in Amsterdam.



Of course, the examination of the seamen is carried out most stringently.

Having said that the best sailors are frequently born smugglers, the reader will not be surprised to hear that the Britisher is the worst of them all. Jack is not only as daring as he is artful in the devising of what is known as mechanical contrivance, but the look of extreme rectitude, flavoured with injured innocence, he can assume on occasion, stamps him as an actor of no mean pretensions.

The Dutchman makes a good, or rather, a bad smuggler. He is phlegmatic, stolid, cool, and he loves to do the Britisher. The Belgians come next, then the Germans, and a long way behind, Norwegians and Fins. Surely, the Fins must be one of the most peaceful and amiable people in the world! The language of a British salt, whilst being overhauled, recalls the English Army in Flanders; but a crew of Fins I saw searched endured the indignity with such smiling indifference that I could scarcely believe that they hotly resented the abrogation of their constitution by the Czar.

Whatever the defects of the French may be, their sailors do not smuggle. When they do they find the penetrating gaze of our Customs' officers so disconcerting that they generally own up. But for this disqualification, the natural ingenuity of the race would render them difficult to cope with.

To hide tobacco under the cargo, and so arrange the unloading that the officers would not be on board at the finish was the idea of one French skipper. But he had to do with trained physiognomists; one of these read him like a book; so the poor man was surprised in the very act of stowing the contraband on the persons of his crew after the hold had been cleared. The revenue officers told off to look after passengers are so distinguished in appearance and courtly in manner that, till you note their keen eyes roving around, you might take them for naval officers of high rank in undress uniform. But for all their suavity, the terror they inspire is great. Owners of portmanteaus containing cigars are apt to become so frightened when the officers board, that they frequently decamp

It is a ticklish job to search amongst the engines and machinery of a steamer.

before their traps are searched, thus losing not only their cigars but their luggage as well.

As a rule, gentlemen smuggle but little. They also strongly disapprove of their wives doing so, frequently, however, to no purpose.

It is a melancholy fact, and one we should never cease to deplore, that woman, lovely woman, is frequently the unhappy possessor of a perfectly incurable passion for smuggling.

"Have I anything about me which I ought to declare? The idea of such a thing! How dare you?"

Any receptacle may be used by smugglers.

Old sacks are of course emptied.

Even old tubs escape not the vigilant eyes of the officials.

Anyone gazing that moment at the lady's form would never dream of attributing the expansion to contraband. Surely the damask cheek, crimsoning to the true Tyrian hue, the marble brow clouded with thunder, and the starry eyes flashing lightnings, betoken a swelling due to just and righteous indignation.

The officer—cool, polite, and penetrative—knows better.

I heard of one instance in which the husband, a nervous man, implored his wife before sailing not to hide anything, as it was certain she would be discovered. To humour her spouse she promised, but all the same concealed on her person goods liable to duty to the value of £200.

On arriving in the Thames, the husband reflected that if his wife were not searched, she would probably reproach him for spoiling a good chance of doing the Crown, so as soon as the officers came on board, he whispered to one: "If you will send a female searcher to that lady there, I think goods will be found on her she ought to declare."

When he was told a few minutes later that a smart capture had been effected, that the lady would have to go to prison, and that half the reward would go to himself, he collapsed.

A short time since, some would-be smugglers, believing that there was still a duty on plate, went to the trouble of thickly painting a number of candelabras with a green compound which, on drying, assumed the appearance of bronze; but when it was pointed out that they might have saved themselves the trouble they looked terribly crestfallen.

In the Continental ports it is possible to buy, for smuggling purposes, tobacco so compressed that 18lb. can be concealed about the person without attracting attention.

To keep the illicit traffic alive 18oz. is served to the pound.

Reverting to the histrionic qualities of the British smuggler, an officer noting the presence of a convicted smuggler amongst the crew, will naturally scan the others. They may have been corrupted, you know.

"Well, I've got a bit here," one will say, pulling out a couple of pounds wound round his ankle.

The assumption of contrite repentance is splendidly rendered, but quite lost on the well-trained officer, who probably finds double the quantity on the other leg.

The life of a Custom House officer is not exactly a bed of roses. The jurisdiction of the department extends from Reculvers to Teddington Lock.

It may be thought that it would be possible at the mouth of the river to elude the vigilance of the Customs. Attempts are sometimes made, but generally fail. An officer sweeping the expanse of waters with his powerful glass. sees a boat putting off to a vessel just arrived. In an instant a racing launch, always on the look-out, gives chase, and before even a bag can be dropped into the boat the officers are alongside. Even if the launch is not available, there are the patrols on the bank ready to overhaul anything and everything that comes in their way.

During my stay at Gravesend I went on board the Customs launch reserved for quarantine work. The moment a vessel arrives at Gravesend she is boarded by the Customs officer and her bill of health examined. If there is any infectious disease on board, the vessel is sent to the quarantine ground below Gravesend and allowed no communication with shore till all fear of infection is over, patients being taken off and sent to the fever hospital. To go into quarantine, of course, means such loss and delay that some captains will resort to any subterfuge to get their vessels through. Customs never relax their vigilance, but this year, owing to the excessive heat and the prevalence of plague abroad, the officers found the summer months very trying.

"What vessel?" we sang out as we ran alongside an arrival.

"The *Water Witch*, from Singapore."

"Any sickness on board?"

"None."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Quite sure."

The ingenuous air with which the mariner from Singapore answered these questions would have deceived any landsman. No deception here, I thought, as I noted the fearless eyes and the bluff, outspoken address. A nice vessel, too. Yes, but to the trained eyes at my side there were too many signs of wind and tide about her, as if she had been buffeted about unnecessarily by the waves. This means that she has been very short-handed, so preparations are made to board. "Come along," said the doctor, noticing that I hung back. I murmured something about not wishing to plague him with my society, smiled feebly and retreated as far as the launch would permit. If I go on board, I reflected, I may not live to write this article, so I stayed where I was, but I kept my ears open. Having boarded the newcomer, the officer in charge of the party read out a list of printed questions, all more or less of a highly disconcerting nature. Long before this ordeal was over the man's hardihood had become so lessened that, as soon as the oath was administered, he blurted out that he had been short-handed throughout the voyage. One of the crew had died of consumption.

"You are quite sure it was only one?"

Well, now he came to think of it, two of 'em had pegged out.

"What from?"

"Consumption."

"You are sure it was consumption?"

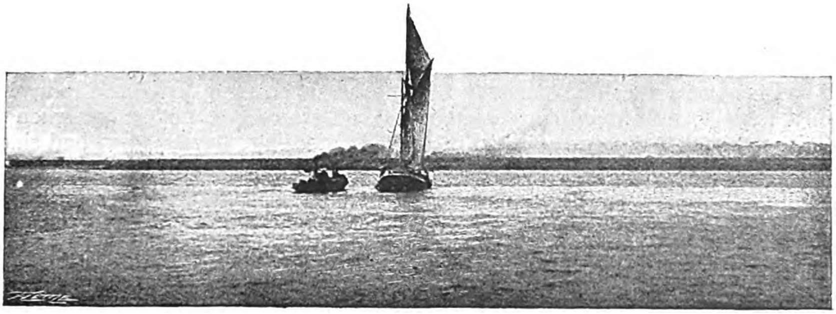
"Yes."

"How do you know?"

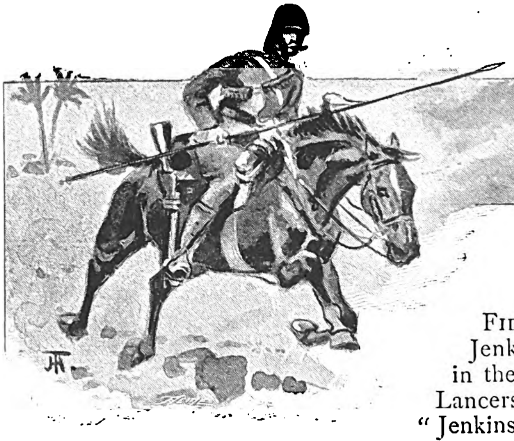
"They wasted away awful."

The look of incredulity with which this statement was received, and the significant manner in which he was reminded that he was on his oath, was too much for this worthy salt, and he made a clean breast of it. Four of his crew had died in the Indian Ocean, whether from plague or cholera he did not know. In piteous accents he assured the doctor that the vessel was now as sweet as a garden pea, but without avail. The vessel was not allowed to proceed.

During the afternoon I visited no less than four vessels. What I saw convinced me that, if any infectious disease ever finds its way into this country, it will not travel *viâ* the Thames.



Custom Officers boarding a Lugger.



# FIDDLE AND I

### By F. Norreys Connell.

Fiddle was no more her proper name than Jenkinson is mine. She was G 29, troop horse in the 22nd (Princess Sarah of Cornwall's Own) Lancers, and I was—never mind. I am, and will be, "Jenkinson." My father was a clergyman in the Shires; and he taught me how to ride, if he did not teach me my lessons; since then I have never learned my lessons, but I do know how to ride, and better than most. I might have made a living as a jockey, but I'm too heavy, even Fiddle admitted that now and then.

No matter how it happened, but there came a day when I was without home and without food, so I thought I'd better enlist to keep my mind occupied.

I went up to the St. George's Barracks and asked what regiments wanted me.

"Guards are a fine body of men," said one recruiting sergeant, "and the life's bully." But that wasn't my ticket. "What cavalry are abroad?" I asked. "You're too hulking bulky for hussars," I was told, but learned that there were four Dragoon corps in India, a Lancer regiment at the Cape, and another in Egypt.

The latter was the 22nd, and had one squadron at the front. My grand uncle was their standard cornet at Talavera, and their number in the Army List corresponded with the number of years I had been in the world: there was no denying my claim on the 22nd (Princess Sarah of Cornwall's Own) Lancers, and a Princess Sarah's Own Lancer I became.

What I suffered on the drill ground was later compensated for by my success in the riding school. I was far and away top man of the course, and the rough-riders congratulated me heartily, and drank with me at my expense.

One of them, whose name I have forgotten, nodded at me gravely over his beer, while he tapped the spurs on his coat sleeve.

"You could have that easily," he declared. "But of course, the likes of you 'ill stop nothing short of a Field-Marshal." I protested that I had no ambition, but he shook his head: "Keep out of clink, and don't love Pollies, and you'll be all right."

Now, since my very early childhood I have been accustomed to love but one Polly, who seemed very far away just then, and my father's training had led me to think too much of the open air to forebode a tendency towards crime, so I thought the rough-rider's speech a good omen, and wondered if I could make his prophecy come true. I had no delusions about my capacity to lead an army in the field, but I dreamed of at least holding a Queen's Commission and being a gentleman again.

I worked hard at my drills, and all in good time, took my place in the draft going out to Egypt. They shipped us at Chatham in charge of Captain Jones (that wasn't his name, but it doesn't matter). The man had been at school with me, but he was older by six or seven years and had forgotten me; unfortunately I remembered, and not quite used to my position, threw him a nod when I should have saluted. He affected not to notice, but when we were alone he gave me such a wigging as I had never had before and have seldom had since.

I clenched my hand, and I bit on my tongue; for it was hard not to be able to answer, much less hit him. When his voice had stilled I said, "Thank you, Podgy," the name we had for him at school.

What's that?" he bellowed, and the glare in his eye warned me of red danger.

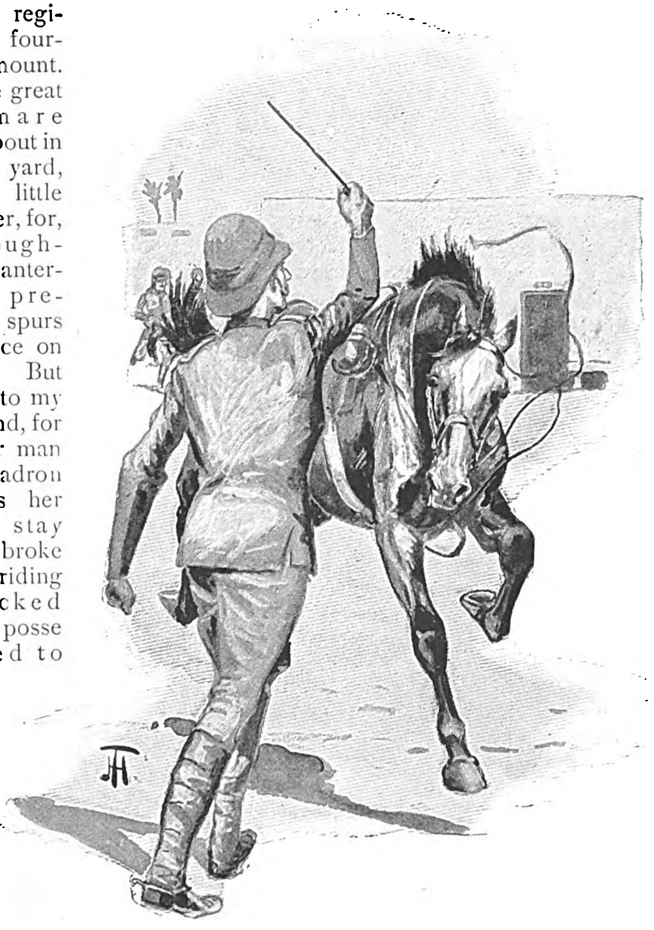
"Nothing, sir," I said meekly, and evidently satisfied that his ear was at fault, he let me go.

But he had taken a dislike to me, and he made me feel it when I was posted to his troop in Cairo. Although a clever fellow and an earnest soldier, his tubby body and short legs made him the worst horseman in the squadron, while I was the best. It did not increase his kindliness for me when the Major who commanded us (a fox-hunter and nothing but a fox-hunter), seeing him slip half out of his saddle on parade, advised him to come to me for lessons. The words were said loud enough for me to hear, and Jones never forgave me the expression they produced on my face.

I did not get my stripe for a year; the day I got it Fiddle joined the regiment as a four-year-old remount.

I saw the great Waler mare plunging about in the barrack yard, but took little notice of her, for, as the rough-rider at Canterbury had predicted, the spurs had no place on my jacket. But Fiddle fell to my lot in the end, for not another man in the squadron could cross her back and stay there; she broke loose in the riding school, kicked over the posse that tried to lay hold of her, bounced out into the open, and would have been through the barrack gate in a wink if I hadn't broken my penny cane across her cavesson. It was no business of mine, but the next instant I found myself straddling the numnah and handling Fiddle as my father had shown me how to handle that class of goods. Fiddle stood still—all but for a shiver which rippled from her ears to her tail. And our Major, who saw the performance, gave me a sovereign and promised to keep his eye on me.

This was the first kind word I had heard in two years, and it made an impression on me. That night the men in my section had the sovereign to drink while I went out and kissed Fiddle behind the ear, and begged her not to kick anyone to death lest we should have to part company. She seemed to understand, for she nuzzled me companionably and pretended to bite off my moustache. It was very homelike, sitting there chatting to her, feeling her legs, and saying what fine things we should do together. I had rather lain beside her in the straw than in the stuffy barrack room, but I remembered that I was not my own master, and having warned the stable guard that I was the only one in Egypt who might approach her, I went to bed.



Fiddle would have been through the barrack-gate if I hadn't broken my penny cane across her cavesson.

The fellows in G troop never became very friendly with me; they treated me fairly well though, and those that came from the country called me "Sir" when no one was listening. The only living thing in Cairo that seemed to understand me was Fiddle, and I made her my chum. She took to heart what I said about not kicking people, though she got me into trouble by snapping her teeth at Jones's nose, when he was fingering her bit for rust. He was a bit scared, his nose being the best feature of his face—Greek if I know what Greek is; he said she wasn't properly broken. "Look to this, Jenkinson," he said, and a cruel time I had teaching Fiddle to think of bearing reins whenever she saw a gold-laced cap.

Meanwhile I turned to book-learning again, for it suddenly occurred to me that one cannot get a commission, even from the ranks, without some knowledge; and the course for the First Class Certificate ran beyond my depth. I got my Second Class Certificate fairly easily; I did know how to read and write, and remembered the geography of the places I had been to or my father had told me about. But the First Class Certificate I could not get, though I tried twice for it. To save myself the bitter shame of rejection I could not get a long addition tot right. Except my father, I doubt if anyone of my name had as little head for figures as I. They ploughed me, ploughed me twice, and I believe would have ploughed me again if I had risked it. . . . I didn't. I sulked and said nothing even to Fiddle, though I whipped her sore for shying at a lady in a white dress outside Shepheard's.

A few nights after this the officers gave a ball, and I was ordered for duty in the anteroom. It was hard for me to have to look at what was now hopelessly beyond me, and I tried to malinger; but I was a show man because of my inches, and Jones insisted.

It was about eleven o'clock and things were brisking up in the dancing room, when I heard someone say "Polly," and I saw come through the door the lady at whom Fiddle had shied outside Shepheard's. Good Heavens! she was the identical, the only Polly; the one I had loved and not seen for six years because—because I loved her, and had obvious reasons for not saying so.

She tripped across the room, then stopped and stared at me; I remembered I was No. 3052, 22nd (Princess Sarah of Cornwall's Own) Lancers, and was still.

"Why, it's Harry!" she exclaimed.

I kept on repeating "3052" to myself and was still. It seemed to me that we stood so for ten minutes.

"Where are you, Polly?" chirped Jones, clinking into the ante-room.

"Surely it's Mr. ——?" said Polly; she had my name right. It was strange to hear it again.

"Nonsense," returned Jones. "Sergeant Jenkinson, of my troop."

I stood still. Polly looked at me once again, then Jones took her arm and clinked away with her into the ball room.

I never laid eyes on her since, for when the officer on duty came round I said the heat of the room made me queer, and I suppose I looked it, for he ordered a relief.

The next day we heard that a great Dervish army was moving down past Halfa towards Korosko; reinforcements were wired for, and we were ordered to entrain as soon as possible.

We marched through Cairo with the band playing "He's Going to Marry Yum Yum," and they cheered us like mad as we passed Shepheard's. I never lifted my eyes from between Fiddle's ears, but I couldn't help seeing Jones wave his hand to somebody, and I couldn't help knowing it was Polly.

That journey to the front! I smell again the trains, and the steamers, and the camels that carried the water-skins. Ugh! The raw whiskey at my elbow as I write cannot keep the smell of that water out of my nostrils.

I don't mind war, I had a mind to love war just then: but at least the soldier wants clean water to moisten his lips before battle—and that we had not. I suppose when one goes to the end of the world for a butchering one must put up with what one gets.

We were on the enemy's ground a month before we saw the enemy. Sometimes we heard they were coming on, and sometimes that they were going back. When they came at last we were only half ready, and they smashed a battalion of native infantry and took a gun before we held them.

I don't understand battles, and what I saw of the business was all I ever knew of it. Our camp lay on the Nile bank, I should say a couple of hundred miles above Halfa, but probably far less as the crow flies, the river winding a good deal. I suppose we had about 5,000 troops on the field, of which only three companies of Rifles and a Maxim gun detachment from the Galway Fusiliers and our single squadron were Europeans. There were some Indian cavalry, not lancers, who got rather badly handled, and all the rest were Egyptians, Fellaheen or Soudanese. How the battle began I did not see; we were virtually surprised. I was wakened out of my sleep by the alarm. It was hardly dawn, and I could just make out that one of the Fellaheen zarebas which was rather forward of the others had been rushed, and that something very like murder was going on over there.

We were pretty smartly in our saddles, but there was nothing for us to do at the moment, so we dismounted and had a rough-and-ready breakfast what time a black battalion moved on to the zareba and turned the Arabs out after a noisy squabble.

They withdrew into the desert, but the rising sun showed us the glint of thousands of spear-heads amidst the mimosa scrub.

Our Major was drinking a cup of beef-tea when we heard a distant rap like the slam of a door, and his charger slopped down in a heap, while a clot of driven sand whipped the tin out of his hand. He looked at his fallen beast, which was crushed and dead. "Queer people not to fuse their shells. Saddle my second horse, but keep her under cover. . . . . We had better stand a little apart," he said jerkily, as he wiped his lips with a hand that was not quite steady. I saw that the crushed thing had been almost as dear to him as Fiddle was to me, and I quaked as I patted my friend's nose.

Several more shells flopped into our zareba, and each made my heart jump; but not one was fused, so they did little harm, except to the things on which they actually fell: although another horse was downed, I don't think any man was hit.

We saw the Indian Cavalry trot out into the desert; they came back considerably quicker than they went. Apparently they had fallen into disorder over the broken ground, and a host of spearmen had leaped from nowhere into their very midst, stabbing them when face to face, or dragging them from their saddles when behind.

The victorious mob that followed at their heels were not to be turned back so easily as the earlier comers. They swept down on the zareba that had been the object of the first attack, and stormed into it again. The black garrison sat tight; but it was obvious that they could not hold out for ever against the hordes, who, flinging their angaribs over the abattis, swarmed furiously across.

Another battalion of Fellaheen were ordered to the rescue. They went forward with some dash, but suddenly, just half way from their objective, they wavered: most stood still, a few went on, a few—a very few—turned back.

Everyone stared a moment, until they saw the cause: from out of cover of a rock, and across the reverse face of the zareba, galloped a mass of Dervish cavalry, looking to me at that distance like the Moslem paladins in "The Talisman"—I have never read the book, but I remember the pictures.

They were going straight for the Fellaheens' flank, and the Fellaheen did not like it. A few more turned back. . . . We heard their officers roar at them, and the bugles of the Rifle companies blowing the advance in the next zareba. One battalion had been carved that day: our General could not afford to drop another.

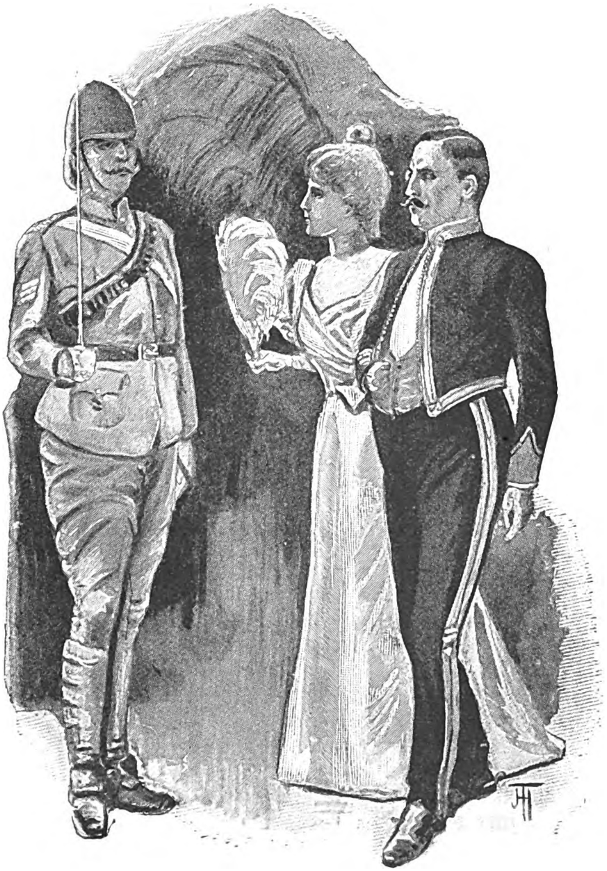
There was no time to lose; we got the word.

"Mount!" said the Major, swinging into the saddle of his second charger, who sniffed at her fallen stable companion.

In a moment we were trotting out to fair ground.

"Line of troops from the right . . . Dress!" We came up to the scratch evenly enough. . . . "Forward! . . . Trot! . . . Gallop!"

I heard Fiddle click her hoofs as she lifted under me . . . right and left we were a fair line, and the Dervish cavalry still offered their flank; if they didn't incline, we'd bag 'em in three furlongs. . . . A fair



**"Why, it's Harry!" she exclaimed.**

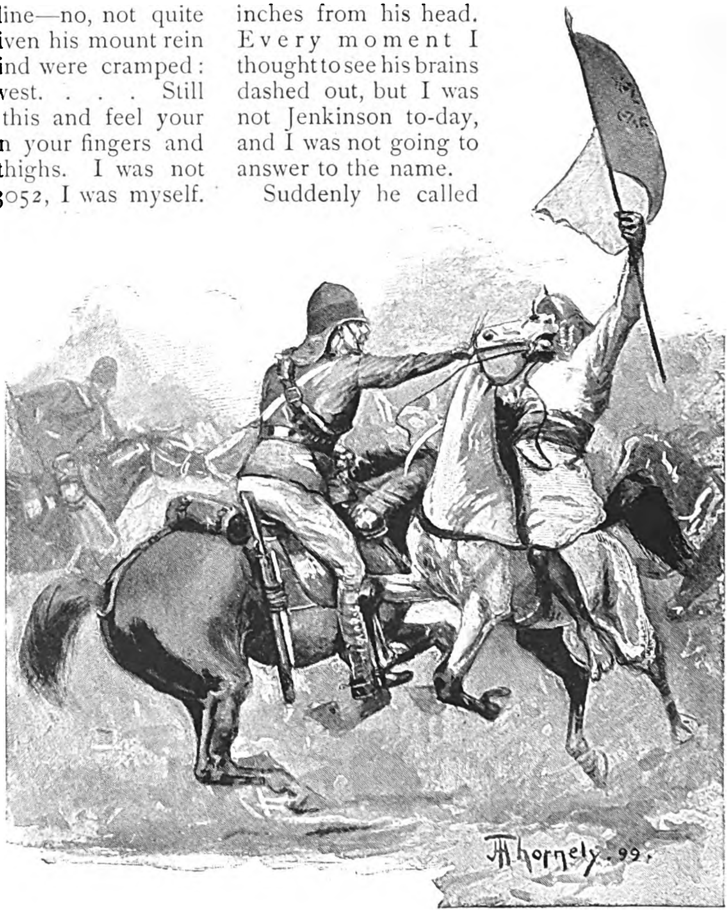
line, right and left, a fair line—no, not quite so good. Jones hadn't given his mount rein enough and the files behind were cramped: our troop was moving slowest. . . . Still it was fine to gallop like this and feel your future in the lance between your fingers and the horse between your thighs. I was not Sergeant Jenkinson, No. 3052, I was myself. . . . I was Alexander, and Fiddle was not G 29, but Bucephalus. . . . I couldn't do long arithmetical tots, but I remembered enough classics to think of that . . . I also thought of Polly; "None but the brave deserve the fair." . . And then my eye fell on Jones bucketing in his saddle anyhow, his mount no longer under control, and the men just behind, almost abreast, cannoning together in the effort to give him room . . . and the enemy, head half on, not ten yards away.

In a trice we were into them, and many were ridden down; but our troop had muddled its alignment, and what should have been a clean cut was a jagged one. Instead of dashing through and through, we had to scrimmage for a way. My lance was wrenched from me in the melée and my right wrist badly sprained, but when someone snapped a revolver round me and thinned the crowd a bit, I managed to draw my sword. A fat sheikh rode at me, grinning and whirling a banner in one hand and a scimitar in the other. I jammed my blade in his open mouth, and snatched the banner from him.

Then I pressed my way through the crowd, with the captured banner, seeing myself again as Alexander, and thinking I would lay it at Polly's feet, and wondering what deed of prowess I should compass next.

Nobody took further notice of me, and I was just edging out of the crowd when I heard Jones's voice cry "Jenkinson." He was lying on the ground with his right leg doubled under him and a wounded Arab stallion kicking about on his back a few inches from his head. Every moment I thought to see his brains dashed out, but I was not Jenkinson to-day, and I was not going to answer to the name.

Suddenly he called me by my own name, the name he had heard Polly give me. . . . I don't know why, but I had to go back; I had to dismount, I had to drag him up on his sound leg, and lift him into my saddle; I had to lead him on my own horse out of the battle where it would have been best for me if he had died.


AThornely. 99.

I jammed my blade into his open mouth.

And then an accursed thing happened. One of the fellows foxing dead wriggled up under Fiddle's hindquarters and knifed her across the hams.

She slid down backwards on the top of him at once, but I dragged the fellow from under her, and cut him into ribbons with my sword. He must have made a queer show in Paradise.

"You're right," groaned Jones, very white. "He deserved it. But we're done for now—at least, I'm done for. You'd better be going. Thanks for trying to save me. Did you call me Podg—Podgy that time on the ship?" He boggled over the words and groaned again, and his head dropped forward. I thought he was dying then.

I looked at Fiddle, and Fiddle looked at me. She was patient, not a bit reproachful. I wondered whether she quite knew what had happened.

The scrimmage was not yet over, but our fellows had now much the best of it, and the Dervishes were being rolled away from us.

Fiddle gave a little whinny, it was sharp and suggested pain. I took Jones's revolver from his belt holster, without asking with his leave or by his leave. There were two cartridges in it.

I drew a long breath to steady my hand and, having kissed Fiddle on the white star in the centre of her forehead, screwed the muzzle into her right ear, shut my eyes, and gave her both barrels.

Then I threw the revolver away, took up the banner I had captured. smashed the pole across my knee, and trampled the yellow pennon in the dust.

Then I took Jones on my back, and carried him to camp.

When they had put his leg in splints at the hospital he sent for me and thanked me.

"Were you at Bedford Grammar School in '75?" he asked.

"I was," said I.

"I thought I remembered you," he said, "but as you had changed your name I didn't like to ask. . . And you called me Podgy on board the troopship?"

"I did," said I. "And you never forgave it because I was a Tommy."

"It wasn't because of you," he answered. "It was because of the others hearing it." But I don't believe he spoke the truth.

"Well, at any rate," he went on, "if we couldn't be friends then, we can be friends now, for I'm leaving the service. I'm going to marry, and, between you and me as old schoolfellows, I'm going to marry well. I'm a poor man, but if a hundred would be any use to you—" he paused for my reply, and he got it sharp:

"I'd rather be rotting with my mare out there on the sand than take your money," said I.

"Very good," he replied calmly. "You know best, Sergeant Jenkinson."

"Don't taunt me with that name," I answered, "or I'll kill you now as surely as I saved you to-day."

He reddened, but he remembered he was in the position of a gentleman.

"I'm sorry I've offended you," he said. "I really would do anything in my power for you. You've been a brick to me."

"I take your word," I said. "Tell me the name of the woman you are going to marry."

"Polly Craigie; she must have known you when you were a boy."

I was prepared for this answer and stood still, still as I stood in the ante-room at Cairo."

"May I go, Sir?" was all I said.

"Certainly," he answered readily, and added, with an attempt at good nature, "Good night, old chap."

And so I left him and came out in the open air, and searched for Fiddle's body in the starlight. And when I found it I scraped with a Dervish sword at a shell-hole till it was big enough for a grave, and in it I buried Fiddle to save her from the prowling beasts that were already busy on the field.

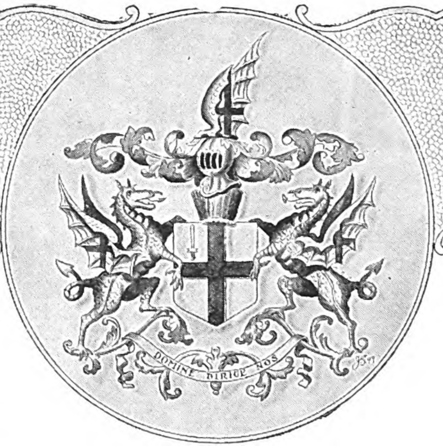
And then I sat down and cried and thought of Fiddle, Polly, and my father, and wished that some poor wounded madman might fall upon me in the darkness and give me peace.

# Trade Marks of our Towns

By

J. Holt Schooling.

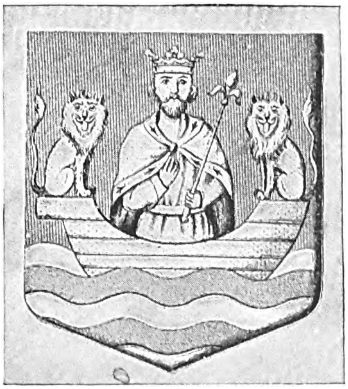
*Illustrated with Photographs.*



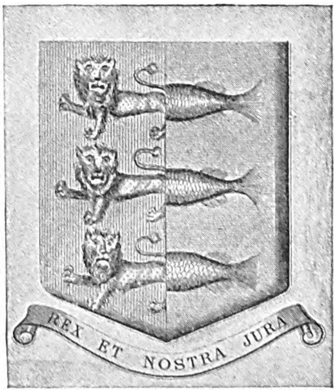
1. The City of London.

Between the high public state of the solitary Great Seal of England which is in the Lord Chancellor's keeping, and the relative insignificance of the multitude of seals used by private persons, there exist the seals of cities and towns in the United Kingdom, devices which may be numbered by the hundred.

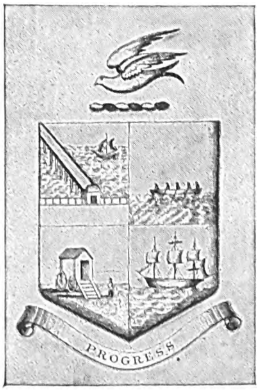
The arms used by our cities and towns, whether they have been authorised by Heralds' College in England, Lyon Court in Scotland, the Office of Arms in Ireland, or, on the contrary, just merely composed by an unauthorised person for the use of this or that town, are often very curious and interesting, although the most learned antiquarian might often be puzzled to account for the origin of these arms. As regards the more ancient devices, their origin is often lost behind the mists of time, but in the more modern instances of the designing of these trade-marks of our towns it is possible to see in them a direct connection between the symbols embodied in the arms and the town by which such arms are publicly used. We shall see a few specimens of this matter-of-fact and direct symbolism as we look at the accompanying examples, which have been reproduced, by permission of the publishers, from the cyclopædic collection "The Book of Public Arms," compiled and edited by Arthur Charles Fox-Davies and M. E. B. Crookes [*T. C. and E. C. Jack, Edinburgh, 1894*]. My own collection of seals, &c., would not have yielded such pleasing results as have been obtained from the fine plates in the above volume, and I have gladly availed myself of the permission given to me by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.



2. Dartmouth.



3. Great Yarmouth.

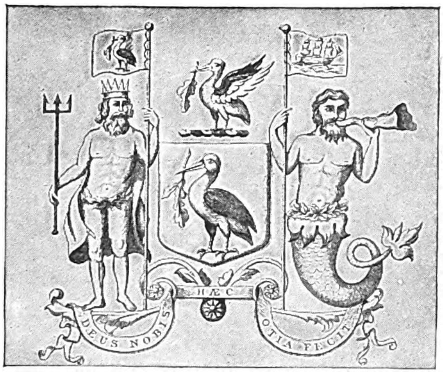


4. Blackpool.

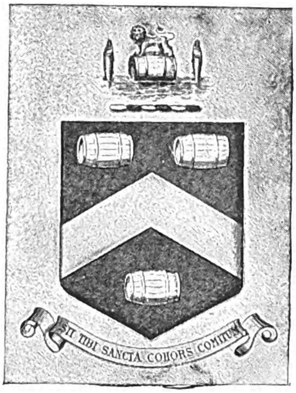
I was referring just now to the use by towns of arms not authorised by one of the three authorities legally appointed to devise arms and to sanction the use of them. Very strangely, the greater part of the device seen in No. 1—the Arms of London—has never been sanctioned by the College of Arms.

The coat-of-arms itself, which

is in the centre of No. 1, and which consists of a sword and a cross on a shield, is the "genuine" part of the modern arms of London, but the showy crest at the top, and the two "supporters" at the sides—the dragons—are modern, and without the authority of the College of Arms, for Mr. Fox-Davies states that "the crest and supporters used by the City of London, the first city in the world, are not recorded in Her Majesty's College of Arms, and are of no authority." I have, by the way, a copy of the Arms of London, dated 1831, which shows only the sword and the cross on the shield, the crest at the top and the dragons at the sides being absent.

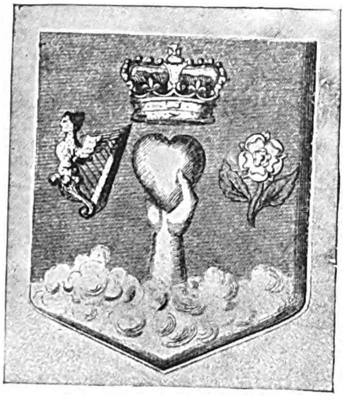

DEUS NOBIS HÆC OTIA FECIT

5. Liverpool.

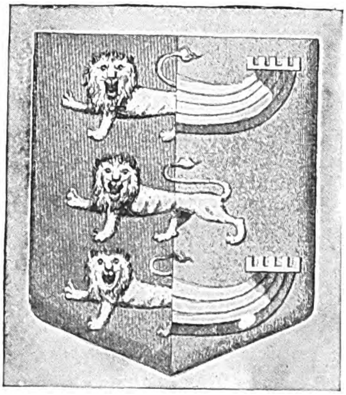

SIT TIBI SANCTA COHORS COMITUM

6. Congleton.

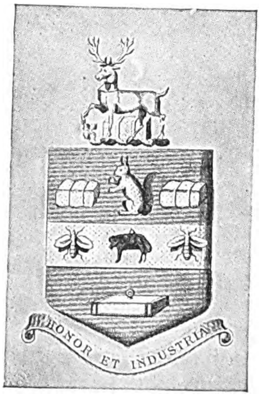
The sword in the Arms of London is a badge of the patron saint of London, Saint Paul, and is not Wat Tyler's dagger, as has sometimes been stated.



7. Navan.



8. Hastings.

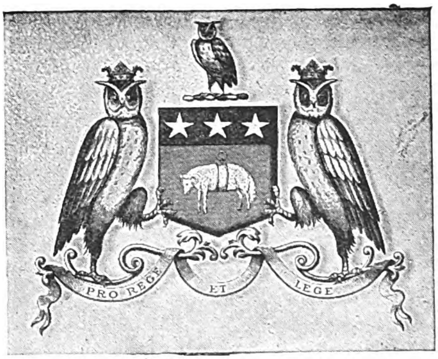


9. Bacup.

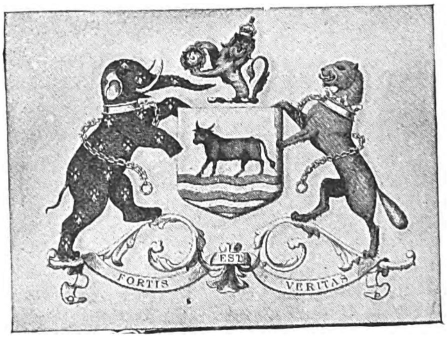
The arms of the ancient town of Dartmouth (No. 2) show the hull of a ship containing a king in robes and crown, with two lions sitting up and looking out. I do not use the precise and technical descriptions of English Heraldry, for these terms are not familiar to many persons. The king in the ship is probably Edward III. who granted a charter of incorporation to Dartmouth. This town was distinguished at a very early period for the convenience of its harbour, which in 1190 was the rendezvous of the fleet destined for the Holy Land; hence comes the hull of the ship, which to the present day is an important part of the arms of Dartmouth.

No. 3 shows the arms of Great Yarmouth, three half-lions joined to three half-herrings. The Yarmouth fisheries attracted many residents centuries ago, and, as far back as Henry III's reign, a charter was granted to the inhabitants of Yarmouth. Rightly enough, the Yarmouth bloater was not forgotten when the arms of the town were designed, and the earliest device on the seal of Yarmouth seems to have been three entire herrings, in place of the three half-lions-half-herrings now used.

The arms of Blackpool are shown in No. 4. These are quite modern, and it is scarcely necessary to say that this curious device did not issue from the College of Arms. There is a pier and esplanade, with a sailing-boat in one corner of the shield, then a rowing-boat with all the rowers *rowing on the same*



**10. Leeds.**

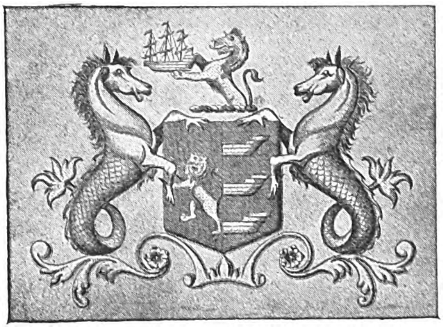


**11. Oxford.**

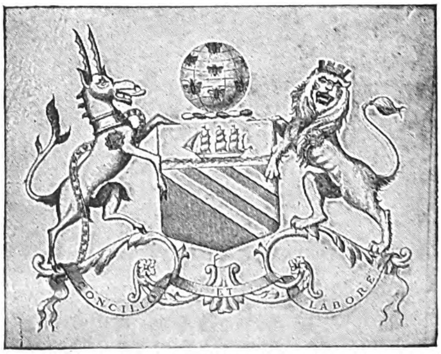
*side;* below, there is a bathing-machine and a ship. A swallow flies at the top of this heraldic atrocity, and the motto "Progress" finishes one of the most remarkable exhibitions of absurd and undignified Philistinism that has ever been attached as official arms to a big town. Mr. Fox-Davies neatly remarks about these extraordinary "arms": "Had a ribbon been made use of to label the foregoing concoction as 'A present from Blackpool,' it would have been a fitting sequence to the rest of the absurdity."

The Arms of Liverpool (see No. 5) were granted in 1797 by the College of Arms. They are, in the centre, a cormorant holding a piece of seaweed, called *Laver*. The crest, at the top, is also a cormorant with a branch of laver. The "supporters" of the arms are, on the right of the arms, Neptune with his waist wreathed with laver, and holding his trident and a banner of the Arms of Liverpool; the other supporter is a Triton wreathed with laver, and blowing his shell. He holds a banner of a ship under full sail.

These authorised armorial bearings of Liverpool, which refer with sufficient directness to the origin of Liverpool's name and to its leading industry, are very different on the score of dignity from the ridiculous thing seen in No. 4.



**12. Ipswich.**



**13. Manchester.**

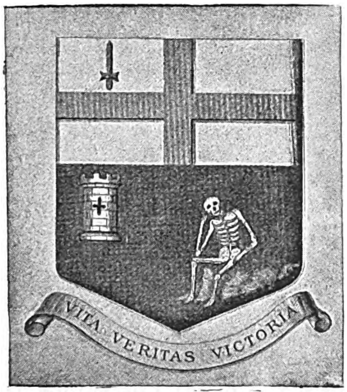
Congleton's ancient device (No. 6) may be of the nature of a rebus, for the crest at the top of No. 6 is a lion on a tun "between two lucies (?) conger-eels . . ." The arms, in the centre, are a *chevron* between three tuns. The crest here shown is from a brass seal supposed to date from the thirteenth century, and Mr. Fox-Davies also states that an impression of this seal is attached to the first charter (about 1286) granted to Congleton.

The arms of Navan (County Meath) (see No. 7) are an arm, out of clouds, holding a heart, between an Irish harp and a rose, with a royal crown above.

The arms of Hastings, No. 8, are a lion walking and looking out, between two lions, also walking and looking out, who are each issuing from a ship of ancient times—probably a symbolical reference to the Normans who, in 1066, issued from ships at Hastings, and who walked and looked out.

Bacup's arms, No. 9, are quite recent. They were granted in 1883 by the College of Arms, and are symbolical of the industry of modern Bacup. Bales of cotton, a fleece, and bees form part of these arms.

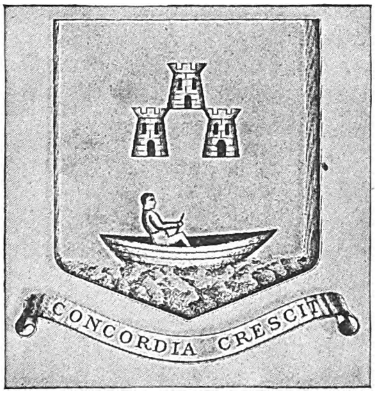
A golden fleece is very fitly the chief feature of the Arms of Leeds (No. 10). The crest is an owl, and the supporters of the arms are two owls.



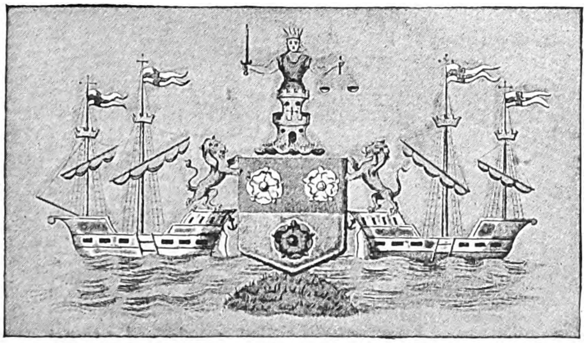
**14. Londonderry.**

The City of Oxford (see No. 11) has its arms shown in rebus-form, for they are an ox passing over a ford of water. The crest at the top is a crowned lion holding a rose, and one of the two supporters of the arms is an elephant. The other supporter is stated by Mr. Fox-Davies to be a beaver, but in an old copy of these ancient arms that I possess it looks like a fox.

The Arms of Ipswich (No. 12) are very old, they were confirmed in 1561, when a crest and supporters were granted. The arms are a rampant lion looking out, with three half-hulls of ships. The crest is a rampant lion holding a ship, and the supporters are two sea-horses.



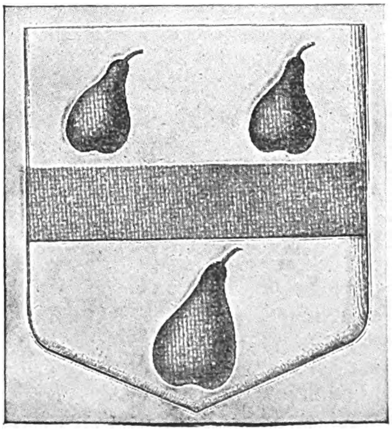
**15. Strabane.**



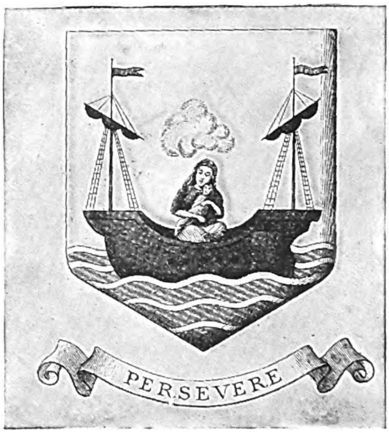
**16. Southampton.**

The Arms of Manchester are shown in No. 13; they were granted in 1842, long before the ship-canal was thought of, and yet the chief part of the arms is a ship under sail proper on waves of the sea. This is an interesting point concerning which my authority appends the question—Was it a prophecy? The crest above the Arms of Manchester is a terrestrial globe sown broadcast with flying bees all proper. The supporters are an antelope and a lion, each with a rose on his shoulder—the red rose of Lancaster. This is a fine device, practical in its application to Manchester, dignified, and fully stamped with the authority of the three English Kings of Arms—Garter, Clarenceux, and Norroy.

Perhaps the most interesting of all these devices is that shown in No. 14—the melancholy Arms of Londonderry. The top part consists of the Arms of London, and the lower part shows Death "sitting on a mossie ston," and a castle. This curious device couples the Arms of London with the Arms of Derry, the latter city having been "most trayterouslie sacked and destroyed . . . hath since been (as it were) raysed from the dead by the worthy undertakinge of the Ho$^{\text{ble.}}$ Cittie of London, in memorie whereof it is from henceforth called and known by the name of London Derrie. I have at the request of John Rowley now first Mayor of that Cittie and Commaltie of the same, set forth the same Armes [the Arms of Derry—J. H. S.] with an addition of . . . the Armes of London." This interesting explanation of No. 14, now transcribed from "The Book of Public Arms," is dated June 1, 1623, and signed Dan Molyneux. The original is preserved at the Office of Ulster King of Arms in Dublin.



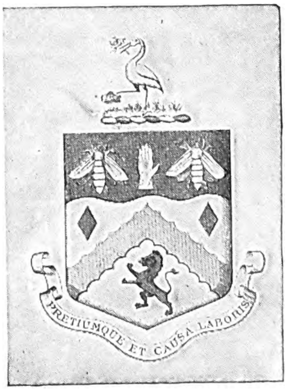
**17. Worcester.**



18. Leith.

Strabane (county Tyrone) uses the curious arms shown in No. 15, but without authority from Ulster King of Arms.

Southampton has a fine device — No. 16. The actual arms are merely the three roses seen in the centre, and I suggest as a possible explanation of these roses that they relate to the fight between the partisans of the houses of York and Lancaster which occurred at Southampton in the reign of Edward IV. The crest is a double tower with a crowned female holding a sword and a balance; while the supporters of the arms are two lions on ships. By the way, it was at Southampton that Canute sat on the beach and snubbed his courtiers when they foolishly flattered him as to his power over the incoming waves of the sea.

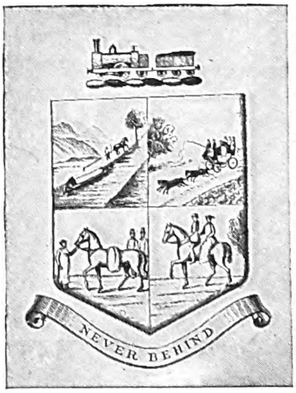


19. Burnley.

The origin of the curious Arms of Worcester (No. 17), three pears, is ascribed by tradition to a pear-tree having been carried into the centre of the city and there replanted on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Worcester.

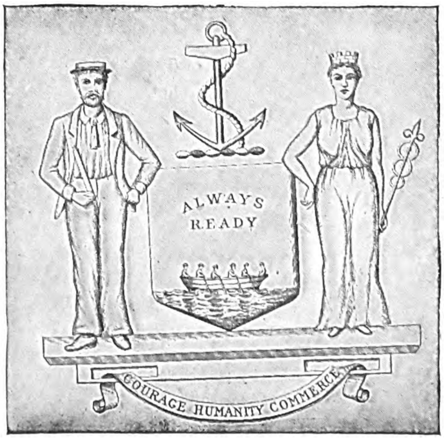
No. 18 shows the Arms of Leith, an ancient galley containing the Virgin Mary with the Infant Saviour in her arms, and a cloud over their heads.

Burnley in No. 19 shows, amongst certain heraldic details, a lion rampant, and a right hand between two flying bees—the hand and the bees being typical, perhaps, of Burnley's industriousness. The crest at the top is a stork holding a stone with his foot, and a cotton-flower in his beak.



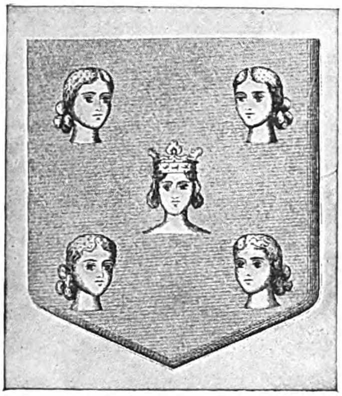
20. Crewe.

The Arms of Crewe (No. 20) supply another example—akin to Blackpool's, No. 4—of those curious concoctions which are abominable to the lover of true heraldry. Mr. Fox-Davies wittily calls "arms" of this sort "Illustrated Bits" and "Comic Cuts." Southend has for its "arms" a truly "comic cut" (which is not shown here), and these abortions of heraldry remind one of Mr. E. T. Reed's very funny pictures in *Punch* — "Ready-Made Coats (of-Arms); or, Giving 'em Fits." The idea of the Crewe specimen (No. 20) is to contrast present and past means of locomotion; the canal-boat, the stage-coach, the pack-horse, and the pillion are all surmounted by the locomotive, which, the motto tells us, is "Never behind!" This sort of thing is practicality in its crudest form, and, if a town wants a coat of arms, surely it might make some approach towards a dignified and proper heraldic device that would shape with its own importance.



21. South Shields.

South Shields, in No. 21, shows, for its arms, a boat with four rowers, all rowing on

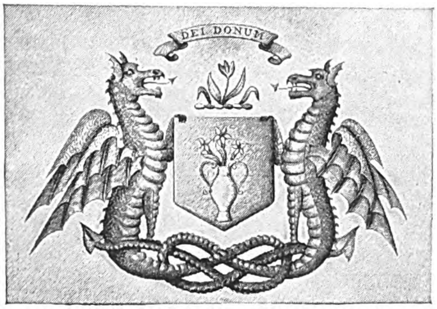


**22. Reading.**

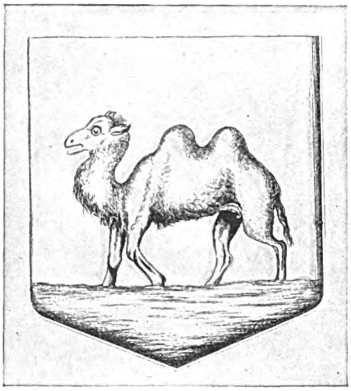
the same side, one passenger, and a coxswain, with the motto "Always ready." The crest is an anchor, and the supporters of the arms are a sailor with a telescope and a woman crowned and holding a rod of Esculapius; a remarkable concoction that has not, I believe, been authorised by Her Majesty's College of Arms.

The five heads which constitute the Arms of Reading (see No. 22) were granted by Camden, Clarenceux King of Arms in the year 1566. My own copy of this ancient coat-of-arms places the centre head between the letters R and E, which are absent from the present example.

We have another specimen of the rebus-style in the Arms of Camelford (No. 23) which show a camel passing through a ford of water. This device is very old, and Camelford's privileges as a free borough were confirmed by charter of Henry III. in 1259.



**24. Dundee.**



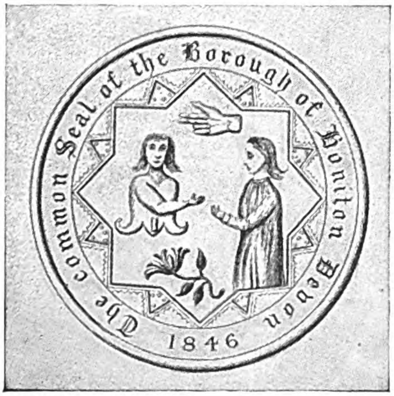
**23. Camelford.**

Dundee has something a wee bit fierce, see No. 24—a simple pot of growing lilies for arms, and a lily for the crest, but the supporters are two dragons whose terrific tails are intertwined beneath the arms. These arms were confirmed by Lyon King of Arms in 1673.

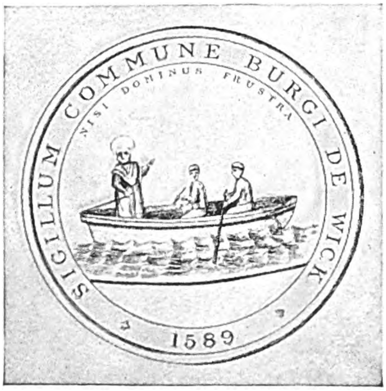
Honiton's seal (No. 25) contains a branch of honeysuckle, one-half of a man, three-quarters of a woman, and a right hand. This seems purely allegorical, and the meaning of this seal is not obvious.

No. 26, the seal of Wick (in Scotland), is very curious. There are two men rowing in a boat, with the figure of the Saviour standing in the stern, and the motto "Nisi Dominus frustra" (*It is in vain without the Lord*). This device dates back to 1589.

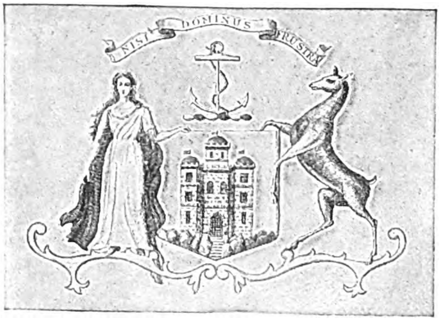
Edinburgh's coat of arms is seen in No. 27. The arms are a castle on a rock;


The common Seal of the Borough of Honiton Devon
1846

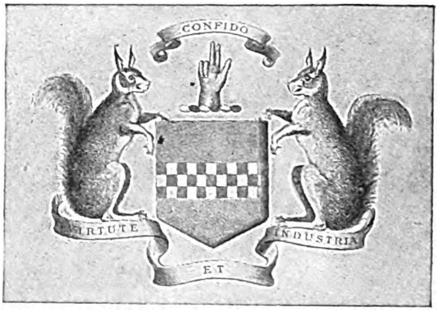
25. Honiton.


SIGILLUM COMMUNE BURGI DE WICK
NISI DOMINUS FRUSTRA
1589

**26. Wick.**



**27. Edinburgh.**



**28. Kilmarnock.**

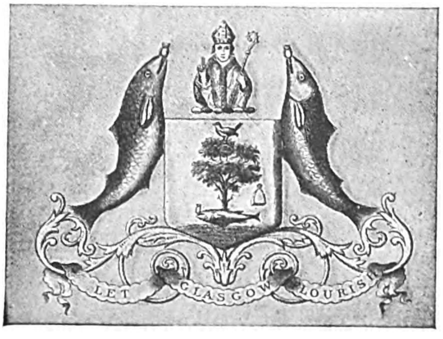
the crest is an anchor; the supporters of the arms are a maiden and a doe. The grant of these arms is dated 1732. A legend quoted by Mr. Fox-Davies is to the effect that in 989 B.C. a King of Scotland built Edinburgh Castle as a safe place in which to keep his twenty-five daughters—hence the maiden in the device—and that another Scots King had an adventure with a white hart. The motto is the same as that of Wick, just quoted.

Kilmarnock's Arms, with its squirrel supporters, are shown in No. 28.

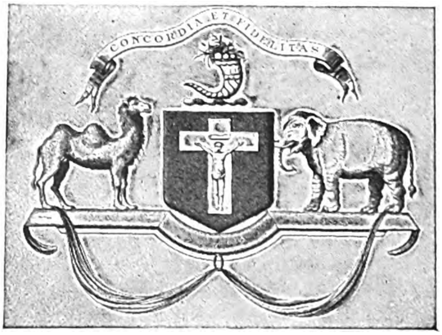
Glasgow (No. 29) has elaborate armorial bearings which were enrolled in the year 1866. The arms are an oak-tree on the back of a salmon which has a ring in its mouth, on the top of the tree a redbreast, and an ancient hand-bell hanging above the salmon's tail. The crest is Saint Kentigern pronouncing a benediction, and holding a crozier. The supporters of the arms are two salmon, each holding in its mouth a signet-ring, and the motto is "Let Glasgow Flourish." The legends quoted in "The Book of Public Arms" state that the different emblems in Glasgow's rich insignia refer to several incidents in the life of St. Kentigern, otherwise called Mungo, who was the first Bishop of Glasgow, and who died about A.D. 602. The tree represents the bough which St. Kentigern kindled by his word into a blaze in order to relight the church lights which his enemies had put out. The robin is a pet bird which the saint restored to life, and the bell signifies the Church and See of Glasgow. The salmon and the ring are connected by another legend with a service rendered by Saint Kentigern to an ancient Queen. The ring was lost in the Clyde, and the bishop told an angler to go and fish there, with the result that a huge salmon was caught, from whose mouth was taken the missing ring of the Queen.

The Arms of Inverness (No. 30) are a crucifix. The crest is a cornucopia, and the supporters are a camel and an elephant.

Such, then, are some of the most interesting and important trade marks of our towns, and what particularly strikes one when looking them over is the undeniable fact that taste in such matters as the designing of a crest seems to have entered a period of woeful decadence. There are sundry pessimists who declare that taste in all things has become an obsolete attribute. This, of course, is going rather too far. In the matter of trade-marks we should doubtless produce excellent ones if they were given to competent artists to design.



**29. Glasgow.**



**30. Inverness.**

# A REPENTANT ROGUE

By E. M. Dell.

## I.

When Jimmie KcKoy died, he bequeathed his mansion on North Shore, his founders' shares in the Great Poobah Gold Mining Company, and the respectable sum of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling invested entirely in Colonial Stocks, to his "only and beloved child" Victoria Marie McKoy. Jimmie was a child of fortune, a man obviously born lucky, yet his sole pride was in the fact that he was born Colonial.

He was a Democrat — not by force of opinion, but by birth. Jimmie the drover and James McKoy, Esq., the millionaire, were identically the same—true to the same love, the same friends, the same prejudices, and the same "Derby" plug tobacco.

Victoria Marie was a lady. She had been well educated by divers teachers. She could play "Home, Sweet Home," with variations, not only absolutely correctly, but with a feeling which could disturb no conversation. She had read "Trilby" and "The Woman Who Did." She rode a bicycle, and refused to take advantage of the voting paper presented to her by a maternal government. She was the richest heiress in Australasia.

Society was charmed, enraptured.

Society would have been shocked had it known that the talented heiress who could play "Home, Sweet Home," with unfeeling correctness through all variations, could also play such unseemly ballads as "The Old Grey Hoss," "The Young Stockman," and "Drink, Boys, Drink," with an *abandon*, a rollicking sympathy, that would have made her fortune in a back block "pub," where unwashed bushmen would have given their souls or the last sovereign in their pockets for—"one more song, Missy, just one, and then we'll be good and go home—won't we, boys?"

Society, lynx-eyed, could not peer into that wardrobe where hung certain exotic masculine garments which the vulgar term riding breeches; nor, had Society seen them, would she in any way have connected them with a certain rider who loved to gallop o' nights over the rough country stretching between the city and the harbour heads.

## II.

It was at Lady Boughtem's garden party that Victoria Marie met Cyril Fitzherbert.

His raven black hair—worn rather long—his small, but artistically drooping, moustaches, his olive complexion that told of the inherited fire and passion of warmer Southern blood than the hyperborean fluid of his father's, and above all his pale blue eyes, with which he often gazed intently at nothing, showed, so the ladies said, that there was a secret, doubtless a romantic one, in his past life.

"I must introduce you to our heiress, Miss M'Koy," said Lady Boughtem.

"Is that she?" asked Mr. Fitzherbert, fixing his blue eyes on the identical young lady.

"Yes," said her ladyship wonderingly, "how did you guess?"

"I do not know," he replied, speaking in a low, far away voice. "She is not beautiful, not to the mere outward eye, but to those who look beyond the physical outline there is a depth, a soul, a character—but what am I saying?"

His voice changed as if he had awaked from some pleasant dream to the reality of a mundane existence, and he continued with artless lightness:

"I had no idea she was your heiress, though I was anxious to be introduced to her. Still it would be mere æsthetic folly to say that the possession of a certain number of golden coins could in any way spoil my ideal."

"My dear Victoria," cried her ladyship, after the ceremony of introduction had been duly enacted, "I must leave Mr. Fitzherbert with you. I know you will look after him well, you dear girl, and really I must—it is my duty to Her Majesty—I *must* attend on His Excellency. He has not had a cup of tea this afternoon. Positively he must be thirsty—such a hot afternoon!—and wearing a frockcoat!"

Strange to say, though he never spoke of them to Lady Boughtem, Mr. Fitzherbert's talk to Victoria was entirely of outdoor pastimes, of hunting, shooting, boating, tennis, and bicycling.

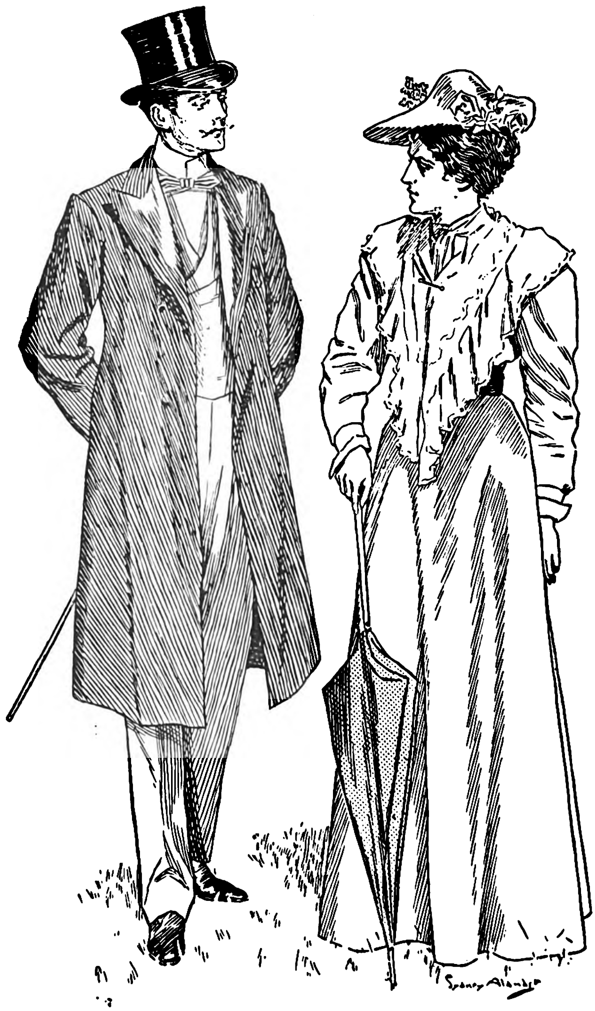
Of all and each he had little narratives—accounts of simple adventures, in which, if he happened to be the hero, small stress was laid on the exploit, but if a friend had the first place, then no eulogium of his courage and presence of mind was too long.

Victoria was no ignoramus in the arts he spoke of, and listening to each incident as he narrated it, she was struck by the semblance of truth in the stories.

He recounted nothing impossible; no extraordinary leaps, miraculous shots, prodigious record-breakings. Everything was kept within small and seemly bounds.

She began to admire him, not so much for the things he had done, as for the truth with which he retailed them.

To her surprise she felt sorry when the thinning crowd on the lawn told her it was time to depart.



"You must call on us," she said eagerly.

"You must call on us," she said eagerly, "my aunt will be delighted to see you, and I—I should like you to have a look at my horses."

"How do you like him?" whispered Lady Boughtem to her when she went to say good-bye.

"Very much," said Victoria, honestly.

The object of this enconium was meanwhile being ferried across the harbour to the city, and there was an anxious look on his face, suiting neither the æsthetic nor the sportsman.

## III.

The shortest road to friendship runs over a common land.

Victoria Marie and Cyril soon discovered this. Both were interested — Cyril it appeared deeply —in all the mysteries of horseflesh, and in a mutual exchange of confidences on that prosaic subject they sealed an agreement of comradeship, that word rather than friendship defining the good fellowship which for the first few days existed between them.

They went over the stables together, interviewing numerous grooms and "helps" with business-like earnestness. They rode together, Victoria ridiculing the idea of an attendant groom as an entirely unnecessary appendage in the colonies. They drove together, and Cyril's masterly handling of a pair of rather wild colts awakened a feeling of deep admiration in the heiress.

Without understanding she admired also the culture and ready flow of his talk, which differed from the priggishness she generally attributed to young Englishmen. Perhaps she was willing to take the reality of his learning for granted now that he had shown himself a master of those arts which she did understand.

For the first three days practically nothing worthy of note occurred. They met every day, and spent so many of the twenty-four hours together that, beyond sleeping elsewhere, Cyril was domiciled at the North Shore Mansion.

Of course, the proprieties were maintained by the presence at lunch and dinner of Victoria's aunt, Mrs. Lisle, and as Society in the person of Lady Boughtem had determined on the advisability of a match between the two young people, they were allowed to pursue their dual loneliness undisturbed.

By the fourth day so strong had their acquaintance grown that Cyril, arriving, as usual, early in the morning, brought with him a birthday book.

"A friend of mine," he explained, negligently, "has sent me this from home, and, as I have no names in it yet, I thought I should like you to be the first to write your name in. If you will be so kind?"

The book was really very pretty. It was almost as large as a photograph album, and the cardboard pages were hand-painted with illustrations of the seasons, the graces, cupids, and many other pretty devices. Under each date a little space was cut in the cardboard and a piece of light green coloured paper inserted for the name to be written on.

"I have never seen a birthday book like this before," said Victoria.

"It is a new fashion," replied Cyril, "the thing is rather cumbersome, but it is pretty and possessed of the best nineteenth-century virtue—novelty!"

He opened the book and laid it on the table.

"How funny!" said Victoria, "you have opened it at my birthday. Is that lucky?"

He blushed in a most unnecessary way as he handed her a pen.

"I hope so," he murmured.

She had taken the pen and sitting at the table was preparing to write, while he stood at her side watching the operation seriously, when a new difficulty presented itself.

"How shall I sign?" she asked, looking at him with a perplexity which, if she had been a pretty girl, might have been suspected for coquetry. "To my best friends (she accented the words) I always sign my full name, but to acquaintances or on cheques I merely put Victoria M. It saves time you see."

To her surprise he reddened—a suspiciously angry colour—and stretching out his hand took hold of the book.

"Do not sign at all," he cried abruptly; "I would rather you did not."

Victoria was hurt. Innocently she had wished to show him her friendship by the harmless ruse of her two signatures, but now she pushed his hand aside impetuously.

"I will sign," she said, her face suffused with a ruddier glow than his own; "you asked me to, so I will."

With every sign of impatience she dashed off her signature—Victoria Marie McKoy.

"There!" she cried, throwing aside the pen petulantly.

Though the incident was not again mentioned, she noticed all day that he was quieter, altogether less exuberant than usual. Sometimes, too, she caught him looking at her with an expression that she could not understand—an expression of penitence rather than of anger.

He went away earlier that evening, taking with him the book, which she had grown positively to hate. When he had gone she put on her hat, and to escape the weariness of a *tete-à-tete* with her aunt, determined to go for a walk.

She had not walked far, when at the corner of a road, where a benighted oil lamp was showing a feeble and flickering light, she saw Cyril standing and talking to a strange man. She drew back in the shadow of the paling fence which bounded the footpath; not that she wished to play eavesdropper to their conversation, but with a nervous feeling that, if he saw her, Cyril would think that she had followed him.

It was not till she stood still that she found she could plainly hear all that they said. She would have crept away, but having heard a few words, she was tempted—and listened.

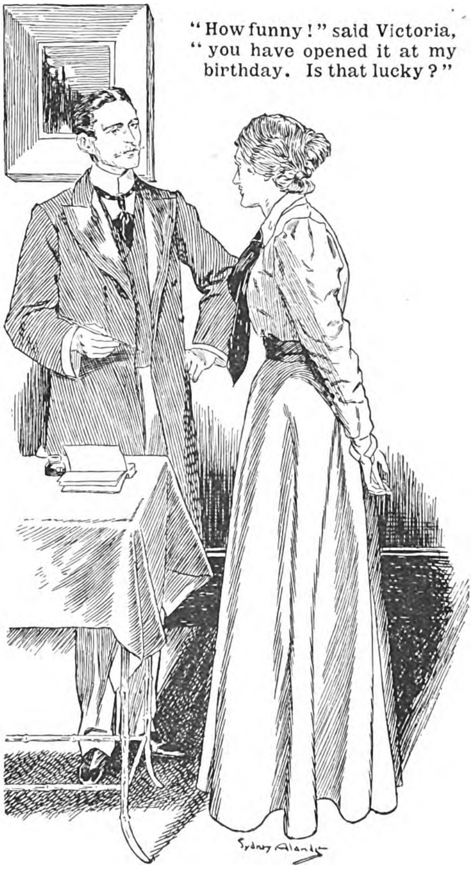
The stranger—a tall man with a big moustache, which he negligently twisted between his forefingers and thumb while he spoke—was talking.

"My dear Cyril"—it was the voice of a gentleman—"there must be no more delay. I am getting too old—really, you know, I am fifty—to be as impatient as a youth. Still, I am not stagnant with age."

"I tell you," said Cyril, interrupting him, "that I must get the other signature. Victoria Marie is no good. We must have Victoria M., as you know."

The mention of her name was a surprise, but not so great a one as Cyril's lie about the signature. Victoria in her hiding place gasped with astonishment.

"Very well, my dear friend," replied the stranger, twirling his moustache still more



"How funny!" said Victoria, "you have opened it at my birthday. Is that lucky?"

vigorously, "I shall trust you till the eighth day; this is the fourth. We know each other, dear boy. We are comrades in sorrow, friends in need—what is the proverb, eh? But if you play me false—well, I do not like double dealings between partners—it is as if a man struck me in the back. I should feel justified in retaliating in the same way. A tooth for a tooth, eh?—that's in the Bible. Yes, better to wait in a dark road—how would this do?—wait till he passed you, and then! It is very simple. It is a code of honour I learnt in the service. We might cheat them ashore to our heart's content. 'Up anchor and away' was our motto; but between messmates no lies, no subterfuges—unless you wanted to leave the ship and the service and go to the devil without a friend. It is always so between gentlemen—is it not, my friend?"

His soft, bland voice became inaudible to the listener, and as the men disappeared in the darkness up the road, Victoria stepped out from the shadow and stood looking in the direction where they had gone.

"That is a dangerous man," she said determinedly; "but he shan't hurt Cyril—my word, he shan't!"

## IV.

THE eighth day mentioned by the stranger, and not forgotten by Victoria, had come. It had indeed nearly gone by, for at nine o'clock in the evening Cyril and Victoria were in the billiard room, apparently engrossed in scoring the required hundred. Cyril had earlier in the evening made several attempts to leave, but Victoria, with unusual denseness, had refused to understand the plainest hints which he let drop, and had at last practically commanded him to follow her to the billiard room, thus escaping the sleeping espionage of Mrs. Lisle in the drawing room. The game was finished, Cyril had run out with a break of thirty-five—scoring far more rapidly than in any previous game with Victoria.

He put his cue carefully into the rack, and flicking some chalk stains off his coat remarked casually; "I must really be off, I have an appointment."

"With the tall gentleman with the big moustache?" said Victoria gently.

"How do you know?" cried Cyril in astonishment.

For answer Victoria methodically put aside her cue, and sitting down on the settee, patted the seat at her side with a quietly suggestive motion.

"You will come and tell me everything," she said.

He sat down leaning forward with his elbows resting on his knees, and his hands clasped.

"It is better not," he replied, moodily eyeing the pattern on the linoleum carpetting.

She leant forward, and taking his hands in hers, unclasped them; then, releasing one, she held the other in both of hers.

Their heads were close together, and her wavy brown hair—her one pride and beauty—brushed his temples.

There was no need to speak loud.

"You will tell me everything," she reiterated softly.

"You know part of it," he answered huskily; "you've guessed somehow that I love you (she pressed his hand), and I wish you hadn't. You see I'm—I'm a scamp, a rogue and a cheat."

He pulled his hand from hers almost roughly and continued excitedly: "I'm not fit for you to touch. I've been in gaol. I'm a hardened criminal. I ought not rightly to be able to love anyone and no one should love me. My name isn't Fitzherbert. It's Brown—Cyril Brown."

"I am glad it is still Cyril," she interrupted. "I love Cyril."

"Oh, that is nothing—not the name," he went on passionately, "I came here to swindle you, to rob you. Look here."

He took something out of his pocket and handed it to her without turning his head.

It was a piece of folded paper, and when she opened it she disclosed a cheque—a cheque on her bank for ten thousand pounds. The signature, unmistakable and clear, was hers—Victoria Marie McKoy.

"This is not a forgery," she said, hesitating over the ugly word.

"No," he replied, dropping his voice to a whisper, "you signed it in that birthday book."

"I understand," she said thoughtfully.

She understood his hesitation at last, his regret on that day, and she remembered the lie he had told to the stranger.

She held the cheque in her hands for a moment, regarding it thoughtfully, then, bidding him wait for her, she hurried from the room.

She was not long away, and when she returned she found him sitting as she had left him.

"See here," she said, speaking hurriedly as one who wishes to pass quickly over an unpleasant tale, "I've put my private mark in, that thing like a tadpole. They will cash it now; they wouldn't have before. You will go halves with the stranger, I suppose; still with five thousand pounds you can leave him and — and live honestly. Of course I—I will never tell."

She leant against the table, looking at him with an expression of expectation rather than of the finality her words conveyed.

He looked at the cheque she held out to him quite carelessly, hardly as one would expect a seedy adventurer to regard a small fortune thus absolutely offered to him. Then taking it in his hands, he tore it into tiny pieces and threw them on the floor.

"You forget that I love you," he said.

He moved towards the door, but though her eyes followed him, she never stirred. As he opened the door he turned and looked her full in the face for the first time during that talk.

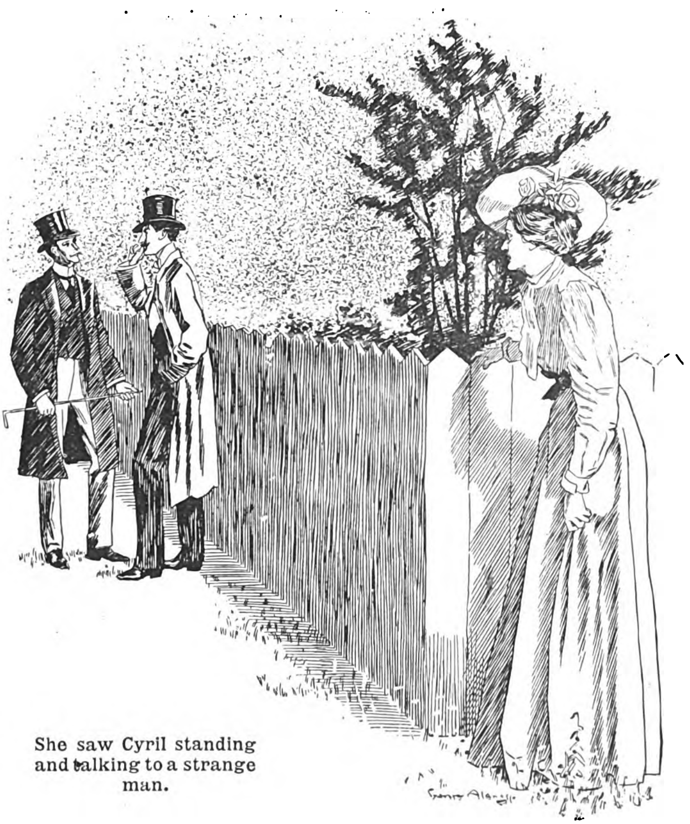
"It was a repentant rogue that loved you," he said sadly. "Good-bye."

She nodded her head with a gesture of parting just as if it had been one of the preceding uneventful nights.

"Au revoir," she said.

She listened to him walking through the hall, and not till she heard the noise of the closing of the front door did she move. Then on tip-toe she ran after him. As he passed along the dark road she followed—as she had listened that night—in the shadow of the fence. Underneath the solitary lamp the Stranger was waiting, twisting his moustache and tapping with his foot on the ground as if he grew impatient.

"Ah!" he said sharply when Cyril joined him, "You are an hour late. No matter. Have you got it?"



She saw Cyril standing and talking to a strange man.

"No," replied Cyril slowly, "I have not."

"Why?"

"Because she gave me the money—ten thousand pounds—and I gave it back to her."

"Ah! you mean that you have doubled on me."

"No, I mean that we will part."

"Very well."

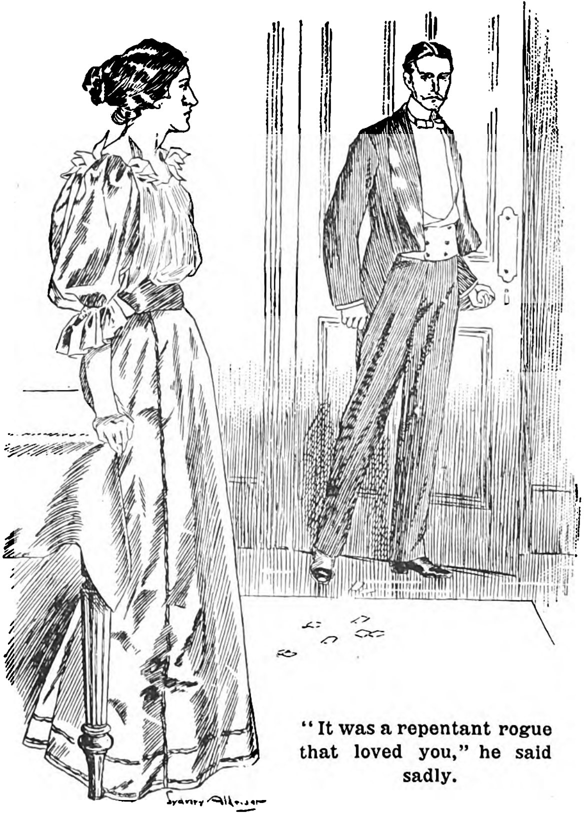
She could see the heavy moustache lift and disclose the Stranger's teeth. She knew the sign; the dog meant to bite.

"Very well, go! Go, my dear Cyril, to the devil; I will wait."

Cyril held out his hand.

"Let us part friends, Maxwell," he said with some emotion, "I cannot forget what we have gone through together."

"I cannot forget the kiss of Judas," replied the Stranger, smiling again in his peculiar wolfish way.



"It was a repentant rogue that loved you," he said sadly.

Cyril turned on his heel, and almost instantly the Stranger, putting his hand into his side pocket, drew out something, and still with the same ugly smile lifted his hand.

There was a momentary flash of fire licking out into the darkness like a devil's tongue, the sharp report of a pistol shot, and the Stranger, his hands raised to the pitiless Heavens, his lips parted in their last snarl, spun round once and collapsed in the roadway, a mere limp heap of clothed flesh and bones.

"You have killed him," whispered Cyril, gazing pale and awestruck at the thing at his feet.

"You forget that I love you," said Victoria Marie, and hiding her face on his breast, she wept hysterically.

---

# IN CAPTIVITY.

Fast bound in Love's sweet chains am I,
Yet not a king so free;
O may I fettered live and die
A captive, Love, to thee!
I would not, if I might, arise,
So dear my bonds have grown,
For in thine eyes my kingdom lies,
And there I reign alone!

Oh, Love! in all the world's wide space
My one desire art thou;
I would not change thy soft embrace
For sceptred freedom now;
And night or day I only pray
Thy captive still to be,
And ever in thy heart to stay
In such sweet slavery!

M. J. Farrah.

# THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS.

## A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By George A. Best.

*Illustrated with Photographs by Arthur Ullyett, Leigh-on-Sea.*

### INTRODUCTION.

When Leslie Gordon was playing with his father's balloon the cord broke, and he was carried away through the clouds to a strange land where he met Santa Claus, and was taken to the home of the Patron Saint of children.

### CHAPTER III.

### The History of Santa Claus.

"Once upon a time," began Leslie's entertaining host, "there dwelt within the City of Nüremberg, in Germany, a very feeble old man, who had seen much sorrow and trouble. Every child in this quaint and ancient city loved the old gentleman very dearly, because he was never tired of manufacturing the most wonderful toys for all the good boys and girls in the place. In those days there were no toy-shops to be found in any town; and old Mr. Claus constructed wooden boats and rag dolls by the score, and his fame spread throughout the entire world.

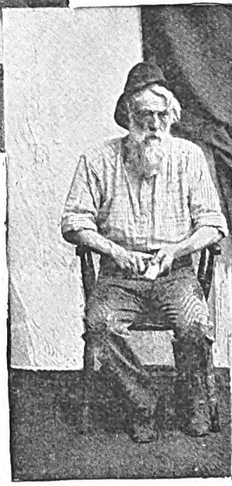
"The older inhabitants of Nüremberg were wont to declare that this very harmless and lovable old gentleman was not quite right in his mind, for, when he was not engaged in his workshop, Mr. Claus was in the habit of walking abroad to the high lands beyond the city boundary, where he would address the four Winds in a number of strange languages which were quite unintelligible to the citizens of Nüremberg.

"But the kindly South Wind understood the strange words spoken by the old man, and carried them to the ears of a hardy race of children inhabiting the cold and cheerless lands of the Far North; the little ones of those countries being much comforted and cheered by the wind-whispered news that a time of happiness and mirth was close at hand. And the brisk northerly gales were also full of strange murmurings which caused the children who dwelt in more sunny climes to smile sweetly in their sleep when the night wind rustled through the trees, and heavy rain drops pattered against the window-panes of their bedrooms. And the children of the west had wonderful dreams of a coming season which would bring toys and sweetmeats to them in great variety and abundance; this delightful message being brought to them in fierce whispers by the rough easterly gales. Even the thoughtful little boys and girls of the Far East began to show signs of impatience and discontent when the westerly breeze was delayed; for the voice of the tempest from western lands was full of laughter and mirth.

"But even while the four Winds were engaged together in this good work, one of their number committed a terrible crime which brought mourning and sorrow to many a family in the West. This was the cruel and thoughtless East Wind, which, during a fit of impatience and irritability, sent an icy breath through the warm western country when it was least expected. And the sweet voices of hundreds of merry little children were for ever silenced by this wicked and cruel action, which left many an empty cradle, and many a vacant chair throughout the wind-swept land, whose budding spring had been suddenly blighted by a return of the chilling breath of winter.

"Then the four Winds met together in council, on the outskirts of Nüremburg, in order to devise a scheme which would make amends for the thoughtless cruelty of one of their number. And when each member of the council had spoken at the same time, and with so much force that a whirlwind was formed, which uprooted several large trees in the neighbourhood, and scattered the City tiles in all directions, old Claus appeared before the meeting to learn the cause of the startling commotion.

A feeble old man, who had seen much sorrow and trouble.


He was never tired of manufacturing toys.

"'Let us make this good man the King of Winter!' suggested the North Wind in a loud voice, and his fellows murmured a low approval while the speaker continued, 'I suggest that our venerable friend, who has done so much to brighten the lives of the little ones of this city, should be made the patron saint of childhood, all the world over. Let Santa Claus, therefore, be free henceforth from the aches and pains with which we ourselves have afflicted him. Let his withered cheeks become full and ruddy; his feeble form straight and strong, and his dim eyes glow again with the brightness of youth.'

"The four Winds now breathed gently on the bent form of the old man, and a wonderful transformation was the immediate result. His cheeks suddenly filled out and glowed with a healthy colour, his eyes became beautifully bright and clear, his figure upright and commanding. Even the shabby clothes of the old gentleman were replaced in a single moment by a long brown cloak, and a fur lined hood on which a beautiful covering of glittering hoar frost appeared under the combined breaths of the North and East Winds.

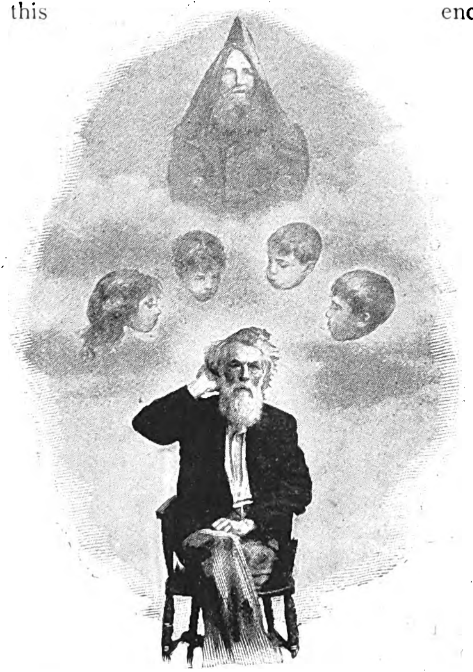
"'Now, Santa Claus,' continued the North Wind, addressing the new King of Winter, 'we shall carry you away to a home in the mountains, where you will find a town of toys, and a city of mannikins waiting to help forward the grand work which you have begun. These toys will have the power of working for you, and of manufacturing other playthings in great numbers, which you may distribute to all good little children throughout the entire world at each Christmastide. In this way we shall make some atonement for the mischief lately wrought by the East Wind.'

"'And now, my friends,' the speaker went on, turning to his three companions, 'it only remains for you to carry a correct picture of Santa Claus, as he now appears before you, to the minds of little children in all quarters of the earth. Let them henceforth look forward to the season of peace and goodwill with a new hope, realising that every kind word spoken, and every good action accomplished, will bring them some reward from the hands of the Santa Claus of their dreams.'

The children of the West had wonderful dreams.

"And that, my dear Leslie, is how

I was transformed at the will of the four Winds, and carried hither to bring joy and happiness to childhood at each successive Yule-tide. Even as the North Wind had promised, I found here a large town of toys, with shipbuilding yards, engine works, and tiny factories in readiness to begin the great work of building toy ironclads and engines, houses and carriages, to give away to all good children in the great world outside. I found, also, a large flying machine, specially designed by the four Winds, which will carry me through space at the astonishing speed of four hundred miles a minute; and during the months of October and November, in each year, I make a tour of the whole world in this wonderful machine, leaving my toys on the various housetops which shelter every boy and girl who has done a single good deed during the preceding twelve months. The local mannikins, whom I have already mentioned, complete the work for me, hiding the presents away until Christmas Eve, when they are carried down to the beds of my sleeping friends by the united strength of a hundred tiny agents."



The four Winds breathed on the old man and a wonderful transformation was the immediate result.

"Thank you very much for your story, Santa Claus," said Leslie Gordon, when the narrative was concluded. "It must have taken more than a hundred mannikins to carry down the large rocking horse which you left on the roof of our house before last Christmas! I'm very tired now—the goose has made me feel sleepy, and I'd like to go to bed."

And while a mannikin candle-lighter was hurrying along the dining-room mantelpiece towards a group of tapers of different colours, bearing a long pole on his shoulders, Santa Claus took the weary little traveller in his strong arms, and carried him into a cosy bedroom on the first floor.

"There's a little window opposite you, Leslie," said Santa Claus as he tucked his guest in the tiniest and daintiest of beds, "a little window in which you will see a beautiful series of transformation scenes in frost, illuminated by the rays of the Moon outside. The pictures represent some of the charming dreams of my best friends, who are thus rewarded for kindly actions done during the day."

"Is that all they get?" asked Leslie, who was now too weary to take much notice of the beautiful winter pictures which were appearing in succession before his half closed eyes.

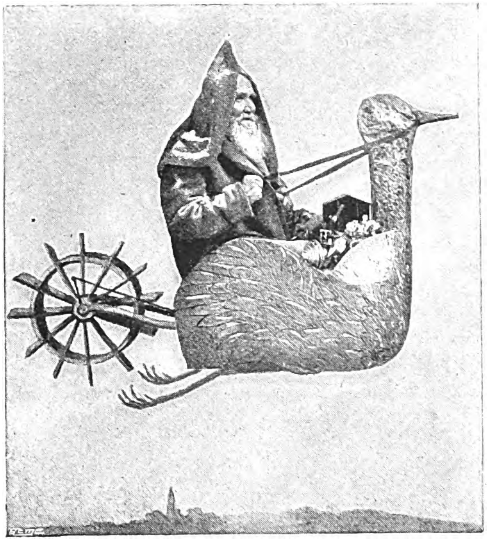
"No; they will receive something more substantial than dreams in a few months' time," explained Santa Claus. "Those night pictures are merely sent to encourage the little ones to continue their good actions, and to keep nasty and terrifying thoughts out of their minds. But you are sleepy, Leslie," he continued, kindly, "so you had better have a good rest while you can. To-morrow, as I have already promised, I shall take you to see my town of toys."

## CHAPTER IV.

### AWAY TO THE TOWN OF TOYS.

THE sun was high in the heavens when Leslie awoke, and the last of the dream pictures had melted away half an hour previously, for all good little boys and girls are supposed to have left their beds before eight o'clock in the morning. One cannot be too hard, however, on a really weary child who is sleeping away the effects of a long journey, and that is why Santa Claus allowed Leslie Gordon to remain in dreamland for several hours longer than is necessary under ordinary circumstances.

The home of Santa Claus is situated many thousands of feet higher than the town of toys, which lies deep down in a beautiful wooded valley, and on the banks of a wide and noisy stream which the inhabitants of Santa-Clauberg call the "River of Carols." From his chamber-window, high up on the mountain side, Leslie could catch a distant glimpse of



The wonderful flying machine of Santa Claus.

the roofs of innumerable dolls' houses, and of the glittering waters beyond, which seemed alive with toy vessels of all kinds.

"That's the town of toys, right down there," he whispered to himself, as he washed his face briskly in a bowl of icy-cold water. "I wonder how we'll be able to get down to it!"

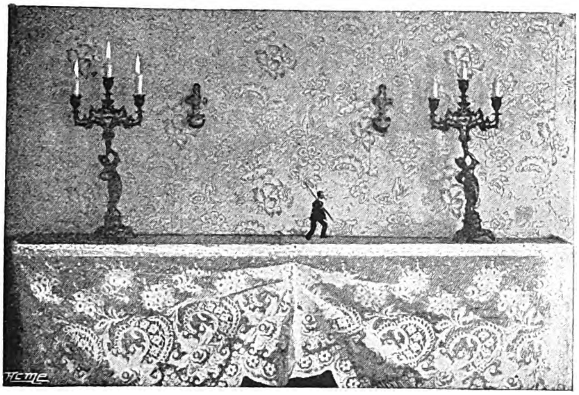
"You'll know after breakfast, little man," said Santa Claus, who entered the room at this moment. "We shall travel neither by train, carriage, boat, or balloon, but I promise you that we will both find ourselves within the City gates in less than half-an-hour from this time. I expect you are too excited and curious to eat very much."

As his host had conjectured, Leslie was far too impatient to reach Santa Clauberg as early as possible, to spend much time over the plate of porridge provided for him. In fact, he began to devour the delicious fare so greedily that he burned his tongue, and said some really angry words while the tears filled his eyes—words which caused Santa Claus to produce a great book, with a very sad face, and to make an entry on one side of the page, which I am inclined to believe cancelled something about a toy elephant written on the other side.

But Father Christmas can never look really angry. Perhaps this is because he understands little children so well, and loves them so much; or it may be that a fat, jolly-looking face such as his is altogether incapable of producing a genuine frown. Even Leslie Gordon has sufficient common sense to know that his own face is far too full and round to wear anything but a silly expression when he tries to look fierce, and the sudden outburst of temper which had distorted his features for a moment faded away as quickly as did the expression of sorrow from the jovial countenance of his host. By the time the porridge was finished, Leslie and Santa Claus were smiling across the table at one another, and chatting in the liveliest and merriest manner possible.

"You're the jolliest boy I ever met, Santa Claus!" said Leslie, quite forgetting that the age of Father Christmas was equal to the combined years which make up the lives of half-a-dozen very old men. "Mamma says I always get along best with boys just a little older than myself."

Santa Claus leaving toys on the housetops to be hidden away by mannikins until Christmas Eve.



A mannikin candle-lighter was hurrying along the mantelpiece.

"A *little* older than yourself, Leslie!" echoed Santa Claus, rolling his eyes in the most comical way imaginable.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Claus," said Leslie. "When I look at your eyes I quite forget that you are a very old gentleman like grandpapa. He was eighty-seven last birthday, and I gave him a beautiful tortoise-shell toothpick for a present. My brother Stanley said grandpa hadn't any teeth to pick, which was very rude, but quite true. I didn't think of that till I'd spent my new sixpence. How old are *you* Santa Claus?"

He washed his face briskly.

"Just four hundred and twenty-five," replied Father Christmas. "It was my birthday yesterday."

"Then you are exactly four hundred and twenty years older than I," said Leslie, who was very smart at mental arithmetic. "Did you get any birthday presents?"

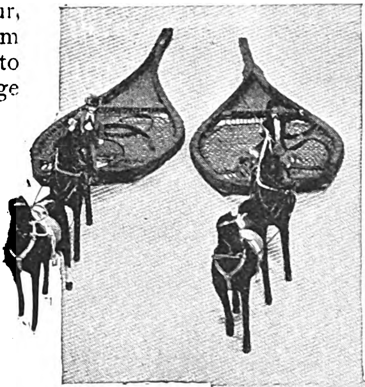
"A splendid pair of snow-shoes from my mannikins and dolls," said Santa Claus. "Was it not kind of them to remember me, Leslie?"

"I don't like things to wear, for birthday presents," was the candid reply. "Once, after dada invented a new motor car, which worked so well that it ran away before he had time to get in, and flew around the town smashing things, he was very short of money, so I had only a new overcoat for a present, and I cried myself to sleep because I wanted a bicycle-horse and a kite. A birthday without toys is horrid!"

"You won't consider my snow-shoes a horrid present in a few minutes' time, Leslie," said Santa Claus, putting on his fur-lined hood as he spoke. "We're going to ride down to the town of toys on them!"

Leslie began to devour the porridge so greedily that he burned his tongue.

While Leslie was wondering what such wonderful shoes could possibly be like, a team of horses clattered noisily into the breakfast parlour, drawing after them what appeared to be a pair of huge tennis racquets. On each of these remarkable looking objects stood an indiarubber doll who drove the horses very skilfully across the floor of the apartment right to the feet of Santa Claus. Here the tiny steeds, which were prancing and neighing in exactly the same manner as other high-spirited horses, were rapidly taken out of harness by their india-rubber ostlers. “Can they talk?” asked Leslie, referring to the dolls who were hissing pleasantly over their work, just as real ostlers are wont to do. “Pick one up and give him a squeeze,” whispered Santa Claus, adjusting a four-foot shoe as he spoke. “He's sure to say something if you squeeze him hard enough.”



A team of toy horses clattered noisily into the parlour.

Leslie lifted the ostler from the floor and squeezed him.

Leslie lifted the little man from the floor, and closed his fingers until the plump body of the ostler was as flat as a pancake. “Now then, who are you a-pinchin' of, young feller, me lad!” cried the doll in a series of angry squeaks, which escaped from a star-shaped hole at the back of his head. “If you think you can pick honest men off their legs I'll soon—” Here the ostler paused for want of breath. Leslie squeezed him again, less violently, and he continued:

Santa Claus made an entry in his big book

“I'll soon show you what I'm made of! I've no time to” (a pause and another squeeze) “waste up 'ere with twenty hosses to feed an' groom afore dinner. What are you laughin' at? If I'd a face like yours, I'd ——”

“Put him down, Leslie,” interrupted Santa Claus at this moment. “Tom is a good, hard-working fellow, but his language isn't at all nice when he gets really angry.”

Although Leslie was very curious to know what the angry ostler would have done with a real face such as his own, he placed the doll on its feet in obedience to his host's request, and laughed aloud as Tom and his companion each mounted a beautiful horse, with kid covered legs, and galloped quickly out of the open door, followed by the remainder of the team.

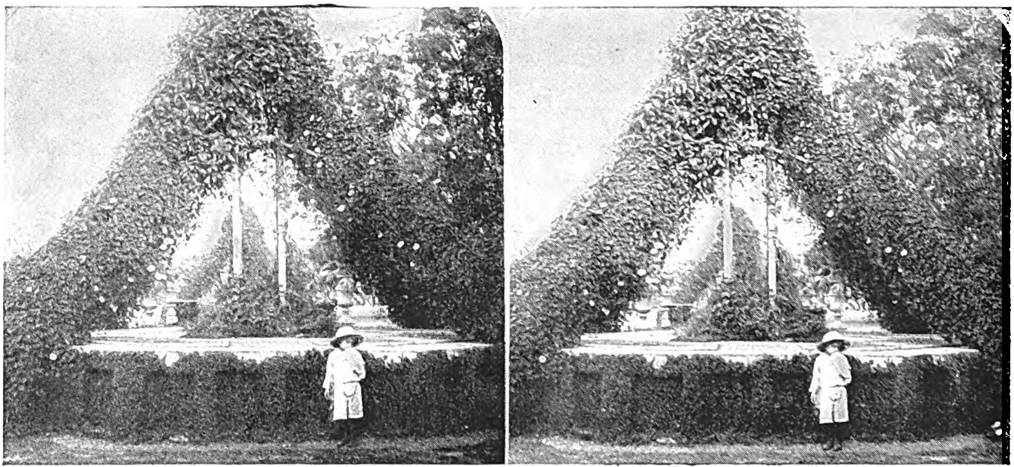
Tom and his companion each mounted a beautiful horse.

Having now adjusted the snow shoes, Santa Claus took a long pole in his hand, and, stepping through the open French windows of the dining-room, stood for a moment on the terrace outside, which formed the highest point of the snow covered mountain.

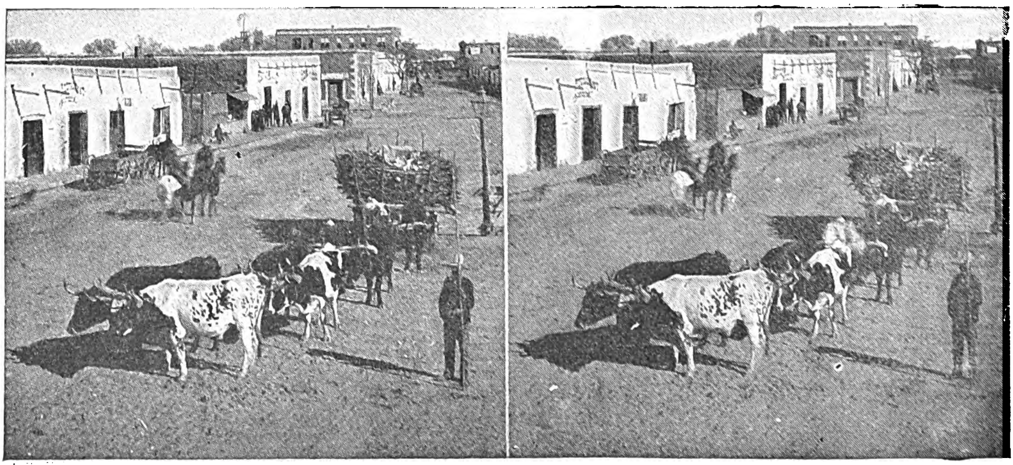
“Jump on my back, Leslie;” and Santa Claus, standing upright with the arms of his little friend clasped tightly round his neck, and the long pole in his right hand, steered a direct course towards Santa Clauberg.

*(To be continued.)*

House Cleaning Day.



Gold-fish Tank, Government House, Calcutta.



A Mexican Street Scene.

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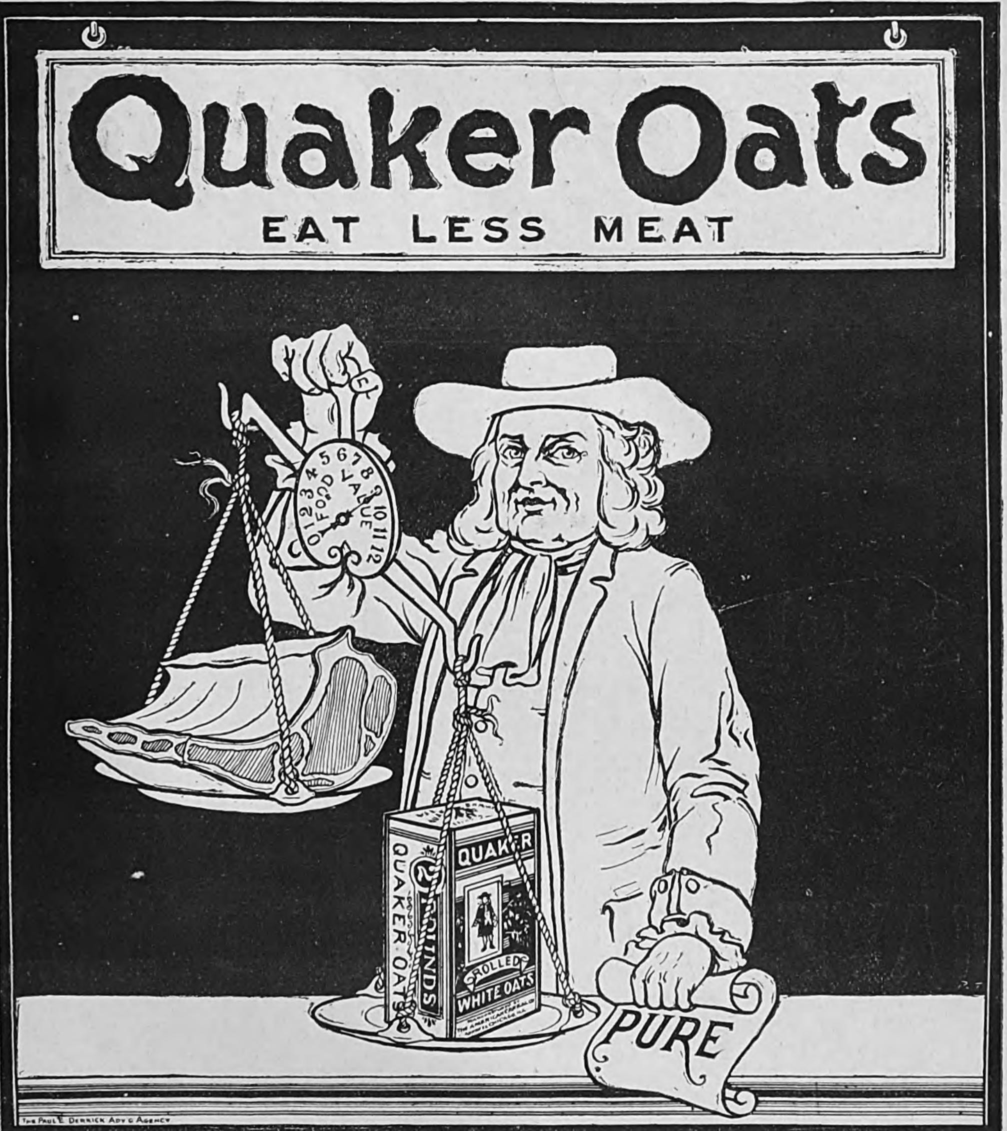
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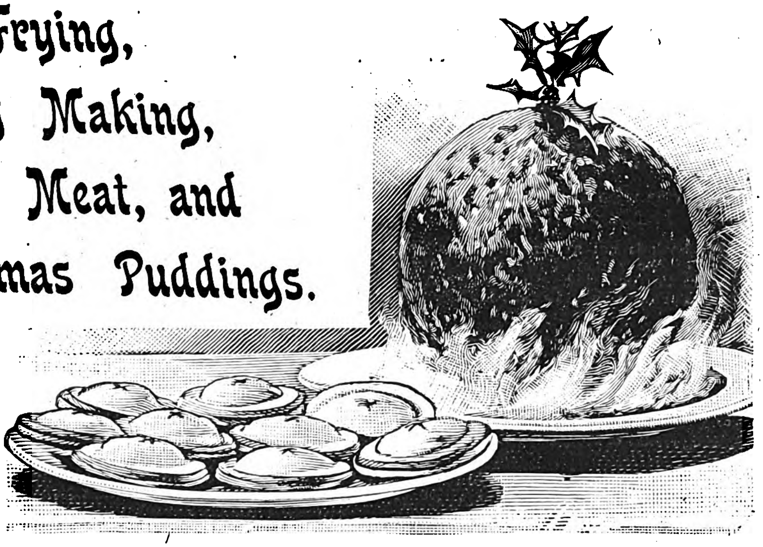

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**MACONOCHIE'S ESSENCE OF BEEF.**
**MACONOCHIE'S JULIENNE SOUP.** Prepared from the formula of one of the finest Chefs of the day.
**Please send for Sample Tin, sufficient to make a pint, post free, 6d.**
For Breakfast or Tea— **PÂTÉS, CAMP PIES, POTTED MEATS, SALMON & SHRIMP PASTE.**
**TRY THEM FOR SANDWICHES. SAMPLE PÂTÉ, POST FREE, 6d.**
***MACONOCHIE BROS., 131, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.***

PEARS' SOAP
PEARS SOAP

"WAITING FOR PEARS'."

CADBURY'S

"The standard of highest Purity."—*The Lancet.*

COCOA

**ABSOLUTELY PURE, therefore BEST.**

CADBURY'S is a perfectly safe and reliable Cocoa, containing all the full nourishing properties of the Cocoa bean. It "is a Perfect Food."

The *Lancet* (May 27th, 1899) says: "The statement that Cadbury's Cocoa is an absolutely pure article cannot be controverted in view of the results of analysis which, in our hands, this excellent article of food has yielded."

CADBURY'S COCOA is an ideal beverage for Children, promoting healthy Growth and Development in a remarkable degree.

Entirely free from all admixtures such as Kola, Malt, Hops, &c. No alkali used to darken the colour.

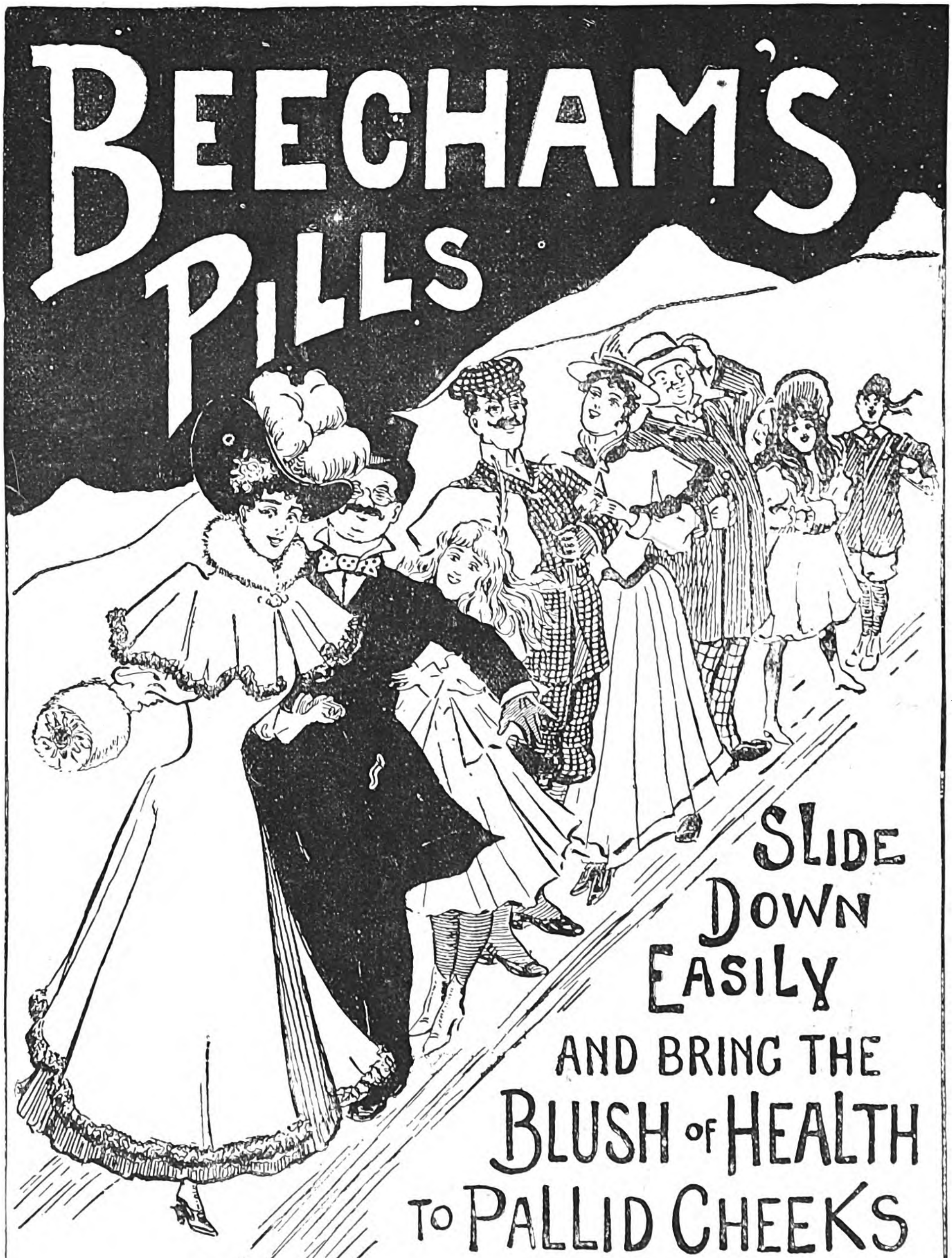
"Cocoa is in itself a perfect food, and requires no addition of drugs whatever."
—Dr. Andrew Wilson.

Insist on having CADBURY'S—sold only in Packets and Tins—as other Cocoas are sometimes substituted for the sake of extra profit.

Printed and Published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
All Advertisements to be addressed to T. B. Browne's Advertising Offices, 163, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

# THE XMAS ROYAL

6d.
Edward Read


BEECHAM'S
PILLS
SLIDE
DOWN
EASILY
AND BRING THE
BLUSH OF HEALTH
TO PALLID CHEEKS

BODLEIAN
21.12.1899
LIBRARY

TIME IS THIS LIFE'S RECKONER!

'Tell me what you LIKE, and I'll tell you what you ARE.'

*Ruskin.*

TEACH DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL; make ITS PRACTICE PLEASURABLE, and you create for the World A DESTINY MORE SUBLIME than EVER ISSUED from the brain of the WILDEST DREAMER. A SUNNY HOLIDAY—WISDOM, HEALTH, LONGEVITY, and PROSPERITY. WITHOUT these you have the GREATEST of ALL EVILS that can befall man, AN EARLY EXIT, which, like the brittle glass that measures time, is often broke, ere half its sands are run.

The Transvaal!!

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN FEVER-STRICKEN PARTS OF AFRICA.

LACK OF SANITATION IN JOHANNESBURG.

"*Lydenburg Camp, near Johannesburg, Transvaal.*

"I feel as in duty bound to write and compliment you upon the WONDERFUL EFFECTS of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in CLEARING the BODY of ALL FOUL SECRETIONS. I may add that for the last twelve years I have never been without it. I spent four years in New Orleans and the West Indies, and although people DIE there DAILY of FEVER, YET I ESCAPED, and I feel sure that it was owing to my KEEPING MY BLOOD COOL and my Stomach in order by the use of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I came to this country eight years ago and have lived in my capacity of GOLD PROSPECTOR in some of the MOST FEVER-STRICKEN parts of AFRICA. Just after the Jameson Raid I and five companions volunteered for service in Matabeleland. I, of course, took a good supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' with me. I may say that of my five friends, with the exception of one who was killed, the REST were ALL DOWN with FEVER whilst in the Fly Country. Never in my life have I felt better, although FEVER is VERY PREVALENT in JOHANNESBURG owing to LACK of SANITATION or any system of drainage. You are at liberty to make whatever use you wish of this letter or of my name.—Yours faithfully, 'TRUTH,' Nov. 16, 1896."

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED A SERIOUS ILLNESS. Its effect on a disordered or FEVERISH CONDITION is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

**Caution.**—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

# TURKISH BATHS AT HOME.

With the **Century Thermal Improved** (Self-purifying, Folding) **Bath Cabinet** you can take Turkish, Vapor, and Medicated Baths at home, even better than in Turkish Bath Rooms. You save breathing hot air; save exposure to cold air afterward; save inconvenience, time and expense. The cost is three half-pence per bath. *The* **Century Cabinet** *is made of Hygienic Waterproof Cloth over a steel frame. Folds into 2 in. space. Weighs with Spirit Stove complete less than 20 lbs. Is set up,* **heated** *and ready for use in five minutes.*

CENTURY
VAPOR
BATH
CABINET

**FOR THE SICK** A Turkish Bath brings tiny streams of impurities from five million pores at once. Sweats from the system all impure matter, giving robust health and strength, preventing and curing disease. Cures **Rheumatism,** a Hard Cold, and breaks up all symptoms of Fever with one bath. Immediate relief in cases of insomnia, blood, skin, nerve, kidney diseases, and Female complaints. **Reduces Surplus Flesh.**

**FOR THE WELL** The Turkish Bath aids one to keep well. It frees the system regularly from all waste and impurities. It keeps the mind and body up to the highest vigor. It rests the tired, quiets the nervous, and makes the sleepless sleep. It removes from the skin all that clogs and discolours it, clearing the complexion. It takes out of the skin more uncleanliness than a common bath washes off from it. Gives all the invigorating, cleansing, and purifying effects of the most luxurious medicated bath, and is a luxury that quickly becomes a habit.

**LADIES** should use the **Complexion Steamer.** It gives the face the same vapour treatment as the body. Clears the skin of pimples and blotches, leaving it clean and soft as velvet. Invaluable for the successful treatment of Catarrh & Asthma.

**THE CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET**

Is in every respect the best one on the market. We do not compare it with the worthless affairs, too bothersome to use. We guarantee that it is better than the best of the good ones. We sell on approval, to be returned at our expense if not as represented

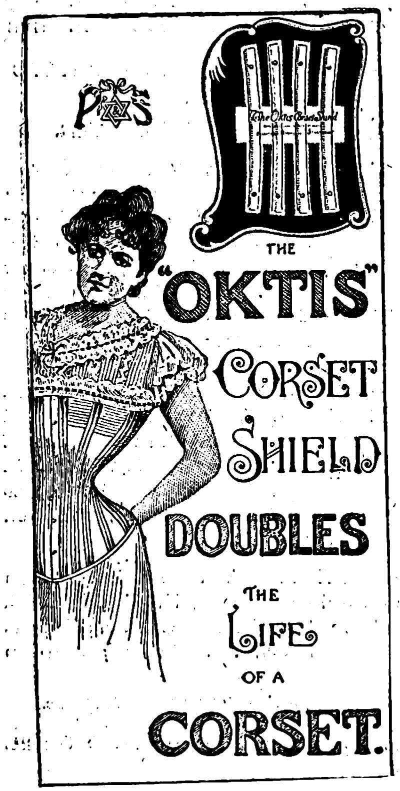
A
Turkish
Bath
at Home
Century
Thermal
Bath
Cabinet

*OVER 200,000 SOLD DURING THE LAST YEAR.*

**PRICES** of **Cabinets, complete with heater, range from 25/- to 70/-**

**AGENTS WANTED,** Both Sexes. Large Commission. We Furnish Capital.

**FREE** sample of goods and valuable book on "HEALTH & HYGIENE," with medical testimonials to all who write. Formula furnished for every description of medicated bath. **The L. T. CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET CO., REGENT HOUSE (Just below Jay's), REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.**



THE
**HOPWOOD**
DIRECT FROM
THE MILL
**CALICOES**

TWILLS, LONGCLOTHS, SHEETINGS, &c.

***SAVING 30 to 50 PER CENT.***

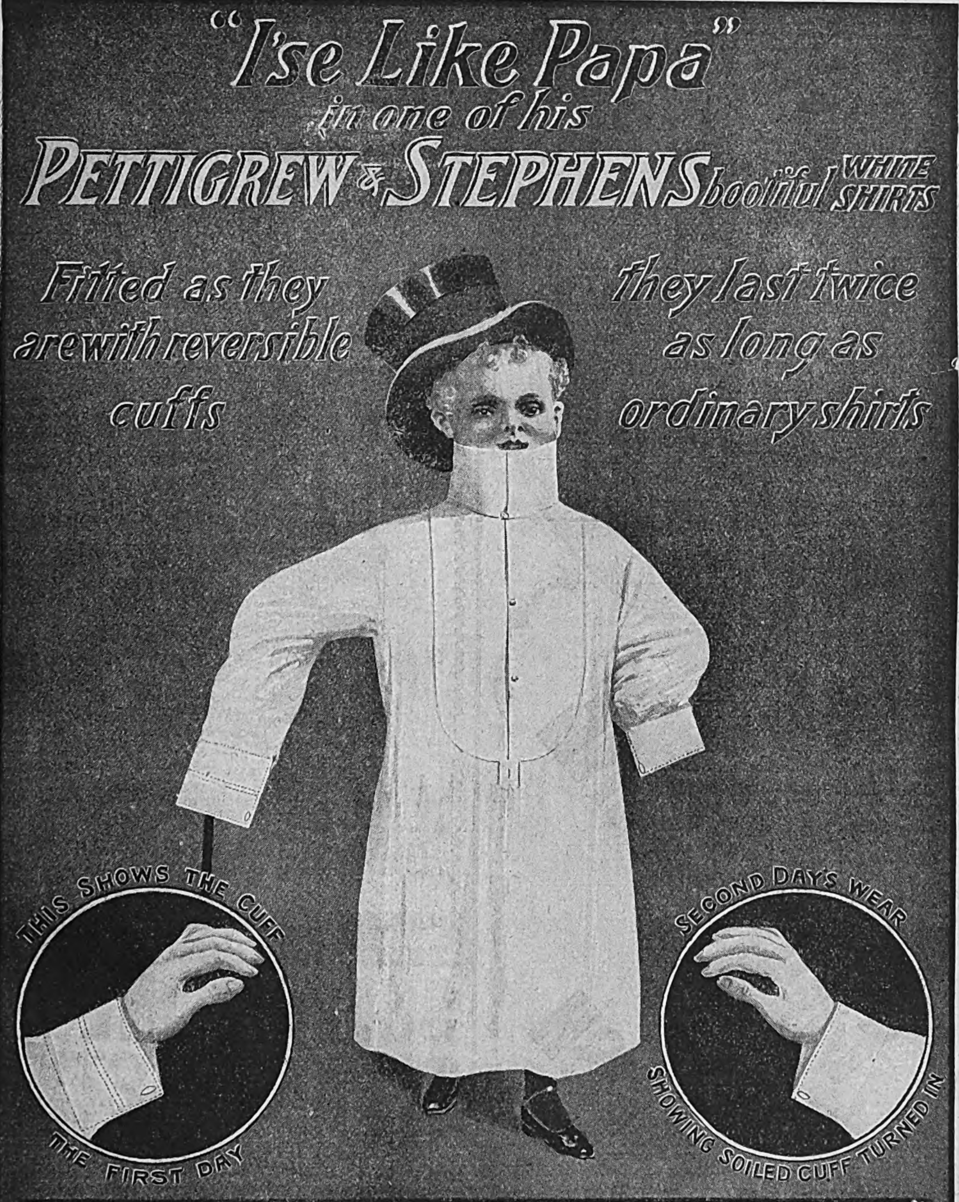
**PURITY GUARANTEED.**

The "QUEEN" says:—

"They comprise about 100 different sorts of cloths at considerably lower prices than charged by retail dealers. These are in qualities to suit all purposes, from Unbleached Twill Sheetings to the Finest Twilled Longcloths, the yarns from which they are made being of a high-class. The Soft-finished Longcloths are admirable for Ladies' and Children's wear. The discount and other advantages allowed by this firm reduce these necessary materials to an almost nominal price."

**FREE!** **Patterns and Price List post free on request. Patterns may be kept without charge. ALL PARCELS CARRIAGE PAID. NO AGENTS.**

**The HOPWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.**
7, Princess Mills,
**Heywood, MANCHESTER.**


"I'se Like Papa"
in one of his
PETTIGREW & STEPHENS bootiful WHITE SHIRTS
Fitted as they are with reversible cuffs
they last twice as long as ordinary shirts
THIS SHOWS THE CUFF THE FIRST DAY
SECOND DAY'S WEAR SHOWING SOILED CUFF TURNED IN

## The ECONOMIC ADVANTAGES of REVERSIBLE CUFFS.

Their economic advantages are apparent at a glance. By permitting the shirts to be worn twice with absolutely fresh cuffs each time they reduce the laundry bill by one half, and the shirts with less frequent washing wear twice as long. The invention has commended itself to hundreds of thousands of customers all over the world.

## UNLAUNDRIED WHITE SHIRTS

*Straight from the Needle to the Customer at Wholesale Prices.*

**IN THREE QUALITIES.**

**No. 1.—'THE DEFIANCE.'** Pure Linen Cuffs and Fronts. With large single cuff, **2/6** each, **14/6** half-doz. post free.
**No. 2.—'THE CONQUEROR.'** Reversible Cuffs, to button back or front. **3/3** each, **18/9** half-doz. post free.
**No. 3.—'THE CITY SHIRT.'** Fit for a duke to wear. Reversible Cuffs, to button back or front. Free by post, **3/9** or **21/6** half-doz.; **City Broad-fronted Evening Shirts** with 1 stud-hole and large single Cuffs, same price. Colonial postage (except Rhodesia) 3/6 per ½-doz. extra. *When ordering mention size of Neckband & whether to button Back or Front*

**PETTIGREW & STEPHENS**, Manufacturers, S Dept., 191, Sauchiehall St., **GLASGOW.**

ENAMELINE

THE MODERN

STOVE POLISH

SAVES ELBOW GREASE

Allison's 'EGLINTON LEVER'

*Price* **30/-** *Post Free.*

A Solid Silver English Hall-marked Cased Lever, Jewelled in six holes, compensation balance, equal in appearance and time-keeping to a £5 5s. Watch GUARANTEED FOR TEN YEARS

**Famed Silver**

HUNTING WATCH.

*Price* **15/-** *Post Free.*

A really handsome and highly finished Watch with strong solid Sterling Silver Cases. First-class timekeeper, and guaranteed for five years. Sizes to suit Lady or Gentleman. Ladies' size beautifully engraved in new style.

**ALLISON & CO.,** ***Jewellers,***

**197, EGLINTON STREET, GLASGOW.**

ESTAB. OVER HALF A CENTURY.

**Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.**

**KEITH'S** PERFECT

"CADZOW"

(10 YEAR OLD)

INCOMPARABLE **WHISKY**

TRADE MARK

WILD CATTLE IN CADZOW FOREST.

THE LANCET says, June 17th, 1898:—"Thoroughly matured. Its character, in regard especially to taste and aroma, is quite consistent with the statement that this Whisky is kept in bond from ten to thirteen years."

GRANVILLE H. SHARP says:—"Possesses an especially fine aroma and flavour that is only obtainable by time."

**43s. per doz. case, Carriage Paid. Sample Bottle, 4s., Carriage Paid.**

*Cash with Order or Reference.*

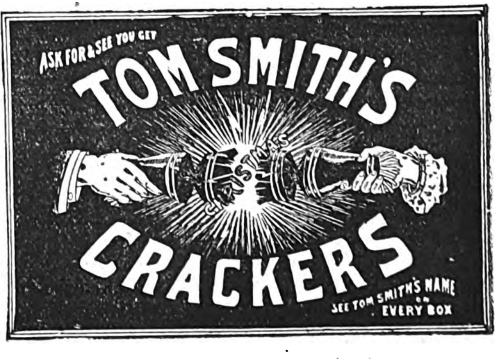
**JAMES KEITH, HAMILTON, N.B.**

**SULPHOLINE**

SHILLING BOTTLES **SKIN LOTION**

*GIVES A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.*

clears off Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Roughness, all Disfigurements, and Cures Irritation. Develops a Clear, Smooth, Healthy Skin.



ASK FOR & SEE YOU GET
TOM SMITH'S
CRACKERS
SEE TOM SMITH'S NAME ON EVERY BOX

**Used by Her Majesty.**

# CEREBOS

This dainty and delicate

## TABLE SALT

contains the strength-giving and constitution-building properties which are wanting in White Bread owing to the removal of the Bran.

It is therefore invaluable in the diet of children, mothers, and brain-workers. Used like common salt.

**Sold by all Grocers.**

HALL'S
SANITARY
WASHABLE
DISTEMPER

## HALL'S SANITARY WASHABLE DISTEMPER

**(Patented.)**

**A NEW SANITARY WATER PAINT.**

**HAS GREAT ADVANTAGES, some of which are as follows—**

That it Sets Hard, Kills Vermin, and Disinfects.
That it is Washable in three weeks, does not Scale, and can be Painted or Varnished.
It is made in Dark Rich Shades as well as in Light Tints, contains no Lead, and does not turn Black.
It is equally suitable for outside as well as inside application.
It only requires the addition of Water to make it ready for use, so that anybody can apply it.
It is cheaper, cleaner, and more artistic than wall-paper.

**It is sold by leading Chemists, Drysalters, and Ironmongers, and manufactured by**

**SISSONS BROTHERS & Co., Ltd., HULL**

from whom Samples, Shade Card, and other particulars can be obtained.

**FOREIGN AGENTS WANTED.**

## Benger's Food

**FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, & THE AGED.**

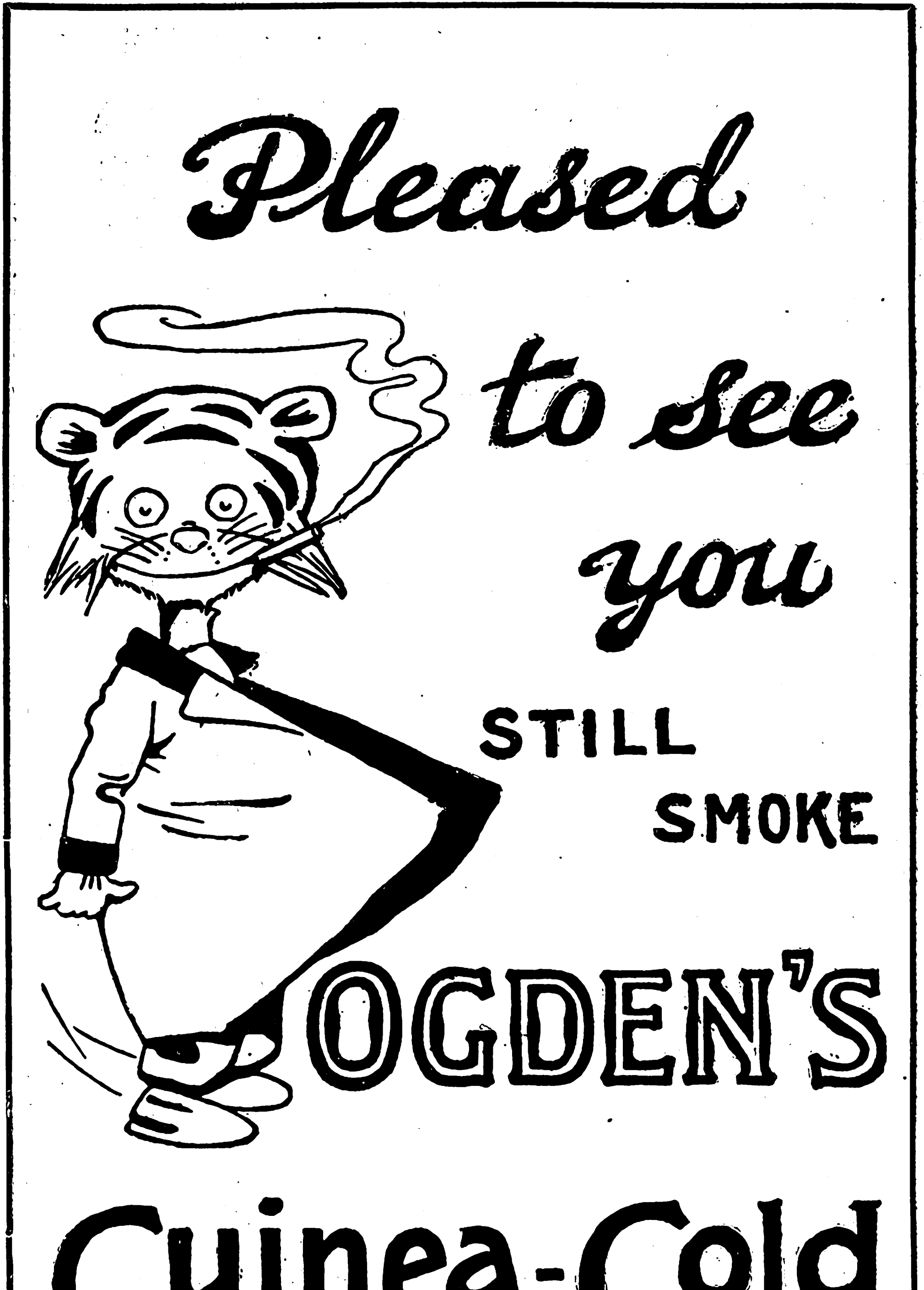
*Sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.*

*Published by special permission of the Russian Court.*

"Balmoral Castle,
"Scotland,
"25th Sept., 1896.

"Sirs,—Please forward to Balmoral Castle one dozen 2/6 Tins of BENGER'S FOOD for H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, addressed to Miss Coster. We have received the box ordered from Peterhoff.

"Yours truly,
"F. COSTER."



Pleased

to see

you

STILL

SMOKE

OGDEN'S

Guinea-Gold

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# MEDICINES FOR DOMESTIC USE.

## Indigestion, Flatulence, &c.

**Bismuth, Pepsine & Chlorodyne Tablets.**—The most effectual remedy for severe or long-standing cases of Indigestion, especially when attended with pain, flatulence, heartburn, acidity or spasms. This combination of medicines seems to be absolutely a specific for such cases, and affords almost instantaneous relief. They are also of service where there is flushing of the face, and general discomfort after eating.

The theory of the good effect of these Tablets is—

THE BISMUTH removes any gastric irritation and acidity.

THE PEPSINE completes the digestion of food not yet thoroughly acted upon by the gastric fluid.

THE CHLORODYNE allays all pain and discomfort.

*A Physician reports—"In those frequent cases of Dyspepsia, where excessive acidity and flatulence, with pain and general discomfort, follow every meal, the immediate relief afforded by these Tablets is a genuine reality."*

*Bottles, 1/- and 2/6 each, post free.*

## Blood Purifier.

**Sulphide of Calcium Tablets** (Sugar-Coated).—Of the greatest service where eruptions of the skin, such as pimples, blotches, boils, &c., show an impure state of the blood. The skin quickly acquires the clear bright appearance which is an unerring certificate of good health. Medical Journals report long-standing cases of acne cured by the use of this medicine. It is remarkable also for its property of dispersing boils.—*Bottles 2/6 only, post free.*

## Hæmorrhoids or Piles.

**Cocaine and Bismuth Suppositories.**—A wonderfully effectual remedy, giving instant and remarkable relief. The curative properties of these Suppositories are exerted on affected parts which ordinary applications, such as ointments, fail to reach.—*Boxes, 1/9; treble size, 4/6; post free.*

The presence of Piles indicates a congested condition of the Liver, and a gentle stimulus directed to that organ by means of Compound Cascara Tablets greatly hastens a cure.

**Compound Cascara Tablets** *are sold in 1/- and 2/6 (treble size) Bottles, post free.*

## Nervous Exhaustion, &c.

**Compound Hypophosphite Tablets** (Sugar-Coated).—These Tablets are composed of the Hypophosphites of Potassium, Calcium, Manganese, &c., combined with Nux Vòmica. They are recommended where a powerful restorative and vitalising medicine is required.

This combination of Tonics is essentially a *Brain and Nerve Food*, and is of infinite value in want of nerve power, lowness of spirits, whether brought on by too close an application to business, over-study, weakness after influenza, bronchitis, poorness of blood, or other causes of nervous exhaustion.

Students, literary, professional and business men, who are habitually overworked, or periodically subject to mental strain, derive immense benefit from a course of these Tablets, as they supply the system with the necessary elements for making good the "wear and tear" incurred by the modern high-pressure mode of life. *Sold in 2/6 Bottles only, post free.*

## For Coughs.—A Lung Tonic.

**Senega and Glycerine Tablets.**—A most effectual remedy, equally efficacious whether the cough is of a bronchial nature, following a cold, or a chronic winter cough. They quickly effect the removal of phlegm from the chest, and allay the tickling in the throat, which induces the frequent fits of coughing. This preparation is undoubtedly the most certain and speedy cough remedy known.—*Sold only in Boxes, 1/1½ and 2/-, post free.*

## Sleeplessness, Headache.

**Tri-Bromide Tablets.**—Produce a tranquil state of the nervous system, and thus induce healthy and refreshing sleep, most noticeable where overwork, grief, or worry causes broken rest.

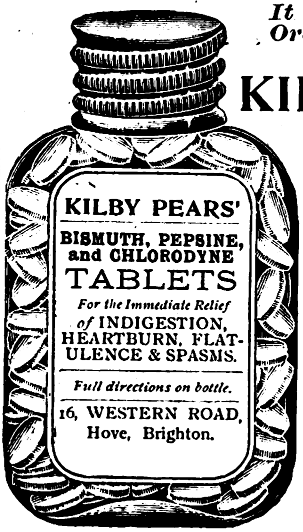
They are a remedy for headache and for nervous irritability, and may be taken at any time for this purpose.—*Bottles 1/-; treble size, 2/6.*

## SEND FOR COMPLETE LIST.

*(Your address on a post card will do.)*

**This List contains full particulars of all domestic medicines, and proper treatment for Asthma, Piles, Rheumatism, Gout, Constipation, Anæmia, Colds, Coughs, Throat Affections, Neuralgia, Diarrhœa, Sleeplessness, Nervous Breakdown, and other Common Ailments.**

*It is particularly requested that all Orders, however small, be sent direct to the Manufacturers:*


KILBY PEARS'
BISMUTH, PEPSINE, and CHLORODYNE
TABLETS
For the Immediate Relief of INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, FLATULENCE & SPASMS.
Full directions on bottle.
16, WESTERN ROAD, Hove, Brighton.

**Sold in 1/- & 2/6 Bottles, post free.**

## KILBY PEARS & SON,

*Manufacturing Chemists,*

**16, Western Rd., HOVE,**

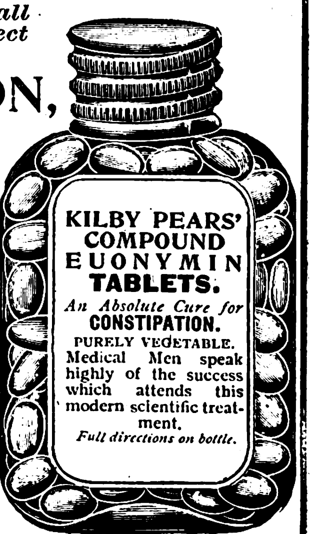
**BRIGHTON.**

**By this system Customers ensure receiving the goods in faultless condition by return of post.**

☛ *All Packages are sent secure from observation.* ☚

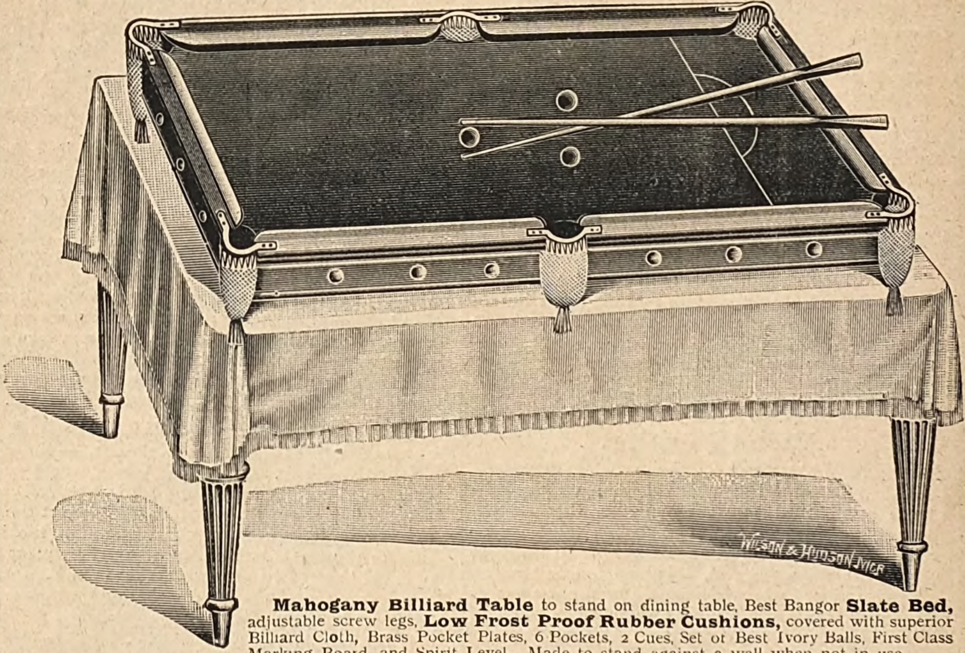
**POSTAGE FREE.**

**COLONIAL ORDERS above Ten Shillings in amount also sent post free.**


KILBY PEARS'
COMPOUND
EUONYMIN
TABLETS.
An Absolute Cure for CONSTIPATION.
PURELY VEGETABLE.
Medical Men speak highly of the success which attends this modern scientific treatment.
Full directions on bottle.

**Sold in 1/- & 2/6 Bottles, post free**

# BILLIARDS AT HOME.



**Mahogany Billiard Table** to stand on dining table, Best Bangor **Slate Bed,** adjustable screw legs, **Low Frost Proof Rubber Cushions,** covered with superior Billiard Cloth, Brass Pocket Plates, 6 Pockets, 2 Cues, Set of Best Ivory Balls, First Class Marking Board, and Spirit Level. Made to stand against a wall when not in use.

**Money returned if not perfectly satisfactory.** **Catalogue Free.**

**PRICES:**

3 ft. 4 in. by 1 ft. 10 in., for Room 11 feet or above, **£3 10s.**
4 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 4 in., for Room 12 feet or above, **£4 10s.**
5 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 10 in., for Room 13 feet or above, **£5 10s.**
6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in., for Room 14 feet or above, **£6 15s.**
7 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 10 in., for Room 15 feet long ... **£9 0s.**

In OAK or WALNUT, **10** per cent. extra.

**FULL SIZE BILLIARD TABLES, 50 to 250 Guineas.**

***The Largest Show Rooms out of London.*** *Old Tables converted to New Fast Low Frost Proof Cushions.*

**E. J. RILEY LIMITED, Accrington,** England.

# COX'S

**SPARKLING**

# GELATINE

**A GREAT MANY DELICIOUS DISHES for the FESTIVE SEASON**

Can be prepared with this Pure and Wholesome BRITISH production.

CLEAR CRYSTALLINE JELLIES,
DELICIOUS BLANC-MANGES, CREAMS & PUDDINGS, DELICATE SAVOURIES & INVALID DISHES

*A large RECIPE BOOK will be sent to any address on receipt of penny stamp to defray postage.*

**J. & G. COX, Ltd.** *(of Edinburgh),* ***Eastcheap Buildings,*** **LONDON, E.C.**

XMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS

PARKER JOINTLESS

FIRM FRIENDS FOREVER

# THE PARKER

**JOINTLESS Lucky Curve**

# FOUNTAIN PEN FREE

NO JOINTS TO LEAK.
NO SCREW TO BREAK.
NO OLD-FASHIONED NOZZLE.
PERFECTION.

LUCKY CURVE SPRING LOCK GEO. S. PARKER

THE SUCCESS OF THE PEN AGE.

***The Greatest Improvement ever made in Fountain Pen Construction.***

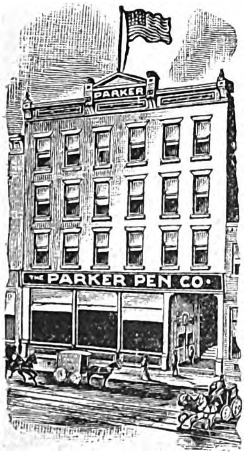
Costs no more than the old-fashioned, joint-leaking, screw-breaking kind. To make a luxury of writing, use a **JOINTLESS LUCKY CURVE.** It is warranted perfect by us, and also warranted, recommended and sold by more than 6,000 dealers in all parts of the world. If the dealer of whom you inquire does not keep them, and urges you to buy "a just as good," don't buy. Insist on having the Parker Pen with the Lucky Curve.

PARKER

To those who have never owned a Fountain Pen, the "Parker" is a *delight*; to those who have tried others it is perfection. First right in principle, then skilfully made to avoid the weak points found in other makes, Parker Pens seem to "go alone," so smooth and easy is the movement. When you buy an up-to-date "Parker" Lucky Curve JOINTLESS, you have the world's greatest Fountain Pen.

**Investigate.**—Our interesting little Booklet, giving full particulars, awaits your request. Sent FREE.

**This being our First Advertisement in Great Britain, we have determined to make it memorable by giving everyone answering this advertisement a guarantee entitling them, on complying with same, to one of our best 14-carat Gold 020 JOINTLESS Fountain Pens Free.**


United States Home of the Lucky Curve.

Order to-day as this offer may not be repeated.

SUPPLIED ONLY with the very finest 14-carat

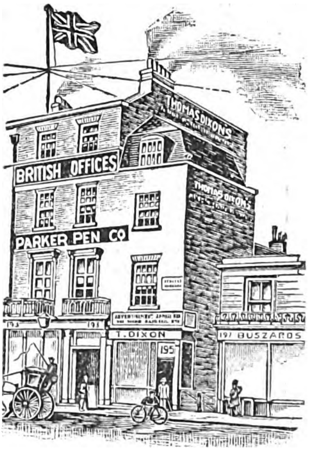
**GOLD**

Nibs to suit all writers, and finished in almost any style of point—fine, medium, coarse, or J. When ordering by post send nib generally used.

**REGULAR PRICES to those not taking advantage of this Inaugural Offer.**

| | |
|---|---|
| No. 018.. .. .. .. .. .. .. | 8/6 |
| No. 020.. .. .. .. .. .. .. | 10/6 |
| No. 023.. .. .. .. .. .. .. | 12/6 |
| No. 024.. .. .. .. .. .. .. | 14/6 |
| No. 025.. .. .. .. .. .. .. | 17/- |
| No. 026.. .. .. .. .. .. .. | 21/- |

Also the PARKER Physician's Clinical Thermometer Lucky Curve **Fountain Pen**. Accompanying each is a certified certificate that it has been corrected to the Yale Observatory Standard, which is known by all Physicians to be correct.



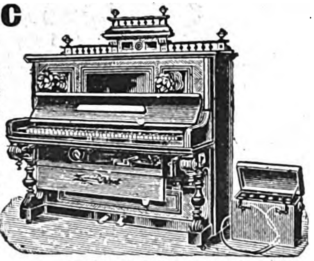
British Home of the Lucky Curve.

Of all Dealers. If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining Parker Pens apply to the British Offices—

**THE PARKER PEN CO.** (Largest Manufacturers of Fountain Pens in the World) **195, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.**

**ELECTRIC PIANO.**

The greatest marvel of the age. Plays unlimited number of tunes in most brilliant style. Can be played by hand, handle, and by electricity.



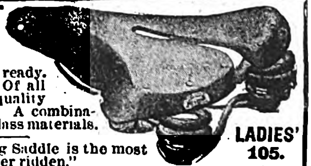
**EXCELSIOR POLYPHON.**

Plays thousands of tunes, unrivalled in grandness of tone. A splendid Xmas Gift to everyone and an everlasting pleasure at home and places of resort.

Illustrated Catalogue of every description of musical instrument—Polyphons, Symphonions, Gramaphones, Phonographs, Mechanical Singing Birds, Automatic Machines, &c., and Mechanical Advertising Novelties, post free on request.

**GULDMAN & CO., 7, Sugar Lane, MANCHESTER.**

**MARTIN-SILENT SADDLES.**



1900 Patterns now ready. Send for price lists. Of all Agents or direct. One quality—each Saddle perfect. A combination of skill and high-class materials.

**LADIES' 105.**

"Your 105 Expanding Saddle is the most comfortable I have ever ridden."

"I have ridden your 070 Racing Saddle thousands of miles and am delighted with it." "I have won 11 first and 17 second and third prizes on your 070 Racing Saddle."

A lady writes: "I send my saddle to be repaired. Don't mislay it, as money will not buy another: I call it my easy chair.

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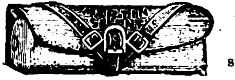

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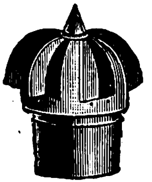

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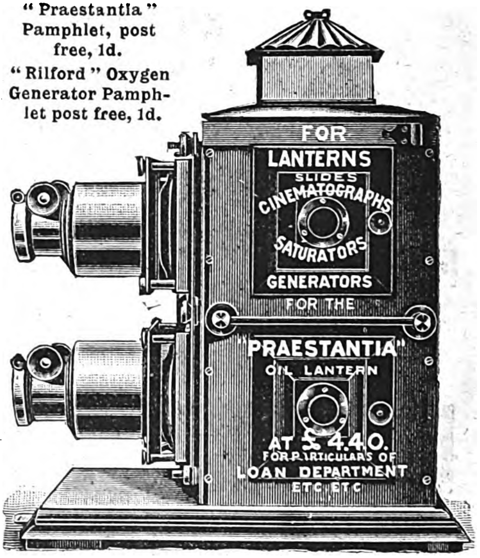

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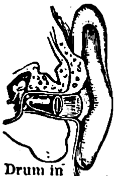

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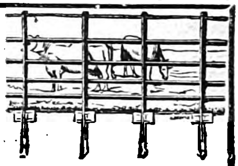

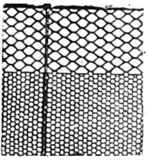

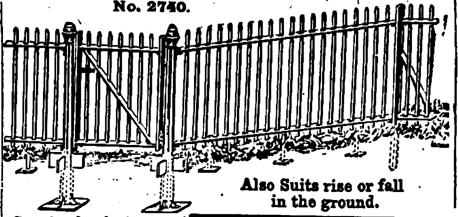

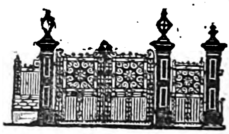

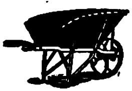

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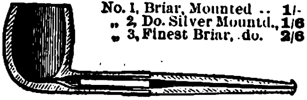

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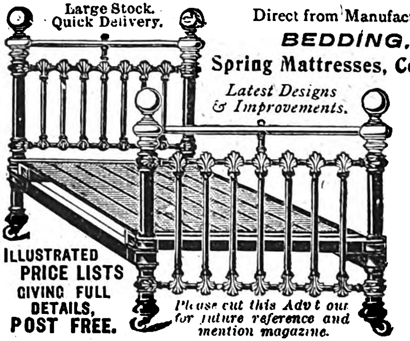

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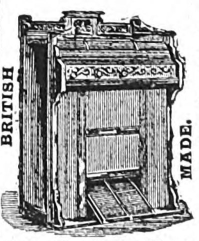

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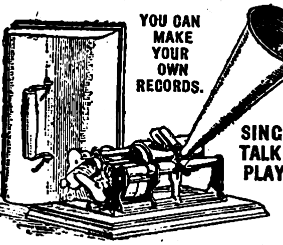

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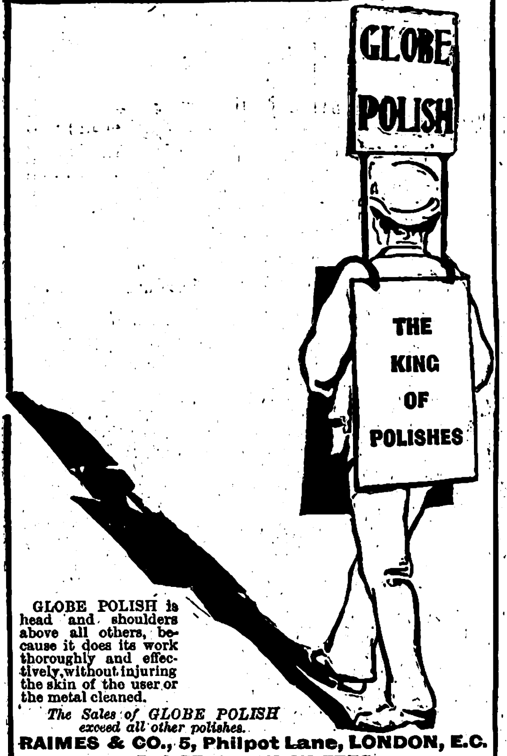

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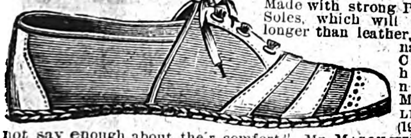

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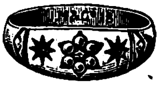

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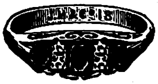

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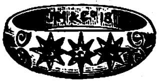

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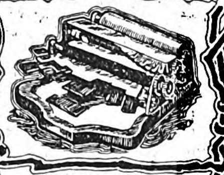

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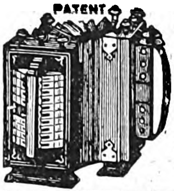

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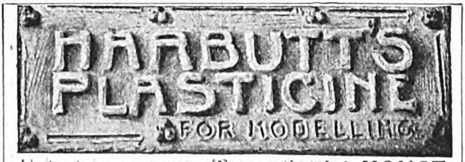

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**8/6** Carefully Packed. Package Free.

This really superior Tea Set is now offered direct to the public by the manufacturers at first cost. It comprises 12 cups and saucers, 12 plates, 2 bread and butter plates, 1 slop bowl, 1 cream jug, in all 40 pieces. Every piece in the service is exquisitely finished and guarantees satisfaction to every customer.

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### BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION INSTANTLY

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Curls the hair naturally in a few days. The hair will always remain curly. Note.—Crimpoline curls the hair permanently. No tongs needed. Other curling fluids **only** keep the hair in curl. Crimpoline is not greasy or sticky. See that you get Crimpoline. Have no other, or you will be disappointed.

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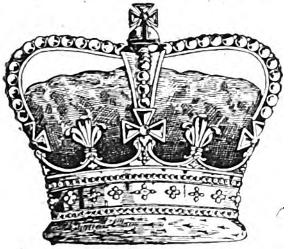

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Supplied by Command to
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**FREE PARTICULARS**

of my Special Cure, which is not of a TRANSIENT, BUT A TRACEABLE LASTING EFFECT, not only combating single symptoms, but removing the causes of those diseases. Therefore a **PERMANENT CURE** is assured. I HAVE TRIED THE TREATMENT ON MYSELF, and have practised it for 18 years on many thousands of Special Cases, with the very best results; and **many Medical Men and many Clergymen** have acknowledged to me that my cure is a successful one. Officially confirmed letters of thanks testify to surprising success by patients who have **suffered for 30 years** and more, though in advanced years—say, 70 to 80. Many are cured after having been

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No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from Cold Feet.

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**POLISHING**
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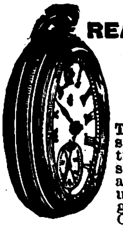

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**SEND NO MONEY.**

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B*LF**T.

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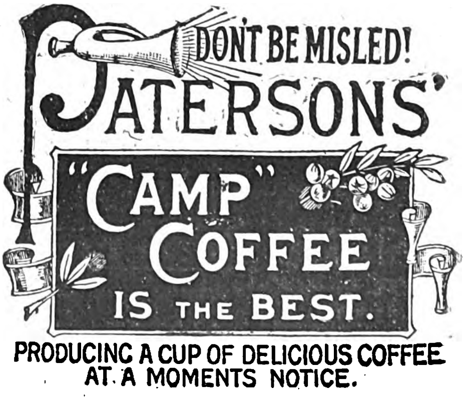

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"CAMP" COFFEE
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**£100** IF you can purchase our cheapest machine, brand new, from us, or if any agent or dealer can buy one from us for less than Fifteen Sovereigns, we will promptly hand you a Hundred Pound Bank of England Note.

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**TAKE**

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. . . Let your lungs be filled with the vapour of Norwegian Pine Tar, which they give off whilst dissolving in the mouth. The efficacy of Pine Tar in all affections of the Throat and Lungs is well known; the best mode of applying it is by inhalation, and the mouth makes the best inhaler.

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Will be delighted with the light and dainty tea-scones and cakes, the delicious, wholly digestible pastry and bread which you can make with the least possible trouble by adding a small quantity of BROWN & POLSON'S Paisley Flour to ordinary flour when baking, without using any barm, yeast, or baking powder. Baking with it is easy and rapid; indeed, it has been well said that it makes home-baking a pleasure; there are no disappointing results.

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5 GOLD MEDALS

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It Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, TAN, IRRITATION, &c., and keeps THE SKIN **SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE** at all Seasons.

# THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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# THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

Photo by Lafayette.

**Modern Progress.** This is a marvellous world—I mean with respect to the wonderful discoveries each month brings us. There is nothing new under the sun it is said. I am not perfectly sure of the truth of this, but I am quite certain also that ten years hence we shall be able to do mechanically, all manner of extraordinary things that we cannot do now. In photography more especially is this true, for each year brings with it some improvement, and not infrequently it is something which, if it is not new, is extremely like new.

**Colour Photography.** To photograph in colours is of course not a new idea. As a matter of fact it is pretty well half-a-century old, for it is now nearly fifty years since the first attempt was made to obtain photographs in natural colours. During this time many processes have been advanced, some possible in theory only, others flagrant frauds.

Apart, however, from all such miserable shams, two or three methods have been discovered whereby genuine and even brilliant results have been obtained. But at what a cost!

Apparatuses of the most delicate description, and skill of the highest order were necessary, in fact only experimental experts could hope to obtain any result at all.

**A New Apparatus.** I am not at all sure but what a new era has dawned with respect to colour photography. By this I mean that in the first place the process will not be too costly, and in the second it will not be too intricate for an amateur of average intelligence.

The results are curious and beautiful. Of course they do not amount to putting a plate in a camera, pressing a button, and then developing and printing and finding a lovely coloured picture before you. I daresay someone will one day or another enable us to do even this.

But meanwhile we must be thankful for small mercies, and remembering this, I fancy that the "Kromaz," as the new apparatus is somewhat mystically named, may be a source of considerable amusement to some of my readers.

Photo by C. F. Inston.

Caught Napping.

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**The Kromaz.** It is not difficult to understand the principles upon which the Kromaz works, but it is necessary to go to the root of the matter. I don't want to be too technical, but the explanation is distinctly interesting.

According to accredited theory, light is simply the sensation by which we recognise, or become aware of, the existence of certain waves in the ether. Ether is the infinitely rare and imponderable medium which science has found it necessary to assume pervades all space. Now these waves are not all alike, so that in looking at a piece of white paper the eye receives waves of many lengths. If the paper be coated with a substance that will absorb some or any of the waves of a particular length, say a wash of yellow paint, the eye immediately sees not white but colour.

**The Meaning of Colour.**

It therefore comes to this, that when we are conscious of perceiving colour, it is merely our way of noting the absence of some portion of the waves that go to make up ordinary daylight. Now, it is found that the three colours called "primaries"—namely, red, green, and blue-violet—mixed together form white light, and, further, that any colour can be exactly matched by the admixture of some or all of these three.

From this fact it may be assumed, for convenience, that the eye possesses three nerves, each one of which responds to one of the primary colours. When we see white or colourless light, it therefore follows that the three are being agitated together. When one, or perhaps two, have ceased to be influenced, we see colour. The problem that the inventor of the Kromaz set himself was, therefore, to split up the waves, as it were, that convey a picture of many colours.

**The Apparatus.** To this end, one part of the Kromaz consists of three light filters of coloured glass. These filters are fixed side by side in a frame that fits over the dark slide, so that when the shutter is drawn the image from the lens has to pass through one of the filters before it can reach the sensitive plate. In short, the filters are designed to act towards the

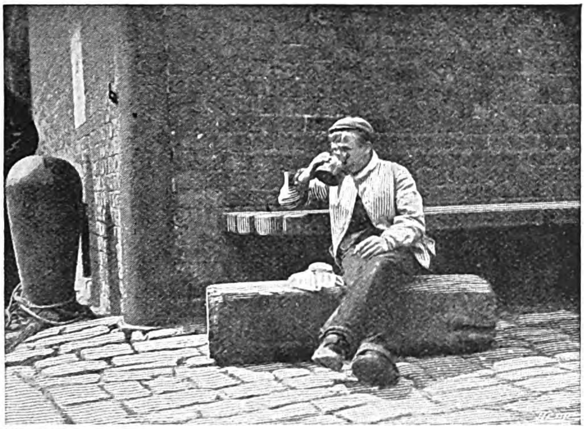


Photo by C. F. Inston.

Taking his Lunch.

Photo by L. C. Keighley-Peach.

Will He Never Come?

Photo by W. Farwell.

The Wives of Fisher-folk.

Photo by S. Jacobsson.

The Child's Prayer.

sensitive plate in the same way as the nerves of the eye act towards the brain. They discriminate between the waves of different lengths. Theoretically, as we see, three of these filters are necessary, but, as the stereoscopic effect is desirable in order to obtain the fullest degree of realism in the results, one of them—the green—is doubled. Thus four images are recorded upon the plate.

They are taken two at a time in stereoscopic pairs, but the necessity for a double-lens camera is obviated by the use of the Kromaz mirrors, a simple attachment that throws two separate images of the subject through one lense.

The records of the red and the blue sensation are secured simultaneously by the first exposure, and constitute one stereoscopic pair, whilst a second exposure on the other half of the plate gives a stereoscopic pair due to the green sensation. These two pairs of images together constitute the Kromaz colour record. They are all obtained upon a single dry plate of the size known as half-plate, which, after the exposures have been made, is developed in the usual way.

**The Result.** FROM the four-fold negative a positive, or transparency, is taken, and this, on being placed in the Kromaz stereoscope, yields a brilliant reproduction in natural colours of the original subject. It is unnecessary for me to enter into minute details as to how this is accomplished. It is sufficient for me to say that the Kromaz breaks up the light of day into its three primary colours, and projects these through the colour record, each passing through its proper portion. The finished picture, as viewed through the lenses, consists of these images of coloured light thrown together. Of course, a mere description of the instrument cannot give any very adequate idea of its achievements. Mr. Barnard, of Potters Bar, Middlesex, is the inventor.

**Photography in War.** THE fact that the War Authorities have considerable belief in the possibilities of the camera in time of war, was proved during the preparations at the outset of the Transvaal trouble.

One of the most important features of the equipment of a modern army is the captive balloon. It serves two purposes, I believe, the one for dropping explosives, the other as a point of look-out. The pressure of the wind in one direction and the upward tendency of the balloon combine to hold it stationary at one point.

From such a height a wonderfully fine view of the surrounding country can be obtained. This view is photographed, and

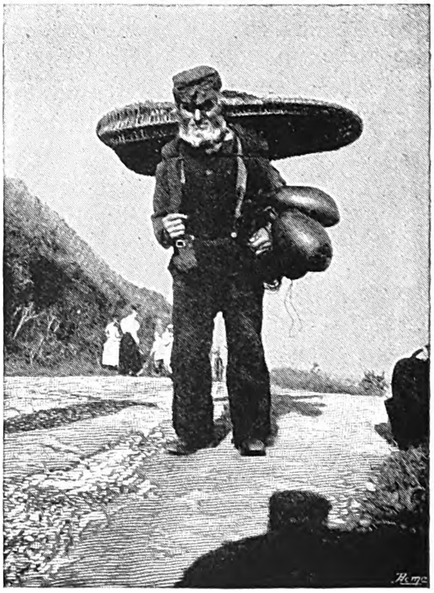


Photo by W. Farwell.

At Eventide.

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

"Sweetness and Light."

photographed in such a way that the whole of the horizon is included.

The picture thus obtained is, when finally developed and printed, laid before the general in command, who has a better idea of the nature of the country and of what is taking place than can possibly be given him by any amount of verbal description.

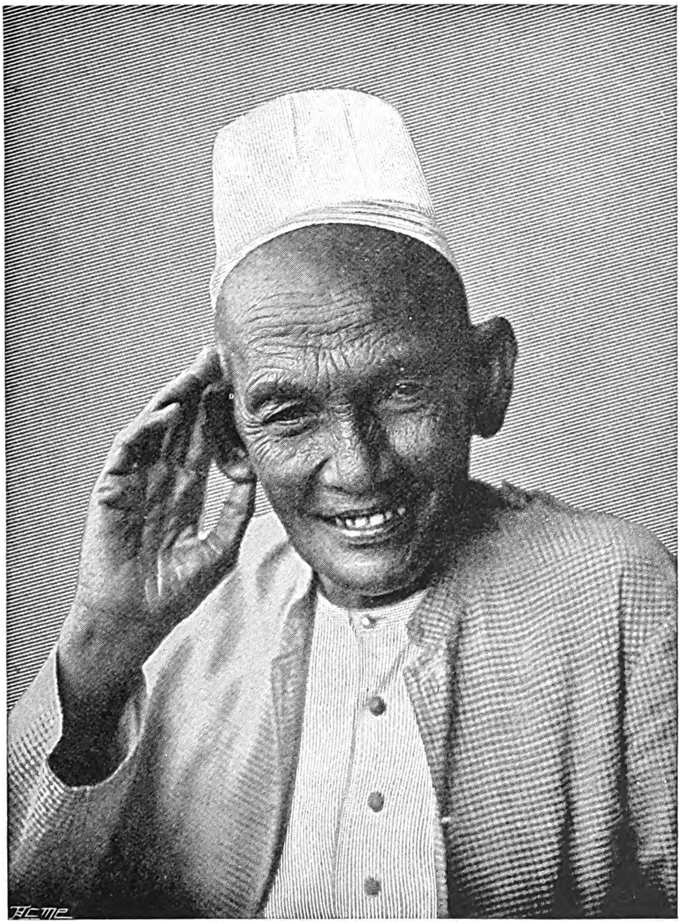
**Telephotography.** It must often have struck you that to photograph through a telescope would be a very useful thing. With any ordinary camera, no matter how costly or excellent, objects at a great distance are impossibly minute.

The possibility of photographing through a telescope has not only been proved—that was scarcely necessary—but the apparatus can be made for a reasonable sum. Moreover, the telephotographic lens can be constructed so as to fit an ordinary camera.

This lens is the ordinary simple opera-glass arrangement of a magnifying lens and a concave lens for getting the rays. There is, of course, a rack adjustment for focusing both with respect to the distance between the lenses and the distance between the inner lens of the plate.

The results of such a camera are simply delightful for objects impossible to photograph under ordinary circumstances. Pieces of lovely architecture on great buildings such as cathedrals, are easily taken. Also photographs of lofty mountains. Strangely enough in this latter class of picture the effect of distance and atmosphere is remarkable.

In addition to these, very wonderful and interesting pictures of animals and birds can be taken through a telescope. For the great difficulty about photographing animals with an ordinary camera is that the proximity of the photographer often disturbs and frightens the quarry. Through a telescope you can choose your distance and take your picture without the "sitter" having the least suspicion of what is happening.

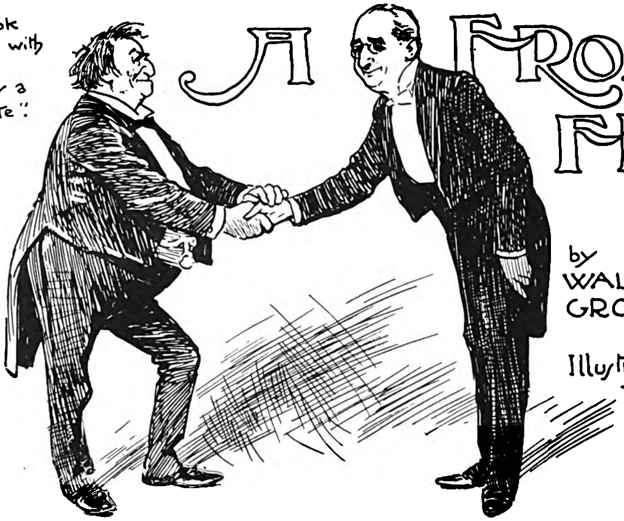


From a Photo.

**"Me no understan'."**

**Coloured Stereo-slides.** THE idea of adding stereoscopic pictures at the end of the ROYAL was distinctly enterprising. I remember prophesying that they would catch on, and they have. There is always a pleasure in being able to reflect on a correct prophecy, and I feel I am entitled to do so in this instance.

A new notion has occurred to me with respect to them. I write new because it has only recently come to me, but possibly some of my readers may already have tried the experiment. Why not colour the pictures? There is no great difficulty in doing so beyond the fact that you must be extremely careful to keep the two sides identical. The paint must not be laid on too thick, but, if carefully done, it will tend to hide the "screen" of the picture, the tiny dots that make it up. A little skill ought to give some excellent results and materially heighten the interest in the stereoscopic pages.



"He shook hands with me for nearly a minute."

# A FRONTIER FIASCO.

by
WALTER E. GROGAN.

Illustrated by
TOM BROWNE

"THERE is a good deal of secret history in the diplomatic service which journalists never handle."

Septimus P. Harkanshaw, at one time well-known in diplomatic circles as an American who successfully united diplomacy with commerce, rang for some whisky, which an obsequious waiter brought, settled himself in his chair, and proceeded to tell me the story that I give to the world now for the first time.

"Among the duties of an Ambassador is the reception of the travelling citizens of his country. It is not always a pleasant duty. Sometimes one is proud of these itinerant specimens of home produce; generally one is not. Whether we who live in foreign lands are rather apt to lie about the beauty and wisdom of our countrymen and do not care to have the foreigners disabused, I cannot say. Personally, I lean towards the opinion that the people who travel are generally the worst members of a state. It seems to me pretty natural for a man who gets cold-shouldered at home to try pastures new.

"In this matter, we American ministers are worse off than the representatives of European countries. Our citizens take a personal interest in their Government. They like to see how the machine works. With you it is different. Unless a man has a fairly assured position he does not call upon his Ambassador. He has no curiosity as to the working of the machine. With Americans, their interest takes them to their representative with a regularity very laudable but distinctly embarrassing. They cost a good deal in tea and bread and butter, and a great deal in patience. They all want to be presented at Court, and most of the unmarried daughters consult me as to the eligible male members of the Royal Families of Europe. As a rule, it takes me a long time to convince them that there is a corner in Royal husbands.

"Of course, all Americans are not like the creations of English dramatists, people who are everlastingly talking of dollars and pig-killing. An American gentleman is just a gentleman—and a gentleman is a gentleman all the world over. But we at the Embassies get a fair number of wealthy Americans who are peculiar and whose origins are obscure.

"The story I am to tell you concerns an American who was perfect—of a type. He had made money—how, is not very essential to the story. There are many ways of making money, and an American does not scruple about employing more than one. He came from Chicago, and, like Chicago, he was blatant. He was quite alone. He had nothing on earth belonging to him but his banking account. I felt sorry for him at first, but I found out that he had never realised his loneliness, so that I guess that sympathy was thrown away. The affection he had for that banking account filled up all the scope there was in his nature for tender feelings.

"He left cards at the Embassy. They were very elaborate and very vulgar. His name, Josiah Huggins, was printed very large; and when I caught sight of Chicago, U.S.A., in the corner I could tell within a dollar or so what sort of man he was. You can only gauge such men by dollars. At the Embassy we used to know them by

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numbers—representing their assumed value in cash.

"I met him two or three days after. He came to a reception I gave. He shook hands with me for nearly a minute. I smiled throughout, having had private advices from Washington that his banking account had been useful in the last Presidential campaign. He then took up a position at my right hand, and bowed affably to all of my guests as I welcomed them.

"I believe he had some sort of idea that he was helping me in my official duty. I noticed that his smile was a little supercilious. At first I own that I was annoyed, but his evident impression that he was of immense service to me dispelled that feeling, and I grew amused.

"When I had finished he took me by the elbow and led me gently to my own fireplace. There he drew himself up to his full height and gathered his coat tails together in either hand. As it was a hot summer's day, and the sun was merciless in the Strasse outside the action was more characteristic than serviceable.

"'See here, Mr. Ambassador,' he said, 'I guess you know a mighty big collection of people?'

"'In my official capacity I have to know a very large circle, Mr. Huggins,' I answered.

"'Many titles among 'em?' he queried, nodding his head comprehensively round the room.

"'A fair number.'

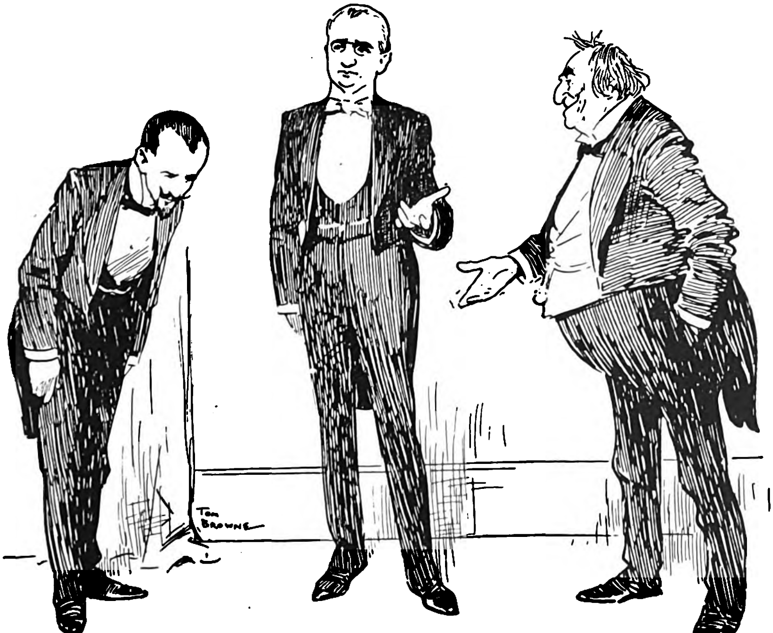
"'Ah!' He pondered a long time. 'Pity I didn't marry. I guess I shouldn't have minded much if I had a daughter coupled to a title. It seems to me that a title is a pretty sort of ornament hanging round a back parlour. However, a bachelor can't expect to do much in that line.'

"'You might marry yourself,' I suggested.

"'Not much! You see it ain't the same thing. I allow it's no great shakes to have a titled wife—not being able to share the luxury. If marrying would make me the Count de Huggins, or some such thing, I wouldn't much mind, but it wouldn't, and there's an end to it.' He sighed, and looked moodily at his watch chain which was long and large.

"'I guess you have heard of me from Washington,' he suddenly said. 'I am Huggins, of Chicago—canned goods you know. I've made my pile, and I guess I want to live some of the time.'

"I moved across the room to the Comte de Mordans, the chief secretary to the French Embassy. He was a pleasant little fellow, but ambitious, and an ambitious French diplomat is a dangerous man. I steadily refused to listen to any schemes of his, however, and consequently we got on tolerably well. There was a lady in the Berlin Court in whom I took an interest, and the Comte—but that has nothing to do with the story.



I introduced them.

"When I had finished chatting with the French secretary, I looked across the room and saw Mr. Huggins, of Chicago, still surveying us with a happy smile. When he caught my eye he jerked his shoulder in a peremptory manner.

"I was so far amused with him that I obeyed his call.

"'You might introduce me to your friend, Mr. Ambassador,' he said. 'I guess he must be somebody, or you wouldn't be so friendly. Who is he?'

"'That is the secretary to the French Embassy, the Comte de Mordans.'

"'Ah, the Comte de Mordans,' he repeated, rolling the title over his tongue. 'Yes, you might introduce me. And, oh, I say, just mention the canned goods and the dollars. I reckon the dollars smooth the way.'

"I introduced them, and presently saw them go away together. I was a little surprised, and wondered what new scheme might have entered my volatile colleague's brain.

"I saw a good deal of Mr. Huggins in the next few weeks. He seemed to have settled in Berlin for a time, and he made a point of calling to see me and give me some advice in the discharge of my duties.

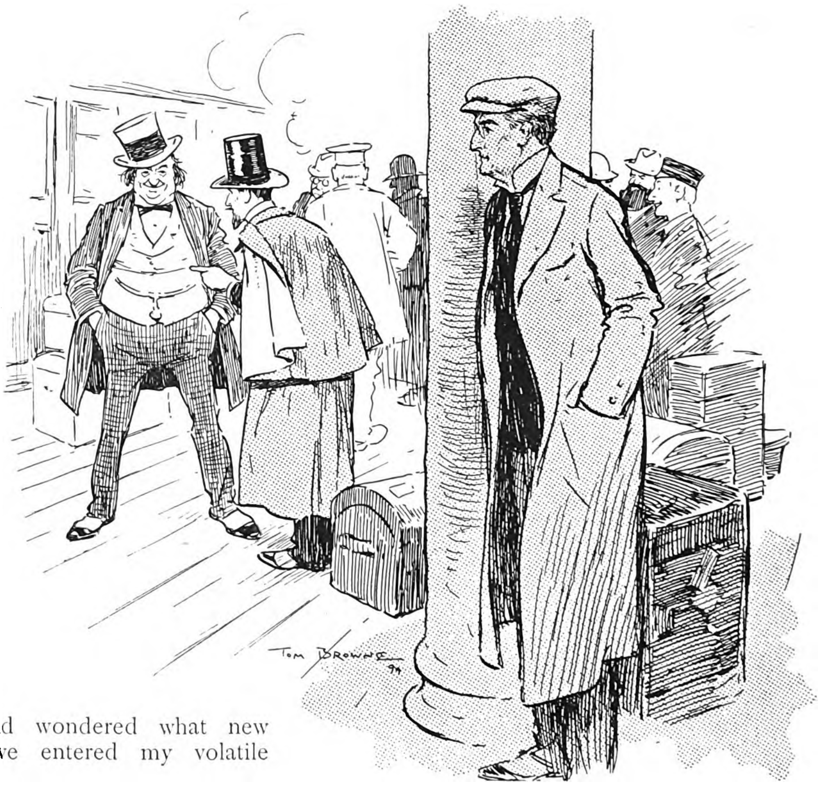
"'Don't forget that you're an American, and that an American is out and out the best work the Almighty has ever undertaken. Don't be dazzled by their titles, and their kings. I guess all that is vanity. There ain't a title in Europe I couldn't buy, and I began life sweeping out a store.'

"As he spent most of his time seeking out members of the old nobility, and was incessantly talking of his friend, the Comte de Mordans, I was not very much impressed.

"'You couldn't give them an ultimatum?' he went on wistfully. 'Somehow I seem to hanker after an ultimatum. I reckon if Uncle Sam likes to bark, all these foreign mongrels will lie pretty low.'

"'My dear Mr. Huggins, I am afraid there is no question admitting of such a course of action at present. I am sorry. I should not mind straining a point for you, but I am afraid it is out of the question.'

"'Well, if you say so there's an end to it.' He was, however, visibly depressed.



I was watching them from the shadow of a pillar.

"He was a generous fellow in his way. He made me some very handsome presents, and more than hinted that I was welcome to a moderate use of his cheque book. He seemed rather surprised that I did not respond to his hint.

"He took a box at the opera for the season, and used to sit contentedly smiling at the audience.

"'I guess it would rather surprise some of my old friends at home to see me now,' he said to me confidentially one night. His box was filled with members of the different diplomatic corps, mostly junior clerks and attachés, and the Comte de Mordans was very conspicuous. He appeared to have taken a violent fancy to my fellow countryman, and as Mr. Huggins was of no political importance and as likely to advance the Frenchman's career as the Arc de Triomphe, I own I was more than a bit surprised. He dined with Huggins, walked with Huggins, and occupied with Huggins the box on the grand tier. It was more than surprising.

"I tried to warn Huggins once. He looked very knowing and slapped me on the back.

" '*That's* all right!' he said. 'I made a pile in Chicago, and I guess all the cutest men in this yere world are located there. I bet no Frenchman can get a rise out of Josiah Huggins!'

"An argument with a man like that is like a chapter of Ruskin to a coal lumper—it has no chance of appreciation.

"De Mordans fought shy of me in rather an unaccountable way. I tried to engage him in conversation on three several occasions, and each time he was too busy to give me more than a minute and a half. That made me more suspicious. When a diplomat has only ninety seconds at the disposal of a friend you may be pretty safe in guessing that he is hatching some mischief. Huggins came to me afterwards and said he was going to Paris.

" 'I guess I ought to see Paris. They tell me their pictures beat Chicago. I suppose you can't come? If you can I shall be tarnation pleased to do the needful. I allow you won't have any cause to regret.'

"I explained that my duties would not permit me to leave Berlin.

" 'Well, it beats me hollow to know how you pass your time in this shanty. It seems to me that things would go on pretty much the same without you. Just get your secretary to shake hands with people and smile, and I guess the whole business is provided for. However, if you won't come you won't, and there's an end to it.'

" 'Do you go straight through?' I asked.

" 'Pretty well,' he said. I thought he looked at me a little apprehensively. 'I guess I may stay a bit at Strasbourg.'

"The next day I happened to be at the station when he started. He had very little luggage, and seemed in buoyant spirits, swearing at the porters in a light-hearted manner. As he smiled throughout, and they were unacquainted with the American language, they smiled back in a stolid Teutonic fashion.

"A few minutes before the train departed Comte de Mordans hurried on to the platform. I was just going forward to help Huggins, but at sight of the Comte I drew back. The two greeted each other effusively, and were soon pretty deep in conversation. The Comte seemed a little excited, but Huggins looked affably confident.

"I was watching them from the shadow of a pillar when two men brushed hurriedly by me, and sprang into a compartment at the rear of the train. As they passed I caught sight of their faces, and I guess I was more puzzled than ever. They were two members of the Berlin Secret Police, and somehow I could not help connecting their presence with the Comte's friendship for my Chicago acquaintance.

"As the train steamed out of the station Huggins leant out of the window. He had taken off his hat, and his scanty mud-coloured hair fringed a face which excitement had rendered as vivid as beet. An official yelled at him, for he was swaying more than half way out of the window.

" 'I guess you'll lose that bet, Comte! I'm from Chicago, I am, and I reckon a Chicago man is equal to any number of these furriners!' Then he was whirled away.

"The Comte looked annoyed, and turned away abruptly. I followed him.

" 'Mr. Huggins seems in good spirits,' I ventured.

" 'He is a little excitable. I always thought your countrymen were cool. He goes to Paris for the first time. I have told him somewhat of the glories of the Queen City. Voila!'

" 'You will miss him?'

" 'He was—what shall I say?—amusing. It is piquant to study the virgin soil. He is a clever man in his way. Yes, perhaps I shall miss him.'

" 'Then you will be glad to know that he is coming back.'

" 'Ah, is it so? But I make my departure soon—in a week—for Paris.'

" 'Perhaps,' I ventured.

"The Comte revolved on his heels.

" 'What do you mean?' he demanded. He was evidently ill at ease. There was apprehension in the quivering of his waxed moustache ends.

" 'L'homme propose, my dear Comte,' I said. He looked at me narrowly. I shrugged my shoulders, looking wise, and he went off with an uncomfortable impression that I knew something. An air of wisdom is as good as the genuine article sometimes.

"Three days later I was summoned mysteriously whilst enjoying my after dinner cigar. In an anteroom a police official waited. He rose when I entered and said that it was a fine evening. I knew, however, that he had not ridden over to tell me that, so I begged him to proceed. I am afraid, as far as my memory serves, that I was not over cordial. Digestion requires a certain rest after dinner, and I believe in obeying the simple rules of nature.

" 'We have with us one who belongs to your nation. He desires to see you. He desires to see you most emphatically. He has already half murdered our commandant in his anxiety '

" ' Who is he ?' I demanded, although I had already jumped to the conclusion that it must be Huggins.

" ' He sent to you his card, your excellency,' the official replied.

"I took the card. My friend, the police officer, I found was not particularly scrupulous in personal cleanliness.

"The card read:

JOSIAH HUGGINS,
Wholesale
Merchant,
198th Street,
Chicago, U.S.A.
Canned Goods and
Notions.

On the back was a short note, hastily scribbled with what I fancied must have been an official pencil. In places the words were so faint as to be nearly illegible.

" 'Dear Ambassador,' the note ran, 'I am in a hole. They have arrested me, and I don't fancy the lodgings. Come and get me out of the fix. — Yours, J. H.'

"I looked up. The officer was stolidly examining the carpet.

" ' What is the charge ?' I demanded.

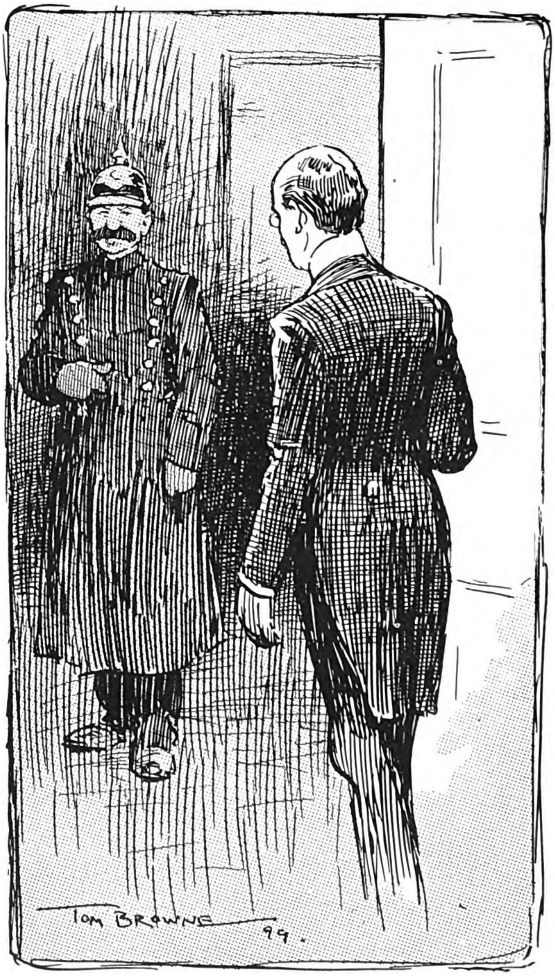
" 'Treason, your Excellency,' he answered, without moving a muscle.

" ' Absurd !' I cried. 'Why, he is only an ordinary traveller, and knows as much about politics as you do of soap !'

" 'Particulars can be exacted of the commandant,' he answered stolidly.

" ' Have you a carriage ?' I inquired.

" ' It waits your Excellency at the door,' he replied.


TOM BROWNE 99.

In an ante-room a police official waited.

"He mounted the box with the driver, and I seated myself inside. I was in a bad temper. I guessed Huggins had got mixed up in one of those silly tricks which Europeans dignify by the name of diplomacy, and I was tolerably sure that I should not finish the business in time to meet—well, there was a lady in the Imperial Court, and she had suggested that she might be at the Opera that evening. I am but human, and it was excusable that I was bad tempered. We went down the crowded streets at a hard gallop, and presently pulled up at the State Prison.

"The official ushered me in. Under the gaslight I suddenly remembered him. I had been so distressed before that I had not recognised the face.

" 'You left Berlin three days ago by the same train as Mr. Huggins,' I said. 'You had a comrade with you.'

" 'Your Excellency is perfectly correct.'

"I knew the commandant, and he rose to receive me on my entry into his private room.

" ' You have a compatriot of mine,' I began.

"He referred to some papers before him. At his elbow was another officer, the man who had accompanied my guide on the railway journey of three days before. He had his head bound up in a handkerchief.

" 'Mr. Josiah Huggins, of Chicago, a merchant. Yes. He is charged with treason.'

" ' This is absurd, Colonel,' I said. 'Why, the man is a blatant fool. If anything, he must be the victim of others. Of course, I can see him.'

"'Certainly. I will conduct you to him. He has been very violent since his arrest.'

"The officer with the handkerchief round his head put his hand to his forehead and sighed. I guessed Huggins had resented interference with his liberty.

"The commandant preceded me down a long corridor, and then turning sharply to the right, halted outside an iron studded door. From within I could hear my friend's loud voice expostulating in a forcible manner. The commandant chose a key from a bunch at his side and entered. I followed.

"Huggins was walking excitedly up and down the narrow room, smoking a huge cigar and swearing voluminously, whilst two German policemen, fully armed, kept wary eyes upon him.

"'I will have the city blown about your ears for this! I am a free and enlightened citizen of the greatest nation on earth, and I guess you'll hear of this matter from Uncle Sam, you——!' and then followed a string of most eloquent epithets.

"When he caught sight of me he stopped his flow of language.

"'These fools don't understand a word I say to them. Just swear at them a few minutes in German, will you? There's a dear fellow.'

"'What's the meaning of this?' I asked.

"'They've arrested me—hauled me all the way back from Strasbourg. Did you ever hear of such an insult? Without any reason, without a word, too. They've collared all my luggage, and when they got me here they searched me. Do you hear—searched me! me, a freeborn American citizen!'

"'But they must have told you why they did it,' I said.

"'How can any decent man understand the rot they speak? It's an all-fired lingo that no respectable man would use. Go and see the Emperor, tell him what he has done, let him have it hot and strong!' Then a light dawned in his face. 'I guess you'd better send him an ultimatum. I reckon you need not stretch a point now.'

"'What were you doing at Strasbourg?' I queried again. 'It's no use getting excited. If you have done nothing I can get you out very quickly, but I must know the truth.'

"'Well, it's nothing to make a fuss about. I guess I was smuggling some lace over from Strasbourg.'

"'But in that case the French, not the German, authorities would have interfered;' I confess I was puzzled. Besides the commandant had told me that the charge was treason.

"'I don't care a cent about that. De Mordans, the little French Comte, bet me that I wouldn't convey some lace from Strasbourg into France undiscovered. I was to stop at Strasbourg and go to an hotel where a friend of his would give me the lace sealed in a packet, so that they might be sure that I did not buy it over the frontier. I was to take it to Paris and give it intact to De Mordans, who was leaving Berlin a few days after me.'

"'Ah!' I said. 'I begin, I think, to see your mistake. What happened?'

"'I guess I went to the hotel, and a man came in. He was a quiet, mysterious sort of fellow. He spoke to me and gave me a packet. I laughed when I saw it, it was so small. The whole thing seemed as simple as canning figs. I reckoned the bet was mine. I put the packet inside my vest, and the man went out. When I left the hotel two Germans seized me. I guess they will remember me. Josiah Huggins ain't the sort of man to be taken liberties with.'

"I turned to the commandant.

"'What is the precise charge against my friend?' I asked.

"'Treason. He was found with tracings of the fortifications of Strasbourg in his possession.'

"I whistled. 'Can you give me a few minutes?' I demanded.

"'All my time is at your Excellency's command,' he answered.

"In his private office I explained what Huggins had told me. The commandant looked grave.

"'It is very probable,' he said. 'The tracings were made by an officer in a German line regiment. He has long been suspected, also the Comte de Mordans. The officer gave the tracings to a confederate, who in turn delivered them to your friend. That was to avoid any chance of being identified. The Comte was clever. He dared not risk carrying the tracings himself, but this time he has been a little too clever. We knew all about the matter a week ago.'

"'How did you find that out?'

"'Pardon me, your Excellency; that is our secret. It is our duty to know. The German officer was court-martialled to-day, and this telegram'—picking up a piece of paper—'informs me that he has been found guilty, and sentenced.'

"I talked to him about Huggins. It seemed that they had all along regarded him as a tool in the hands of the Comte.

"'He is a very big fool,' he said gravely. 'He has created a great deal of trouble. He has assaulted three officers as well as myself. For myself I do not care. It is all a matter of business. But my officers, they must be protected.'

"'Possibly a certain number of marks might help to heal their wounds,' I suggested.'

"The commandant smiled. 'Possibly, your Excellency. If we let him go, however, it must be on the understanding that he leaves Berlin immediately and travels outside our frontiers. The matter is unfortunate; the Comte de Mordans being so high in the French Embassy renders it most delicate.'

"'I can assure you that he shall leave at once.'

"'And the marks?'

"'Shall be paid. You may rely upon me.'

"We went back to Huggins. He was still engaged in rebuking the police officers.

"'My friend, you have had a very narrow escape,' I said; and then I explained to him the nature of the lace he had tried to smuggle.

"The news sobered him somewhat.

"'But why didn't the officer send the tracings to De Mordans by post?' he asked.

"'The post is not so sacred in Germany as in America, and he was probably aware that a parental government which was already suspicious of him would exercise a censorship over his correspondence.'

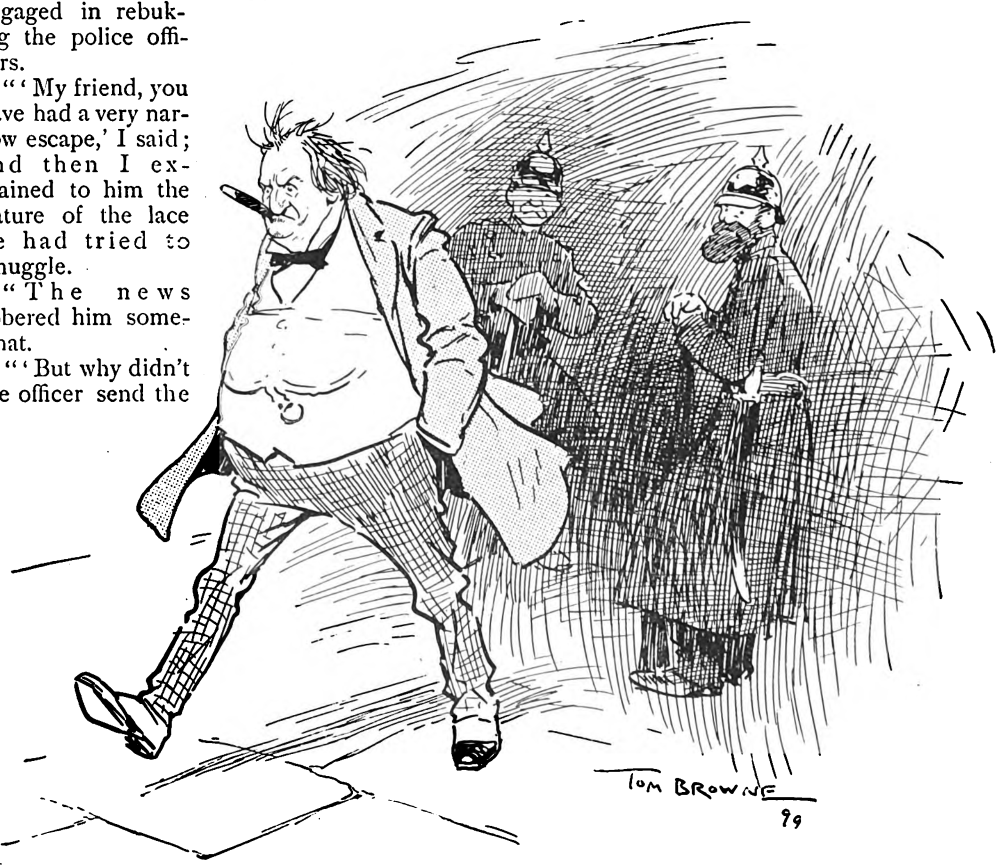
"'Well,' he answered, 'of all the all-fired countries I ever came across I guess this blamed place is the worst! I reckon I take a ticket back to Chicago.'

"The next day I saw him off by train to Havre on his way home.

"'It was a pity you didn't send that ultimatum,' he said, at parting. 'I guess I should like to have seen the Emperor sit up. If you are ever in Chicago look me up. Anyone knows Josiah Huggins, you bet.'

"I never saw the old fellow again, but heard lately that he had taken to his heart the daughter of an impecunious English baronet.

"The Comte de Mordans was recalled to Paris immediately, and, I believe, quitted the diplomatic profession."



Huggins was walking excitedly up and down the narrow room, smoking a cigar.

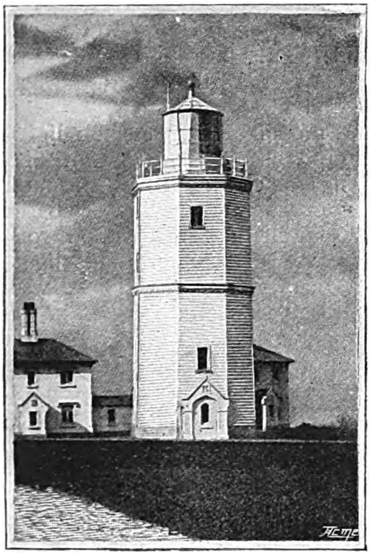
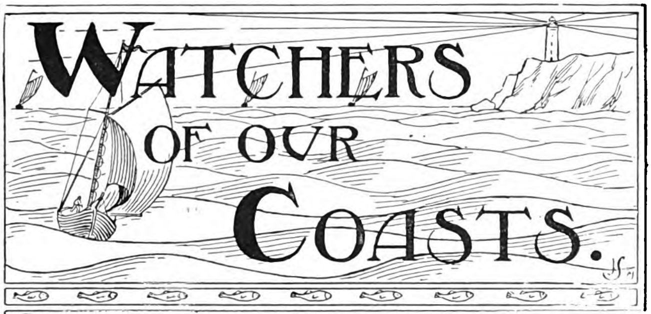


Photo by Frith & Co., Ltd.



# WATCHERS OF OUR COASTS.

By Thomas S. Johnston.

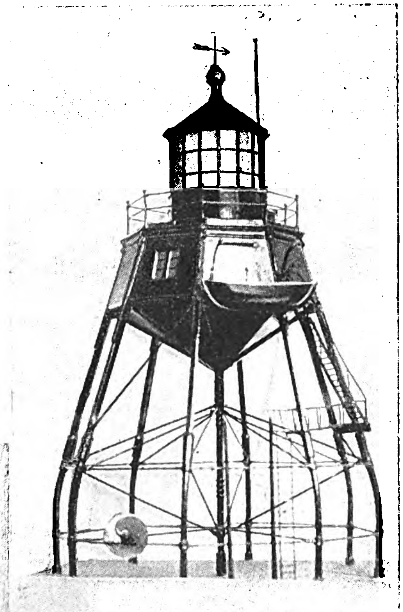
*Photographs by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.*

When the gale comes snorting and swirling up the Channel, and the white-crested billows lash themselves in impotent fury against the rock-bound coast, our thoughts instinctively revert to the perils of those brave fellows who "Go down to the sea in ships." But give him a taut craft and plenty of sea room, and Jack will smile even in the teeth of the fiercest gale. It is the yellow, impenetrable fog, and the treacherous currents, the deadly shallows and sands, and the cruel, black rocks that suddenly loom up in the darkness, that are the real terrors of the mariner, and it is to protect poor Jack from such dangers that Trinity House has been called into existence.

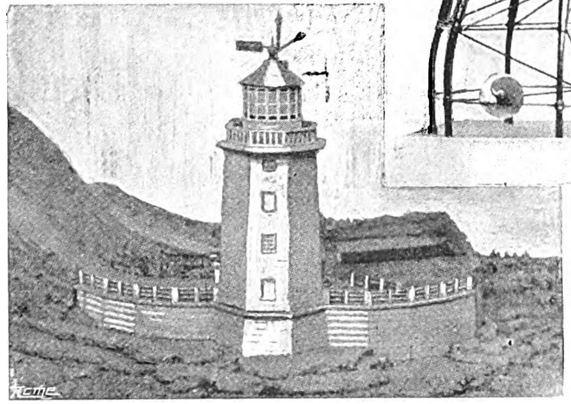
One of the few wise acts of Henry VIII. was the incorporation by Royal charter of this useful institution.

Originally Trinity House was more of a religious than a temporal organisation, and the Elder Brethren contented themselves with offering prayers for the benefit of seafarers. Gradually, however, work of a more practical nature came within the scope of their duties, and lighthouses, buoys, and other warnings were placed round the coast to warn the sailor of the more dangerous spots.

Trinity House itself is a low, white, semi-nautical-looking building situated almost directly opposite the Tower of London. The Board is composed of retired commanders in the Royal Navy and merchant-service, its working members, or, as they are still styled, *Elder Brethren*, being recruited from its honorary members, or younger Brethren. It provides and maintains all the lights, beacons, and buoys used around the coasts of Great Britain, the Channel Islands, Gibraltar, and Heligoland.



A model of the Maplin beacon—a lighthouse built on sand and secured by iron piles driven a depth of 14ft. 6in.



The St. Anthony Head lighthouse, Falmouth.

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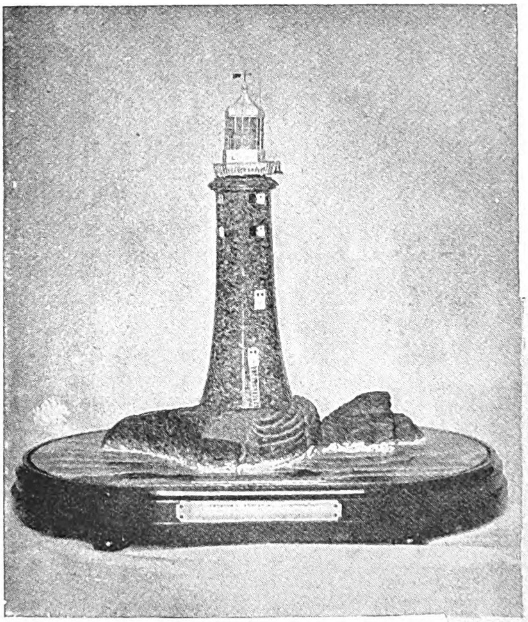
The funds are supplied by means of dues levied on passing ships, and accounts of all receipts and expenditure are returned to the Board of Trade.

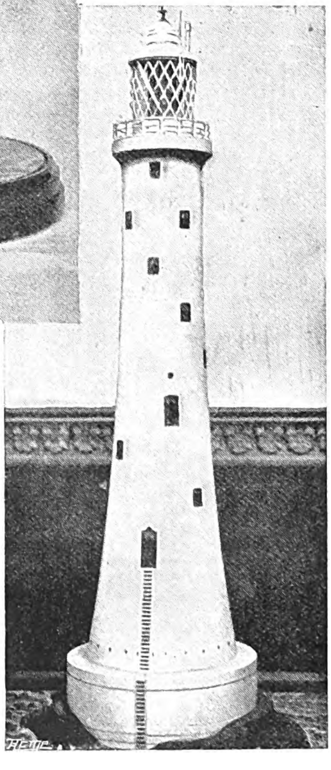
The museum or model room, however, is to the ordinary visitor, its greatest attraction. Here are to be seen beautifully designed models of the more interesting lighthouses, buoys, lightships, and other appliances that have been placed around our coasts by the Elder Brethren.



A model of the second Eddystone lighthouse.

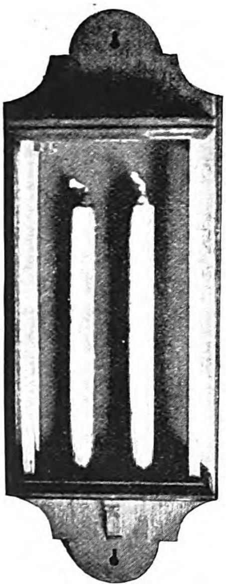
Prominent among these are the carefully-designed models of the various Eddystone lighthouses that have at different times served to warn the storm-tossed mariner from the deadly Eddystone rocks, which lie some fourteen miles off Plymouth; and foremost and most noteworthy among these, the model of the curious old oak tower that was first erected by Rudyard between the years 1704 and 1709. It was designed pretty much on the lines of the present-day lighthouse, only that the builders were inclined to pay too much attention to ornamentation, forgetting that every projection exposed the building still more to the wind—an oversight that ended, as was to be expected, in disaster. Rudyard's tower stood 92ft. in height, was 24ft. in diameter at its base, and was lighted by candles, twenty-four of these being burned throughout the night.

A miniature model of the Smeaton lighthouse is also to be seen in this room. To Smeaton belongs the credit of having invented the system of dovetailing the huge slabs of stone together, a method that added considerably to the resisting power of his lighthouse. The Smeaton lighthouse was, like many other useful appliances invented by man, copied from nature, and was built practically on the same lines as an oak tree—that is, with a sharp upward curve from the base. Strange to say, however, his idea proved to be fallacious, for in practice it turned out that the rapidly diminishing diameter of the tower actually weakened the building. At times, it is said, the whole structure vibrated by the action of the waves. Ultimately it was found necessary to destroy it altogether, because of the fact that the sea had undermined the rock on which it stood. Among the more interesting relics of this lighthouse still preserved at Trinity House are two of the candles then used as illuminants, each of which weighs half a pound, and is 12in. in length; and a quaint old Dutch timepiece possessing only one hand, so constructed that it chimed every half-hour to warn the keepers to snuff the candles.



The present Eddystone.

A model of the present Eddystone lighthouse is also to be seen, and it is interesting to compare it with the second Eddystone lighthouse. The present building stands 141ft. in height, and can throw a light representing hundreds of thousands of candle-power across the waves.



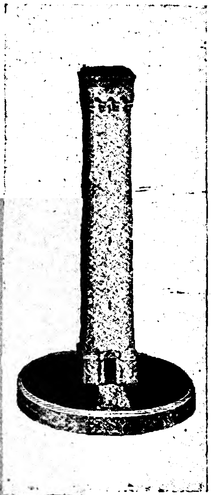
Two of the candles used in the Smeaton lighthouse. They weigh half-a-pound each.

A great attraction is the model of the oldest lighthouse erected in this country, which took the form of an old tower built by the Romans at Dover. It was lit up by a huge beacon at the top, and, no doubt, served its purpose indifferently well.

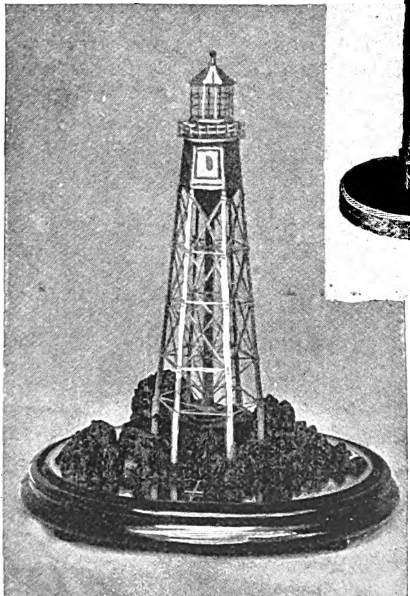
In one large case are to be seen a number of models representing the various types of buoys which are placed round the coast by Trinity House. Some of these are fitted with a deep-toned bell, which sends forth its mournful toll across the waters, as the action of the waves causes the big iron globe to toss about. Others, again, are provided with shrill sirens that shriek forth warnings by means of compressed air, and others are, to all intents and purposes, miniature lightships, standing well out of the water with a bright light burning incessantly at the top. In addition to these, there are, of course, numerous types of the ordinary silent buoy, so familiar to all seafarers.

The folly of building one's house on sand has been denounced on the highest authority, but the builder of the Maplin beacon, of which an illustration is to be seen on page 201, was evidently of a daring type, and he certainly succeeded in proving how successfully the modern engineer can cope with the greatest difficulties. The Maplin beacon has no firmer foundation than sand, and is anchored by means of long iron piles, to the ends of which are attached screws 4ft. in diameter. These piles are screwed into the sand to a depth of 14ft. 6in., and the whole weight of the iron structure is supported by them.

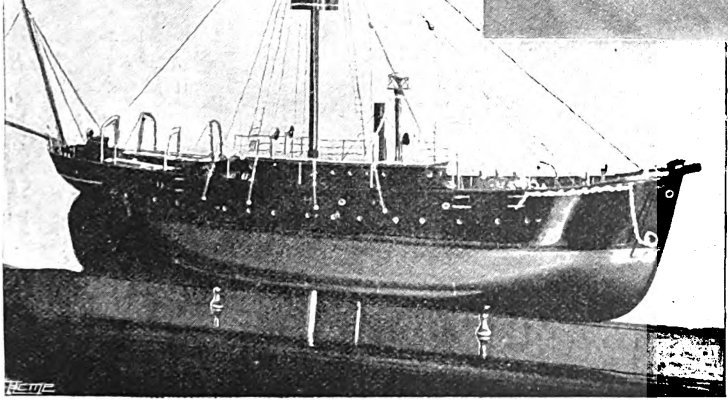
Among the many exquisite models to be seen in this room is one of the famous lightship, the Royal Sovereign, which is stationed off Eastbourne, and is fitted with a revolving light similar to that used in up-to-date lighthouses.



Model of the first Bishop's Rock lighthouse, which was carried completely away by a terrific gale.

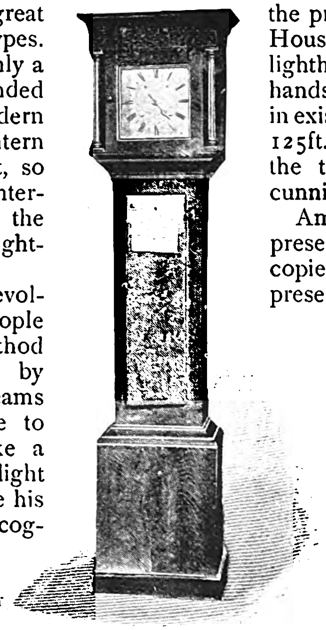


Model of a curious type of lighthouse.



A model of the Royal Sovereign lightship, stationed off Eastbourne.

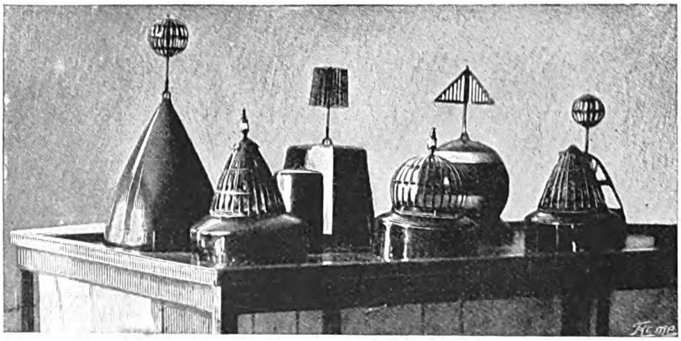
The modern lightship is a great improvement on the older types. The lightship of the past was only a small vessel with lanterns suspended from the yard arms, but the modern lightship is fitted with a lantern arranged to fit round the mast, so that it can revolve and throw intermittent flashes of light across the waters, just like an ordinary lighthouse.



An old Dutch timepiece with only one hand. It was used in the earlier lighthouses to chime the half-hours and warn the keepers to snuff the candles.

The advantage of having a revolving light is greater than people generally imagine. By this method the light can be concentrated by means of lenses into separate beams of light, which can be made to sweep round the horizon like a search-light. The revolving light also assists the mariner to locate his position, for sailors are able to recognise the different lighthouses and lightships by the time between the flashes.

A novel form of lighthouse sometimes erected by the Trinity House authorities is known as the "apparent light," so called because it really possesses no lantern, and, strictly speaking, therefore, should not be called a lighthouse at all. In such structures there is merely a reflection of a light focussed on its reflectors from a point some distance away. This method is generally adapted for places where there are sunken rocks, upon which a large lighthouse could not be erected. These "apparent lights" are constructed of iron columns, which incline to an apex, where is placed the apparatus that reflects the light. The first of these was erected in Stornoway Bay in 1851, and proved so great a success that many others were speedily built at various places round the coast.



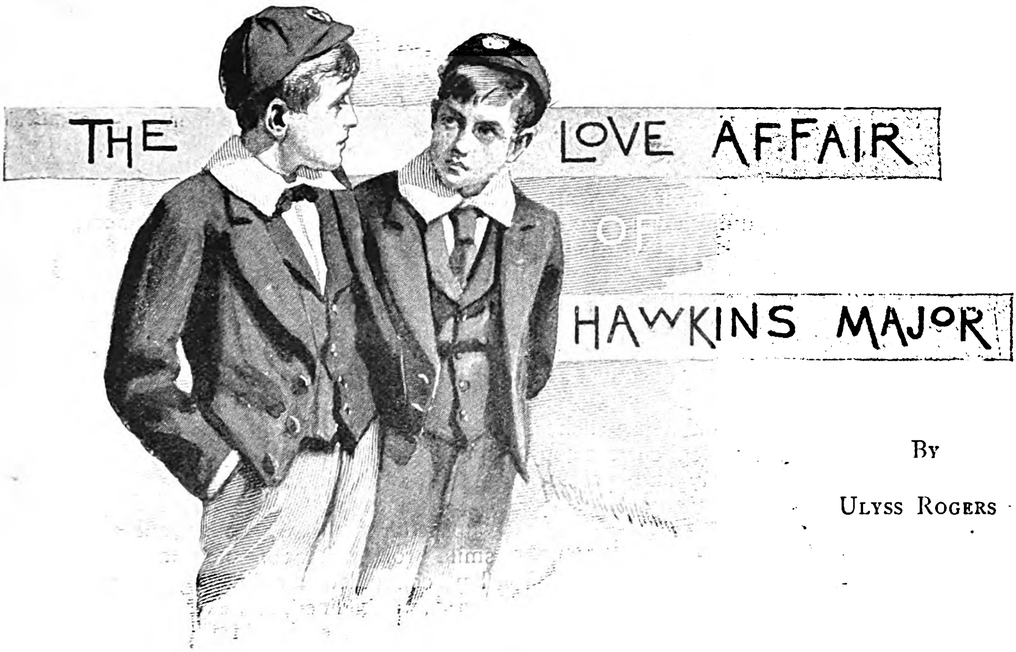
Models of buoys—some filled with deep toned bells, others with shrill syrens, and others again with lanterns.

Mention has not yet been made of one of the prettiest of the models at Trinity House, viz., that of the Small's lighthouse, which is one of the handsomest structures of its kind in existence. The lantern is situated 125ft. above high water mark, and the tower is built of huge stones cunningly dovetailed together.

Among the other models here preserved are two very interesting copies in miniature of the first and present Bishop's Rock lighthouses. The first lighthouse was carried completely away in a night by one of those fierce gales that suddenly devastate the south-western corner of the coast. The present lighthouse is unique in that it is built round a former tower, so that there is now practically a lighthouse within a lighthouse.

The photo of the Falmouth lighthouse is noteworthy, as this is the lighthouse nearest to those fateful rocks, the Manacles.

But perhaps the most curious of all the models in this room is a large model of a lighthouse, which was the work of a lighthouse keeper, and was the outcome of many years' patient labour. It is built completely of tiny mahogany blocks. The model is made in sections, so that each storey can be lifted off, and the interior is furnished with the most delicately made fittings. There are small lockers about an inch and a half high, each supplied with doors and shelves, and at the bottom are the oil reservoirs, miniature ladders having also been built from storey to storey. The most perfect part of the mechanism, however, is the lantern, which is an exact replica in miniature of the same feature of a real lighthouse.



# THE LOVE AFFAIR OF HAWKINS MAJOR

By

Ulyss Rogers

## I.

"Th' 'ead desires the pleasure of your company," said Biffins, the house-porter, with a leer. "At once, young gentlemen, *if* you please."

Biffins dexterously dodged the "Livy" Hawkins Major hurled at his pleased countenance, and left the pair of culprits to the contemplation of their misdeeds, and the imminent reckoning.

"Which of our sins has hit back at us now?" inquired Lippincote of his friend. "That buzzard stalking adventure we had with old Gaybone's turkeys takes my vote."

"But not mine," returned Hawkins Major. "Gaybone hasn't missed the two we catapulted yet. No, it's the "whited sepulchre" affair. We've been spotted for it at last. It's that beastly Timmins, Dobson's fag, who's split. I could swear I saw him lurking in the quad as we were giving the finishing touches to the old Don's effigy."

"Then, if that's it," said Lippincote, stuffing an exercise book down the back of his neck, between his shirt and waistcoat, "it's as well to be prepared for the worst. The Head worships that dirty old copper effigy of his predecessor, and the look he put on when he cast eyes upon our desecration of it, I, for one, estimate at a dozen cuts and four hundred lines, to put it at its mildest."

Experience, combined with instinct, urged them to a momentary delay before interviewing the head-master. And the short interval was occupied in bodily fortifications of a character likely to minimise the anticipated onslaught.

The tone of the Head's voice as, in response to their timid knock at his study door, he growled, "Come in," was not reassuring.

"It's five hundred lines," whispered Lippincote. "I know the signs of that voice."

"All right," said Hawkins Major. "Don't funk."

"Who is?" asked Lippincote in a whisper, a question which was not answered, for they were now inside, and the hawk eye of the Rev. Peter Dadds was endeavouring to hypnotise them into a condition of quiescent dejection.

The Head was not alone. Behind him, shrinking into the shade of a towering bookcase, was a fat stubby young man, with black hair, peering at the boys through a pair of goggles, which seemed to focus not only his half-closed eyes but the greater part of his face into the bargain.

He was the French master, M. de Zachari new this term, and he was a recluse and a scientist, and in his heart disliked boys, a compliment as genially returned. When he declined to handle a bat, and moped up in a corner of the field instead, lost in contemplation of a mole hill, a grave doubt as to the length of his stay at Hillhurst was shared by masters

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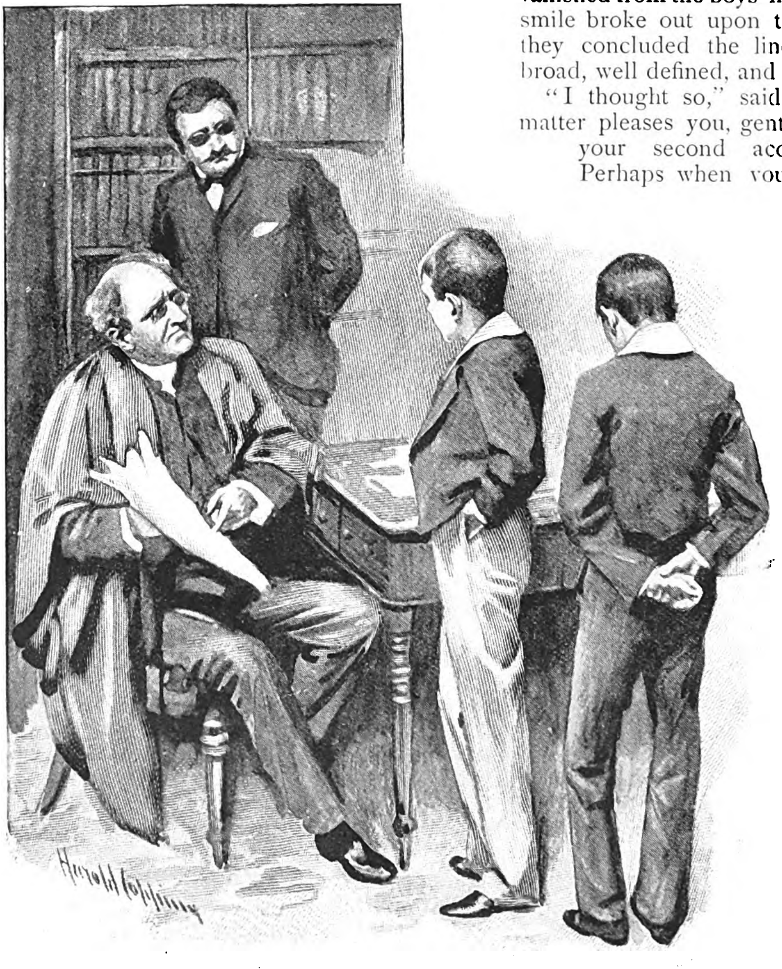
and pupils alike. Two days later, when one of his ant colonies (he kept two nests in cases in his private den) broke loose, and swarmed all over the house, he was voted a thorough-paced nuisance.

Hawkins Major and Lippincote perhaps could have shed some light upon that matter had they liked. But they didn't, and "Zacchy," as the new master was nicknamed, received an intimation from the Head that in future all plagues of that sort were to be studied out of doors.

But worst of all, Zacchy was sentimental and a poet. It was to be demonstrated also that he was in love.

The Head broke the ominous silence. He picked up from the table a current copy of *The Hillhurst Chronicle*, and, pointing with his finger :



**"Read that," he said. "Your handiwork, I presume?"**

"Read that," he said. "Your handiwork, I presume?"

"Ours, sir?" said Hawkins, inquiringly and innocently, as his fingers closed automatically upon the badly printed sheet. "There must be some mistake, sir. We haven't had anything to do with newspapers."

"Read it and refresh your memory," said the Head portentiously.

There was a section casually marked in blue lead pencil. The boys doubted not it was to this their attention was directed, and they bent to the consideration of it. Above in ornamental text was the heading "Poet's Corner." Encircled by the blue were three verses of arrant twaddle, and at their foot in brevier capitals the hopelessly inculpating initials, A. H. de Z.

As they read, the gravity of the situation vanished from the boys' minds, and a flickering smile broke out upon their faces which, as they concluded the lines, gave place to a broad, well defined, and exuberant grin.

"I thought so," said the Head. "The matter pleases you, gentlemen, even despite your second acquaintance with it. Perhaps when your amusement is at an end you will explain why you stole that poem from M. de Zachari's room, and have held the school and its masters up to the ridicule of the county."

The laugh died from the boys' faces.

"We never stole it," said Hawkins Major, "and for my part I've never set eyes on it before."

"Nor I," said Lippincote.

The Head's glance penetrated them. He was more than half inclined to believe in their innocence, when Lippincote's lips began to curl into a smile again. The remembrance of the verses was too much for him, and he could not restrain the laugh that would force itself into outward manifestation.

"Lippincote," roared the Head. "Remember yourself, sir," and Lippincote remembered. "Monsieur de Zachari informs me," the Rev. Peter went on, "that he scribbled those lines just for mere amusement, that he left them upon his table—or possibly dropped them in the corridor, and that someone has had so little respect for the school or for him as to hand them to the editor of this journal for publication. Inquiries at the newspaper office point to you as the offenders. The description of the clerk leaves little doubt of your identity, I fear. Were you or were you not at the office of that paper on Wednesday afternoon?"

There was a strange and sudden light of recollection stealing across the boys' faces, but they said nothing.

"Speak! sir," cried the Head, singling out Hawkins. "Have you been near the *Chronicle* office this week?"

Hawkins looked up. "I will not deny it, sir," he said.

"And you?"

"I was with Hawkins, sir," said Lippincote.

"Monsieur de Zachari, you may leave me if you will," and the Frenchman, more horrified than the boys, was glad to make his exit.

Thence emerged also, ten minutes later, two boys with troubled faces and a pained recollection of the pattern of the study carpet as contemplated from an ungainly attitude at the height of the Head's desk.

"Confound Zachari," muttered Hawkins Major, throwing his chest forward in the obvious effort to bring relief to the small of his back. "Strange the Head didn't rise to his daughter's description—'the golden hair'—'the ruby lips,' 'the cerulean eyes.'"

"Zacchy's a fool," said Lippincote. "I wonder how Miss Dadds got hold of the rot. I say, Hawky, we were sold when we took that note to the *Chronicle* office for her."

"I'd do it again," said Hawkins Major, defiantly. "Even if I knew what was in it. How dare a frog-eating Frenchman write such stuff to her! He'd done it before, I know. She told me. Lippy, you won't split?"

"Not I," replied Lippincote, pledging himself.

"I'm in love with her myself."

"So am I," said Lippincote, not to be outdone in gallantry.

"No, but I mean really," said Hawkins Major. "It's the first time I ever properly cared for anybody, you know, and I'm not going to be outdone by this French fellow."

"But he's got the pull of you. You can't speak French, and give her private French lessons."

"Yah! Girls aren't won by parley-vooing. Lippy, between me and you, she told me she was awfully glad I got the average bat last year. We shall be engaged before I leave here, and then let Henri de Zachari beware. Pooh! He's old enough to be her father."

"Well, she's ever so much older than you."

"Who says so? Only four or five years, anyhow, and that doesn't count much when a fellow's got up to my age."

"No . . . ," admitted Lippincote a little doubtfully, "I don't suppose it does. But, I say, Hawky, the Head——"

"Oh! if it comes to a choice between Zacchy and me, I've no fear as to the result. The Head's no fool,' continued Hawkins Major with beautiful modesty, "however much he may look it. He knows the difference between an Englishman and a Frenchy, let alone Zacchy and me."

"Yes, he ought to—I suppose he does . . . I say, Hawky"—with sudden viciousness, a quick movement of his shoulders bringing about unpleasing reminiscences—"cut him out, the presumptuous cad! Look here, I don't mind giving the girl up altogether, and doing my best to help you—what are you grinning at, you silly fool?"

"Oh, nothing! It's awfully kind of you, that's all," said Hawkins Major sarcastically.

"I suppose you think I haven't a chance against you," retorted Lippincote, much ruffled and very red in the face. "Then let me tell you that you were never more mistaken in your life, my fine fellow. Why, come to that," he went on spitefully, "I'd sooner lay a bob on Zacchy than you, if I didn't want to lose the tin. The Head may back you up—though I doubt it—but a girl knows a good man when she sees one; and Zacchy, when all's said, is a jolly clever chap."

All of which was very bitter and nasty, but Hawkins Major smiled with imperturbable serenity.

"Poor Lippy's jealous," he thought, "and no wonder. If I were in his shoes, I'd be jealous myself."

Hawkins Major slept the sleep of the rejoicing martyr that night, for though the density of a hard mattress did not minister to the comfort of a cane-swished back, yet was there a strange gladness in his thirteen-year-old heart. He dreamed pleasant dreams of a blue-eyed girl with a mass of wavy hair, and woke early to pull from beneath his pillow a little folded note, and read for the fiftieth time:

> My Dear Hawkins,—You were a brick this afternoon, I hardly know how to thank you enough. Some day, perhaps, I shall have a chance of showing how much I appreciate what you suffered on my account. Please also thank your friend, Lippincote. You are a pair of regular Britons. Kindest regards. Yours very sincerely—Kitty Dadds.

The next day there was evidence of unusual interest among the masters, and by prep. time a rumour had gained currency among the upper forms. Hawkins Major had fathomed it by the time he wedged himself in by the side of his sworn chum.

"Have you heard, Lippy? Zacchy's going."

"Going? Where?"

"Got the——" Hawkins Major expressed the rest in a low whistle and a flyaway motion of the hands. "In other words, resigned. We know why, eh, Lippy?"

"It seems rough," said Lippincote, "and our fault too, or rather——"

"Hush," said Hawkins Major, "not a word against her. It serves him right. How dare he scribble such rot to her!"

"You would have done the same if you could, Hawky," said Lippincote.

Hawkins retaliated by screwing his knuckles into his friend's spine, and they settled down to work.

The term and M. de Zachari's stay at Highcliffe hurried away. Hawkins never had a chance of conversing with Miss Dadds, though he longed to know if further developments of the poetry affair had in any way inculpated her. A thoughtful, almost sad, expression was growing upon her face, he imagined, and it distressed him, though, when her eye lighted upon his, she beamed one of her most radiant smiles upon him, whereat Hawkins blushed furiously, and was in the seventh heaven for the rest of the day.

## II.

Hawkins and Lippincote had broken bounds. The school term ended on the morrow and cavies were lax.

"Besides, what's the odds?" asked Hawkins, discussing the probabilities of detection and capture. "It's now or never for those kestrel's eggs at Highcliffe Point. If we leave them, Groggs, the butcher's boy, won't."

"And I'd rather get licked ten times over," said Lippy, "especially after the way Groggs scooped us over that daw's nest."

"I met the cad near Hughes's farm a day or two ago, and he yelled out something or other—I didn't hear what. Beastly cheek."

"That sort of person, said Hawkins Major sententiously, "is born impertinent, and if you want to put him into his proper place nd shut him up, you must prove to him your superiority. It doesn't do to let him scoop you."

Lippincote nodded approval. If there was one thing he admired in his friend, it was that young man's sound opinions and forcible language when expressing them.

It was a walk of a couple of miles to Highcliffe Point. They had left the main road and were gaily trotting down a rough cart track which led to the edge of the cliff, when Hawkins suddenly pulled up.

"Hullo, what's that?" he cried.

The rapid pounding of horses' hoofs and the whirl of wheels smote upon their ears.

"By Jove, something's bolted," said Lippincote.

This speculation was right. In another instant round a bend in the descent towards Highcliffe appeared a madly galloping horse, the bit between his teeth, and nostrils widened with wild fear. The animal was harnessed to a dogcart, which swayed from side to side of the road, threatening to overturn with each twist and jolt. A man, hatless, wide-eyed, with hair on end, was vainly tugging at the rein, and, at his side, clutching him in wild anxiety, sat a girl, pale, with fear-stamped face.

"Great Scott!" said Lippincote, as the runaway dashed nearer and nearer to the bye road—"why, it's Zachari!"

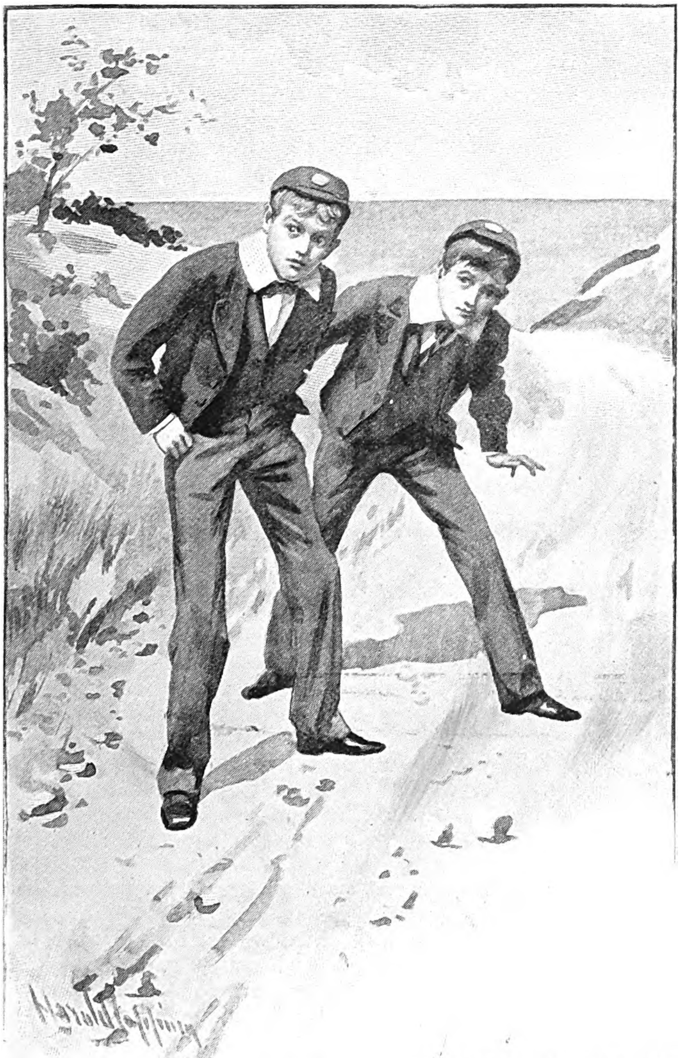
"And Kitty," gasped Hawkins Major, horror-stricken. "They'll be killed."

It seemed as if Hawkins' dire speculation would be fulfilled, for the frantic Frenchman, spying the slightly rising cart track, and knowing nothing of the precipice beyond, thought that if he could get the mad steed on this incline he could check its career. He gave a wild lunge at the near rein to effect this design.

The horse responded; and swung round into the rutted track. A providential banking of the hedge prevented a complete capsize, but at the moment of rounding, the dogcart bumped over a huge stone, the Frenchman was catapulted from his seat at a tangent, and, describing a parabola in the air, landed on his back in a furrow of the adjacent field.

But Kitty still sat tremblingly in the cart, and the horse dashed onward more madly than ever. It was but 200 yards to the edge of the cliff.

The boys stood in front of the affrighted animal and waved their arms, but the horse swerving a yard, dashed by like lightning, and the axle of one of the wheels caught Lippincote in the side and bowled him over like a nine-pin.



"Great Scott!" said Lippincote, as the runaway dashed nearer, "why, it's Zachari!"

The tail board had fallen down during the mad career, and Hawkins grabbed desperately at the chain as the cart swept past him. The next instant he had clambered in. Miss Dadds had either fainted or was utterly paralysed by fear, and the reins which had fallen at her side when Zachari was shot out, hung limp in her nerveless hand. Hawkins seized them and threw all his eight-stone four into the effort to stop the horse's career.

But the suddenness of this fresh curb only made the beast more desperately affrighted. On and on it dashed. It was but eighty yards to the precipice; Hawkins caught the glint of the white railings which guarded the edge, a trifling barrier to such a charge as was approaching. Eighty yards, fifty, thirty, and still the animal was unchecked. Ten seconds more meant certain death.

It was useless to attempt further resistance. Hawkins realised this, and at the same moment conceived another plan for saving Miss Dadds.

Dropping the reins he seized her in his arms and half sprang, half fell, with her out of the trap, sprawling in the track not five yards from the edge of the cliff. A sharp cry of pain escaped from Hawkins' lips as the wheel jolted over his leg. The next instant, the beast, splintering the light railing to matchwood, fell headlong into the abyss with the trap on top.

### III.

It was the eve of the breaking-up day and Hawkins Major, tucked up in bed with his leg in splints, had said "Good bye" to one after another of his chums.

Presently there came a light tap at the door.

"May I come in?" asked a sweet voice, and the next instant Miss Dadds had entered.

She came direct to the bedside and stooping down, kissed the boy.

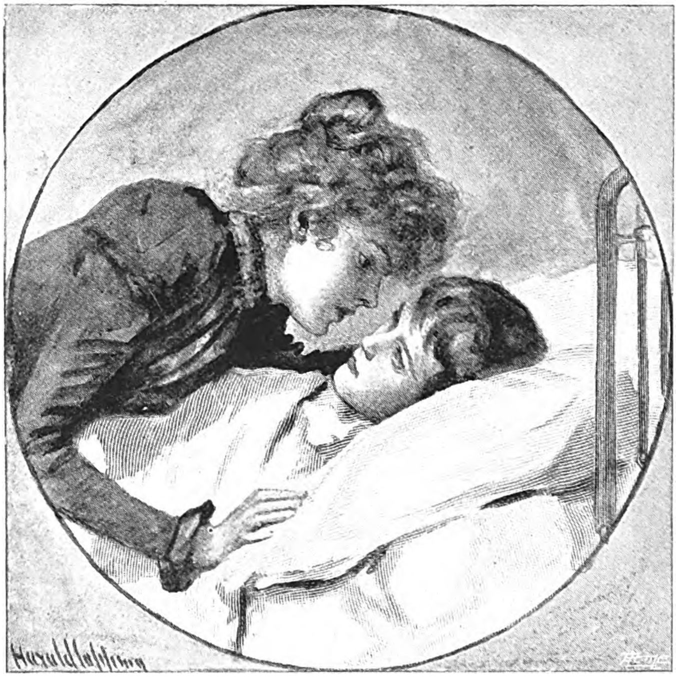
The colour suffused Hawkins' face even to the temples.

"You're a brave boy," she said. "I wanted to come before to thank you for saving my life, but the doctors wouldn't let me.

Hawkins Major was at a loss for words. "Not at all, not at all," he stammered out.

She was commencing to say something else when M. Zachari appeared in the doorway.

"Ah, *le brave garçon*. I, too, must thank *Merci! Merci!* One tousand times, *merci!*"



She came to the bed, and, stooping down, kissed the boy.

"All right," said Hawkins Major. "Only I think, Miss Dadds——"

He was interrupted by a hearty laugh from the Frenchman.

"Ha! ha! Then you have not told yet, Keety?

"Kitty!" The Frenchman had dared to call her Kitty!

"No, Henri," she replied. "You see, Hawkins, we're married now, M'sieu de Zachari and I."

"Married!" gasped Hawkins Major.

"Yes, and we have to thank you, partly. You remember when I sent you to the *Chronicle* office with that letter?'

"Yes," gasped Hawkins Major.

"Well, I only did it for fun. Henri,—M'sieu de Zachari—had written me poetry before, and I found this in the west wing corridor, and thought it would be sport to surprise him by getting it into the papers."

"Yes."

"I didn't think of father, and the school, and all that. You were such bricks not to split on me. But the Head discharged M. de Zachari, and it was all my fault—and well, when he asked me to marry him, I thought I really ought to, after what had happened, so we ran away to Barnham, and the registrar did it. It has all turned out so well, except for you, for the Head has given in and M. de Zachari is staying on."

There was a great gulp rising in Hawkins Major's throat.

"Oh, never mind me," he said.

But when Lippincote came in to say "Good bye" five minutes after M. and Madame de Zachari had left, Hawkins hastily smudged the sleeve across his eyes. The action did not escape Lippincote, who said:

"You're snivelling, Hawky."

"I'm not," said Hawkins, indignantly.

"You are," retorted Lippincote, "and I don't wonder. It's beastly luck to be cooped up here with a broken prop half the holiday."

"Beastly," said Hawkins Major.

"Have you heard the news, Hawky?"

"What, about Zachari? Yes."

"And you don't—you aren't—I mean——"

"Stow it, Lippy," said Hawkins Major, gulping down the last lump. "Of course, she's years older—and——what rot we talked ——look here, Zacchy's a good sort. Just get out what's left of that bottle of ginger wine we smuggled in the day before yesterday. And you'll find the change out of my last bob in those trousers over there. Run down to Mother Garnet's and bring in some tuck. This wedding's got to be celebrated if it breaks the bank."

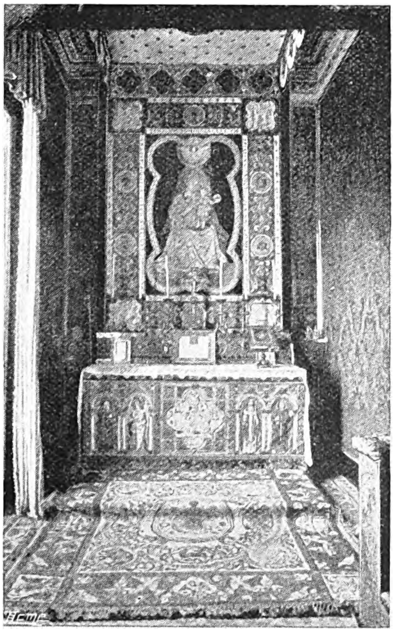
# The Private Life of the Pope

The Papal Arms

By Margaret Collinson

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. is an enthusiastic devotee of the snuff-box—indeed, when, during his late illness, he was forbidden by his physician, Dr. Lapponi, the use of snuff, his discomfort amounted to actual suffering. What a triviality to put at the beginning of an article! No; no triviality at all; at all events, no triviality to me. I find this little scrap of gossip very charming, and for this reason—it gives a touch of humorous humanity to one who seems to stand quite aloof from our restless, busy, rough-and-tumble existence. Sovereigns and statesmen and other big guns are all more or less deeply implicated in the huge tragi-farce in which you and I also play our little parts, but the Pope seems to occupy an elevated and very exclusive box from whence he watches the strutting mummers, and listens patiently to their ranting, with that pleasant imperturbable smile you must all of you know so well. Millions and millions look upon him as hardly human, and millions and millions more, who are not his subjects and owe him no allegiance, speak of him with awe, as of one who lives in another world, and thinks other thoughts, than theirs.

Because of all this I rejoice in the little snuff anecdote. For the Pope is after all a man. True, he is a great man, one of the greatest men of the century, and one of the best of his long line of predecessors in the Papal chair; true, his position and surroundings are very different from anyone else's; but those who have read the story of his career will know that he is anything but a mere spectator of that huge tragi-farce, and those who read this article will find that he eats and sleeps and walks and talks very much the same as they do themselves.



The Pope's private chapel

The Pope's bedchamber in that most gorgeous of all palaces, the Vatican, is a small, meagrely furnished room, his bed narrow and unpretentious. In a curtained alcove facing the bed is an image of the Virgin with the infant Christ in her arms, and before it a *prie-dieu*. The room also contains the sofa shown in one of our photographs. At six o'clock in the morning, no matter what time of the year, the Chevalier Pio Centra, the Pope's valet, wakes his master, who, after offering his first prayer, gives himself into the hands of his servant, is washed, and shaved, and dressed. Then he repairs into the little private chapel adjoining his bed-chamber and says mass, the good Chevalier acting as acolyte. The Chevalier, by the way, was, once upon a time, in the hat-trade at Rome. He

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Photo by The Biograph and Mutoscope Company.

The Pope's Blessing. This photograph, seen through the Biograph by Catholics in distant lands, convoys the same Blessing as though the Pope were present in person.

became a member of the Papal household, and served his master so carefully and with such devotion that he received as reward the title, Chevalier of the Order of St. Gregory, and better still, the Pope's absolute confidence.

To proceed: we left His Holiness in the little chapel adjoining his bedchamber. After mass he proceeds to breakfast—a cup of chocolate forming the chief item of this frugal meal. The milk with which the beverage is prepared is goats' milk, a fine flock of goats being penned in a secluded corner of the beautiful Vatican gardens. The animals are a gift to the Pope from the peasants of Carpineto, his native village, situated in the Volcisian Mountains, and such favourites of his that he visits them frequently, and sees that the shepherd gives him regular reports as to their welfare. An almost childlike interest in such things is very characteristic of the great Pontiff, and he delights in his gardens almost more than his goats. Quick to note any negligence in the trimming and keeping of the beds, he takes the gardeners personally to task and rates them soundly. On one occasion he noticed that the condition of a favourite piece of ivy was anything but satisfactory. For some days he watched it secretly and saw that the cause of its ill-health was nothing more or less than neglect on the part of the gardener. The man was promptly hauled over the coals.

"It is the fault of the soil, Your Holiness," he protested.

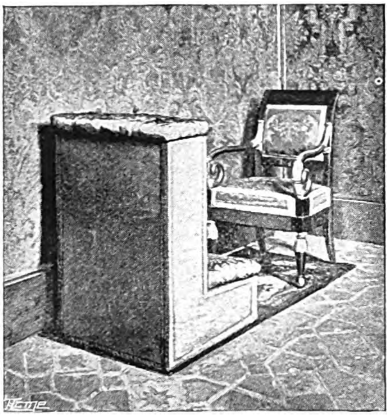
"Nonsense," replied Leo, "you don't know what you are talking about, or else you think we believe everything you are pleased to tell us,"—after which he proceeded to instruct the man as to the proper treatment of such plants.

"Why," said the latter when repeating the tale, "he can teach everyone—even his gardeners! You can't get over him."

At eight o'clock Cardinal Rampolla makes his appearance. Business is transacted, after which the Pope takes his morning constitutional in the gardens. As shown in one of our photographs, he is always accompanied by two officers of the Papal Guard—one beside him, one behind. In spite of his great age, he is able to stroll about without any assistance, save that of his gold-headed cane, and even this is sometimes dispensed with. Indeed, the Pope, who expects to live many years to come, takes great pride in his wonderfully preserved strength, and whenever he hears that a rumour has got abroad in Rome that the Holy Father is failing in health, he is certain to walk more briskly than usual.

When the constitutional is over the Pope attends to the business of his household, and receives the various functionaries of the church. He is great on detail, and everything must be thoroughly gone through. His grasp of such matters is marvellous, and his memory extraordinarily vivid.

The various functionaries retire, and the visitors are ushered in one by one. The Pope sits in his armchair, one foot thrust a little forward, to receive the customary salutation. The visitor, on entering, bows, walks to the centre of the room, bows again, and then, with yet another bow, kneels and kisses the Pope's slipper. Sitting is no more permitted than in the presence of a king, and when the audience is concluded the visitor retires backwards — a manœuvre that must require, I should think, some rehearsal in order to bring it to perfection.



The Pope's *prie-dieu* in his private apartment.

Punctually at two o'clock the Pope takes his solitary seat at the dinner table. There is no doubt about it—he is extremely abstemious, almost an ascetic — and yet something of a *gourmet*. He is very partial to sundry dishes, and especially to those of a somewhat pungent flavour. Salad with plenty of vinegar is his peculiar delight; but alas! Dr. Lapponi seldom allows him to indulge his taste in this direction. One midnight he was taken very ill; there was great consternation; the doctor was called and hurried into the Holy Father's room. And then, after examination, the humiliating truth was manifest:

Photo by The Biograph and Mutoscope Company.

At 9 a.m. the Pope takes his morning constitutional in the Vatican Gardens.

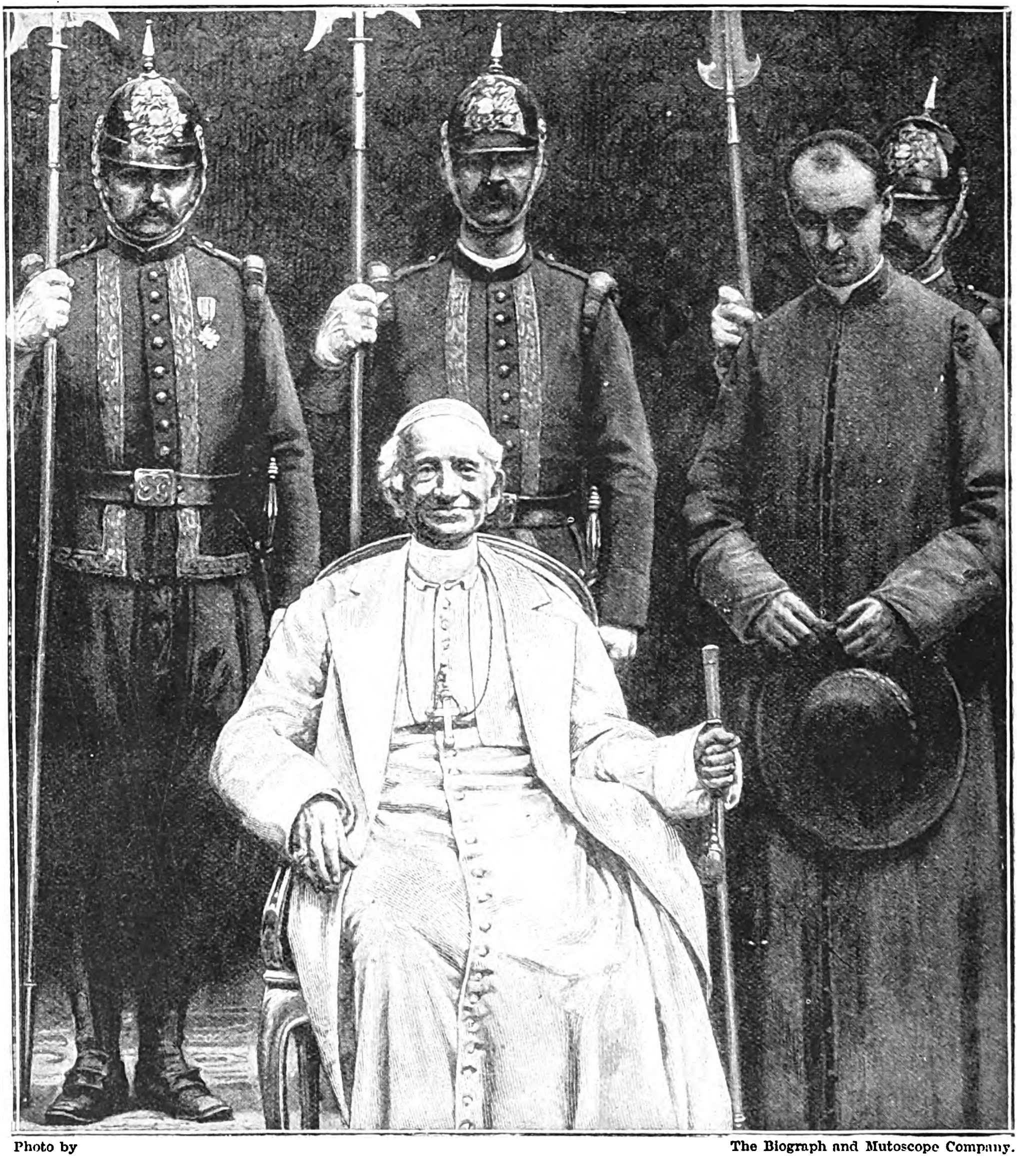


Photo by The Biograph and Mutoscope Company.

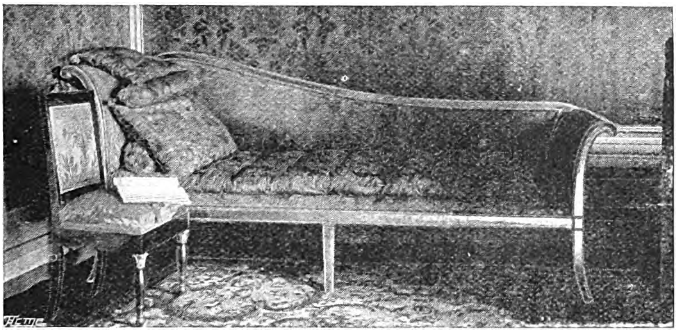
Pope Leo XIII. and his Secretary, Mgr. Angeli, surrounded by the Papal Guard.

the Pontiff admitted, a little shamefacedly, I should imagine—that he had taken a large bite of the forbidden fruit, that is to say, dined rather too heartily on his favourite dish. Another touch of humorous humanity, and how delightful! We all have our crosses to bear, and it seems that Pope Leo's special cross is the melancholy fact that, although he agrees capitally with salad, salad in no wise agrees with him.

After a short nap, the Pope takes his two hours' drive in the Vatican gardens. His landau is upholstered in white damask, and drawn by two black horses. If anyone accompanies the Pope, he must sit on the opposite seat with his back to the coachman; generally, however, His Holiness is the sole occupant of the carriage.

When the drive is over, the Pope repairs to his study, and, with Mgr. Angeli, his private secretary, works steadily until ten o'clock, at which hour supper is served. Then a short service is held in the adjoining chapel, following which the Popé makes himself acquainted with the affairs of the great world outside the Vatican. Mgr. Angeli reads the newspapers to him, and it is wonderful the interest Leo takes in all manner of temporal subjects—science, art, politics—he follows all with rapt attention. Literature is his particular hobby—indeed, he himself is a profound scholar, an elegant man of letters. Now that Mr. Gladstone is dead, no finer student of Latin lives than Pope Leo, and his verses are said to possess great merit. He has even written charades for an Italian magazine!

It is seldom before one o'clock that the Pope retires, and even then this indefatigable old man is often at work. In the half-light of his little bedroom he ponders Latin poems, and thinks out those beautiful letters which are received with such enthusiasm by the vast Catholic world. Often at unearthly hours the electric bell above Mgr. Angeli's bed begins to tinkle, and the sleepy secretary repairs to the Pope's room to put down in black and white his master's meditations.


The sofa on which the Pope takes his afternoon siesta

Pope Leo is eighty-nine years of age, and his health leaves much to be desired, but, as already mentioned, he firmly believes that many useful years are yet in store for him—a brave prophecy, and one I sincerely hope will be fulfilled by the event.

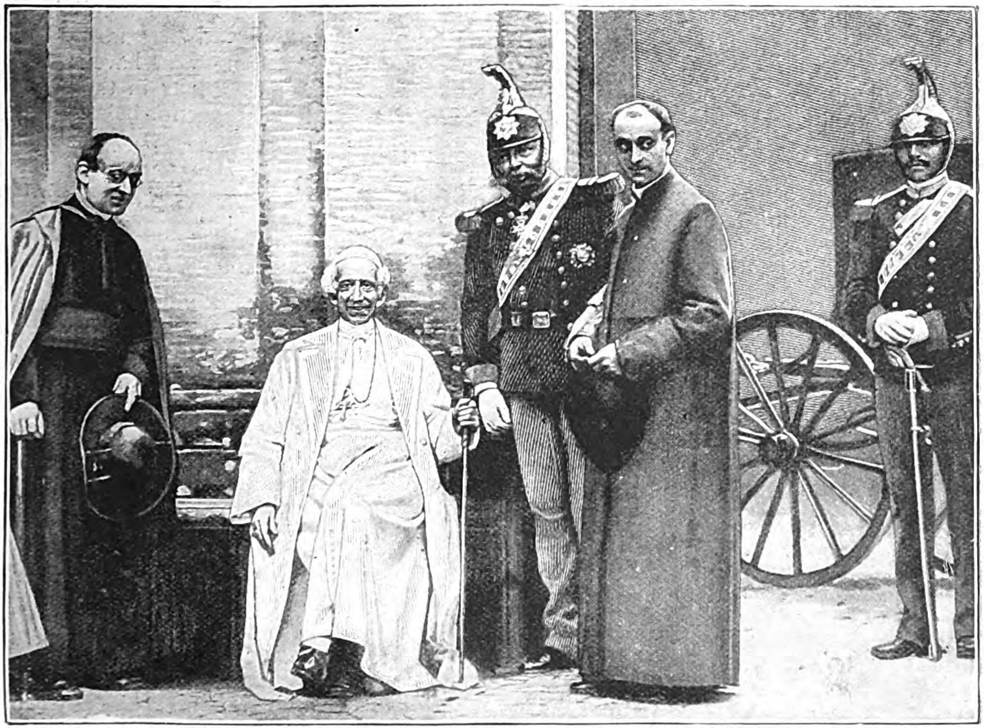
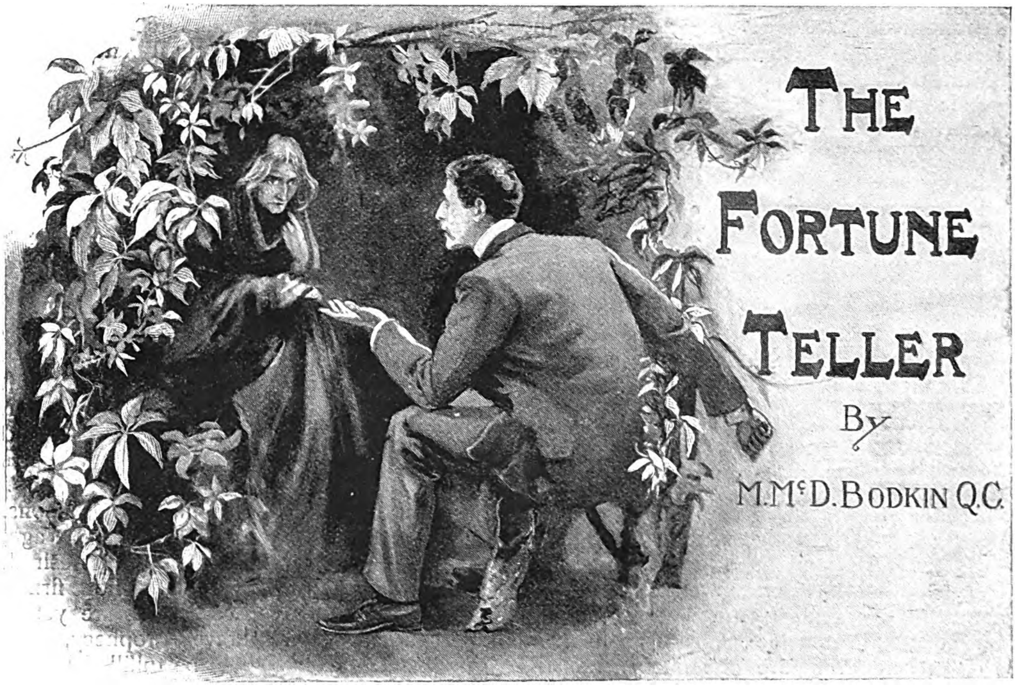


Photo by The Biograph and Mutoscope Company.

During an afternoon drive in the Vatican Gardens, the Pope kindly consented to leave his carriage and have this photograph taken.



# THE FORTUNE TELLER

### By M. McD. Bodkin Q.C.

"I NEVER could understand it," said the elder of the two men.

They were sauntering along a sequestered path in the wide pleasure grounds of Lynden House. A garden party was in progress and the flood tide of beauty and fashion filled the place.

"What?" The word came in a blue puff of cigar smoke.

For answer the other waved his cigarette in the direction of a pretty summer-house on which the words "The Cave of Delphos" were tastefully emblazoned. "If a poor woman tells fortunes for sixpence," he went on, "she gets six months for it. There's a lady palmist reading hands in there at a guinea per fool, and the law winks both eyes hard."

His companion looked at him lazily as if to make sure of his identity. The pointed grey beard, the eyes, bright, narrow slits, the lips turned down at the corners—all appertained to society's good-humoured cynic, Harold Labache.

"I thought you were never serious about anything," he drawled at last.

"Laughter and common sense are very good friends," answered Labache, "although people won't believe it. I want free trade in fortune-telling or no trade at all. Free trade for a preference. If I were a religious or moral person I should say no trade—in superstition; but I'm not. I have no objection to religion or morality in the abstract. But if people wish to pay for being imposed on, why shouldn't they? Only give the impostors fair play all round."

"But no one believes in this tom-foolery," said the other. "Every man fashions his own future, if he could only make up his mind what he wants it to be. I never can from day to day. But if I were really in earnest—if I really wanted to get or to do anything, I'd get it or do it in spite of fate."

It would have been a boastful speech in any other man; in Lord Dunderring it was simple truth. Yet at first sight he did not look that sort of man at all. He was short and square, strong and active-looking, and stronger and more active than he looked. Dressed in light grey tweed, with a Panama hat perched on the back of his close-cropped bullet head, to the careless eye he seemed a commonplace person. The dark brick-dust complexion might have come from drink or from exposure. As a matter of fact it came from exposure at the Poles and in the Tropics. The round light blue eyes that had the glint of polished steel looked rounder

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and brighter from their dark setting. His chin was a square knob. Perhaps the best feature in his face was his mouth—firm-lipped and resolute—but it was covered with a tawny moustache through which only the gleam of white teeth was visible. He looked the skipper of a small trading vessel, and appearances were so far justified that he was the best yachtsman in the world.

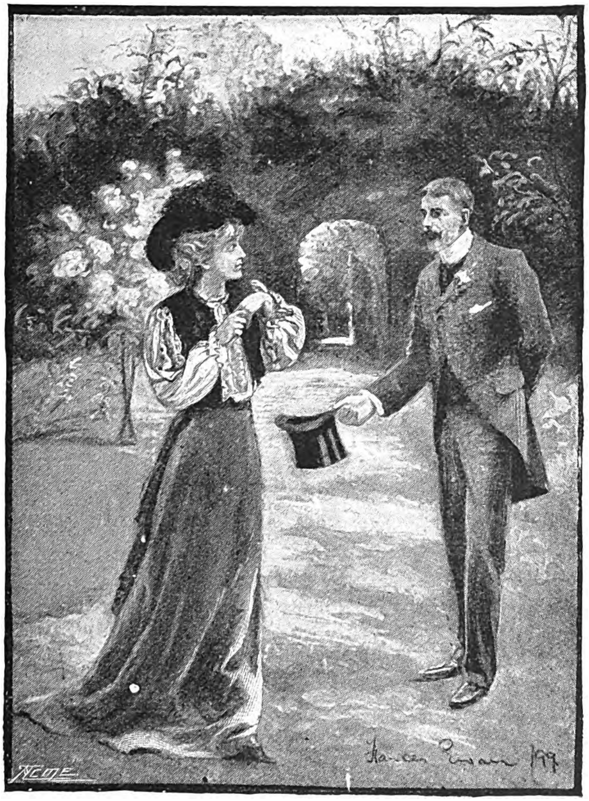
Labache glanced at him with a shrewd twinkle in his oblong eyes. "Yes," he said, "you generally manage to get your own way. But every one is not so fortunate or unfortunate as to be a self-willed multi-millionaire. The rest have to take their fate as they find it."

"That may be so," Dunderring answered, with a faint touch of self-complacency in his voice. "But surely no man, woman or child could ever expect to find fate in the wrinkles of a hand?"

"There are men, women and children that will believe anything," retorted Labache, "and every man, woman and child has his or her own pet weakness. Look there!"

As he spoke a female figure emerged from the low door of the "Cave of Delphos"—a well-dressed, well shaped figure of a woman. They could see that she was palpitating with excitement, and the shapely hand trembled as she pulled her veil down. Then she came swiftly past them without stopping—apparently without seeing. But Mr. Labache swept his hat off with an old-fashioned salute that made the glossy silk flash like a mirror in the sunshine.

"Good-day, Lady Feverton," he said, suavely.


"Oh! Mr. Labache, how you frightened me!" exclaimed Lady Feverton.

She started and cried out nervously at the sound of his voice.

"Oh! Mr. Labache, how you frightened me! My nerves are all tingling."

"The fortune-teller?" he asked, with a smile.

She hesitated. "Well, yes," she confessed, coming closer and speaking in a low voice.

Lord Dunderring had dropped a little behind, unnoticed by the lady in her agitation.

"It *was* the fortune-teller," she went on nervously. "You needn't smile. Of course, I don't believe in any such rubbish any more than you do. No sensible person does."

She looked at him wistfully for contradiction or confirmation, but his bland smile was wholly inscrutable.

"It's all nonsense, of course," she began, more nervously than before, "but——"

"Yes, but—?" hinted Mr. Labache, courteously.

"She's wonderful! really wonderful!" Lady Feverton broke out in a sudden burst of enthusiasm. "She told me things about myself that I didn't know before. No! you mustn't laugh, not flattering things at all, but I felt they were true the moment she said them. I wouldn't mind that so much, but she spoke of the future, and I don't want to believe her if I can."

"Don't then!" It was Lord Dunderring who spoke this time.

She turned sharp round at the sound of that deep voice. "Cousin Dick!" she cried, "where did you drop from. Everybody and everything is startling me to-day. I'm delighted to see you of course, but——"

"Another 'but,' Fanny?"

"That woman told me you were coming, Dick—I didn't believe her. I thought it was impossible, I had a letter from you posted from Achill this morning!"

"But about the fortune-teller?" he interposed, quietly.

"The fortune-teller!"—with a relapse into nervousness, "Oh, she is really wonderful," cried the volatile lady, going off in another direction like a rebounding racket ball. "The whole story about her is wonderful. As I was walking in the grounds yesterday, an old gipsy woman rose up out of the ferns with a rustle like a cock-pheasant, and sent my heart into my mouth. She was nearly bent double with age, and had a face brown and livid like a withered leaf. While I stood panting and gaping, she called me a pretty lady and wanted me to cross her hand with gold. But I wouldn't have my fortune told; I thought it was wrong—superstitious, you know, and that kind of thing. Then, all of a sudden, the thought came to me that she would be a great draw for my bazaar next day—a thing to get talked of in London—a real old-fashioned fortune-teller, not one of those silly young girl palmists, who know nothing except to titter and make eyes and squeeze the gentlemen's fingers."

"But it was wrong, you know, Lady Feverton," said Mr. Labache sternly.

"Not in the cause of charity," Lady Fanny promptly retorted.

"Well, I coaxed the old woman to come, though she didn't want to at first, and I fitted up the summer-house as the "Cave of Delphos." Delphos was a great prophet, I believe, somewhere in Egypt, so it was appropriate every way. Then I just whispered it about privately that fortunes would be told there by a real fortune-teller at half a sovereign a head—a hand I mean, five shillings to go to the charity. It was perfectly amazing the excitement. Everyone wanted his or her fortune told and, what's more, believed it. I could not have imagined people so foolish."

"But you went yourself, Fanny," said Dunderring.

"Oh! that was merely curiosity, Dick, and I wanted to find out the trick of the thing besides."

"And did you?"

"Well no, I cannot say I did. The woman frightened me, she seemed so terribly in earnest, and she told me some really astonishing things."

"For instance?"

"She told me about you."

"Am I astounding?"

"Very. She told me where you were and what you were doing, and that you would be here to-day, and I didn't believe it, but you are, you see."

"That's so," he assented. "Nevertheless, the whole thing is rubbish."

"Well, then, if you are quite sure of your scepticism," Mr. Labache chimed in quietly, "face the music, have your fortune told?"

"I'll be hanged if I do. The thing is a mere trick only fit for hysterical women—beg pardon, Fan, didn't mean that."

"Besides, you can't, Dick," said Lady Feverton.

"Can't what, Fan?"

"Can't have your fortune told. She made it a special condition you shouldn't."

"Did she so," he growled, his stubborn will roused by the heat of opposition. "We'll soon see about that."

A slim girl's figure stepped out of the summer house and along the lawn like a frightened fawn, and Lord Dunderring made straight for the door. He stood for a moment in the narrow entrance, blocking the light. The walls and roof of the summer house were woven close with sycamore branches and bush woodbine. Here and there the sunbeams trickled through the crevices and sprinkled the dark floor with drops of gold.

For a moment his eyes could see nothing in that green twilight. But gradually there grew on his gaze a strange figure in a long black cloak, bundled up in a deep rustic seat in the darkest nook. She looked very old and very feeble; hardly human in her decrepitude. Her head had fallen forward, resting on her hands, and he could see nothing at first but a great mass of dishevelled iron-grey hair.

In spite of himself he was impressed. There was something uncanny about the figure; she did not look in the least like a vulgar impostor.

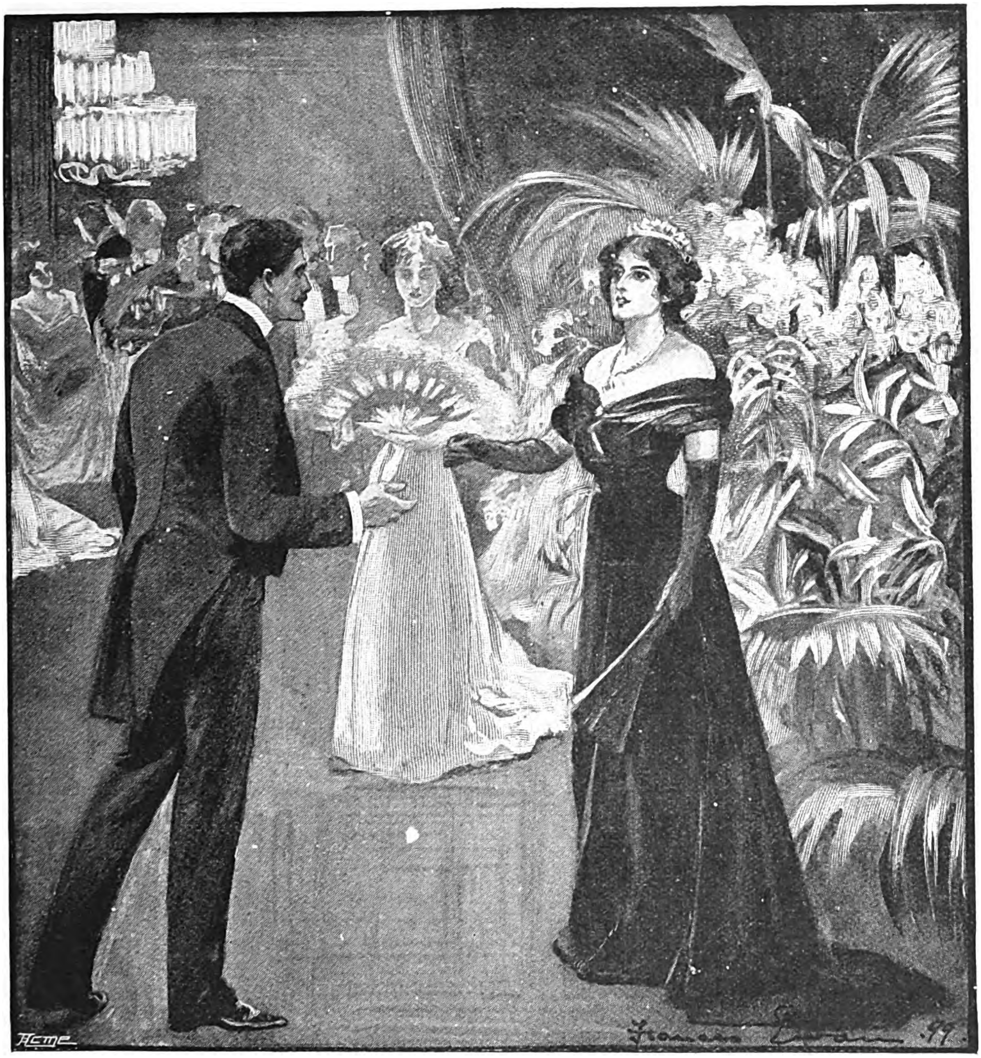
"I have come to have my fortune told——" he began.

The woman's head rose at the first sound, and he felt the bright eyes fixed on him.

"You have come, Lord Dunderring," she interrupted, taking the words from his lips, "you have come in your folly to tempt your fate."

She spoke in a low, clear whisper that stirred the air like the vibration of a bell.

Lord Dunderring passed the threshold a little awkwardly and took his place in a vacant seat beside the fortune-teller.



**He found Lady Wilderner waiting on the landing, with the Wilderner ruby blazing on her neck.**

But his coolness came back to him as they looked each other steadily in the eyes for a silent minute.

The woman's face was the face of a mummy, ribbed and brown. All her life was in her blazing eyes. Their colour he could not tell in the twilight, but their brightness was wonderful. They glowed with a deep light as if a flame were kindling behind.

Without a word Lord Dunderring stretched her his square, strong paw. She took it in her long fingers, bending over it as one bends over a book when the type is small.

"A strong man and a wilful," the words came in a whisper at last—"and reckless if opposed."

He chuckled assent. "Any one that knows me at all, knows that," he said.

"Self-willed in great things and in small."

"For example?" he asked.

"You have spent the last three months living like a peasant in a hut on Achill Island mountain to shoot the last of the golden eagles."

"But I got him," he interrupted, complacently, "Oh, I should not have told you."

"I knew, without your telling," she answered, shortly, and he believed her. "You have always got what you wanted in the past; you will always get what you want in the future—if you can."

"Whether I can or not," he interrupted sharply, "nothing shall stop me."

She paused and looked at him steadily.

"Shall I speak of the past or of the future?"

"Of the future," he said, "of the near future, so that the test may be prompt. Trickery may teach you to know or guess the past."

Again she pored over his hand. "You have never loved," she began abruptly, "but before another month is passed you will be ready to barter your soul for a woman."

He laughed incredulously, contemptuously. "So we have come to matrimony already. You are more common-place than I thought you. Try another tack, old lady; women are not in my line at all."

Again she looked at him steadily with strangely luminous eyes, and a curious doubt and fear began to grow in him under her gaze.

"Listen, now," she said slowly, "belief will come later. Within three weeks from to-day you will be present at a great reception. I see you, I say, I see you, go slowly up the wide marble staircase."

She had dropped his hand and was gazing into space. He could believe anything of those eyes. "You have spoken to a lady—tall, stately, with hair and eyes as black as night, and a great red stone blazing like a spark of fire on her white breast."

"Lady Wilderner," muttered Lord Dunderring to himself, "the Wilderner ruby, by Jove!"

"That the lady?" he asked, still incredulously.

Lady Wilderner was a married chum of his; they were what he called "pals."

"Listen!" was the answer. "You have but pressed her hand and moved on with the crowd to the dancing room. You don't mean to dance."

"I never do," he soliloquised.

"There is a girl standing by the door fanning herself with a fan of white ostrich plume; young, graceful and beautiful. Oh! very beautiful. She half turns and looks at you as you go past. She is all in white with a bunch of violets at her throat. Her cheeks have the flush of the wild rose, and her eyes are of the deep sea blue." The old woman spoke wistfully and paused as if haunted by the ghost of her dead youth.

"Well?" he said, impatiently, "—go on."

She turned almost angrily.

"The first look of those blue eyes will light a flame in your heart that will kindle and grow as the days go by, till your whole soul is on fire."

"What a pretty romance!" he said, laughing, but the laughter did not ring true. "What next?"

"You will long for her, strive for her as you never have longed or striven for aught in your life before.

"And she—the girl?" The words seemed to slip from him unawares.

"To her you will be a man as other men; no more. A man neither to love or hate. There will be no place for you in her free heart. Twice you will beg of her to be your wife, and twice she will refuse, bidding you have no hope."

"And then?" There was an eagerness of which he was not conscious in his voice, and the strong hand clutched the old crone's fingers with a grip that hurt.

"And then?" he repeated, for she was silent.

"You will ask a third time."

"And then?"

"I can tell no more."

"You must, you must!" he cried. "This is mere foolery; some common trick of your trade."

His tone belied his words. His very earnestness seemed to have some compelling influence on her.

"She is in danger! in great danger," the thrilling whisper went on, "from fire or water, I cannot say. You save her life. Then you ask her for the third time, and——"

There was a long pause.

"Well?" he asked hoarsely. For the moment his faith in the woman was perfect.

"I cannot tell her answer. But this I can see—here the lines of life and death run close together and almost touch. If she refuses you for the third time you will die by your own hand."

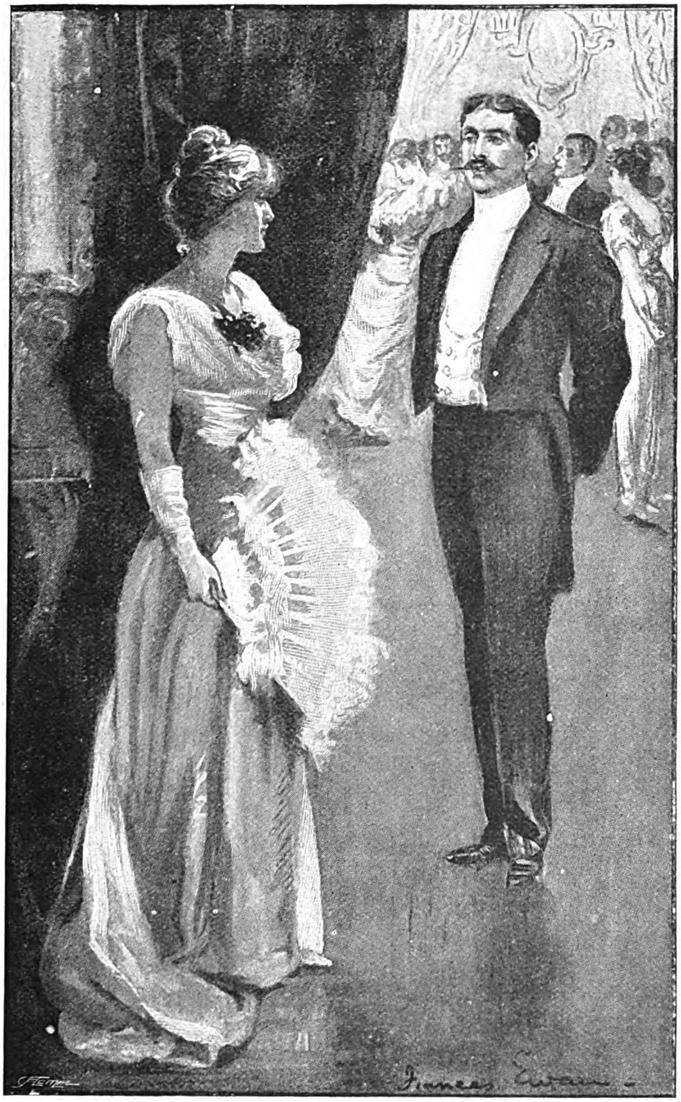
For a long minute they both sat so still that a fearless chaffinch ran twittering along the floor of the summer-house, the sunshine glancing from his burnished feathers as he passed through the little pools of light.

Then Lord Dunderring shook the spell from him like a burthen with an impatient shrug of his broad shoulders. He rose abruptly, set a couple of sovereigns on the table beside the gipsy's chair, and left the place without a word.

"Well?" cried Lady Fanny eagerly as he rejoined them on the broad walk, "isn't she wonderful?"

Mr. Labache said nothing, but looked at him keenly through narrow eyelet holes.

"Commonplace," replied his lordship curtly, but he could not make his tone commonplace.



"Not Dick?" "Yes, Dick," he answered; "How good of you to remember me."

"But what did she tell you?" Lady Feverton persisted, "let us judge for ourselves."

"Oh! the old story," he answered carelessly, "of death and matrimony. They all sing the same hymn with variations."

"But what was the—er—girl's name?"

"Didn't say; red cheeks and blue eyes. Oh! the usual thing."

Lady Feverton pouted. Her eyes were a very fine brown.

"But she gave you some particulars, Dick? Surely she gave you some particulars?"

"Lots. But don't worry, Fan, like a good old girl. The whole thing is such folly I am ashamed to have taken part in it. Let's talk of something else."

So they talked of something else for a while; Lady Feverton lightly and wittily playing with the gossip of fashionable London when Lord Dunderring broke in suddenly, *apropos* of nothing.

"By the way, what's Madge Wilderner doing?"

"Oh, I forgot; how stupid of me! She is going to give a great reception on—let me see—just this day three weeks. It is to be the event of the season. Royalty is expected; that is royalty once removed, of course. You would have had a card if she knew you were within range of the post office. I will write to her to-night."

"Kindly do nothing of the kind, Fan. Before her semi-royal reception comes off I will be well on my way to China. I have taken my passage by wire from Ireland."

But Lord Dunderring did not go to China. He loitered on in his luxurious flat in the Albany, forfeited his passage by wire, and let the steamer sail without him.

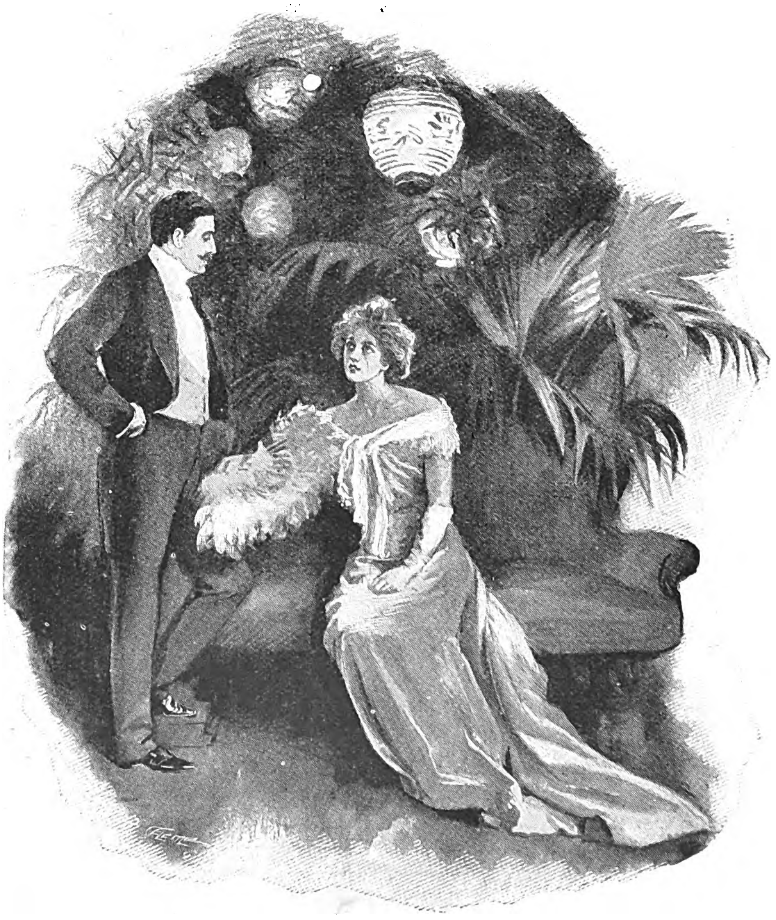
Laugh or grumble as he would, according to his humour, the gipsy had impressed him in spite of himself. The impression had been enhanced, when a little later, on the day of the bazaar, Lady Feverton came to him in a whirl of excitement to say the old fortune-teller had vanished, as if the ground had swallowed her. Lord Dunderring's two sovereigns lay on the table beside the empty chair, but of the old woman there was no trace. Inquiries were made but came to nothing. She was gone, suddenly, completely, untraceably as a drop of water into the sea. Lord Dunderring was the last that had seen or spoken to her.

He loitered on at the Albany. In a sportsmanlike fashion he said to himself that he would give the old prophetess fair play. He would test her by the card of invitation for the Wilderner reception. If she was right, a card would come, of course, and if a card came, he would go.

A week before the reception; six days; five; then four; then two—and no card. He found himself feverishly watching the post and longing for an invitation. He could stand it no longer. He thought of the lovely girl, with cheeks like the wild rose petal and eyes of the deep blue sea, fanning herself with the ostrich plumes by the ballroom door, while he sat sulking at home in his chambers. "It's all nonsense, of course," he mused, "still, if—— Hang it! I must give the woman a fair chance and then I'll be done with the tomfoolery for ever. Madge doesn't know I'm back; I'll drop her a line." So he dropped her a line and had his card of invitation by return of post.

As he tore the envelope open, the thought came to him suddenly, "The gipsy is right so far; the invitation has come. I *must* go to the reception now."

A curious presentiment hung round him all day, seeming to close him out from other men whom he met in the streets or at the club. Even his own voice sounded strange to him. The weird feeling was still upon him as his private hansom whirled him off that evening to the great Wilderner house in Parkgate Street. It almost startled him as he found Lady Wilderner waiting (as might be expected) on the landing with the Wilderner ruby blazing like a spark of red fire on her white neck. He seemed to know before she spoke what her words of gracious welcome would be. A little dizzy, and still walking like one in a dream, he saw, without surprise, a slim, stately figure, all in white, close to the door, with a fan of white ostrich plumes in her right hand. The face was half turned from him, but he could see that it was



They were together alone in the recesses of the great conservatory.

very beautiful, and he perceived that the only touch of colour in her dress was a bunch of violets at her throat. She glanced up carelessly as he passed, and the blue eyes, of the colour of the deep sea with the sun on it, for one second looked straight into his own.

"What's the matter, Dunderring?" said Mr. Labache's genial voice, a moment later, close beside him. "How pale you look!

"Oh, I'm all right," said Dunderring, brusquely. Then, in his downright fashion, going ever straight to his purpose, "Do you know that girl—no, not that—the tall, beautiful girl in white, near the door at the other end of the room—there—there! Can't you see? There's a chap taking her off to dance now."

"Oh, that!" Mr. Labache cried, dropping the glasses with a jerk of the black silk string, and turning with surprise and compassion to his companion, "that!—why, where have you been? I forgot you were in Ireland or China, or some place on the outer edge of the world. Nothing less would account for such ignorance. That young lady is Miss Elaine Seevers, the chief lioness of London. She'll roar you as gentle as a sucking-dove. She's a great heiress, a great beauty, and a great actress, uncommon triple combination. A month ago no one had heard of her; now everyone has heard of her. She came to Irving; wanted to play Juliet, never had been behind the footlights before. He laughed at her. 'Laugh, but listen,' she said, like the chap—I never could remember his name—in Greek history. He listened, and Ellen Terry listened; both went mad over the girl; Terry, the madder of the two. The upshot was they stopped a successful play in the middle of a long, fast run, produced Juliet at a week's notice, and took the town by storm. Other Shakesperian plays followed with equal success. The very soul of the heroines seemed to get into the girl. I, George Labache, have snivelled at her like a sentimental schoolgirl!"

He paused at this as if the last word were spoken.

"But the girl—who is the girl?" demanded Lord Dunderring, impatiently.

"Only daughter of old Squire Seevers, of Hampshire, who was killed in the hunting-field nearly two years ago. Why, you knew the man, Dunderring, and the daughter, too, if I'm not mistaken. You stayed with them once for the hunting about seven or eight years ago."

"Not Ivan Seevers; surely not Ivan?"

"The very man."

"And that wonderful girl—the little tangle-haired, motherless tom-boy I used to romp with? I should have remembered those wonderful eyes. Why, I taught her to ride, and——"

He stopped abruptly. His thoughts went back to those old times. He remembered with a curious thrill that Elfie Seevers—then eleven years of age—one hunting-day, when he had pulled her out of a swift brook, had volunteered to marry him. He had put her off laughingly, with the assurance that he wasn't a marrying man, that he was old enough to be her father, and she would soon find a nice boy of her own and forget all about him. She persisted, "Oh! I mean to have you whether you like it or not, when I'm a big lady, and you'll see I will, too!"

It was a thing impossible that this stately girl whose beauty almost frightened him, was the merry little tom-boy playmate whom he had carried about and kissed a hundred times, and who had so frankly expressed her matrimonial intentions.

"Can you introduce me?"

Mr. Labache looked at him in surprise. The hesitating voice and manner were so unlike the downright Lord Dunderring.

"Perhaps it would be better to ask our hostess," he answered; "it's a somewhat formidable young lady."

Lady Wilderner was "delighted," so she said in reply to Lord Dunderring's request, though she did not look it, for Lady Wilderner liked to monopolise admiration.

"Lord Dunderring—Miss Seevers." The stately beauty bowed slightly in acknowledgment of the introduction. But as Lady Wilderner turned away, the dark blue eyes lit up with sudden recognition and delight.

"Not Dick?"

"Yes, Dick," he answered. "How good of you to remember me!"

"Neither good nor bad," she answered gaily, "I remember because I cannot help remembering. Now take me away somewhere, and let us talk of old times."

He carried her off in triumph to a quiet nook known only to the initiated, where they talked of old times for an hour, while disappointed partners searched for her frantically but in vain.

Dunderring found her the free-hearted schoolgirl, frank and unaffected as in the old days. She called him Dick as a matter of course, but for the life of him he could not call her Elfie in return. Man is never satisfied. He could have wished her shyer, even colder in her manner. The easy comradeship of the old days chilled the hope that was already warming in his heart.

"You will come and see me?" she said as she gave him the slim firm hand frankly at parting.

"As often as I may?"

"Oh! you may as often as you like," she answered laughingly, "you have only to take your ticket, you know."

He went back to his chambers like one in a fever, chilled or warmed by sudden alternate gusts of hope or fear. So far, the gipsy's prophecy had come true. The spark in his heart had already kindled to a flame. Already he felt that his life without love was impossible, and he kept forcing from his memory the remainder to the dark prophecy.

He saw the great actress every evening that week. The most passionate Juliet, the most pathetic Ophelia, the most terrible Lady Macbeth, the most sweet and tender and womanly Imogen. But it was in Rosalind he loved her best. In free, frank, merry, daring, true-hearted Rosalind—that pearl of perfect girlhood—she was herself. There was no acting there at all, only a free rein given to her own nature, and Dunderring envied Orlando with an envy that was like hate.

She took his praise of her acting as a child takes praise—with unconcealed and unaffected delight.

"I'm glad you liked me best as Rosalind. I like her best myself.

They had met by mere accident in Regent Street. She was shopping and he was idling, and they had strolled away to St. James's Park together, talking Shakespeare as they went.

"Juliet was more loving, of course," he began, "but——."

"But she wasn't," Elaine interrupted; "Juliet's love was only glorified hysterics. In comparison, Rosalind would do ten thousand times more for Orlando than she for Romeo. Oh! I want you to love Rosalind best."

"I do love her best, because she is most like you," he said abruptly.

She turned to him with laughter sparkling in her eyes, and dimpling about her lips.

"Do you know that is very like a declaration?" she said.

Her laughter hurt him more than anger could. His blood took fire at her words.

"I mean it," he said, shortly, conscious of the abruptness of his words and harshness of his voice; "with my whole soul I mean it. Can't you see my love for you is torturing me!"

She turned to him again, like one amazed, and the laughter died out of her face.

"I will not pretend to misunderstand your meaning; I will answer you as briefly as you have spoken; and my answer is—no!"

Something of the old dogged determination woke in the man.

"I won't take 'no' for an answer. I never did all my life long, and never in all my life was I in earnest before."

She faced him with a resolution equal to his own. "Nor am I lightly swayed from a purpose once formed," she said.

"But you are not angry?"

"Not angry, but determined. Now shall we drop the subject—or part?"

"Drop the subject—for the present," he said, but with the fierce resolve that he would win her yet.

Only one week later they were together and alone in the recesses of a great conservatory. It was a smart musical function in the house of one of the leaders of London fashion, and they had slipped out of the throng.

The breath of the exotics was in the warm air, and ever and again there came to them from the distant music room the faint wailing of the violin touched by a master hand, or the clear, pure notes of the most famous soprano in the world.

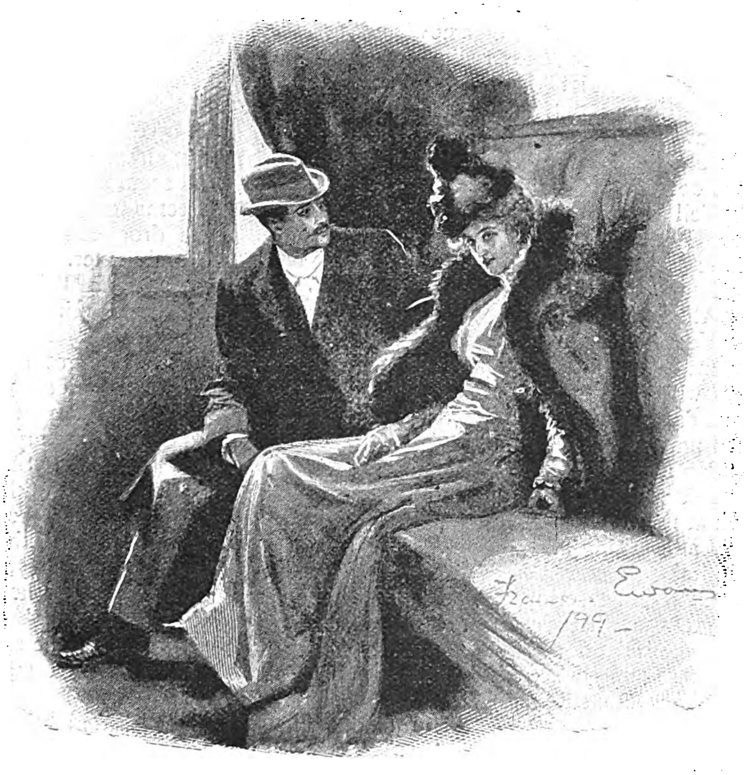
The place was dimly lit by dainty fairy lamps, coloured specks of brightness half hidden amid the flowers and foliage. Elaine sat on a velvet couch provided by a judicious hostess for such emergencies. But Dunderring dare not take the place invitingly vacant beside her.

He stood there, stolid to all seeming, and awkward, and talked in jerks on all trivial subjects—the flowers, the music, the theatre—stealing an occasional look at the unconscious grace of her figure and the loveliness of her face. The surroundings were maddening to him, and in her eyes and in her voice there seemed a subtle invitation.

Suddenly his self-control snapped under the strain, and almost before he knew, he was pouring forth his love with the eloquence that passion lends.

At the first word she started from the couch and faced him, inexorable as ever. Before her answer came he knew it. Though her eyes were kind and the "no" was softly spoken, he took it as the death knell of his hopes. The words of the fortune-teller tortured him. He rebelled against the prophecy that had come so true. The fear was on him that it would prove true to the bitter end, and that like a sentimental fool he would die by his own hand. With the fear came the sudden resolution to break the spell. "Good-bye, Elfie," he said, "I will trouble you no more."

As she put her hand in his the impulse was strong upon him to catch her in his arms. It may be she read it in his eyes, for she turned from him so abruptly that her elbow struck a fairy-light from its shelf and sent it clattering down the marble pavement. The delicate porcelain was shattered by the fall and the bits slid tinkling along the smooth floor. But the naked light flared up, and its red tongue touched the hem of her soft, white dress. Instantly the flame caught and spread with a sudden flush of light. She cried out, and Dunderring was by her side with a single spring—quick, cool, alert, with nerve, eye, and hand, all trained to sudden and perilous emergency. Swift as the fire was, he was swifter. He clutched and gathered and bunched the flimsy fabric together in his naked hands and crushed the flame to death. The blaze perished as suddenly as it rose; only a few singed and smoking fragments of the dress littered the marble floor.



"Well, Elfie," he whispered, "it is your turn now. What is your secret?"

There was a strange, exalted look in her eyes as she turned to him; a look he had never seen before.

"Well done!" she panted out, "a woman may trust her life in your hands."

Instinctively she looked at the square strong hands of the man as she spoke and saw that great patches of white blister had already begun to rise on back and palm.

Her mood changed suddenly. All the woman woke in her to pity and remorse.

"Oh! I'm so sorry," she cried, "I can never tell you how sorry I am. How could I be so careless, so thoughtless, so cruel! Can you ever forgive me, Dick?"

Amazement, and a feeling stronger than amazement, kept him silent for a moment. For the tearful blue eyes that looked so pityingly on his face had a maddening light within their depths that seemed to set his blood on flame.

"Oh! Elfie," he faltered out at last, "you are cruel, now; only now. It is my heart you have hurt, my darling, not my hands. Don't tempt my despair with lying hope."

But the frank blue eyes with a new and loving light in them boldly answered his own, and his resolution melted in the warmth of their gaze.

"It is madness I know; but I am mad."

He spoke and paused as a coward pleading for life, for love and life rested in her answer.

"Well?" she said softly in the pause.

"Will you be my wife?"

"Why, of course I will,' was the astounding answer. "Oh, Dick, how blind you men are! I loved you all the time ever since those old days. Don't you remember I promised to be your wife whether you liked it or not? But you really do like it now, don't you?"

There was no answer—in words.

"No, no, not again," she cried, "you frighten me. How terribly strong you are! It would be awful if you should ever want to beat me when we are— Why, I'm a baby in your hands. The poor burned hands, do they pain you awfully?" and she touched the white blisters softly with pitying lips.

"Not in the least," he answered, "I had forgotten." He spoke truly, for he was one of those men whom pain can hardly touch at all. "I would have those two palms burned off to the stump, Elfie, for one word of love from you."

"I like my bear better as it is with the paws on. But you must keep the paws quiet or I shall wish them gone."

They were seated together now, and he had slipped his arm round her slim waist.

"Don't touch it!" he cried with a grimace, as she tried to put his hand away, "it will hurt awfully if you touch it, but it is most comfortable where it is."

"Poor thing!" she said, and let it rest.

"Tell me truly, Elfie, do you really love me? I am hungry to hear the words again, I have so wished and longed for them."

"Really and truly, on my honour as a lady."

"All the time?"

"Yes, all the time."

"But why, then?"

"I will answer no more questions, sir—some day, perhaps. Oh! Just look at the cut I am if anybody should come!"

"No one will come."

"I don't care, I'm a fright to myself. Just look at me!"

"I am looking at you all the time; I can't help it."

"Oh! do be serious, Dick. Between you and fire see what you have made of me!" From the waist down, the costly skirt of her ball dress hung in scorched tatters about her. But the white silk and delicate lace of her bodice were unstained and unruffled. The rope of pearls was not whiter than the neck it circled, and the sapphire clasp at her bosom matched the blue of her eyes to a shade. As she stood fronting him, with love and laughter shining in her eyes, Dunderring thought she never looked so beautiful.

"You are perfect," he said.

"That's said to escape buying me a new frock for the one you spoiled."

"Let it be a wedding-dress," he answered, quickly, "as soon as you please."

"Now I'm gone. You know I'm staying in the house. I can find my way to my own room and dress in ten minutes; that's part of my trade, you know. Mind, no one is to know of this escapade except our two selves."

"And the price of my silence?"

"No blackmail; but if you are very good you may have the honour of taking Miss Seevers down to supper. I'm very hungry—and happy."

The last word was said softly, and she vanished as she spoke.

The engagement was brief. Lord Dunderring's impatience and persuasiveness carried all before it. Just a month from the exciting scene in the conservatory Lord Dunderring and the four-hours-old Lady Dunderring were alone seated tolerably close together in a London and North-Western Railway carriage on their way to a delightful lodge of his lordship's in the wilds of Connemara. The conversation was of the usual character. Anyone who has had a honeymoon can fill in details according to taste.

"Do you really love me, Elfie?" he said, having already received what to most people would seem convincing proof on the subject. "It seems too good to be true."

She drooped her beautiful head on his broad shoulder. The feather of her neat travelling toque tickled his left ear. But he didn't seem to mind; such is the power of love.

"It is I that should doubt, not you," she said, "you forgot me for so long, and I remembered you always."

"But I loved you all the time," he persisted, "you were my fate."

"Your fate?" She gave him a sudden look with those wonderful blue eyes; just a flash from under the drooping lashes that made him quiver with delight.

"I could tell you a strange story; a strange secret," he said, "if you promise not to laugh at me."

"I promise," she said quickly, "perhaps if I like your story I may tell you a secret in return."

Then he told her his experience with the gipsy fortune-teller. The details grew vivid in his memory as he spoke, and his wonder was strong as ever at the strange tale that had come so strangely true.

Something in the earnestness of his voice seemed to have impressed her. She made no comment, asked no question while the tale was telling. She sat silent with her head averted when the tale was told.

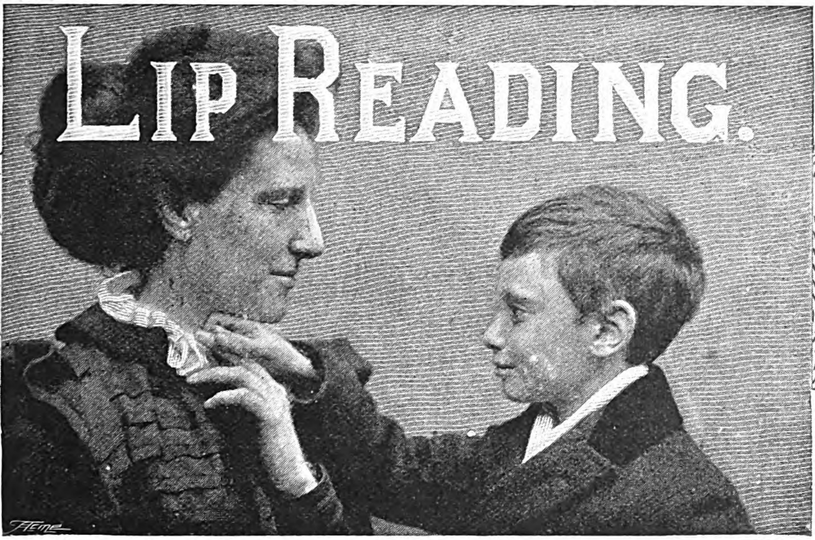
"Well, Elfie," he whispered at last, "it is your turn now. What is your secret?"

Then she turned to him with blue eyes gleaming, and lips demurely tight, though a laughing dimple struggled in her cheek.

"Well!" he persisted, "your secret?"

"I was the fortune-teller," she said.

# LIP READING.



Feeling the vibration of the vocal chords for the sound of the letter M.

### BY MARY HARE.

*(Photographs by R. C. Ryan.)*

THE teaching of deaf-and-dumb children, in spite of so much that has been said and written upon the subject, still appears to be a mystery to the majority of people in this country, and more particularly does it seem impossible to them to understand that such can be taught to speak.

Tell the average man or woman that this can be done, and one is met with the reply: "Taught to speak on the fingers you mean, for no one ever heard a deaf and dumb person talk;" or, worse still, after a teacher has explained fully, as he fondly imagines, how it is done, he gets the reply, "But, of course, they can never learn to speak aloud." Such remarks as these may be expected from schoolroom visitors, or else inquiries as to whether the pupils learn to read by the raised letters.

The deaf, then—or to call them for once by the more familiar title, the deaf-and-dumb—can be taught to speak, and are taught now to a large extent in Great Britain, by what is known as the *oral method*. This is by no means the only method used in their instruction. There are three ways at present in vogue—the system which teaches entirely by signs, or the manual alphabet and writing; that which teaches entirely by speech and writing, known as the oral method; and that which makes use of speech, the manual alphabet, signs, and writing, and called therefore the combined method.

Previous to the latter part of the eighteenth century these different styles of teaching, in a more or less crude form, were used indiscriminately throughout the countries of Europe, in *isolated* cases only, no one apparently considering it necessary to do anything for the deaf as a class. They were ill-treated, scorned, neglected, according to the character of the age and country in which they lived, in some cases even being put to death, the opinion being almost universal that to teach them was a hopeless task. Here and there, however, would arise a man or woman with ideals above his neighbours, who would devote his life to one, two, or three deaf-mutes as the case might be. Others again, from mercenary motives, would do the same, but the total in any case was a miserably small one, and the bulk of the deaf were left to grow up in absolute ignorance of everything.

It is France we have to thank for the first practical philanthropist who gave himself up, not to one deaf mute, but to all who chose to come to him, poverty being their passport instead of their bar, as in the past.

In a narrow old-fashioned street in Paris, just where it widens a little, stands now a commodious building, surrounded by its own

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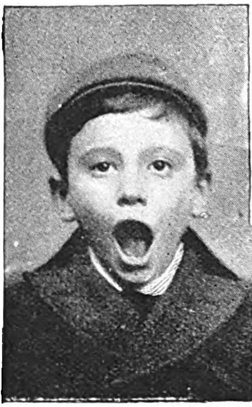
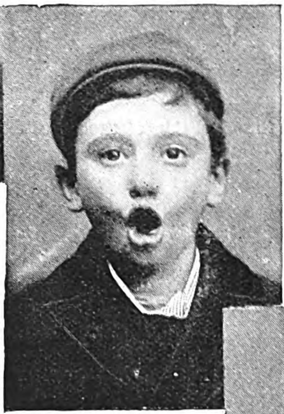
gardens; in the courtyard within the entrance gates is a statue raised to the memory of this man, the Abbé de L'Epée, whom all the world now honours for his life-long devotion to the deaf.

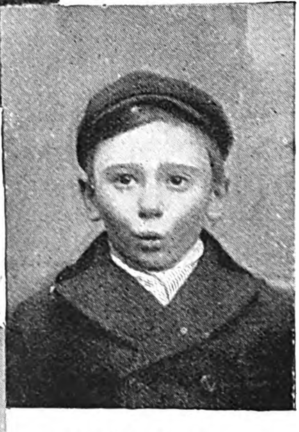
To-day in this institution are to be found 300 deaf boys, thanks to the work begun for them nearly 140 years ago by the Abbé. His interest in the deaf was first aroused by his accidental meeting with two deaf and dumb sisters. Finding they had no means of communication, and, as he said, no one to give them any idea of religion, he decided to teach them himself, and ere long he had no less than sixty scholars, the greater part of his not too liberal income being set aside for their support. Having no previous knowledge of the subject, he studied eagerly whatever books had been written upon it, and even taught himself two or three other languages in order to read books published in them, finally deciding that for his numbers and the limited time at his disposal, the sign language was the most practicable. For this reason the sign and manual system was long called the "French" sytem, and, owing to the Abbé's enthusiasm, it spread rapidly over France and other countries. Could De L'Epée return to the scene of his former labours he would find a revolution in this respect, for now the whole school is entirely oral in its teaching, and not only this school, but all schools throughout the country.



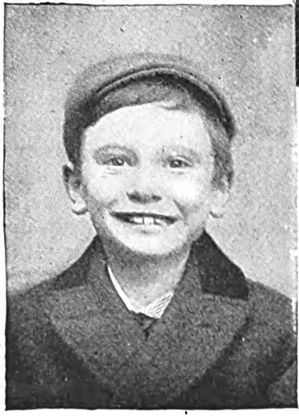
A as in Ah!



Long A as in All.



Oo as in Ooze.



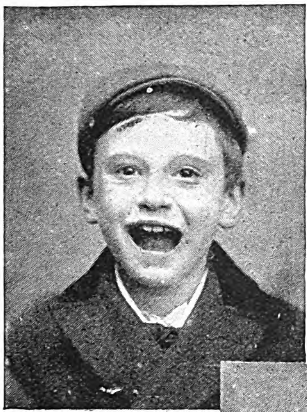
Long E as in Eat

In our own country the first public institution was opened in 1798, largely owing to the interest aroused through the private work of John Braidwood, whose nephew became the first head-master of the institution now standing in the Old Kent Road.

Until the last twenty or thirty years the sign language has been most in vogue in England; since then, however, with the opening of one or two purely oral schools, opinion has gradually been changing, and now, although it cannot be said that the *pure oral* method is used very largely, yet all schools devote more or less attention to the teaching of speech, some using this exclusively, others giving it a higher place than the manual, and others again employing it as little as possible.

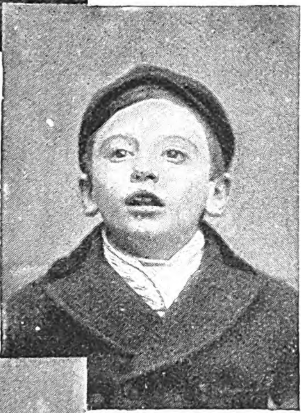
The system which requires the most skilful teachers is undoubtedly the pure oral system, and from a woful lack of these it has suffered considerably in Great Britain at any rate.

It would hardly be a fitting act for anyone who knows little of the inner workings of the silent system to attempt any explanations of it. Such as there are will consequently be confined to the oral teaching. This was first brought prominently before the English public about thirty years ago, when teachers from Rotterdam and Vienna (a few years later) were invited to take charge of public schools for the deaf in London. From this time may be said to have commenced that war of methods which has been carried on ever since, the oral system in the meantime steadily creeping towards the front; but it cannot be said by any means to have yet won a final battle. Whether it ever will do so in this country rests with the oral teachers.



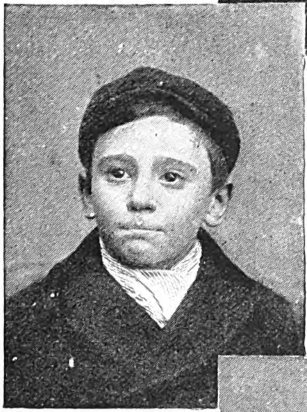
Short A as in At.

Oralists base their assumption of the power of the born deaf to acquire articulate speech on the fact that the vocal organs of such children do not disqualify them from speaking, this seeming to point to the fact that it is the inability to hear which prevents the natural development of language—that is, they believe that the repetition of vocal articulate sounds, constantly falling on the ear of an infant, at last arouses in turn the instinct to imitate. This he does with gradually increasing accuracy, until intelligible speech is the result.



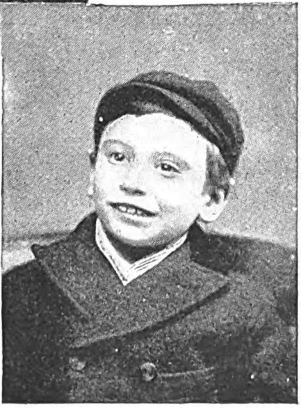
L as in Lull.

The deaf infant, by reason of his infirmity, is cut off from all this, and at the end of two or three years, he is still where his hearing brother began, able to make vocal but inarticulate sounds, and here he must remain, unless specially taught first to articulate and then to use these sounds intelligently as language.



M as in Mummy.

Various preliminary exercises have first to be gone through in order to awaken the child's somewhat dormant powers of attention, perception, and imitation; the length of time to be spent over them varying according not only to his mental capacity, but to the amount of home training, spoiling, or neglect he has hitherto received. Eventually, however, the day arrives when he is ready to learn his first sound, the idea being to teach primarily those most easy for him to pronounce and lip-read. The alphabet, as usually taught to hearing children, is discarded for the present, and the child learns only the phonetic sounds. For instance, to pronounce the sound of "f," his attention is directed to his teacher's mouth, where he sees the upper front teeth lightly resting on the lower lip as in the illustration.

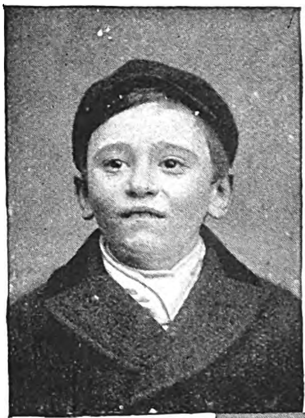


SS as in Hiss.

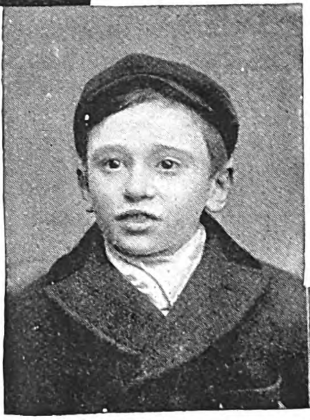
This alone will not enable him to say it. The sense of touch (a most important factor in the instruction of the deaf as with the blind) is next brought into use, and the child's hand is put near the teacher's mouth, in such a position that he can feel the breath on the back of it; his other hand being placed in front of his own mouth to show him that he must experience a similar feeling on that. He thus readily produces the required sound, which, by the way, is entirely without voice, several non-vocal sounds being taught first as presenting less difficulty. The "f" is then written down by the teacher, and read and copied by the pupil, and here we get a sample of the deaf child's first lessons in lip-reading, articulation, reading, and writing, which progress simultaneously, for the present at any rate.

Another illustration shows the formation necessary for "th"—the tip of the tongue between the teeth; the hand again being called into requisition in order that the breath may be felt.

All non-vocal articulations are illustrated in this way; careful attention on



**F as in Fluff.**



**Th as in This.**

the child's part, to the exact position of the articulating organs being indispensible, and equal quickness on the teacher's, in order to detect any defect in the sound, or unnecessary exaggeration or distortion of the features. In the illustrations given of various sounds, it has been necessary to some extent to make the child exaggerate the position in order to give an idea by means of a photograph, of what is intended. The model used is a little boy eight years old, born totally deaf, now being the taught at an oral school at Brighton. He was merely asked to repeat the sounds from dictation, and was then photographed in the act.

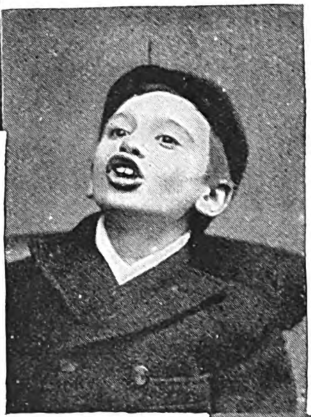
In one of the photographs the boy is giving the position of "sh," and in another, that of "s." After dealing with the more elementary non-vocal sounds, the vowels are taught, and here the sense of touch is most important, the back of the hand being placed on the teacher's throat in order that the child may be made conscious of the vibrations of the vocal cord. This position may be seen in one of the photographs. The pupil's other hand is then placed on his own throat, that he may reproduce what he feels on his teacher's.

Some of the photographs illustrate the first vowel sound taught—that of ä, as in far; next is shown â, as in all, the same process being gone through. The position of oo is a particularly easy one for a deaf child to see and imitate, as may be gathered from the illustration. It is impossible to represent all vowel sounds pictorially, many of them having more than one position. We illustrate the formation of ē, that is, what little can be seen outwardly; and of the vowel a, as in "at." The short sound of this vowel has also to be conveyed to the pupil by his sense of touch, which leads him, if he has been properly trained, to recognise the difference in the length of the vibrations of a long vowel sound, such as ē, and a short one like a.

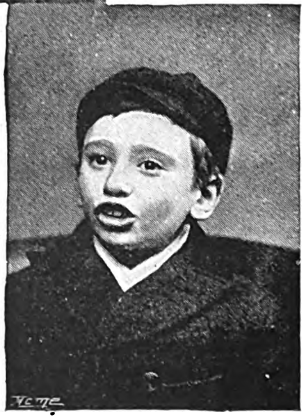
It takes a deaf child a considerable time to realise that, although he can only understand what is said to him by watching the mouth, and in the early stages also by feeling the vibration, ordinary people can, on the other hand, know what is said without using their eyes at all. He thinks very often that all people have to lip-read, and that, consequently, if he covers his mouth or hides it from them, they cannot tell what he is saying.

This was amusingly illustrated one day by a little deaf girl, who had been spending the evening with some friends of her teacher. One gentleman of the party had been greatly interested in her and had played with her a good deal, which apparently gratified her, for when bed-time came she put a hand each side of her mouth, so that none but her teacher should see (or understand, as she thought), and asked in a very distinct voice, "Miss ——, may I kiss that gentleman?" "That gentleman" answered the question for himself.

Another more embarrassing occasion was that on which a little deaf boy



**R as in Rose.**



**Sh as in Shine.**

was being made much of by a lady who was possessed of a considerable hirsute appendage on her chin. Turning round on her lap, so that his back was to her, he remarked, evidently with great amusement, "Lady no, man yes." How his teacher at that moment wished his speech had not been quite so distinct!

This "broken English" talk has, of course, to be expected, for it must not be supposed that when once the deaf child has been taught to articulate he will then be in possession of a good command of language. On the contrary, every word has to be taught and the meaning explained when necessary; the little ones, consequently, soon get into the way of using their limited stock of words whenever possible, and making them do duty for others when they see any resemblance. It is not uncommon, for instance, to hear a little child describe a venerable old man or equally ancient lady as "boy" and "girl," to hear him call his hands "gloves," the cat's paws "boots," and its claws "pins," an angel a "girl-bird," and so on.

Another class of articulation is that requiring the assistance of the vocal chords in their production, such as v, the method of obtaining which being here illustrated. The pupil must feel the vibrations of the vocal chords at the throat, and his other hand is placed before the teacher's lips, that he may feel the emission of the breath.

In the sounds of l, and r (as in rat), the pupil has to be made conscious of another vibration, *i.e.*, the front of the tongue, caused by the passage over it of the vocalised breath. The position of the mouth in the nasal sound of "m" is next pictured, the lips being closed and the vocalised breath passing through the nasal passages. It is usual to develop the nasal sounds last, in order to lessen, as far as possible, any tendency to a nasal tone.

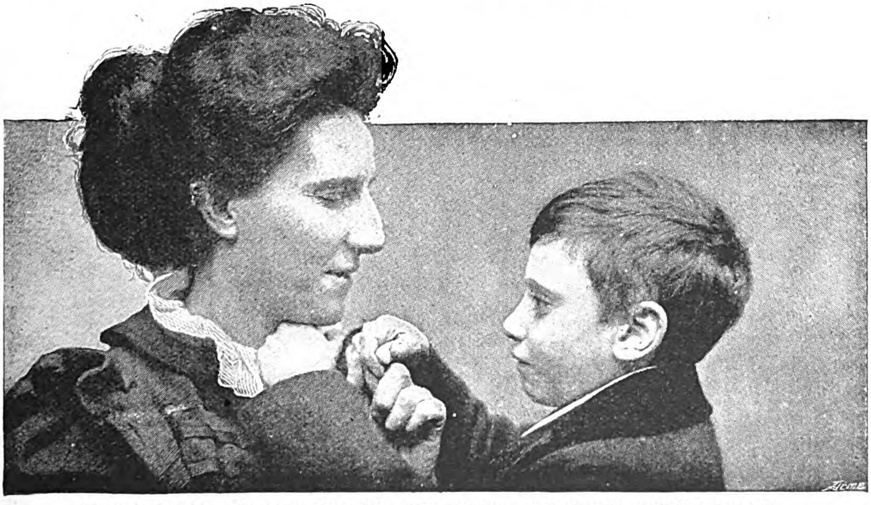
Many of the sounds bear a resemblance to each other in *appearance*, though not in sound, and as it is by the look that the deaf child judges. He is often confused, more especially in the earlier stages of his education. This leads at times to some comical mistakes. For instance, for p, b, and m the lips are closed, and if the word used is unfamiliar, it is difficult to distinguish which is being used. The same may be said of t, d, and n, the position of the tongue in each being behind the upper teeth. The two following instances may illustrate more clearly what is meant.

"Go and ask for some pumice-stone," was said one day to a deaf child, and downstairs she makes request for "puppy's stone."

"What is your brother's name?" said another deaf child to a little friend. "Neville," was the answer. "Devil," repeats the deaf girl, with a look of horror. "Very ugly name; I do not like it."

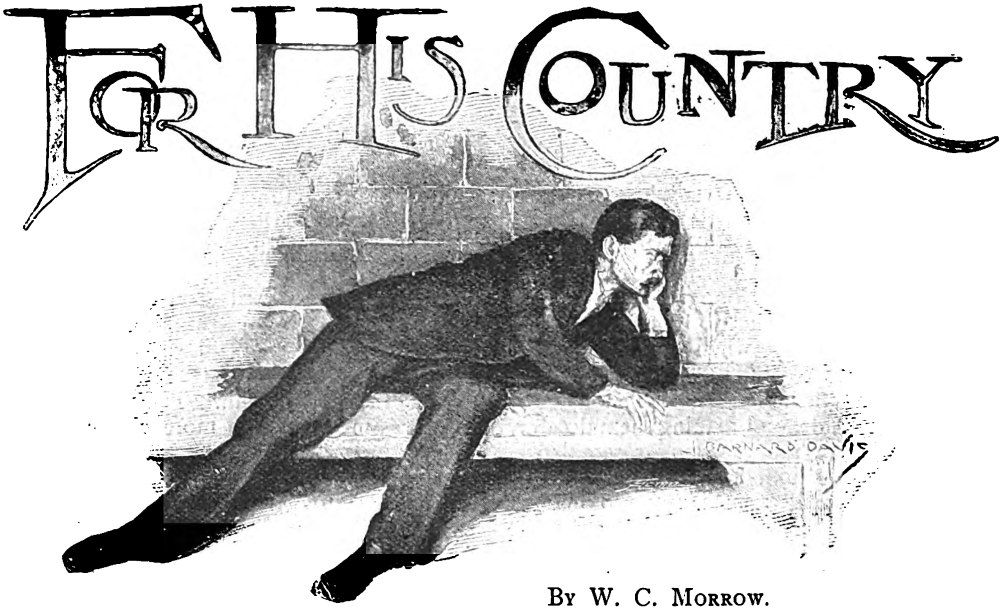
No attempt is made here to deal with the subject of developing language. This is a matter of years, while the preliminary step of teaching articulation takes, as a rule, from three to six months, according to the time at the disposal of the teacher, and the ability of the pupil.

The teaching is, as may be gathered, an arduous task, requiring great care and infinite patience. No one should attempt the task who has not a genuine love for these little deaf children.



V as in Vivid. Feeling the vibration of the vocal chords and the breath.

# FOR HIS COUNTRY



### BY W. C. MORROW.

## I.

SIR, JUNE 30.

One of the guards—the one whom I bribed, and who will see that this reaches you—has just informed me that I am to be shot at sunrise to-morrow. It was really pitiful to see how it hurt the poor fellow to break the news to me, for he is evidently kind-hearted, and has become much attached to me. . . . To be shot as a spy, sir, . . . . at sunrise to-morrow—can you comprehend that? And this is what I am to get for being a patriot; for foolishly volunteering to gain entrance to this fort for the purpose of reporting its strength and condition to you. And it was you, sir, who so eagerly accepted my services, giving not a moment's heed to the awful dangers of the undertaking, not a second's thought to what it means to a man to be discovered, tried, stood with his face to the wall, and riddled with lead at sunrise—as a spy! not an instant's reflection to the agonised young wife and the orphaned baby. Sir, there are hot nether fires burning for such as you!

Disrespect to my general, eh? Yes, but the men who have condemned me to-day, and those who will shoot me to-morrow, have an implacable enmity for me, not a scintilla less than that which filled your heart when you sent me upon this mission. I am a common soldier, and you my general, but the sentence of death severed my relations with you, and made me infinitely your superior in the rank of patriots. When have you offered to put your life in jeopardy for your country? How comical would be your pompous parade-day strut as you marched to the wall to be shot in the back at sunrise—as a spy!

It is not through love of you, nor of the country that gave me birth, and that by your hands has sent me to a shameful death, that I send you the information which I have gathered, but through a desire for revenge upon these brutes who are to have my blood to-morrow. In such a moment as this a man opens his heart to God, with whatever of blackness it may hold. No jibes can reach me in the grave. I will write now, while my blood is hot, and the fangs of despair are gnawing my soul.

[Then followed much particular information in the letter concerning the armament of the fortifications, the character of the works, the number of guns and defenders, the kind and quantity of ammunition in the magazines, the situation and purpose of underground passages, the position of mines and torpedoes in the harbour, and many other things of great importance to an enemy, but of dull interest here. After that came the following passage:]

I also made an unremitting search for the secret vaults that you believed to exist within the fortifications. My close relations with the commandant enabled me to make investigations with considerable freedom, and while I found that there was a legend concerning certain mysterious vaults, it was treated as one of those idle myths that follow in the wake of war. But this did not make me any the less vigilant. If, as has been long asserted, such vaults existed, and contained the vast treasure that the legend gave them, they would certainly be found sooner or later by the enemy, and would enable him to command the outcome of the war. If, on the other hand, I could secure possession of the treasure and smuggle it away, it would be of incalculable value—to me! My wife and little boy could—

Well, in the bottom of an old iron box buried under earth and rubbish in a vault of the arsenal I finally found an exceedingly old parchment—so old that the greatest care was required in handling it, lest, in its rotten state, it should fall to pieces. With infinite care I opened it at a convenient time, and found the writing and other marks upon it almost

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obliterated. Many surreptitious hours and vast patience and study were required to solve the riddle that it presented, but at last I mastered it: it was a plan showing the situation of the long-forgotten treasure vault! After having thus learned the secret, I deposited the parchment in a safe place. The treasure vault is beneath the arsenal.

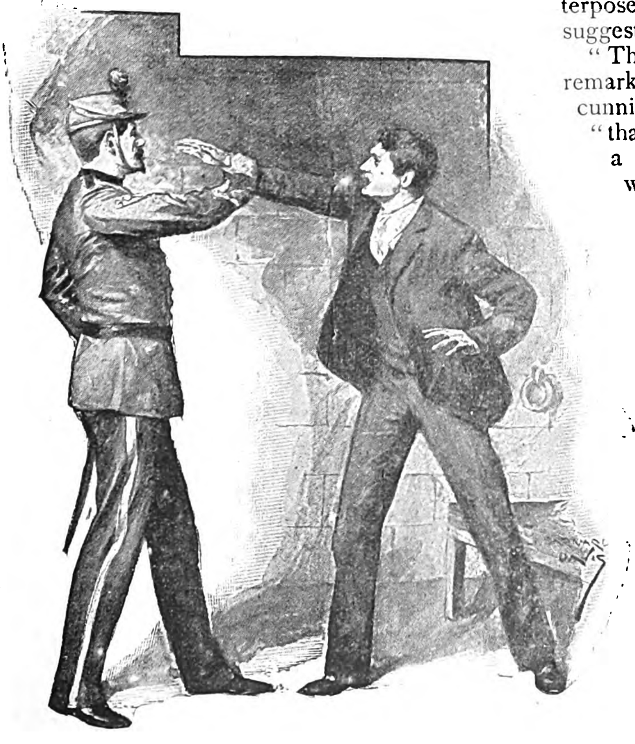
[The letter here gave a very minute description of the approach to the vault, together with an ingenious explanation of the manner in which it had been lost, and explicit directions for finding it. With an injunction to pay the guard a certain large sum of money that the writer had promised him for getting through the lines with the letter, and another outburst of scorn for his general and hatred for his country and all the world, the letter ended with a touching message to the writer's wife.]

## II.

The spy was sitting in a state of stupid dejection when the friendly guard returned to the cell. His bloodshot eyes looked up sullenly at the intruder with an expression of loathing that nothing could conceal. The spy arose and stretched his arms, and then, assuming a playful mood, made a dash at him. The guard threw him off, but in the scuffle, the letter, carefully sealed, had passed, and was snugly tucked under the guard's jacket.

He reflected that the safe delivery of this letter meant a fortune to him, but, without a moment's hesitation, he took it to the commandant of the fortress and laid it in his hands. That officer beamed.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "you have secured it! and he still trusts you?"



The guard threw him off, but in the scuffle the letter had passed.

"He evidently does, commandant—but he despises me;" and the soldier grinned.

The commandant smiled as he tore open the letter. The officers who were with him watched his face with the keenest interest as he silently read, and when he had come to that part detailing the discovery of the secret vault, and describing its approaches and the dazzling treasure that lay within it, he could no longer restrain himself. He read that part of the letter aloud, and a blazing excitement shone in the face of every man who heard it.

"This must be verified!" exclaimed the commandant. "And to think," he added, "that the poor devil is to be shot to-morrow—for discovering this treasure and putting it in our hands!" He laughed softly at this strange turn of the wheel of fate. "And he writes so pitifully about his wife and child!" Here the commandant read the entire letter through. "It does seem a little hard. But his marvellous keenness and ingenuity! To think that not a single man in the post had such brains and pertinacity as this! We should all hang our heads in shame. Gentlemen," he added, "let us go and find this vault."

But a keen, bright-faced young officer interposed with a startling suggestion.

"The spy displays so remarkable ability and cunning," he said, "that there may be a plot in all this which we do not understand."

"What could it be?" asked the commandant, impatiently.

"I—I don't know, Commandant," answered the officer; "I am merely considering the possibilities residing in so remarkable a mind as this man has."

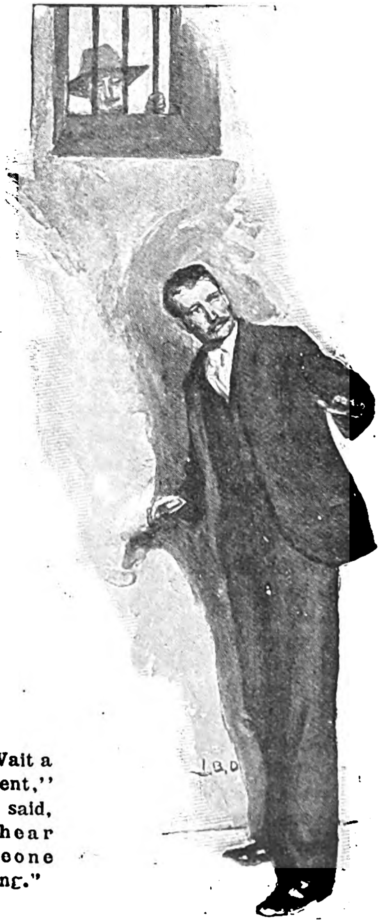
The commandant looked a little disconcerted. "Let us take no chances," he agreed. "We will go over the letter carefully, study it word by word, and ascertain its meaning. Surely nothing could be hidden from so many alert minds as we have here!"

The letter, accordingly, was studied with extreme care. The end of it was this observation by the commandant:

"The man, though extraordinarily able and daring, is a coward in the presence of death. That, after all, is the final test. We will put him to it. We will compel him to lead us to the treasure-vault."

This simple solution satisfied everyone.

Meanwhile strange things had been happening in the spy's cell after the guard had left him with the fatal letter. At first he paced the floor in blind excitement, gasping, muttering incoherently, clutching at the beam of light that streamed through the grating of his cell door from a lamp in the corridor. Then he flung himself upon his straw pallet, writhing, grinding his teeth, and breathing spasmodically—the tremendous agony of a man labouring with all the might of his soul to conquer himself. The fearful struggle brought victory at last, for with an approach to calmness, but wholly exhausted, he staggered to his feet, and with his hands pressed about his bursting head, he gave one long, suppressed moan. He went to the grating, and gazed silently at the lamp, then turned, and through the grating of the high narrow window, whose black bars cut sharply against the sky, his glance rested caressingly upon a star. Thus standing, he softly mused:



"Wait a moment," he said, "I hear someone coming."

"Has a thing miscarried? Can anything have possibly miscarried after all my care? Have I made a mistake in the selection of my man? I picked him out as the one whom no temptation could corrupt—for whom no dirty gold could prove alluring when his country's welfare was at stake. Does he really believe that I do not suspect his treachery to me—that I hug to my soul the comfortable assurance that I have bonded and bought his manhood? And when he takes the letter to them, will it have been so artfully constructed that they will suspect no trap? And its heart-breaking passages about a wife and baby that have no existence—will they have the proper lulling effect?

"How dare I assume that my poor wit is so superior to the combined wits of many others that I can fool them so easily, when, in my discovery as a spy, I have already shown my shortcomings? It is always thus—trickery inevitably overreaches itself.

"Ah, that is the welcome sound at last!—my real deliverers are scaling the wall to the barred windows of my cell. They will find the bars easily removed—I have seen to that. While my good friend, the guard to whom I gave the letter, is betraying me, the friendship that money really can buy is coming to liberate me. The window is narrow, but my deliverers can easily drag me through. Meanwhile, according to my calculations based on my study of the poor fools who are exulting over my letter, they are deep in a discussion of the hidden treasure—the blessed treasure that, when they find it, will take ten million fiery wings and disperse with inconceivable swiftness. The glorious display will happen just at that happy moment when, safe beyond the walls, I shall behold the mightiest volcano that ever shook the earth. Ah! my general, may heaven's richest blessing be yours for giving me this glorious opportunity; and oh! my country, accept this service at the hands of thy lover. . . Ah!

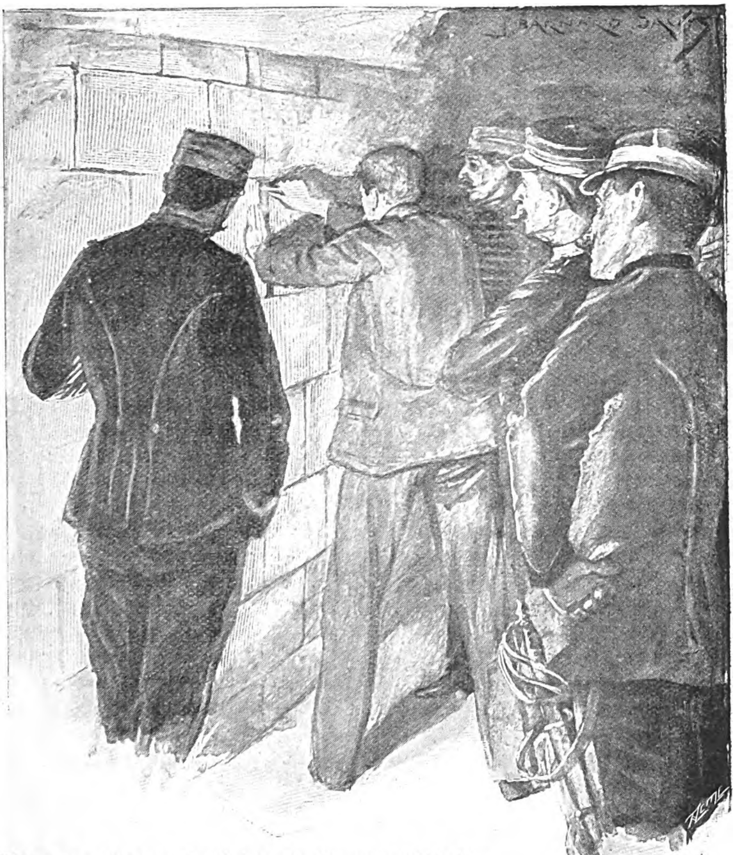
there is a head at the wicket! . . . Yes; I am ready. Drop the line. No; wait a moment. I hear someone coming."

Footfalls were sounding in the corridor, and the sudden opening of the cell door caused him to turn in surprise, and there confronting him were the commandant and his staff. The head disappeared from the window grating.

"I have come to inform you," said the commandant in an insinuating, half-mocking voice, "that we should be under great obligations if you would pilot us to the secret vault where the treasure lies."

The spy stood aghast and mute. Just one of his marvellous calculations had miscarried.

"I—I—don't understand you," he stammeringly gasped.



The spy gave one hard tug at the peg, with the next effort, there came a vast roaring upheaval.

"This letter may refresh your memory," replied the commandant, holding it up before him.

With incredible swiftness the spy snatched the letter from the commandant's hand, but before he had time to mutilate it, the whole body of officers had flung themselves upon him, borne him to the floor, and forced it from his grasp. When they let him up, he stood desperate and defiant before them.

"Now will you show us the way to the treasure-vault?" asked the commandant.

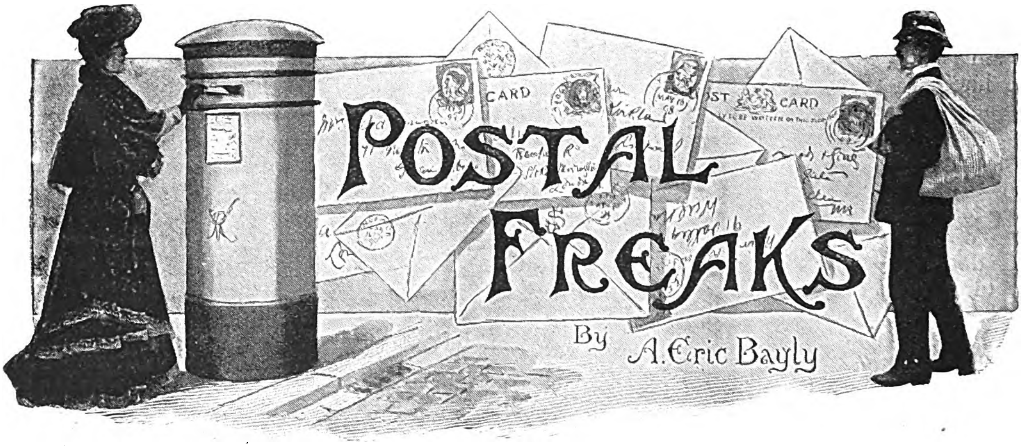
The spy, looking him squarely in the eyes, quietly answered, "I will."

The exultant light that illuminated the faces of the men revealed to his keen watchful eyes that their minds were easy. They made way for him. He walked firmly out into the corridor, and with a steady step, his glance straight ahead, he went on. In exact accordance with the directions that his letter contained, he led them to an obscure passage that he had uncovered, and then so artfully concealed, and finally pointed to a wooden peg hidden in an embrasure. This was all as the letter had said.

"If you withdraw that peg," he said, "you can remove the stone which it secures. You may do that at your leisure. Behind that is what appears to be a blind passage; but underneath the heap of earth at the further end is an iron trap-door. That is the opening to the treasure-vault."

"Very well; you remove the peg," said the commandant.

The spy, nerving himself with a mighty effort, raised his hand and grasped the peg; then he shot one swift glance above to note that an obscure wire ran intact from the peg to the magazine. He gave one hard tug at the peg; with the next effort there came a vast roaring upheaval that shook the world, and that with volcanic violence sent hurling skyward in confusion and death all that had made the life, strength and glory of the fort.



# POSTAL FREAKS

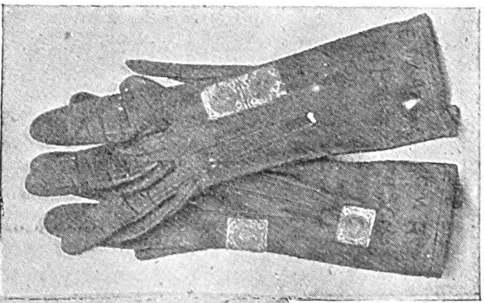
By A. Eric Bayly

*Illustrated with Photographs.*

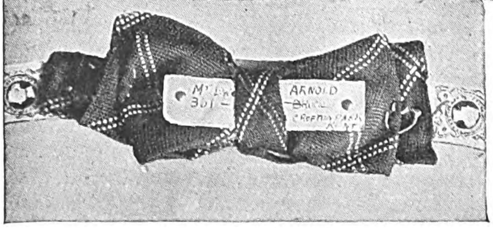
In these days when the demand for originality so greatly exceeds the supply of that commodity, it is refreshing, even in the matter of hobbies, to come upon one that may, without exaggeration, be styled novel.

Foreign postage stamps, old coins, alleged autographs of celebrities, postmarks, crests—all these excellent forms of the collecting craze, and countless of a more or less similar nature, have had their day and if they continue to hold the interest and occupy the spare time of their collectors, it is to be accounted for, in all probability, by the fact that the collector is either thoroughly conservative in his tastes, or has no objection to remaining behind the times.

The novel form of collection with which the following remarks deal, is one that, at first sight, appears so prosaic and commonplace that the wonder is how its originator has found sufficient interest in it to pursue his hobby for any length of time. This, be it repeated, is one's first idea when the nature of Mr. W. Reginald Bray's collection is mooted, for that gentleman's hobby is the accumulation of—common halfpenny post-cards, and envelopes! Not, mind you, the elaborately designed pictorial cards on which one experiences such difficulty in discovering a vacant space whereon to write and which are now ubiquitous on the Continent, but the common or garden half-penny cards with which every man, woman and child in the kingdom is familiar; not the superfine embossed stamped foreign envelope, but its common British brother!



**Here are two gentlemen's ordinary kid gloves, each of which has passed through the post as a letter, the addresses being written on the backs of the wrists.**



This bow has also been carried as a letter, without any outside covering.

The fact of the matter is that Mr. Bray has indulged in countless pranks at the expense of that excellent institution, the General Post Office, with the result that his collection is one of many and varied postal freaks which are fully deserving of public mention.

When we hear mention made of a postcard we usually understand the word to

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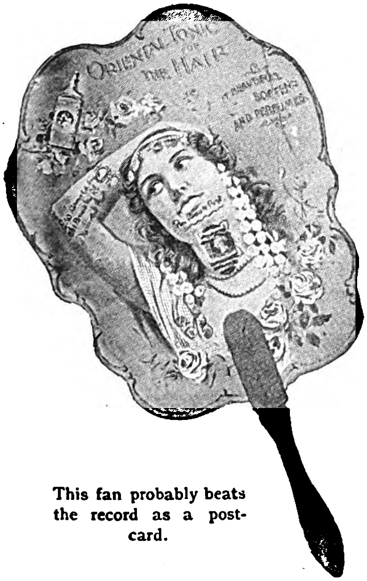
describe a more or less square or oblong piece of stiff cardboard. Mr. Bray must have quite a different definition of the word, since, for instance, he has made use of a fair portion of his wardrobe as postal missives.

In his possession is a postcard manufactured out of an old collar, and another of half a cuff, with the link holes occupied by metal paper fasteners, each of which has passed through the post bearing the address and a half-penny stamp on one side, and a message on the other. In neither case, moreover, was any extra fee demanded.

One of the accompanying photographs represents, to take another example, a pair of gloves, each of which in its nakedness has passed through the post as a letter. A monster calico hat has likewise performed a postal journey without covering, travelling as a letter with the usual penny stamp affixed. Then, too, a black "bowler" hat, on which the direction was painted in coloured enamels, passed as a letter, arriving properly postmarked, &c., at its destination.

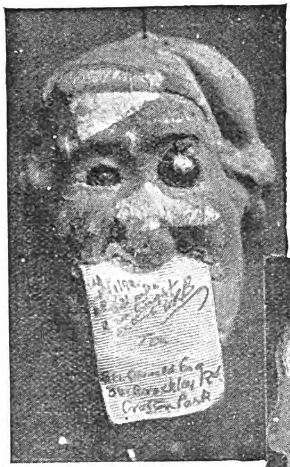
The neat bow-cravat pictured in our second illustration made a similar tour through the post, loose, at the price of the usual letter. Half of a pair of braces, fastened in convenient shape, also passed for a penny.

In each of these cases the address was inscribed on some portion of the article dispatched, with a message, of presumably slight importance, written on another portion.



This fan probably beats the record as a postcard.

Then, too, the fan to be seen in our third photograph has passed for a postcard without the vigilant eyes of the postal officials detecting the very apparent fact that it was not of regulation size, since in length it was 13in. and in width 7in., while it possessed a protruding handle not to be observed in the usual postcard. A sock, a shoe, and a handkerchief, have also passed through the post, loose, at letter rates.



This is one of those glutinous heads which children are so fond of pulling into all shapes and forms.

The back of the same "letter."

In addition to such items of personal adornment, Mr. Bray has made use of many remarkable articles in adding to his collection of postal freaks. An amusing one is the glutinous head pictured in the next photos.

As will be seen, the "letter" (for the collector had not the audacity to send the child's toy on its journey in the guise of a postcard) consists of one of those sticky abominations which can be expanded to any size, and are warranted either to frighten a baby into St. Vitus' Dance or invite convulsions consequent upon excessive hilarity. The tongue of the said abomination was removed to give place to a small card on which the address and message were inscribed, while two halfpenny stamps were affixed to the back of the head.

An equally interesting—and sticky!—feature of Mr. Bray's collection is a postcard made out of common yellow soap which was addressed, dispatched and post-marked in the usual way. In this case the vigilant officials observed the irregular nature and size of the missive and mulcted the sender in the sum of one penny sterling.

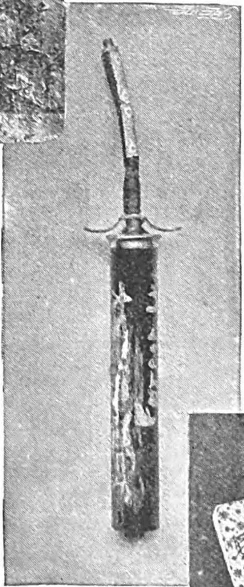
The specimen of a dog biscuit, represented in the next illustration, was equally unlucky, in that it, too, was charged for on delivery to the extent of one penny. Possibly the General Post Office objected to the nature of the "letter" on principle, for the weight was not in excess, and, as will be perceived, the address was plainly inscribed on the face of this article of canine consumption.

Cyclists perceiving the next photograph will be interested to know that Mr. Bray has passed an ordinary bicycle-inflating-pump through the post as a letter, with the address painted on the metal. To those of his friends who, knowing his ambition, have circulated the story, Mr. Bray repudiates the suggestion that he has attempted to pass a bicycle through the post as a letter card.

He has, however, satisfactorily passed, without excess being charged, both a metal brandy flask and a toy pillar box.

The pack of cards represented in the next photo is interesting. It is of the "midget" size, and was sent through the post as a letter, the address being written on one playing card, the message on another, and the stamps (two halfpenny adhesives) affixed to a third and fourth, respectively.

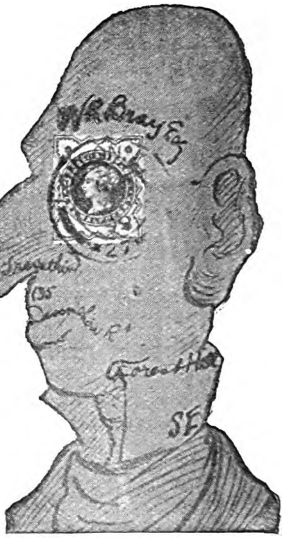
This dog's biscuit was sent as a postcard, but the authorities surcharged it as a letter.



Here is a bicycle tyre-inflating pump which went as a letter.

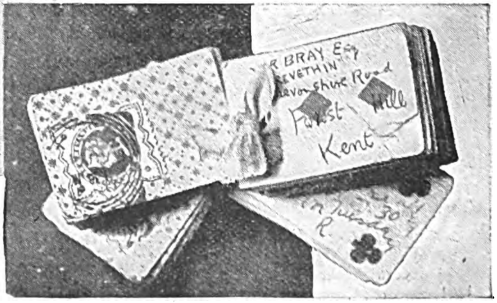
The result of another amusing experiment is the freak pictured in the next photo. The postcard, instead of being of regulation size and shape, is in the form of an "Ally Sloper" head cut out in cardboard, and it performed its postal journey without being taxed.

Then, too, many are the pictorially addressed cards that Mr. Bray has passed through the post. Of such the next illustration is an example. The postal authorities evince considerable ingenuity in unravelling such problems, and they certainly deserve credit, in many cases, for solving hidden addresses that would appear to demand the deductive reasoning of a Sherlock Holmes in their deciphering.



Though not of regulation size and shape this passed as a postcard.

With coins Mr. Bray has made some interesting experiments. In one case a 3d. piece was defaced by being bored through, and having solder attached to the reverse side. The coin was then attached to a card stamped with a ½d. stamp and marked "Sample Post" as a token of its valueless nature. On delivery the excess charge of 5d. was made, the coin having been registered by the G.P.O. and returned in an envelope. The amount named was charged as double registration fee and 1d. for double deficient postage (since 1d. should have been prepaid on it). The sender was, however, able to explain in due course to the Authorities that the missive was no longer money, having been defaced, and could not therefore be charged as coin of the realm. Thereupon the amount of the registration fee (4d.) was returned to the sender by special messenger!



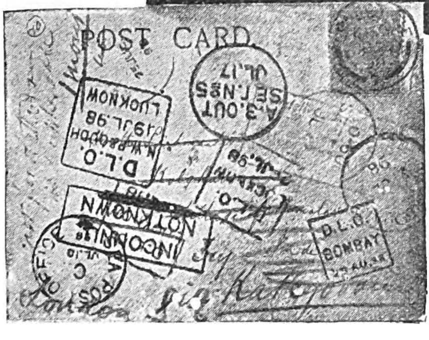
This pack of cards had a curious experience in the post.

Many an item in the collection under notice is interesting by reason of the curious situation of the addressee.

In an accompanying photo may be seen a postcard that travelled to the top of the Himalaya Mountains and back for 1d. In another illustration is depicted a card which is remarkable for the fact that it is addressed to the miller of Uhrigsmühle-loz-Bliesmengen, who, owing to the situation of his residence, sleeps in Bavaria, lives in Prussia, and works in Lorraine! (though how this is possible we entirely fail to understand). Mr. Bray has also addressed postcards to "A Resident of the Last House in England, Lands End," to "A Resident of the Last House in Ireland, Cork," to the occupier of the "Last House in Scotland, nearest Cape Wrath, N.B.," and "To the Resident of the Last House in Wales."

With regard to the last-mentioned card, the sender in addressing it to Glamorganshire was apparently at fault, for the G.P.O. officials, with characteristic ingenuity, delivered the card correctly to the resident of the last house in Marloes (Pembrokeshire), which is apparently more westerly than any occupied house in Glamorganshire.

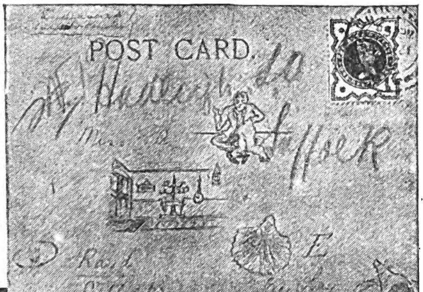
While it is generally expected that a letter, distinctly addressed, should be delivered in due course, it is impossible to challenge the decision of the authorities who returned to Mr. Bray cards addressed respectively to a resident of the sun and of the moon. The explanation that the missives were "insufficiently addressed" must appeal to the reader as being both an obvious and a reasonable one!



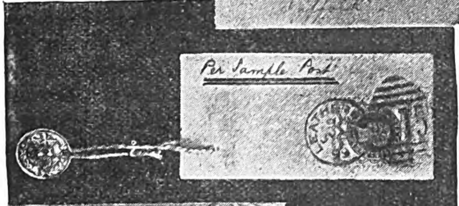
This postcard went to the Himalaya Mountains and back for one penny!

Another card in the collection, which is curious on account of its addressee's situation, is one which was sent to an English township in which there is only one house, occupied by a single resident. The house in question is on Skiddaw, the noble Cumberland mountain. Another card that is of interest, for the same reason, is one which was addressed to a resident of one of the Shetland Islands, who verified a fact queried in the communication, to the effect that the population of the Island consisted of three persons. Another card has been sent to a resident of the United Kingdom whose house, though it is difficult to believe the fact, is over one hundred miles from the nearest railway station, which is Glasgow.

For a postcard posted in the year of Grace 1898 to arrive bearing an 1897 postmark seems highly remarkable, but the accompanying photograph is sufficient proof of the fact that such a postal monstrosity is in existence. The explanation is that the proper stamping instrument in use at one of the London offices was destroyed in a fire that devastated an adjoining building occupied by the proprietors of a well-known enamel. Consequently, to deface the stamps on letters passing through the office the authorities had recourse to the use of old instruments unclaimed by the flames.



A type of pictorial address familiar to the sorters at the G.P.O.



Here is a defaced threepenny-piece, whose curious postal history you must read on page 238.

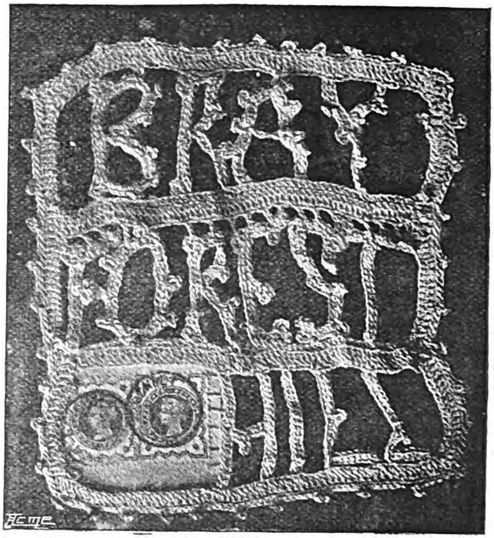
The absolutely unaddressed postcard pictured in the next photograph is something of a mystery until the explanation is given. The postmarks of "Bray," and "Forest Hill," were not stamped thereon by the authorities, but cut from other letters and affixed before posting. The missive thus directed reached its destination though stamped "contrary to regulations."

Inconsistensy is a feature not unnoticeable in Post Office transactions. Mr. Bray has an example of this in a postcard, which, being readdressed, was sent five times through the post without being charged for. On the sixth occasion a tax was made, though, when posted for the seventh time, the venturesome missive reached its harbour of safety without incurring any additional expense for its addressee.

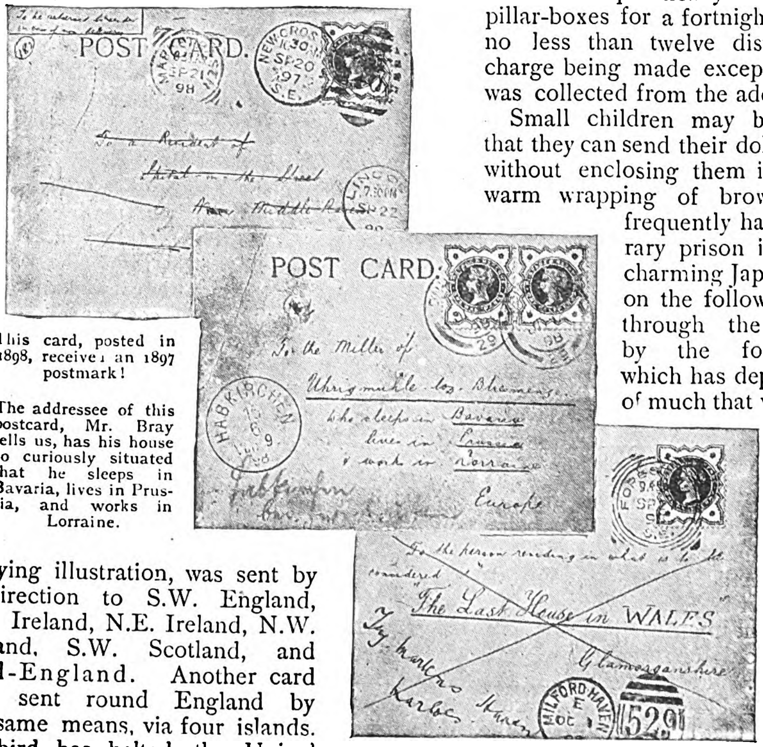
On the other hand, the aforementioned ingenuity of our postal authorities is both remarkable and extensive. For instance, Mr. Bray found that he had "reckoned without his host" when he re-addressed a Belgian card (66 days old) to a fictitious address in Cochin China, and the document was returned next day to the sender without having been any nearer to Cochin China than the Metropolis!

An interesting card, too, is one that, being directed to a cave on the west coast of the United Kingdom, was taken by the authorities to the inhabited island nearest to it and eventually returned to the sender.

Several much-travelled cards occupy prominent places in Mr. Bray's collection. One, for example, as photographed in an accompanying illustration, was sent by re-direction to S.W. England, S.E. Ireland, N.E. Ireland, N.W. Ireland, S.W. Scotland, and Mid-England. Another card was sent round England by the same means, via four islands. A third has belted the United Kingdom travelling *viâ* three different lighthouses.



A crochet-work letter and address.



This card, posted in 1898, received an 1897 postmark!

The addressee of this postcard, Mr. Bray tells us, has his house so curiously situated that he sleeps in Bavaria, lives in Prussia, and works in Lorraine.

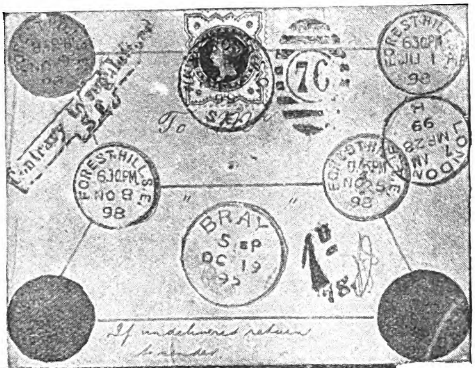
The address explains this curiosity.

A record, however, is perhaps held by the missive presented in another photograph. This freak practically lived in Post Office pillar-boxes for a fortnight, being posted on no less than twelve distinct occasions, no charge being made except once, when a ½d. was collected from the addressee.

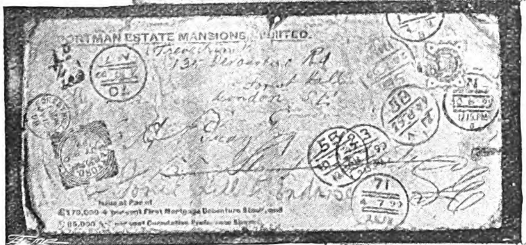
Small children may be pleased to learn that they can send their dollies, per letter post, without enclosing them in the oppressively warm wrapping of brown paper that so frequently has been their temporary prison in the post. The charming Japanese lady pictured on the following page travelled through the post as shown by the formidable address which has deprived her features of much that was formerly beautiful in them. The message in the case of this "letter" was inscribed by Mr. Bray on the Doll's bare feet—a liberty which the lady must have been greatly inclined to resent.

As novel, perhaps, as any

other item in the collection is the piece of crochet (worked by the collector's mother) to be observed in the last of the accompanying photos. Presenting, as it does, the appearance of an old-fashioned d'oyley, the "letter" will be seen to be formed of the crocheted outlines of the names "Bray, Forest Hill"—a direction which the Post Office officials found sufficient for their purpose, although posted in Suffolk. A scrap of paper was introduced into a corner of the missive on one side of which the stamps were affixed and on the other the message inscribed.



An unaddressed postcard.

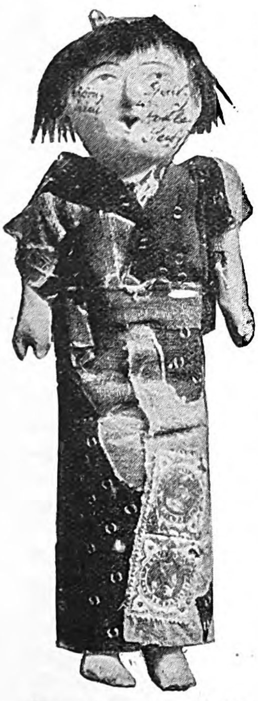


This freak lived in a pillar-box for a fortnight.

Neither of the last mentioned postal freaks was charged for beyond the prepaid postal fee of 1d. in each case.

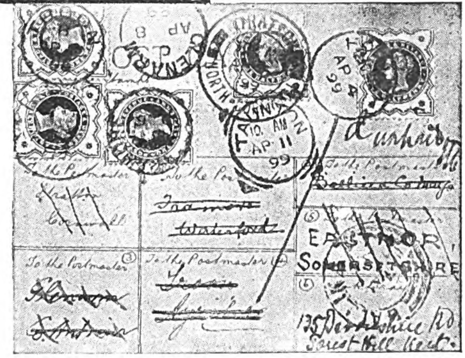
In forming his collection, Mr. Bray has been amused to receive some remarkable letters from postmasters and mistresses in remote districts. One good lady, regretting that she could not oblige the collector of postal freaks in a small matter, wrote that her district was "not a village, only a country place." The lady's definition of the latter term is somewhat doubtful, apparently. A postmaster on another occasion concluded his letter, "I missed this card, but for that you would *heeve* it *soner*,—I am yours *trully*, . . . ."

Finally, an Irish postmaster, on being asked for the postmark of his office, informed Mr. Bray that he was not at liberty to oblige him. Nevertheless his communication was actually stamped with the postmark in question.



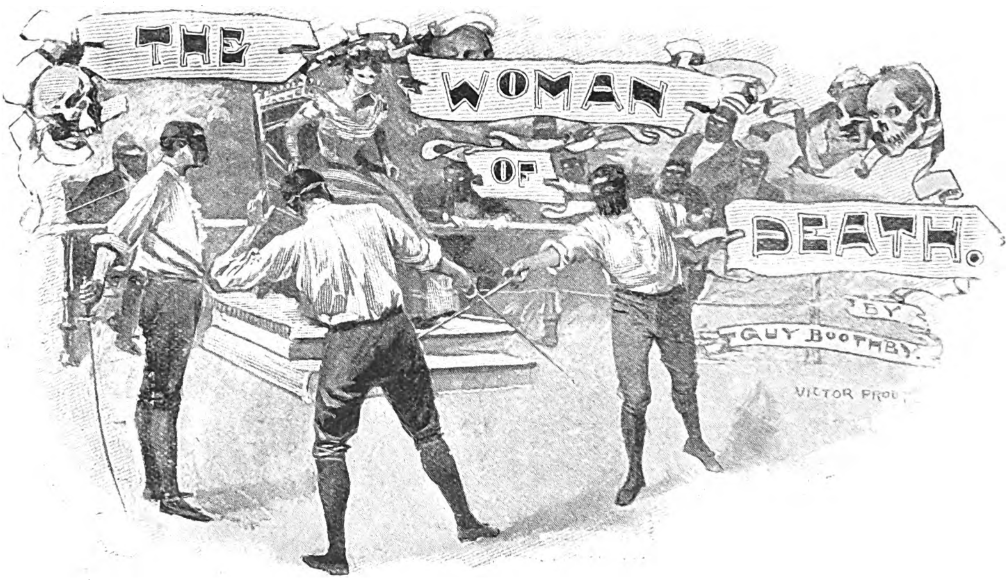
This doll passed as a letter, the address being written on the face.

In conclusion it may be as well to remark that the hobby was taken up by Mr. Bray as such, and by no means with the intention of laying bare any of the inevitable inconsistencies or eccentricities of the grand postal system which holds sway in this country to-day.



A much-travelled postcard.

[It is, indeed, with some hesitation that we publish the foregoing article; for, incredible as it may seem, there are not a few mischievous folk in the world whose spirit of emulation would be so tickled by the pranks and freaks described above that they would never rest until they had done something funny—funny to themselves and their friends, but anything rather than funny to the busy postal authorities. We therefore earnestly request our readers—and especially in view of the present season, which is always the heaviest with the Post Office—to bridle their spirit of rivalry, and to abstain from sending any erratic messages, such as those described and reproduced in this article.—Ed.]



## INTRODUCTION.

Lord Middlesborough, when at the Casino at Monte Carlo, is struck by the face of a strange lady. Afterwards another lady is introduced to him, Madame D'Espère, a woman of unknown antecedents, who, on his complaining of boredom, promises to find him excitement. The next day he receives an anonymous letter inviting him to join a mysterious club, and making an appointment, which he keeps, is driven in a strange manner to the club in question.

## CHAPTER III.—(*Continued*).

On alighting from the carriage, Middlesborough found himself standing on a flight of steps leading up to a large house, which appeared in the darkness to be of interminable length. Upwards of a hundred windows overlooked the terrace, but there was no light in any one of them. The adventure, at this point, appeared even less satisfactory than it had done in the carriage, and Middlesborough could have found it in his heart to have said "good-bye" to his companion there and then, and, by taking himself off, have surrendered any chance of amusement with which the evening might otherwise have furnished him. At the same moment, however, his hand came in contact with the pistol in his pocket, and the cold iron of the barrel gave him a confidence he had not before possessed. Whatever the cost might be he was resolved to see the matter through. By this time the man who had accompanied him from Paris had inserted a pass key in the lock of the front door, and had opened it.

"Enter, my lord," he said, turning to Middlesborough, who was standing on the steps below him.

The other did as he was ordered, and found himself in a large vestibule, or outer hall, the ceiling of which rose in the centre in the form of a dome. The hall itself was flagged with black and white marble in geometrical patterns; on either side were handsome statues, while at the further end, so he afterwards discovered, was a door, which, for the present, was concealed by a pair of heavy curtains.

"If you will permit me, I will lead the way," said the elder man.

"Do so by all means, my dear sir," Middlesborough replied. "We have been a considerable time coming from Paris, and I am anxious to discover the inducement which can have justified you in bringing me so far."

While he was speaking the other had drawn aside the curtains and opened the door to which I have referred. They, thereupon, passed into a larger hall beyond. Prepared as he was by the long drive, the dark, cheerless aspect of the house, and the courteous but baffling austerity of his curious companion, Middlesborough expected to find himself in a building, poorly furnished and considerably fallen to decay. To his surprise,

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however, he discovered a large and handsomely furnished hall. A thick carpet covered the floor, pictures of more than average merit decorated the walls, while at the further end was a handsome staircase, at the foot of which were two statues holding bouquets of electric lights in their hands. After the cheerless vestibule through which they had lately passed, it was like fairyland. Middlesborough was about to comment upon it when his companion held up his hand in warning.

"Your pardon, my lord," he whispered, "but I omitted to inform you that while you are in this house, conversation is strictly prohibited. On the first occasion of offending, a member is warned; on the second he is invited to tender his resignation."

"The deuce he is," said the young man to himself. "Things seem to grow stranger every moment. This is certainly the most extraordinary club of which I have ever been the guest. I wonder what fresh surprises are in store for me?"

At the foot of the stairs his companion touched the button of an electric bell. Almost instantly a dignified servant, wearing a mask as white as his own powdered air, made his appearance, and relieved them of their hats and cloaks, vanishing again as soon as he had done so. Middlesborough's guide then beckoned to him to follow him upstairs.

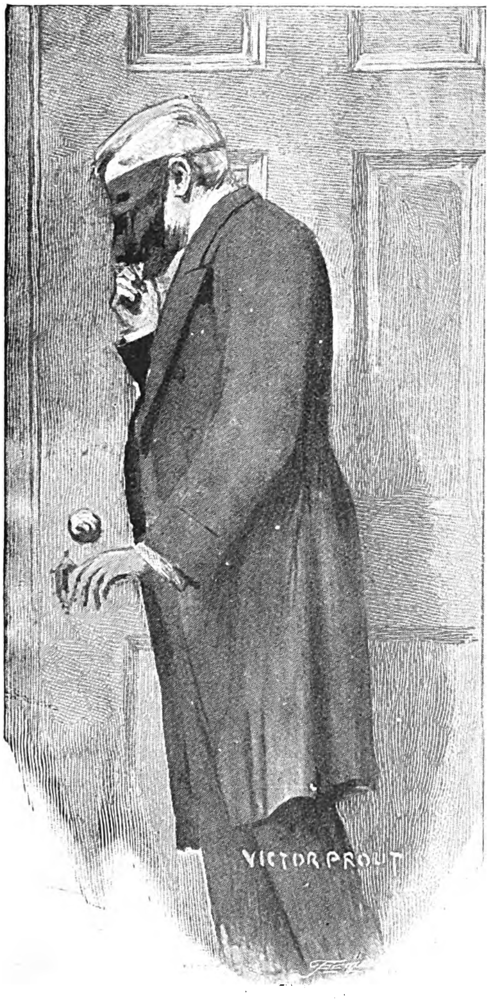
When they had reached the spacious landing they were confronted by two more men-servants, who, like their colleague below, were also closely masked. At a signal from Middlesborough's conductor they drew the curtain and opened the door for them to pass through. With a continued sense of expectation, which had been by no means blunted by his previous discoveries, Middlesborough followed his companion into a large and lofty room, as softly carpeted as the hall outside. At the further end was another door, and before this the old man paused as if to listen. What he heard must have reassured him, for he presently opened the door and invited Middlesborough to enter. Having done so he found himself standing in one of the most extraordinary rooms he had ever seen in his life. Its length might have been anything from a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty feet, while its breadth could scarcely have been less than half that amount. It was brilliantly illuminated and at the moment of his entrance might have contained upwards of a hundred people, all men, and all masked, like Middlesborough himself. Unlike him, however, they were dressed in a black costume that reminded him very forcibly of what he had himself worn at Court. In the centre of the room was an enclosed space resembling an arena, and round this, on every side, rose the chairs of the spectators, tier upon tier.

When he had conducted him to a chair and had seen him comfortably seated, the man who had brought him from Paris bowed and withdrew, leaving Middlesborough to his own reflections as to what was to follow. With a very natural curiosity he studied the men about him, but, for the simple reason that their faces were hidden like his own, he could make very little of them. They sat in silence, and the young man, watching the person nearest him, noticed that his hand, which rested on a chair in front of him, trembled violently. What was the cause of this silence and of this emotion? The silence he attributed to the same cause that necessitated the use of the mask, that is to say, to a fear of being recognised; the emotion he could not in any way account for. He was not destined to be left very long in doubt, however, for while he was still pondering the question, the sharp tinkle of an electric bell sounded through the room. The effect upon those present was widely different. Some sat bolt upright, others leant forward with their hands clasped upon the backs of the chairs before them, while not a few did their utmost to appear as though they had failed to hear it. Middlesborough noticed, however, that every face turned towards the enclosed space in the centre of the room. Then a breathless pause ensued.

Thirty seconds or so after the bell had ceased to sound, the doors on either side of the room opened, and two men, in every respect attired like their companions, entered and met in the arena. They were followed by two servants, each of whom carried in his arms upwards of a dozen duelling rapiers. From these the two men in black proceeded to choose weapons, bending, twisting and trying each in turn. As soon as they had made their selection, the servants withdrew with the remainder, while the men themselves took up their positions at either end of the enclosed space. Once more the bell sounded, and once more a thrill ran through those present. This was intensified when the doors opened again, and from each a man emerged, clad in black satin knee breeches and stockings, and a white cambric shirt, the sleeves of which were rolled up above the elbow. Like the rest of the assembly,

however, both wore masks to conceal their features, and from the manner in which they scanned each other, it was plain to Middlesborough that they had not the least idea of each other's identity.

Having met in the centre of the arena they bowed to each other, to their seconds, and afterwards to the assembled company. Then each received from his second the sword which had been chosen for his use, and stood waiting with it in his hand. At this stage of the proceedings there was a short pause, and Middlesborough wondered what would happen next. Then the door, through which he himself had entered the room a few minutes before, opened, and a woman advanced into the room. She was taller than the generality of her sex, and was dressed entirely in black. As Middlesborough could see, she possessed an exquisite figure, and that this might be the better appreciated she was dressed to perfection. To conceal the upper half of her face she wore a white mask, but below it a beautiful mouth and chin, and a long, slender throat were plainly visible. Middlesborough gazed at her in amazement. Her figure was the figure of Madame d'Espère, but was it she? With a low bow to those assembled in the room, she passed down the gangway and made her way to an elevated seat, almost a throne, which overlooked the arena. The combatants lowered their sword points before her, after which they took their places, and exchanged salutes with each other. By this time the excitement was intense. It seemed to Middlesborough he could hear the breathing of the men seated three or four feet away from him. Upon himself, the silence, the long drive, the precautions taken to prevent his locating the house, the crowd of masked faces, the combatants in the ring, and the beautiful woman seated upon the throne, combined to produce an effect that was unlike anything he had felt before.



**At the further end was another door, and before this the old man paused as if to listen.**

That both men were past masters of the art they were expounding was evident to everyone as soon as they crossed their blades. Middlesborough had himself studied the science under the best tutors of the day, and for an amateur was an exceptionally clever swordsman. Now he watched the glittering blades with a fascination he had never known before. The man furthest from him was, if anything, the superior, and more than once he pressed his opponent to a disadvantage, but on each occasion the other managed, by a stroke of fortune, to elude the glittering point. At a signal from the throne, the seconds intervened and the combatants paused for breath. Middlesborough noticed that a thin stream of blood was trickling down the arm of the man nearest him, while the other did not appear so far to have received a scratch.

Again the Woman nodded, and once more the men faced each other. The blades crossed, and the combat recommenced. Having seen something of the mettle of his adversary, the man nearest him now fenced with greater caution, and for some time contented himself with parrying his adversary's thrusts. The excitement was almost more than could be borne. Like his neighbours, Middlesborough could not withdraw his eyes from those two white-shirted figures in the arena. He felt as if he had never known what it was to live until that moment. Then, in a flash, and almost before he knew it, the taller of the men slipped through his adversary's guard, the glittering point sped remorselessly on, and a moment later the other was a quivering mass upon the floor. A murmur ran through the audience; still, no word was spoken. Middlesborough passed his hands across his eyes as if to assure himself that he was awake, not dreaming. When he looked again, the servants were carrying the wounded man out by the door by which he had entered, and the victor was kneeling upon the first step of the throne, kissing the hand of the woman seated upon it. Then he, in his turn, rose and left the room and the excitement was at an end.

The whole thing had not lasted ten minutes, but it had left an indelible impression upon the mind of at least one man who had been present. Middlesborough had long craved a new excitement; here, indeed, was one to his hand. The callousness, the deliberation, the machine-like progress of the whole thing almost passed belief; it revolted while it fascinated him. This, then, was the amusement Madame d'Espère had promised him. While this thought was passing through his brain, a hand was placed upon his arm, and, turning, he found the man who had conducted him to the house standing at his elbow. Seeing that he beckoned him, Middlesborough accordingly rose and followed him from the room. His blood was coursing through his veins like liquid fire; his ears retained the click of the swords as they touched each other, while in his mind's eye, he could still see the vanquished man stretched out, sword in hand, upon the floor, a thin, red line of blood trickling from his side. He had a hundred questions to ask, but he remembered the rule of silence that had been imposed upon him.

Having crossed the ante-room once more, they found themselves in a smaller apartment, where refreshments of all descriptions were to be procured from the same impassive servants he had seen on the landing as he entered. Feeling that he required a stimulant of some description he swallowed a bumper of champagne, and then accompanied his conductor down the stairs to the hall. The same noiseless servant appeared and handed him his hat and cloak. Then, led by the man who had admitted him, he passed through the tessellated vestibule to the front door.

The night had certainly not improved. The wind met him with a buffet as he stepped out into the darkness, while the rain still poured relentlessly down. The carriage was drawn up at the foot of the steps, and in this they took their places once more. They had left the drive and passed out through the gates into the public road before either spoke.

"The obligation of silence ceases now, I presume," said Middlesborough, a little scornfully, taking a cigarette from his case and removing his mask. "I have kept my promise, and in return I hope you will enlighten me upon a few points."

"I will tell you all I am at liberty to reveal," the other replied. "What is it you wish to know?"

"In the first place, I want to be informed as to the condition of the man who was wounded this evening?" Middlesborough replied.

"He is dead," his companion answered quietly. "He died before they could reach his dressing room."

"Dead?" cried Middlesborough, with horrified surprise. He had expected something of the kind, but he had not dared to put his fears into words. "Do you really mean that he is dead?"

"And why not?" enquired the small man. "It is one of the rules of the society that the duel shall, in every case, be to the death."

Here was a terrible amusement indeed.

"And how often do these little affairs take place?" he asked, trying to speak coolly.

"On every alternate Friday," the little man answered.

"And the combatants? How are they chosen, and by whom?"

"They are selected by the Woman of Death."

Middlesborough determined on a random shot.

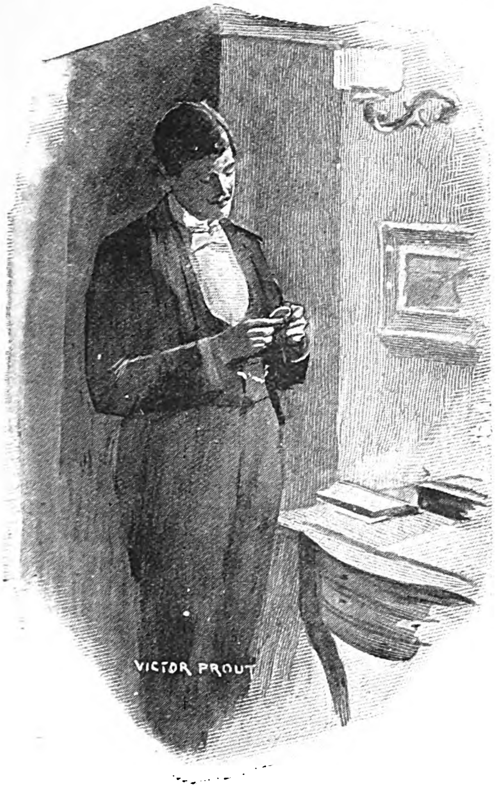
"When you say the Woman of Death, I presume you mean Madame d'Espère?"

"I do not know her by that name," the other replied.

After that it was useless to say more.

"Am I to understand, then, that since you have introduced me to-night, I may consider myself a member of your club *en permanence?*" he enquired.

"That depends very much upon circumstances. As you can see for yourself, we are unable to accept members haphazard. There



He took up the small ebony disc and examined it.

are certain conditions to be fulfilled and certain promises to be made before it is possible that an election can take place. If you are prepared to give your unqualified adherence to the rules which govern it, I have no doubt it will be possible for you to become a member, not otherwise."

"And these conditions and promises?"

"Are that you should pledge yourself, in the first place, to inviolable secrecy; in the second, that you pay an entrance fee of twenty-five thousand francs."

"Both simple and reasonable enough requests. But surely they cannot be the only rules?"

"No—there are others," the other replied. "I will furnish you with a copy." Thereupon he produced a small stiffly-bound book from his pocket and handed it to Middlesborough.

Chief among these rules, he explained, was one by which it was insisted that while each member had the same opportunities as the others, no one should be permitted to resign until he had fought one duel, and only then on a payment of one hundred and twenty thousand francs.

"But surely that seems a trifle arbitrary, does it not?"

"Not at all. It is a very necessary precaution, as you will see for yourself when you have enquired into it more closely. There are, of course, certain little necessary liabilities connected with the scheme. For this reason it is imperative that each member should be involved to a corresponding degree."

"In plain words you mean that you do not intend a member to leave the club unless he is implicated as fully as his fellows, and only then upon the understanding that he has made it worth your while to let him go."

"That may possibly be so. I do not admit it, and I do not deny it. As great precautions are taken in electing a member as in permitting him to resign. You cannot blame us, therefore, if we make him pay us handsomely for our trouble."

"I do not blame you, I was merely remarking the subtlety of the idea."

If the drive out had been long and tedious, the drive home, in comparison, seemed only a matter of a few minutes. Middlesborough had so much to think of, and so many questions to ask, that he had scarcely reduced his thoughts to order when they rattled over the Pont de Neuilly and entered Paris. Once more they passed down the Champs Elysées, and again they approached the Place de la Concorde.

"Should you make up your mind to become a member, perhaps you will communicate with me," said his companion, as they passed the Rond Point.

"I must have time to think it over before I come to a decision," said Middlesborough.

"Take as much time as you please," his companion replied with composure. "It is purely a matter for your own amusement; there is no necessity for haste. Should you, however, desire to give us the pleasure of your society, you have only to advertise in the daily papers the word engraven upon the tablet you received this morning, and the necessary arrangements will be made."

At the moment the carriage drew up beside the pavement opposite the Obelisk of Luxor, and his companion opened the door for him to alight.

"I have the honour to wish your lordship good-night," he said.

"Good-night," Middlesborough replied. Then, raising his hat, he turned upon his heel, and passed across the square in the direction of his own residence.

When he reached it he went direct to his bed-room, and after he had dismissed his man, took up the small ebony disc to which his late companion had referred, and examined it. It told him nothing, but while he held it in his hand the fascination of that terrible combat came over him again. He could see the combatants in the ring, the rows of silent spectators on either hand, and the beautiful woman, styled by his conductor "The Woman of Death," seated on the throne giving the fatal signal. Should he join the club or not? He wondered whether any of the members were friends of his own, and whether the man who had been killed that evening was known to him.

Next morning when he awoke he could scarcely believe that it was not a dream. It seemed too strange, too impossible to be true. Had he really met the old man in the Place de la Concorde and driven out to the suburbs in the direction of St. Germain with him? Had he really visited a country house put to such strange uses? And had he witnessed that duel to the death? Half convinced that it was all a creation of his fancy, he went to his dressing table only to find the black disc looking up at him like an evil eye. Then he dressed, breakfasted, and while he was doing so, ordered his carriage. Shortly afterwards he drove to the Amphitryon Club. He had made an appointment to lunch there with the young Vicomte de Chamberêt, and his watch told him he was already ten minutes after the appointed hour.

"My dear De Chamberêt," he said as he entered the smoking-room, "I owe you ten thousand apologies for keeping you waiting in this fashion."

"Don't apologise, my dear fellow," the other replied. "Have you heard the terrible news?"

"I have heard no news of any sort. What have you to tell me?"

"De Rheims is dead!"

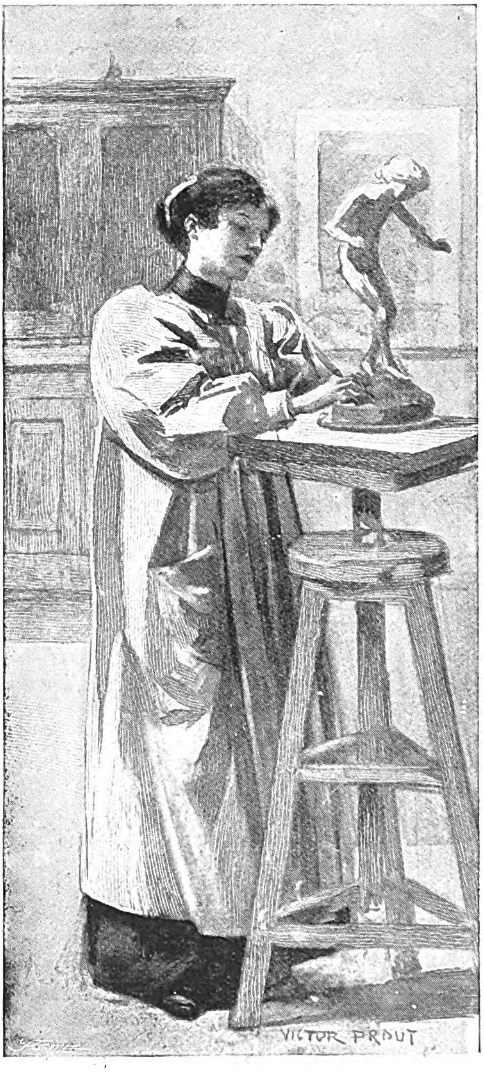
"De Rheims? Dead? Surely you must be mistaken. We were lunching together here only yesterday."

"Nevertheless he is dead. Varvilliers told me so himself. He had been to the house to make enquiries."

"But what did he die of? He looked as well and strong yesterday as possible."

"He was killed in a duel. And the funny part of it is that no one seems to know with whom or where it took place."

Middlesborough gave a start. He had no reason for jumping to such a conclusion, but his instinct told him that, improbable as it might seem, his surmise was nevertheless, a correct one. He had thought at the time that the figure of the taller of the duellists reminded him of someone with whom he was acquainted. Was it possible it could have been De Rheims?



He found Madame D'Espere at work upon a model of a dancing child.

"This is terrible news indeed," he said, speaking only a little above his breath, "I can scarcely credit it. Are you quite sure that you have made no mistake?"

"Quite sure," the other replied. "Everyone knows it now. Besides, as I say, Varvilliers has been to the Hôtel de Rheims, and the servants did not deny the truth of the story."

After this news and the inferences he was compelled to draw from it, Middlesborough's luncheon was only a farce. He swallowed his food mechanically, and when his guest addressed him, replied only in monosyllables. He had been genuinely attached to the dead man; they had known each other for many years, and had been thrown into each other's company more frequently than is usual with two inhabitants of such widely different countries.

Their meal at an end, Middlesborough proposed that they should call at De Rheims's residence themselves and make personal enquiries. De Chamberêt assented, and they accordingly made way into the street, where they hailed a cab and directed a man to drive them to the house in question. That the tale was not a fabrication was soon apparent when they approached it. A crowd of loafers clustered before the great bronze gates, staring in, as though they half expected the dead man to walk out. In the building itself the blinds were drawn, and every outward sign betokened a place of mourning. They passed the gate-keeper and made their way to the front door which was opened to them by the ancient major-domo, who had known and loved his master since the time when the latter was a curly-headed boy.

"This is sad news, indeed, Baptiste," said Middlesborough. "I only learnt it an hour ago. Can you give me any particulars?"

Tears streamed down the old man's cheeks as he solemnly shook his head.

"We know no more, my lord, than is generally known," he said. "The Duke left here last night at ten o'clock as happy as a man could be. It was just seven o'clock this morning when the police brought him home in an ambulance."

"The police?" cried de Chamberêt in surprise. "Where did they find him?"

"In the garden of a deserted house at Montrouge," the servant answered. "He was discovered lying in the centre of a grass plot, quite dead, with a sword-thrust through his lungs. Oh, my master, my master, if only I might have died for you!"

The old man broke down completely at this point. He wrung his hands in an ecstacy of grief. Middlesborough, seeing that it would be useless to question him further, spoke a few words of sympathy to him, and then, followed by De Chamberêt, returned to the street. He determined to make his way to the house of Madame d'Espère at once, and, under the pretence of paying a simple call, to see how she received the news of the death of their mutual friend. If it were as he suspected, surely she would be affected, and would betray herself.

Bidding De Chamberêt good-bye at the corner of the Rue Royale and the Avenue Gabriel he proceeded in the direction of the house he had visited two evenings before. On reaching it he enquired of the servant who opened the door to him whether Madame d'Espère was receiving that afternoon. He had half expected to receive an answer in the negative, but to his surprise he was informed that Madame was at home, and would, as the servant felt sure, consent to see him. She was in her studio, the man said, and if milord would condescend to follow him, he would conduct him to her presence!

"Can she have expected me to call?" Middlesborough asked himself, as he followed the man along the softly-carpeted hall. "It certainly looks like it. But why?"

On entering the studio he found Madame d'Espère at work upon a model of a dancing child. Her costume was hidden by a clay-stained blouse. When the door opened, her back was towards him, but, on hearing his name, she turned, and put down what she had in her hand.

"Ah! Lord Middlesborough," she said, coming towards him with that inimitable grace that always characterised her, "I felt sure I should see you this afternoon. Is it not sad indeed about Monsieur de Rheims?"

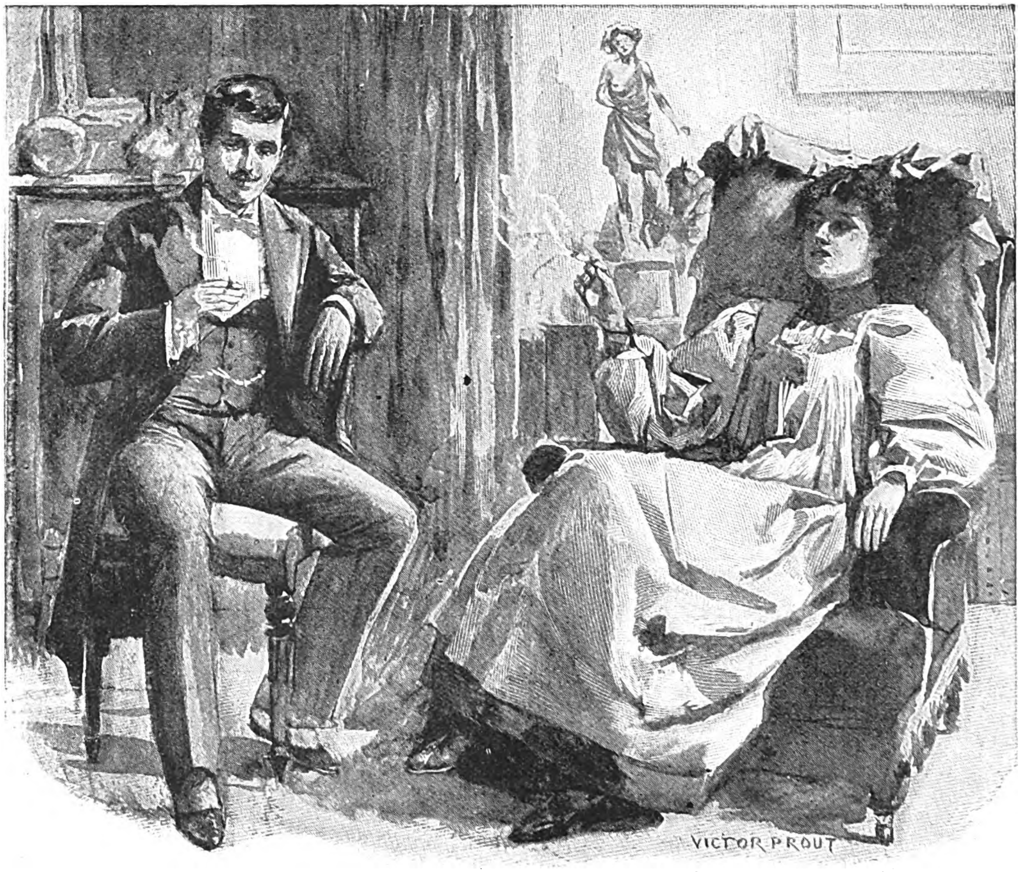
Her tone betrayed such genuine grief that Middlesborough did not know what to think.

"It is sad indeed," he answered with peculiar emphasis. "I have just called at his house. They tell me that he was killed in a duel and that his body was found lying in the garden of a deserted house at Montrouge."

"So I have already been informed," she replied. "To me it seems an altogether inexplicable affair. Had he spoken to you of any duel in which he was likely to be a combatant?"

"Never once," Middlesborough replied, still keeping his eyes intently fixed upon her face. "On the contrary, we had made arrangements to spend this evening together."

"It is altogether incomprehensible," she continued. "With whom could he have fought? I never heard that Monsieur had any enemy. He was of such a placid, easy-



**She regarded him with eyes in which there was a light that spoke for the smouldering fires within.**

going disposition. With whom then would he have been likely to quarrel?"

"Has it not struck you, Madame," Middlesborough began slowly, and all the time looking her steadily in the face, "that he might have perished by other means than in a quarrel?"

Their eyes met, but hers did not flinch. She was as calm and collected as she had been when she had received her guests at her reception two nights before.

"You surely do not imagine that he took his own life?" she enquired. "No, no, I feel sure you must be wrong. Monsieur de Rheims was gifted with a sense of humour, and he would scarcely have been likely, even had he intended to destroy himself, to do it in the garden of a deserted house at Montrouge."

Middlesborough felt that she must either be a consummate actress, or that she really knew nothing of the means by which the dead man had met his fate. One bolt, however, remained in his quiver, and that he proposed to let fly at once, on the chance that it might prove successful. She had given him a chair, and had offered him one of her own dainty cigarettes.

"Might I remind you," he said, "that at your reception the other evening you were kind enough to promise to find me an amusement that would not pall? Would it be indiscreet to ask how soon you propose to embark upon my reformation?"

He thought, but he was not sure, that he detected a look of astonishment upon her face.

"I have not forgotten," she answered. "Had I not seen you this afternoon I should in all probability have written to you this evening concerning it. You see for yourself how I am engaged at this moment, Lord Middlesborough? It is one of my happiest relaxations. Now, I am going to propose that you should do something of the sort. I know that you paint, for I have seen some of your pictures. In fact, I have one in my possession now. It is altogether charming. I am trying to organise a small exhibition to consist solely of the works of friends, for the benefit of a charity. Why should you not exhibit?"

Middlesborough could scarcely repress a smile. He felt certain that this was not the form of excitement she had really intended for him. And yet it was impossible for him to say anything in contradiction of her assertion.

"I fear, Madame, you do me too much honour," he said gravely. "Even if my daubs were worthy of the fate you propose for them, it would be impossible. I have lost all interest in painting. Forgive me if I say that I had hoped that the excitement you proposed for me would be a little more original."

"In that case I fear I cannot help you," she answered, with a shake of her head. "Unless you fall in love, Lord Middlesborough, or travel in Central Africa, I do not see where you are to find the sort of amusement you require."

"I have travelled in Africa," he answered, "and have found it all barren. Livingstone, Du Chalet and Stanley must be somewhat differently constituted, for I could not discover the faintest enjoyment in it."

"Then only love remains."

He shook his head.

"More wearisome than either," he replied. "It is bad enough to have to find amusements for oneself; it must be doubly so to have to do so for another."

She had seated herself on a chair closer to him and was regarding him with eyes in which there was a light that spoke for the smouldering fires within.

"May there not be some people left in the world who are old-fashioned enough to take love seriously?" she enquired.

"Very possibly," he answered. "But unfortunately, however, I am not one of them."

She placed her elbows on her knees, and rested her chin upon her clasped hands. It was a beautiful face, full of power, and one against which few men would have been proof. Fortunately for himself, however, Middlesborough happened to be one of those few. Her character and disposition interested him as a study, but there was no trace, nor was there likely to be, of any tender feeling.

Seeing that he had failed in the object of his visit, and prompted by a feeling of prudence that seldom animated him, he talked the ordinary *chit-chat* of the day for a few minutes, and then rose to take leave of her.

"*Au revoir*, madame," he said. "I thank you for permitting me to see you. I only regret that it should have been occasioned by so melancholy a business."

"You came then to tell me of Monsieur de Rheims' death?"

She spoke as if she felt some surprise. Middlesborough realised that he had betrayed himself.

"I thought, since it was he who did me the honour to introduce me to you, that, if you had not heard of his death, it would come more gracefully from my lips. Poor De Rheims! it seems only the other night that he first spoke to me of you at Monte Carlo. However, I do not know that we should feel altogether sorry for him. It was no disgrace to be beaten by such a man."

This time he was not mistaken. Madame d'Espère *did* allow a little start of surprise to escape her.

"Pardon me," she said, "but you know then who it was that killed him? I thought you said that he was found in the garden of a deserted house at Montrouge, and that the police have declared that his death is shrouded in mystery? How, therefore, do you know anything about it? If I were you, Lord Middlesborough, I should be careful what admissions I made."

Once more had he failed to score.

"It was purely a matter of conjecture upon my part," he said. "You will agree with me that, if he were killed in a duel, he could scarcely have met his death, unless by foul play, at the hands of anyone less accomplished than himself. Remember he was one of the most expert swordsmen in France."

"I misunderstood you," she answered, as he made as if he would leave her. "Must you go? Then *au revoir!* You will bear in mind the fact that I am always at home to my friends on Wednesday and Saturday evenings."

When he found himself in the street once more, Middlesborough considered the interview he had had with her. Try how he would to understand it he could not do so. And one question recurred to him continually. Should he or should he not avail himself of his privilege and visit the club once more? Why should he not? There was nothing to prevent him?

(*To be continued.*)

# HOW THE QUEEN SEES A PLAY

### By George A. Wade.

Visitors to the State Apartments at Windsor Castle cannot have failed, as they pass through the Waterloo Chamber, to notice one or two photos there which give a general idea of how completely that magnificent room is changed when a theatrical performance takes place in it "by command of Her Majesty the Queen." If the visitor is enough interested in the photographs to question the attendant showing him round, he will probably learn not a few interesting facts regarding these performances.

The following account of how a theatrical display is given before the Sovereign at Windsor is the result of special interviews, which were given to the writer by two or three persons who have had, at one time or another, the honour of appearing before the Queen in these performances; and who, from their special facilities for seeing and knowing all that is done on such occasions when they have played at Windsor, are in a unique position for giving an account of a ceremony of which the outside world has little knowledge.

The Waterloo Chamber itself is admirably adapted for all kinds of stage performances. Its noble grandeur, in height, length, and breadth; its beautiful decorations and portraits; its surrounding rooms, which readily lend themselves to the purposes of dressing-rooms, supper rooms, etc., all combine to make it an exceptional apartment for the purpose. The pictures, by the finest artists of the period, show the famous men of the days of Waterloo; conspicuous, of course, is that of the Duke of Wellington over the entrance.

When Her Majesty the Queen wishes any particular company to appear before her and play some drama, opera, or comedy to which she has taken a fancy, or of which she has heard an excellent report, a "command" is sent to the manager of the theatre in question to appear with his Company on a specified date. A card of admittance is sent to the manager to cover the number of performers desired or requisite; without that, and beyond it, no person gains admittance; so that friends of the performers are kept effectually out. This, as will be obvious, is a most necessary precaution, or there is no telling how many folks would be present.

Guests who are specially invited by the Queen to witness the acting receive generally quite an informal invitation, on an ordinary card—except that it bears the Royal Arms—much the same as they would to any similar function elsewhere. There are often a dozen Royalties present, or even more; and there are as a rule about fifty or so invited guests, with sometimes almost the same number of servants in the castle, whom Her Majesty's kind forethought has provided with a splendid evening's entertainment.

The invited guests include very often the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Household, in waiting for the time being; some of the officers of the Guards stationed at Windsor; probably the Dean and Vicar of Windsor, with their wives respectively, and sometimes

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a few of the old military knights stationed in the Castle-yard. If any distinguished personages chance to be staying with the Queen, they, of course, receive an invitation to the play.

The scenery needed for the performance comes down to Windsor two or three days before the day fixed for the acting of the opera, or whatever it may be. Most of it is specially made and painted for the occasion, as the large wings and scenes used in the London theatres are comparatively useless for the much more restricted stage area available in the Waterloo Chamber. But the personal effects, as we may call them, of the actors, such as the "make-ups," and so on, are brought down with the troupe on the same day as the performance takes place.

The first arrivals are the army of dressers, scene-shifters, and auxiliaries of all kinds, who get to the Castle about four or five o'clock on the great day. The company of actors and others taking more important parts arrive, perhaps, about half-past six. One of the actresses, who has done duty more than once on these occasions before Her Majesty told the writer that there has been always a rehearsal in the early part of the evening, at which all the members of the company have to go through their parts, even including the principals. From what I heard from other actors this seems to be an invariable rule.

As to the preparing of the stage, it is done by the people at the Castle, acting under the advice and direction of the manager of the theatre whose company is playing. This official makes several preliminary visits to the Chamber, and tells the Castle authorities exactly what he will require. He indicates how many actors and actresses there will be, how many musicians in the orchestra, how many minor performers of the "extra stage hands," and so on. The Castle people, I was told by one of the managers who had been thus honoured, provide the workmen required to make all due preparations, and on the appointed day the manager goes down early from London, and generally takes his stage carpenter with him.

The stage is constructed so as to stretch across the room, at the western end of it. It is made as large in area as can possibly be allowed, yet it falls far short of

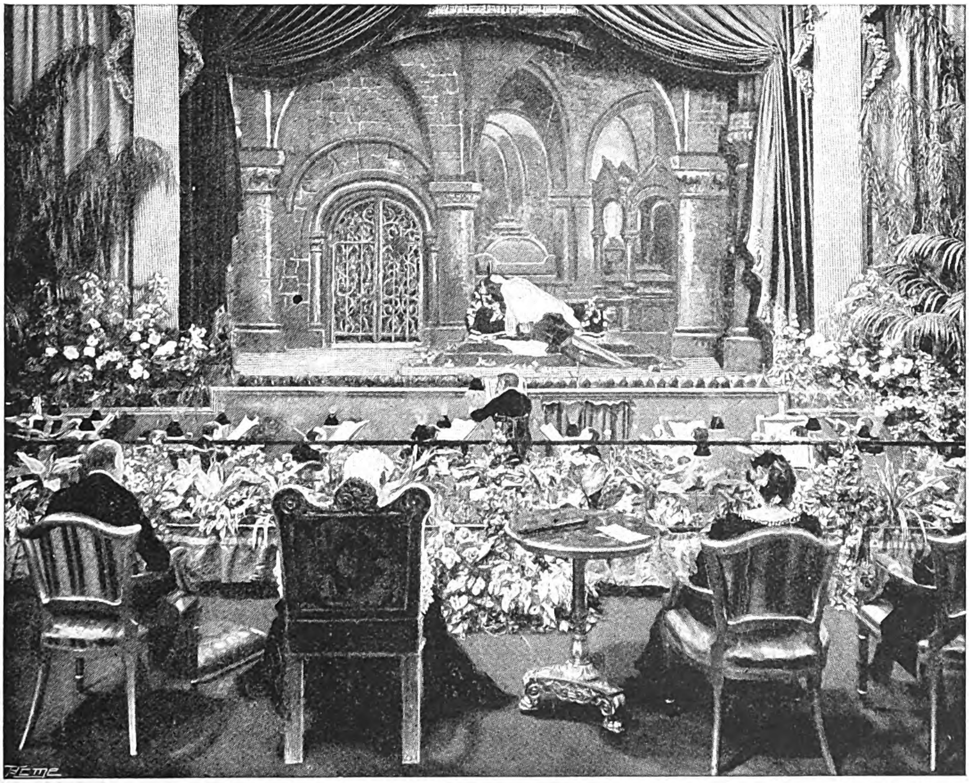


Photo by Russell and Son

A photograph of the Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught watching the "Death Scene" in "Romeo et Juliette."

a London stage. Thus it is all the more astonishing to learn from the guide who takes you round the State apartments at the Castle, that there have often been as many as two hundred performers on it at the same time, during the chorus scenes of some of the operas! One can hardly credit it, were one not so reliably informed.

All having been got ready for the evening's performance, the latter begins, as a rule, at about a quarter to ten. Sometimes, if the piece to be gone through is rather lengthy, Her Majesty will fix her dinner hour somewhat earlier than usual, but this is rare. The final scene of the play has now to be over, in all cases, by midnight, and often it is finished by 11.30, for the Queen cannot, at her advanced age, sit through longer hours than these without feeling much discomfort. Occasionally the acting may only last just over an hour, if the piece is a short one.

Her Majesty's seat is, of course, placed exactly in the centre of the front row, often a little in advance of the others. There is generally a table placed beside it, and writing materials, so that she can make any notes or remarks that strike her as the play progresses. Before this front row of chairs there is always a regular garden of plants, charmingly arranged. Flowers and ferns make the whole place more like a scene from fairyland than like an ordinary theatre. Electric lights are interspersed among the plants, and these add considerably to the fairy aspect of the scene. The sides of the chamber, and the way by which the Queen enters, are veritable gardens of shrubs and lovely blooms.

The orchestra is simply hidden amongst masses of ferns and decorative plants. Generally speaking, the orchestra numbers about forty, but this varies according to the nature of the piece to be performed. There is not, as is often supposed, a local orchestra for the operas at Windsor, but all of the musicians are brought directly down by the manager from London with the theatrical company. When the piece to be played is an opera the orchestra comes along in full force.

All these magnificent flowers and plants which thus beautify the Waterloo Chamber—and the views shown of them in the photographs here produced will give a capital idea of the taste with which they are arranged—come from the Royal Gardens at Frogmore, and are brought on the morning of the day on which the performance is to take place. They are arranged under the supervision of the chief gardener and his assistant.

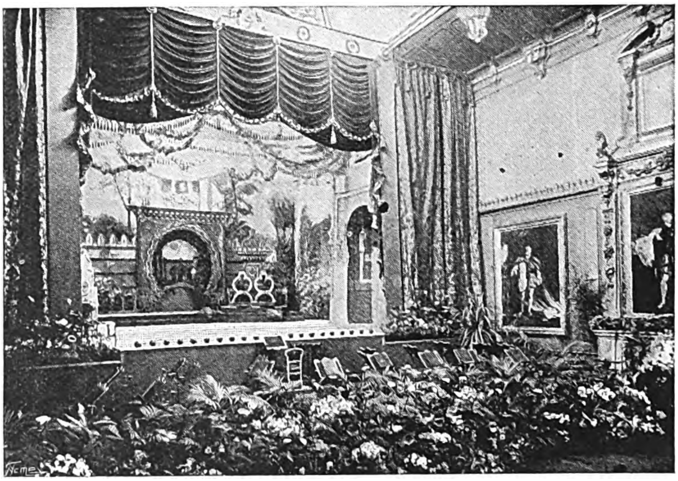


Photo by Russell and Son.

A scene from the "Gondoliers." Notice the beautiful floral decorations, and how they almost bury the orchestra.

It may be interesting to know, as I was told by one who sung in the chorus on the occasion, that at a recent performance the intervening space between the Queen's seat and the stage was transformed into a carpet-garden! Green baize (so he took it to be) was spread on the floor so as to represent grass; and the flower-beds were made, by most wonderful art and management, to look quite real! The singer in this chorus told me that he never, in all his life, had seen anything prettier, or any artificial thing that looked more absolutely perfect.

The programmes are provided by the theatrical manager, and arrive at Windsor on the morning of the performance. The front page is printed in gilt letters; the body in ordinary print, but of excellent type. For the use of the Queen one is specially designed. It is larger and better finished, and often adorned with colours. Occasionally the other Royalties receive similar copies, but, as a rule, they get only the ordinary programme like the other guests. The guests are allowed to keep these programmes after the performance as mementoes of the occasion.

Contrary to what is generally believed, I was told by a well-known actress, who has been present at more than one of these interesting nights, that the Queen does frequently applaud the players, and that such applause during the acting itself is not at all unusual. The applause is in every instance by clapping of hands, and one may say that in almost all cases Her Majesty leads off in it. It is not generally considered etiquette to applaud any part till the Queen has done so, and so most of the guests take their cue from their Sovereign in the matter. But spontaneous applause sometimes comes when the guests have got especially stirred by some fine scene or part, and it is taken as a great tribute by the players when this happens. Her Majesty on such occasions usually smiles, and acknowledges the justice of the tribute by joining in the applause.

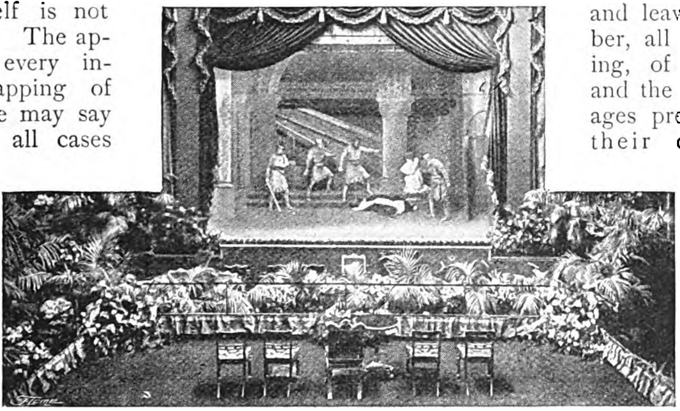


Photo by Russell and Son.

The "Death Scene" in Tennyson's "Becket." The "Royalty stalls," as will be seen, stand well in the front.

It need scarcely be said that all persons invited to those performances are required to be present before the Queen enters, and to remain in the room until she has left after the play is over. The curtain rises immediately Her Majesty sits down, so that, for her, there is no weary waiting. She has never to be there at eleven o'clock one evening to be ready for the opening of the doors on the following night, as sometimes happens at Strand theatres.

When the play is done and the curtain has fallen, the Queen rises and leaves the Chamber, all present standing, of course. She and the Royal personages present retire to their own rooms. Sometimes they will require a favourite performer to be brought and introduced to them there.

Meantime, in the State Apartments, neighbouring to the Waterloo Room, there have been busy hands preparing a bounteous supper for all who have taken any part in the ceremony just finished. The Audience and Presence Chambers and the Vandyck room, are brought into requisition for these purposes, and tables are spread in each according to the different grades of the performers. The Queen is ever bountiful and kind in remembering even the humblest who have served her. Hence there is one room devoted to the refection of the

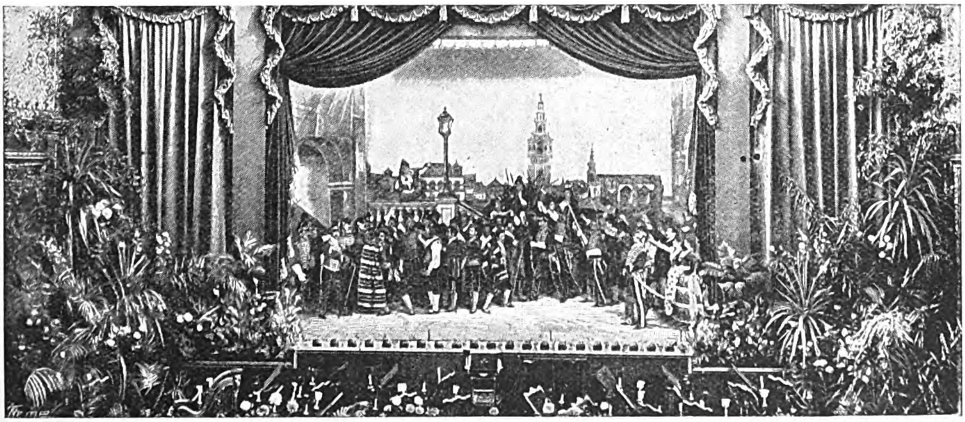


Photo by Russell and Son.

A scene in "Carmen." This photograph gives an excellent idea of the stage when crowded with performers.

carpenters and scene-shifters and such-like workers; another is given up to the ballet and smaller-part performers; and the third is prepared for the "principals."

It may be as well to say here that tea is always ready for the performers on their arrival at the Castle earlier in the evening. But the luncheon or supper, served after all is over, is quite a fine meal, though always cold. It is, in every sense, what we should call "a first-rate spread." There are several courses, and wines of all kinds. Everybody can practically have just what he or she desires, and right royally do they all enjoy themselves, whilst the long restrained laugh and mirth finds at last full expression.

Next day the Queen will most probably cause her thanks to be sent to the manager of the theatre whose company entertained her, and also an intimation of how much she enjoyed the performance. She will frequently supplement this by a present of some expensive piece of jewellery, not only to the manager, but to the principal actors or actresses, or singers, together with her compliments on their fine efforts. To gentlemen singled out for her bounty the Queen often gives scarf pins, cigar cases, or similar articles; whilst the ladies are favoured with gold brooches, bracelets, and so on. In every such case the article always bears Her Majesty's monogram, and often a suitable inscription too.

How beautifully the plays can be produced at Windsor is shown by the photos published with this article, which are by the well-known firm of Messrs. Russell and Son. The one representing the scene in the second act of the "Gondoliers" shows the stage empty after being arranged, and gives a good idea of how it then looks. In it, too, the arrangement for the orchestra on this occasion is clearly seen. The scene from "Carmen" gives an excellent example of the stage filled with a great crowd of performers, and shows what can be done in this line on such a comparatively small area. Here also one gets a good view (from the back) of the royal chair and table.

In the "Death Scene" from "Becket," played by Sir Henry Irving, there is a view of the stage under another aspect, namely, with only two or three actors on it, and the orchestra is almost completely hidden in this photo by the floral decorations. In the fine picture showing the famous "Death Scene" in "Romeo and Juliette," the manner of adorning the auditorium and the space before the Queen is well shown, and, as will be seen, the Royalties sit prominently to the fore.

One thing should be mentioned, in conclusion, about all these performances. Every actor or actress, every manager or other person, who was interviewed or questioned by the writer for the purpose of this article, had nothing but unstinted praise for Her Majesty in relation to her treatment and reception of those who had the honour to be "commanded" to perform before her. Some of them had done so privately in the "drawing-room" performances which often take place at Windsor, and they all agreed that it was a positive pleasure to take any part in entertaining the Queen; for a more appreciative auditor or kinder hostess it would be quite impossible to find if one sought the world over. More than one of them told me that the happiest recollections in their career were of the evening when they first performed "by command" before Her Majesty the Queen in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle.

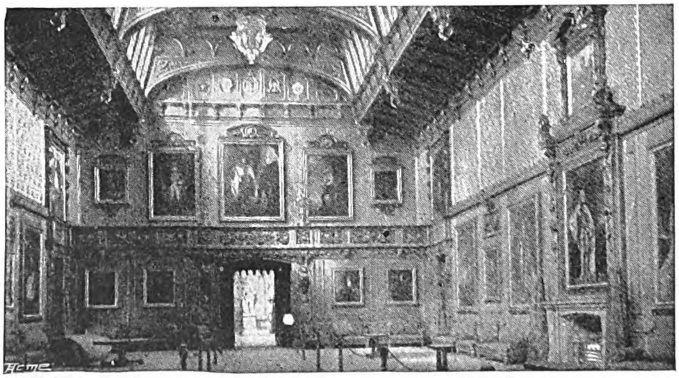


Photo by Frith and Co.

The famous Waterloo Chamber in Windsor Castle.

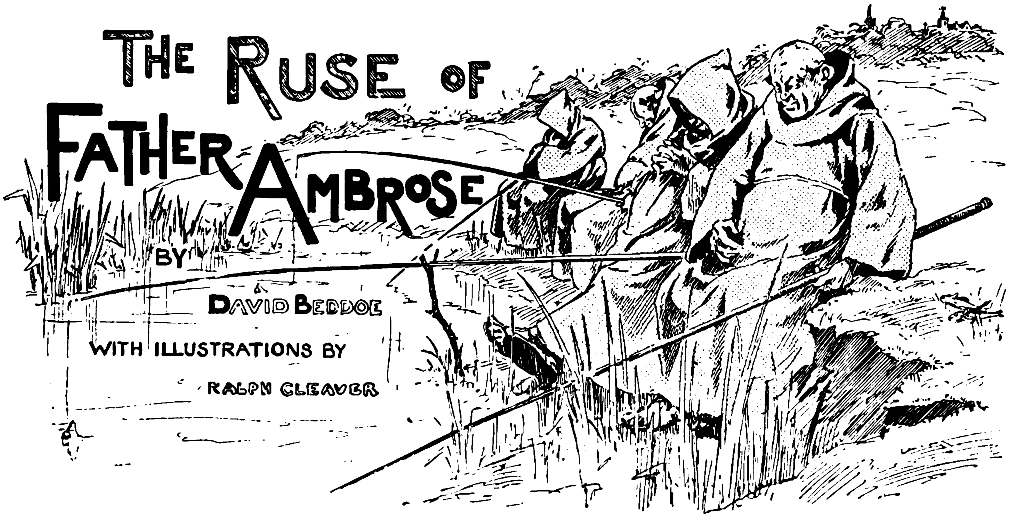
# THE RUSE OF FATHER AMBROSE

BY

DAVID BEDDOE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

RALPH CLEAVER



FOUR monks sat by the side of a stream, fishing—four jolly, fat monks in cowl and gaberdine.

They were friars belonging to the Cistercian Abbey of Jorveaux, whose brown gables could be seen peeping out from between the distant clump of beech trees.

It was a mellow, old English afternoon. The large billowy masses of white cumulus clouds lazily rolling across the sky, threw variegated shadows on the broad meadows and lands, all appertaining to the wealthy Abbey of Jorveaux.

It was a sleepy, drowsy time, and, warmed by the sun, soothed by the low-voiced murmur of the waters in the rushes, and fanned by the gentle breeze which swept caressingly upon their rubicund countenances, the four pious monks nodded in unison, and their rod tips bobbed as the roaches nibbled the bait with impunity.

They were troublous times. Bosworth had been fought and won; Richmond was on the English throne, and Bluff King Hal was but a sturdy urchin in short frocks and rolled cap, without a thought yet of robbing pious monks or of disendowing abbeys. Perkin Warbeck was troubling the realm with his impudent claims, and there were murmurs of wars in France. But the pious brethren only nodded over their peaceful pursuit this balmy June day, and nodded, and nodded without so much as a thought concerning these things, or that on their efforts depended the morrow's dinner.

The biggest and jolliest looking of these four rubicund saints was Brother Ambrose, he who sat furthest down stream, and half-sleepily brushed his hand across his face, where a fly buzzed with tantalising persistence.

Flip, flip went the large hand; buzz went the fly. "Perdition on thee!" ejaculated the monk irritably, as he opened his eyes to glance round apprehensively towards his companions, and smiled thankfully when he saw that, with shut eyes, they dozed, and, sleeping, could not have heard.

Piously crossing himself, he looked round, and regarded somewhat ruefully the two small fish which reposed in the rushes by his side.

He coughed, this fat, sound-chested monk, in a mild, deprecating way. There was no response. He coughed again, and the sound was like that of a fog-horn. The three sober figures started, blinked, and glanced furtively at one another.

"Ah, Brother Ambrose," said one, "thou hast, I fear, caught a rheum on the grass; I have been watching thee some time—Sancta Maria, forgive me!—and methought that thou lookest far from well."

The monk turned his jolly face round and smiled. "I thank thee, Brother Gregory, for thy attention; but if thou hadst fished better than thou hast watched, we had had more than two small roach to our catch."

They looked around in alarm—two fish only! and it wanted but an hour to vespers.

"Methinks that there must be thunder about," piped in Brother Gregory. "We know how thunder affects the feeding of the fish, their cunning instinct as that of the brute creation—"

"Methinks it is not the feeding," interposed Brother Ambrose hurriedly—Brother

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Gregory loved to discourse learnedly on the instincts of the brute creation—and he pointed significantly at the bare hook which Brother Gregory inadvertently pulled up. "See, thy bait has gone."

"It must have rubbed off on the sandy bottom, as thou knowest, Brother Ambrose, it will oftentimes do. Still, there is no need to tell thee that," he added hastily, "for we all acknowledge that with rod and line there is not thy equal in the Abbey."

Brother Ambrose smiled benignantly. It was his weak point. What mattered it that Brother Thomas could sing like a chorister of Rome, or that Brother Anselm could preach a sermon that even Baldwin himself need not have been ashamed of, when he, Brother Ambrose, was a fisher without equal, and knew every trick. What was the best bait; where the most likely spot for the big roach—all this he knew, so that there was not another like unto him from abbot to novice. And Brother Ambrose was proud of his craft, though when he saw the two small roach beside him, he grew uneasy.

"It is but a sorry catch," he exclaimed doubtfully. "Methinks, as you say, that there must be thunder in the air;" and he looked around, as if seeking confirmation from the clear sky, but finding none, turned ruefully again towards the stream.

"Ay, and what will Brother Ricardo say when we deliver the fish at the refectory? Sure he has prepared the sauce and the basting therefor?" asked Brother Gregory lugubriously.

Brother Ambrose's beaming face looked perturbed. Brother Ricardo had a biting tongue, as pungent as his own sauces.

"What bait art thou using?" he asked suddenly, turning from a subject which brought up unpleasant recollections and still more unpleasant prospects.

"A brandling, good and fat, scoured as you have advised me so to do, with moss picked from the old ruin walls, good for any roach."

"Ay, it is good," replied the other approvingly, "but methinks that at times fish look not at the fairest brandling which ever dangled on hook; then they require to be tickled and coaxed, like Brother Thomas here when he suffers from one of his humours. A piece of well-made paste with no vile balm in it, but flavoured with just a tincture of aniseed, is the bait, even such as I have now in my pouch. I will go higher up to the big pool by the rushes, and, by Saint Hubert, I shall marvel much if I catch not enough ere vespers to please even Brother Ricardo, and silence his tongue.

"I will leave these two for your share, so that thou mayest not go back empty handed," and, rising to his feet, and tightening his girdle, he made his way up stream, carefully examining his rod and line as he went, whilst the others, after seeing him go, baited their hooks, dropped in their lines, and nodded again with easy conscience, for Brother Ambrose had said that he would catch enough, and Brother Ambrose was a good angler, and a man of his word.

The monk made his way up along the bank, and turning a bend lost sight of his companions. But he looked not back, he was intent on reaching the big pool where, by the Grace of St. Hubert, he would land such fish as would make Brother Ricardo's jeers turn into sounds of wonder.

He reached the big pool at length, having by this time left the three others some few hundred yards down stream.

A wide, deep pool it was, rush-grown on the nearer side, alder-fringed on the further, where the dipping branches skimmed the almost placid surface, and here, having with professional eye surveyed it from top to bottom, Brother Ambrose seated himself in a niche in the bank, and, having carefully taken out a little of the cunningly wrought paste from his pouch, baited his hook with a subtle skill worthy of his great reputation, and, swinging it gently, with a parting benediction, consigned it to the depths just beyond the reedy fringe. Not for nothing had he obtained his reputation. His large, red face beamed, his small, twinkling eyes were fixed keenly on the rod tip, as bending forward he watched for the slightest movement like the cunning sportsman that he was.

Bob went the tip, a sudden clean movement of the wrist, and a pound roach flopped on the grass beside him.

He beamed as he re-baited his hook, and again he threw the line, and waited and watched, gently moving the point of the rod up and down.

Another, and another he landed, and as each one lay jumping on the bank, he greeted it with a triumphant, "How now, Brother Ricardo, how now?"

He was in the midst of this absorbing pursuit, when suddenly he heard the sound of running feet coming rapidly up behind him, and looking round, saw a youth breathless with haste, speeding in his direction.

He raised his bland, ruddy countenance in surprise, and his, "Ah, Brother Ricardo, how now?" choked in his throat; there was something so urgent in the pale face, the wide, staring eyes.

The lad reached the stream, then, as if frightened at its depth, drew back and looked wildly up and down.

"What ails thee?" asked Brother Ambrose.

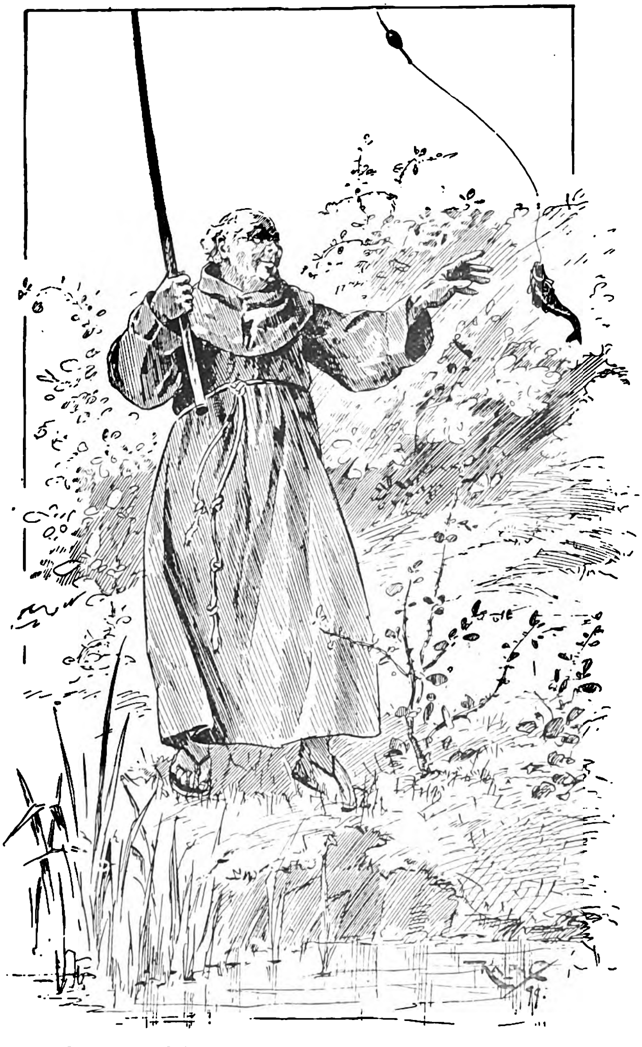
At the sound of his voice the lad started, looked round as if seeking flight, then changing his mind, came up. "Oh, Father," he cried, "save me! save me!"

The monk looked about him. "Where is the danger; why runnest thou?"

"Oh, the avengers of blood are on my track, they seek me for my ruin. Save me, Father, save me," and the lad knelt and plucked at the end of his long gaberdine.

Brother Ambrose's rubicund countenance looked disturbed. "Fly to the abbey," he cried, "the Abbot will, perchance, protect thee; there is your sanctuary."

The lad glanced round. "No, no, Father, it is too late. See, see, they will be here! There they come." And Brother Ambrose, following the direction, saw the shining headpieces of men-at-arms riding past a distant gap in the hedge.



He greeted it with a triumphant "How now, Brother Ricardo, how now?"

"What hast thou done?" he asked doubtfully.

"Oh, nothing, Father, nothing. But these men of blood will not take that for an answer; my life will pay the forfeit an' they take me."

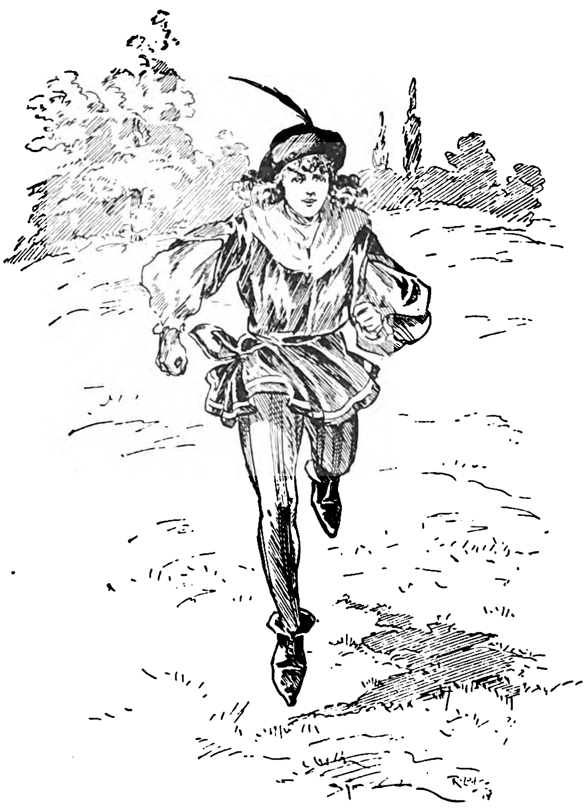
"I am a man of peace," exclaimed the monk, dubiously, "and love not to embroil myself with men of war."

"Shall it be said then," said the youth, "that one cried for help from a monk of Jorveaux, and he was afraid?"

The monk hesitated. The lad had struck home, but he muttered, "Who am I to withstand these men of war? What succour can I give thee? An' it had been Brother Ricardo now, or the Abbot—"

"Hide me, Father, hide me, I pray you!" exclaimed the lad in a sudden access of fear, as he saw the steel caps draw rapidly near.

The monk looked about. There seemed no place to hide the lad. He looked behind on the broad open meads, he looked at the stream, from the reedy fringe to the further side where the alder branches dipped, and as he looked his rubicund face grew deeper in colour, and a light twinkled in his deep set eyes. "No match am I with sword and



He saw a youth, breathless with haste, speeding in his direction.

buckler against men of war," he murmured, "but in wit Brother Ambrose is a match for any head that wears a steel cap," and as he spoke he slipped his cowl from off his tonsured head, and undoing his girdle went behind a clump of alder trees, where he cried, "Stand there, O youth, whilst I prepare to deceive these Phillistines."

The lad stared to where now only was to be seen the close-shaven poll of the monk—a sudden heave, two bare arms in the air, then a rolled-up cowl and gown was thrown towards him. "Put these on, Sir youth, take my rod, and fish, and I, even I, Brother Ambrose, will go into the water to save you from the pursuers of blood."

The youth, with ready wit, slipped on the cowl and gaberdine.

"Turn thy back," cried the monk, "it is not seemly that thou shouldst see me thus." The youth turned. A heavy plunge, a loud gasp, and soon a rubicund face, coughing and spluttering at the further end of the pool, was all that was to be seen of Brother Ambrose as he wallowed about like a great hippopotamus.

There was a clatter of hoofs, and a loud stern voice called out, "Sir priest, hast thou seen a youth in jacket and long hose, with a rolled cap go by?"

The figure in cowl and gaberdine shook. "No, sir knight," he replied in a low strange voice, "I have seen nothing of such an one. There is no one here but myself who fishes for our morrow's dinner, and Brother Ambrose yonder, who, being sore afflicted with the humours, taketh a dip according to the order of Brother Origen, who is a learned physician."

"A murrain on you," exclaimed the knight irritably, "thou hast no eyes for anything but thy fish that thou couldst not see a lad running under thy nose. He passed not ten minutes ago, I swear, and Brother Ambrose, as thou callest him, he walloweth like an ox in the water, and hath, I know, seen nothing," and a grim smile played over his countenance as he saw the red puffing face and tonsured head bobbing up and down at the other side of the pool.

"Peste! come on, we'll have the quarry yet," and with loud maledictions they rode away.

Brother Ambrose, with many a pious exclamation, saw them depart, and puffing, blowing, and with chattering teeth, drew near. "Sir youth," he cried, "throw off, I pray thee, the cowl and gown, for thou art safe, and lay them behind the clump yonder, so that I might once more be clothed in decency."

The youth smiled, and slipping them off, laid them, even as the monk had bidden him, behind the alder clump.

"Turn thy back, O youth, that I may come out, and look not round till I give the word, or the curse of Lot's wife be on you. O Santa Maria! what if Brother Ricardo did but see me now?" and rolling out, the monk slipped on his discarded garments, and forthwith ran, puffing and panting, up and down the bank to restore his retarded circulation.

At length, scant of breath, he drew up before the youth, who, rod in hand, still remained at the water's edge.

"Why tarriest thou now?" he demanded. "The avengers will be back ere long."

"Not they," replied the youth; "they will make for the castle of De Greville, thinking I have made thither."

"Still it were well that thou shouldst seek the sanctuary of the abbey, and throw thyself on the protection of the saintly Abbot, who, if a strict man, is a just one."

"No, methinks I will not," replied the youth calmly,

"Not? Wherefore not? Whither wilt thou go, then?"

The youth looked down, and drew figures on the ground with the butt end of the rod. "I have one who waiteth for me in the copse behind the abbey," he murmured.

"What callest thou him?"

"He is one Edward Fitzalan; knowest thou aught of him?"

"What! the youth who was once squire to Reginald de Braose—who methinks was the knight who rode by when I lay puffing in the water—and who dared raise his eyes to Maude de Clare whom Reginald holds in ward, heiress to the Castle of Jorveaux, and lands without measurement?"

"The same."

"What, does he still haunt this district, the rash fool, to put his head in the lion's jaws for the love of a pert jade, let her be never so beautiful?"

"Pert jade!"

"Yea, she ever was a minx, that Maude de Clare, a wilful lass, who set all the lads fighting over her, and hath led Reginald de Braose a sad dance, stern man as he is; a bare cell and sparse food would, I reckon, be the proper treatment for her."

"A bare cell and sparse diet," exclaimed the other, with scornful toss of his head. "Indeed, Father, but thou art very ungallant. However, I must go, for Edward FitzAlan awaits me, and I would not that harm should come to him, since he has put his head in the lion's jaws for me."

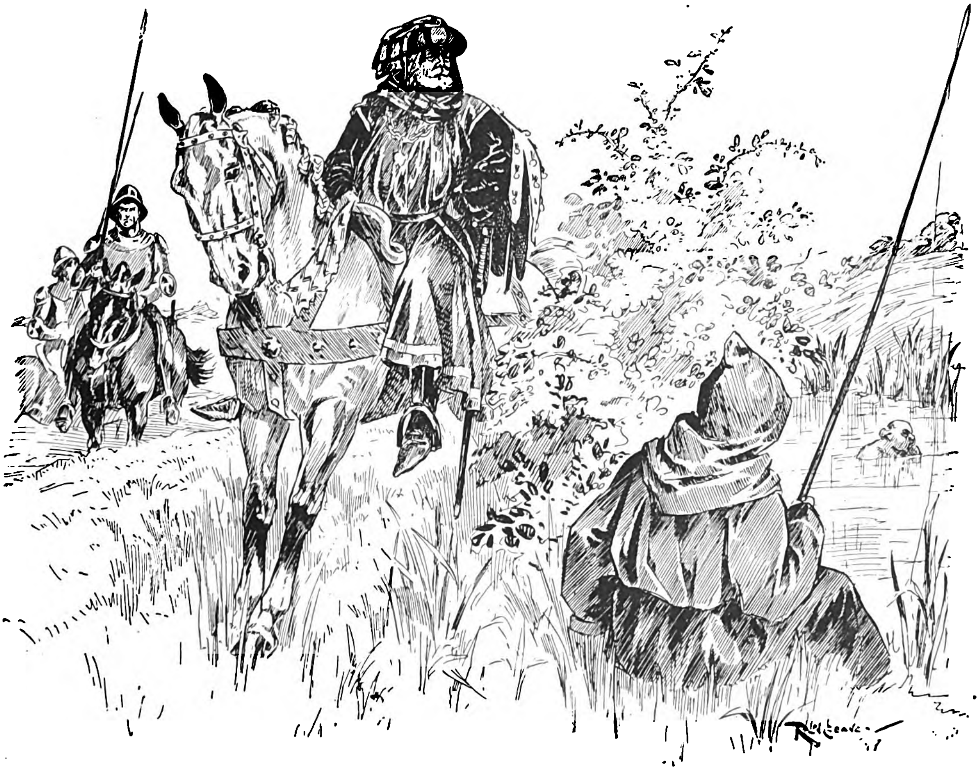
"For you?" echoed Father Ambrose, staring.

"Yes, even for me," replied the other, looking down modestly, "for I, O Father, am the minx, the jade."

"What!" echoed Brother Ambrose, aghast.

The other glanced up at the monk's bewildered countenance, and a merry, rippling laugh went out over mead and stream. "Yes, I, I am Maude de Clare."

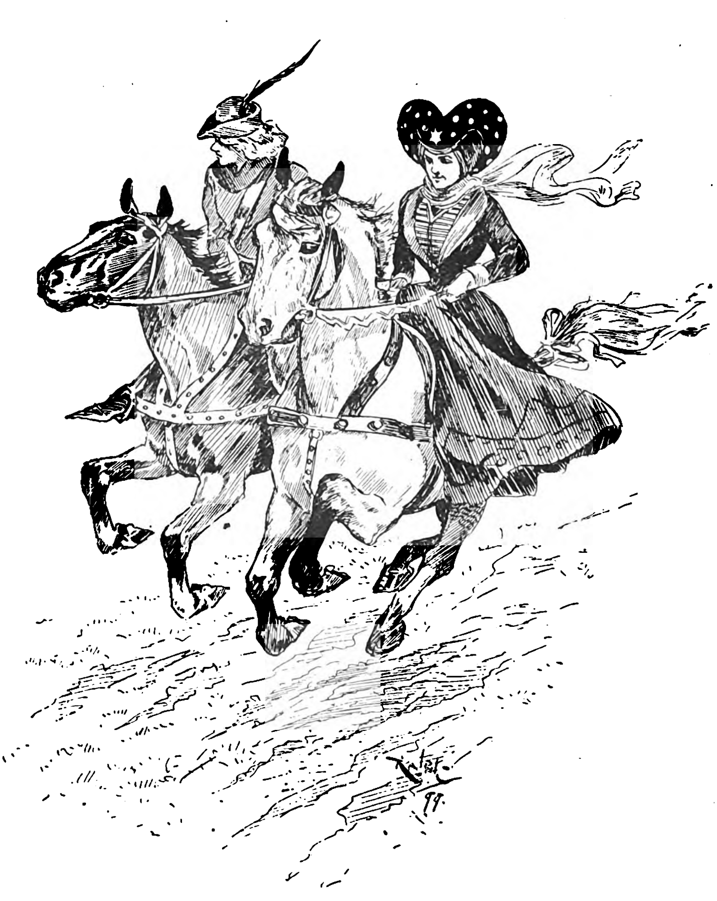
Over the monk's fat, jolly face a world of



**"A murrain on you," exclaimed the Knight irritably, "thou hast no eyes for anything but thy fish."**

consternation came, and his ruddy cheeks grew deeper in tint at his horrified thoughts, but quickly laying his hand on the other's shoulder, he said, with a poor effort at sternness, "Misguided daughter, thou must come with me then."

The girl did not move, she only laughed, and whilst her glorious eyes sparkled merrily, she exclaimed, "What, shall I then tell the monks, O Father? That you wallowed in the water, as Reginald de Braose said, even as an ox, whilst I, Maude de Clare, sat the while fishing on the bank in thy cowl and gown? Why, what would Brother Ricardo say, O Father?"



The country rang with the news that Maude de Clare had taken flight with Edward FitzAlan.

The monk's roseate face grew purple. "Get thee hence, false jade," he cried in alarm, "get thee hence, and leave a pious monk to his fishing."

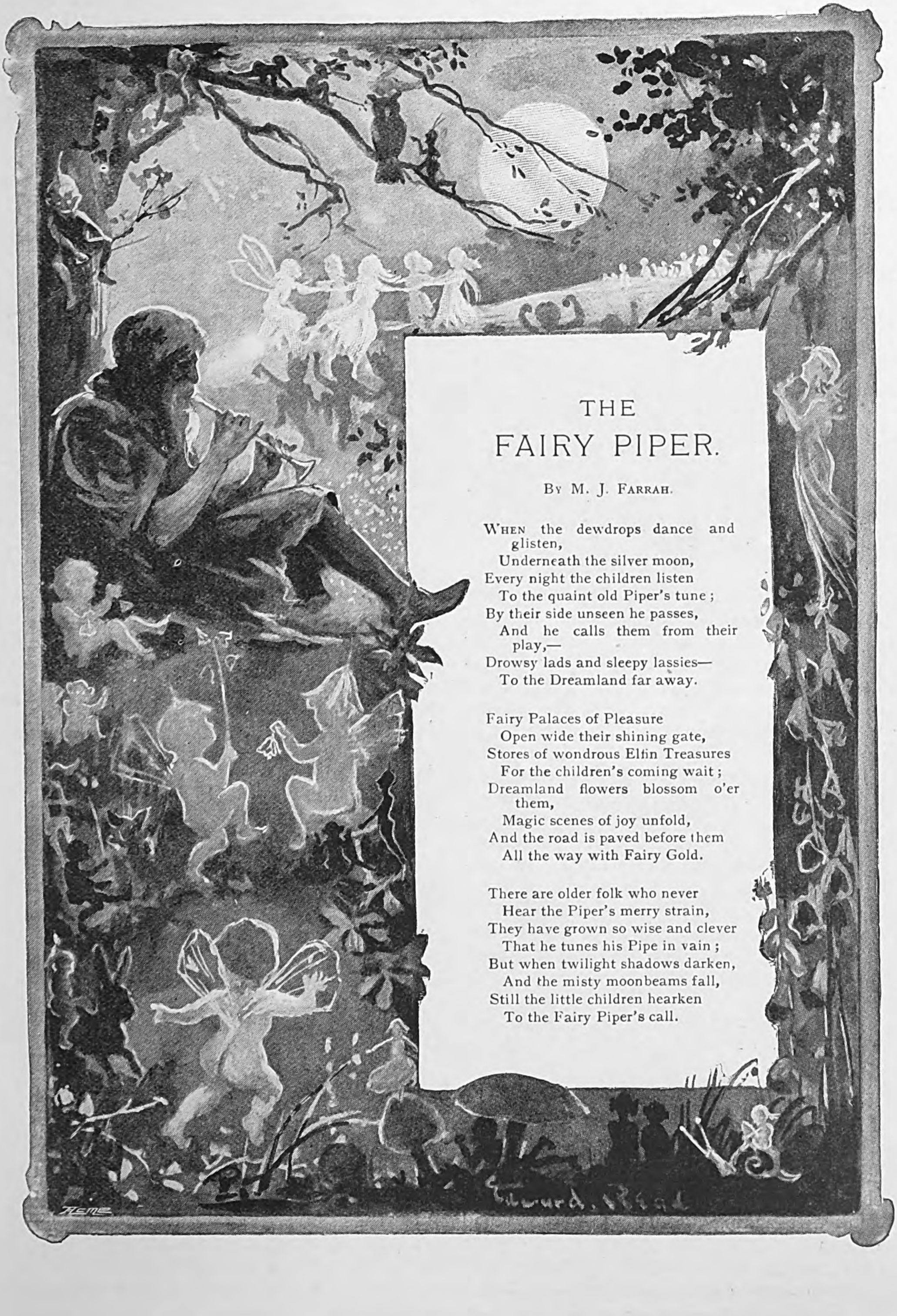
The girl laid her hand on the sleeve of his gaberdine. "Father, take it not amiss," she cried, in contrition, "that I love Edward FitzAlan better than Stephen de Lacy, whom my guardian wishes me to espouse. Think not that I am ungrateful for what thou hast done. Let this be the token." And before the astonished monk could resist, she had kissed him upon the cheek and, with a merry laugh, was gone.

From the distant abbey came the sound of the vesper bell, and Brother Ambrose, shaking his head doubtfully, and inwardly much perturbed, picked up his rod and line, and wrapping up his few fish in some rushes walked slowly down to rejoin the others.

Brother Ricardo that night made merry over the smallness of the catch, and said hard words of one who with a great reputation could only bring home a few small roach, all of which Brother Ambrose received, however, with unusual meekness; and the others too wondered why the cunning hand of Brother Ambrose had failed to do what his lips had promised.

And when, later on, the country rang with the news that Maude de Clare, heiress to the Castle of Jorveaux, and lands without measurement, had taken flight with Edward FitzAlan from under the very nose of Reginald de Braose, her guardian, it fell out that Brother Ambrose did penance for more weeks than he had ever done before.

But they only thought that it was because his conscience pricked him, inasmuch as that which he had promised to do he had not made good, which, however, only raised him the more in their estimation. And they found corroboration for their conclusions in the fact that Brother Ambrose fished not again in the big pool which he had loved. But Brother Ambrose, when questioned, only smiled solemnly, and, like the wise man that he was, kept his own counsel.



# THE FAIRY PIPER.

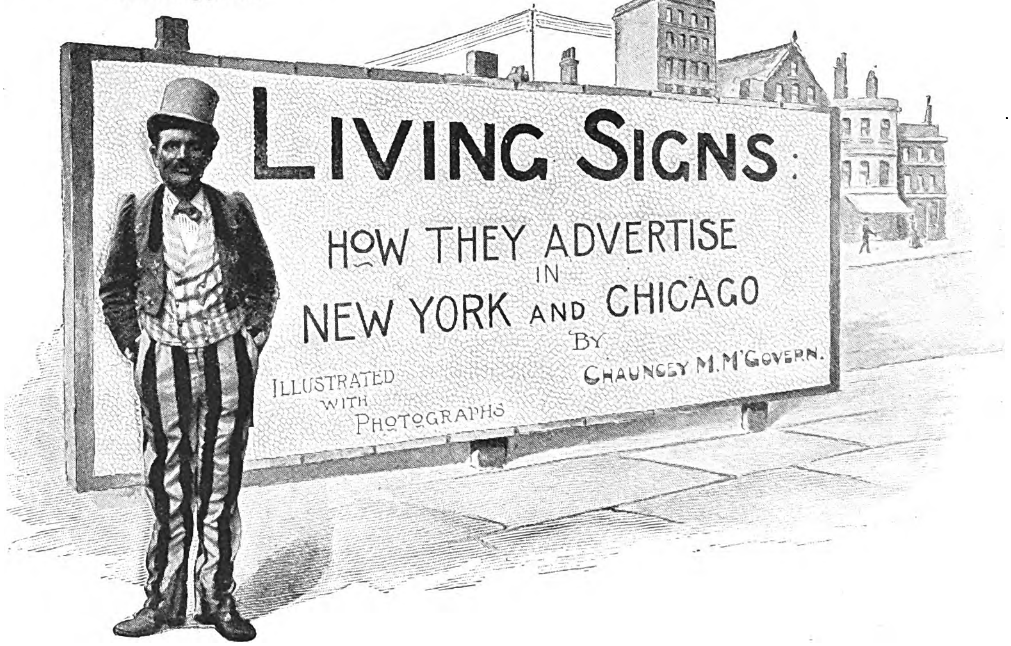
By M. J. Farrah.

When the dewdrops dance and glisten,
Underneath the silver moon,
Every night the children listen
To the quaint old Piper's tune;
By their side unseen he passes,
And he calls them from their play,—
Drowsy lads and sleepy lassies—
To the Dreamland far away.

Fairy Palaces of Pleasure
Open wide their shining gate,
Stores of wondrous Elfin Treasures
For the children's coming wait;
Dreamland flowers blossom o'er them,
Magic scenes of joy unfold,
And the road is paved before them
All the way with Fairy Gold.

There are older folk who never
Hear the Piper's merry strain,
They have grown so wise and clever
That he tunes his Pipe in vain;
But when twilight shadows darken,
And the misty moonbeams fall,
Still the little children hearken
To the Fairy Piper's call.

This man, dressed like "Uncle Sam," gathers a crowd and then displays an advertising placard.



# LIVING SIGNS:

## HOW THEY ADVERTISE IN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

BY CHAUNCEY M. M'GOVERN.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE seems to be no limit to the ingenious schemes of the Yankee business man to advertise his wares, and the countryman or foreigner who happens to walk along Broadway, New York, or State Street, Chicago, any one of these days finds himself ejaculating, "Well, I wonder what they'll be doing next!" Whilst there appears to be no drop in the number of whole page advertisements in the monthly magazines and daily newspapers, and while there is scarcely a historic spot or famous haunt on earth without its immense signboard about somebody's pills or anybody's soap, the advertising people pay huge sums of money for still newer methods for a "business-fetching ad.," while keeping up their unstinted usage of the old mediums. The latest of these newer schemes is the "living sign."

Described generally, the "living sign" is a person who, while walking about the streets like an ordinary citizen, does something unusual to attract the attention of a large crowd, and then suddenly pulls out a banner containing an announcement that Smith's cigars are the best on earth. Of course everybody laughs at being "taken in" so cleverly. While, on the face of it, one would think that making a fool of a man is a bad way to try to win his patronage, the living sign has the desired effect, for the striking scene is sure to induce the spectators to tell their friends all about it when they reach their office or their homes.

A few months before this was written, the living sign was practically unknown—unless one includes the time-out-of-mind "sandwich men." To-day, however, nearly every large soap-making firm, patent medicine manufacturer, or cigar maker of New York has one or more living signs constantly parading the streets; and there is scarcely any line of business in which at least one firm has not put forward its living advertisement.

One of the pioneers of the living signs is that of a tailor who had a neat delivery waggon, made in the shape of a huge Saxe coat, inside of which the driver sits, his legs, hands and head projecting. This gives him the appearance of being an enormously fat man weighing fully a quarter of a ton. To make the affair more striking, it is hauled through the streets by two very small ponies.

Next came a soap manufacturer with a dozen large wax dolls of about the size of a sixteen-year-old girl. Each doll, attired in a red bloomer costume, was mounted upon the front seat of a new nickel tandem bicycle, and then driven continuously about the crowded streets by a smart-looking "district messenger boy" in full uniform. Looking at each pair from the rear the sight, though amusing, appears innocent enough, but the moment the face of the doll is seen there

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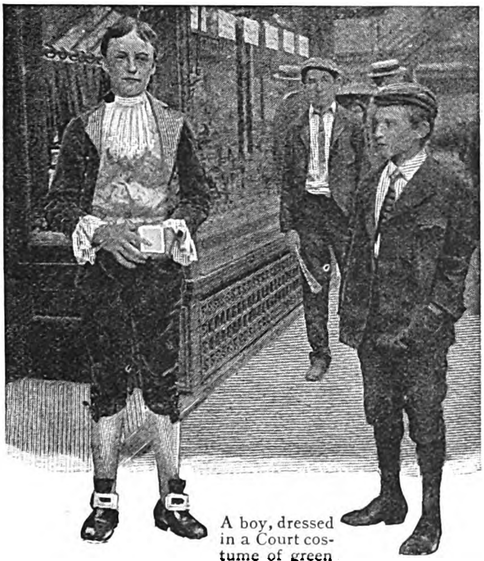
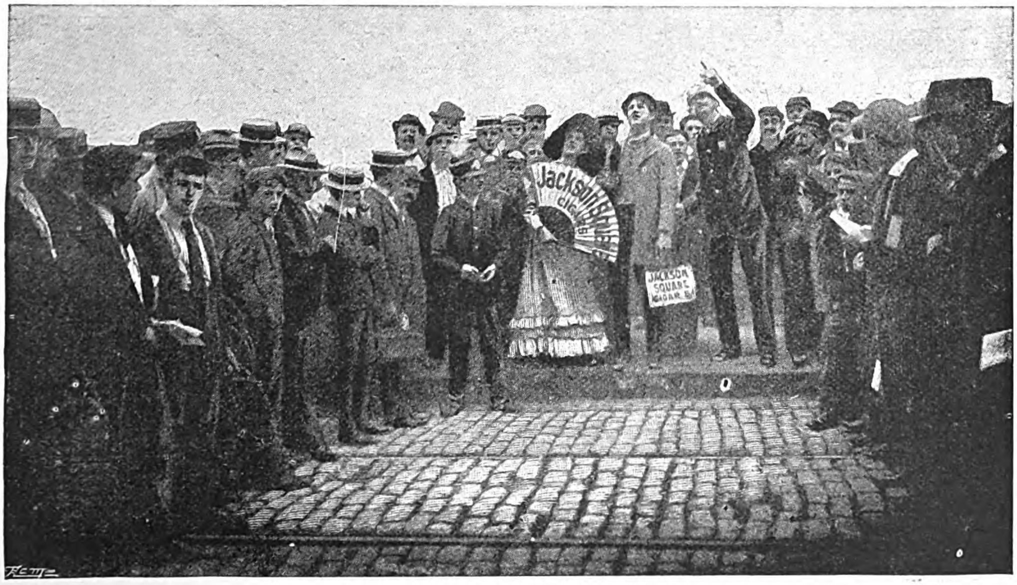
glares upon the sight a legend written across the doll's bonnet informing the spectators that "Somebody's Soap is the best, positively."

Other soap people at once took the hint, and then the patent medicine owners joined in the procession. One of the latter had a bottle made of wood, 15ft. high, in the exact shape of the little glass bottle in which his medicine is sold, and then the wooden bottle was mounted on a small shining waggon and driven through the most crowded streets. Every now and again the bottle pauses, its sides open up, and the crowd which quickly gathers is invited to sample the new drug.

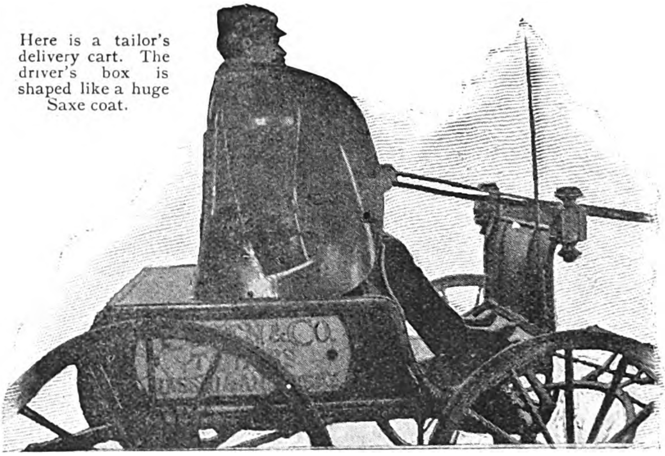

A boy, dressed in a Court costume of green velvet and white lace, to advertise a perfume.

The wide-awake management of a steamboat route was the next to follow suit, and forthwith there appeared upon the streets a miniature steamboat, 40ft. long, mounted upon a broad waggon over which had first been painted an ocean, the "briny blue" being livened up by a black-lettered announcement of the hours of the boat's departure.

After this the living sign became general to all lines of business, and there was no keeping account of the number and variety of those along even Broadway alone. For men attired like "Uncle Sam" to do something queer after gathering a large crowd became the favourite mode then, and so it has continued until to-day. What these numerous "Uncle Sams" do may be imagined from two instances:—A handsome young man dressed in a suit of the pattern and colour of the Stars and Stripes wanders about a shopping thoroughfare, gazing indolently into the windows as though unconscious of his extraordinary garb. A host of small boys gather about him; women stare through their lorgnettes and ask each other if the man is mad.

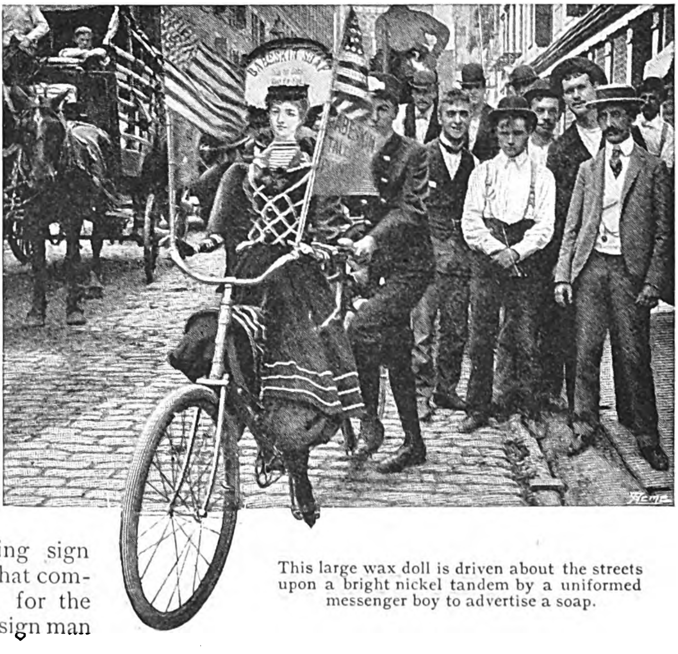


A male and female rustic walk about the streets. They appear amazed at the high buildings, and when an amused crowd has gathered they display a cigar advertisement.



Here is a tailor's delivery cart. The driver's box is shaped like a huge Saxe coat.

As he gives no indication of being about to tear anyone to pieces, the crowd stand still, wondering what is going to happen to him. The queerly garbed man maintains a perfectly calm, unconscious bearing until several thousands of people have gathered. Then he suddenly mounts a waggon or the driver's box on a cab, and shouts in picturesque language the advantages the spectators will derive by doing their shopping at Bargain's Auction Sales "just a few yards further down the street."



This large wax doll is driven about the streets upon a bright nickel tandem by a uniformed messenger boy to advertise a soap.

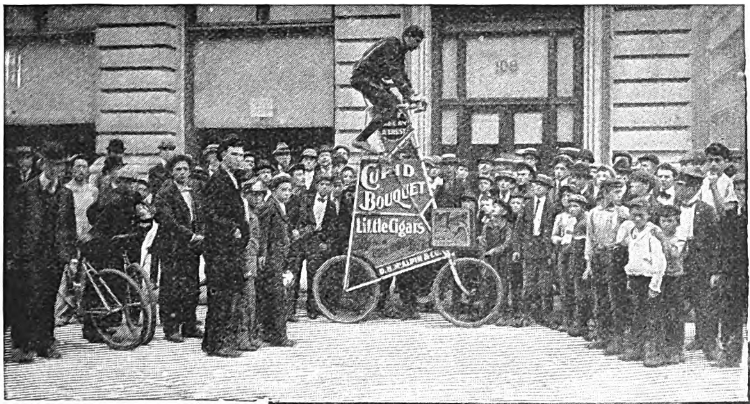
Another "Uncle Sam," attired in practically the same fashion as the one just described, gathers a large crowd by vigorously kicking a dummy man dressed in the costume of a Spanish toreador. The sentiment of the people is, of course, with Uncle Sam, and thousands of people stop and shout their approval, but when the applaudits are in full blast, Uncle Sam suddenly becomes calm, drops the dummy, and pulling out a banner displays to the crowd the words, "Buy McFadden's Corsets—They ain't Spanish."

Another amusing "Uncle Sam" is an extremely fat and extremely black negro, who shouts the glories of a particular brand of ostrich feathers. Some of these living sign persons induce so much trade that competition among business men for the possession of this or that living sign man is quite keen, and the frequent result is that to-day a certain living sign may be advertising one sort of corset, and the next day be advertising another sort made by a different firm—the living sign having received an offer for higher wages in the meanwhile. Frequently, too, as in the case of the fat, black "Uncle Sam," a certain living sign may one day be advertising a coming temperance lecture, and a day or two afterwards be calling attention to the merits of a particular sort of whisky.

Even publishers take advantage of the living sign nowadays. A short time ago a big New York paper (the *World*) hired 200 men, dressed them in the white uniform worn by the sailors on American war vessels, and sent them through the streets behind a brass band, each man having printed on the back of his white coat one large black letter of an announcement dwelling upon the excellence of the forthcoming naval issue of that newspaper.

Another publisher's living sign, and one that is equally ingenious without the disadvantage of great cost, is a handsome carriage driven slowly through the streets by a pair of black horses, containing a negro man and woman, neatly attired in the fashionable garb of a bride and bridegroom upon their honeymoon. A banner tied to the sides of the waggon contains the information that he is "crazy with happiness because he is married," or words to that effect, the words he uses being the title of a new negro song.

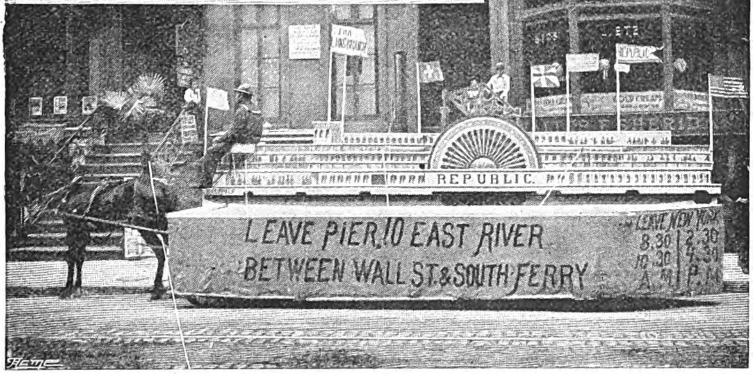
A pretty woman in close fitting velvet trousers, trimmed with lace, and riding man-fashion across a prancing horse's back, making an effective, if incongruous, advertisement for a hat shop; a tall man dressed in the height of fashion, with a legend on his shirt front to advertise a new kind of shirt; and a handsome boy attired in a complete Louis XIV. Court-costume—green velvet, silk hose, silver buckles, &c.—to advertise a new French perfume—these are a few more random examples of living sign advertisements.



This man, mounted upon an extremely high bicycle, turns somersaults in the air and does other daring acrobatic feats to advertise a new cigar.

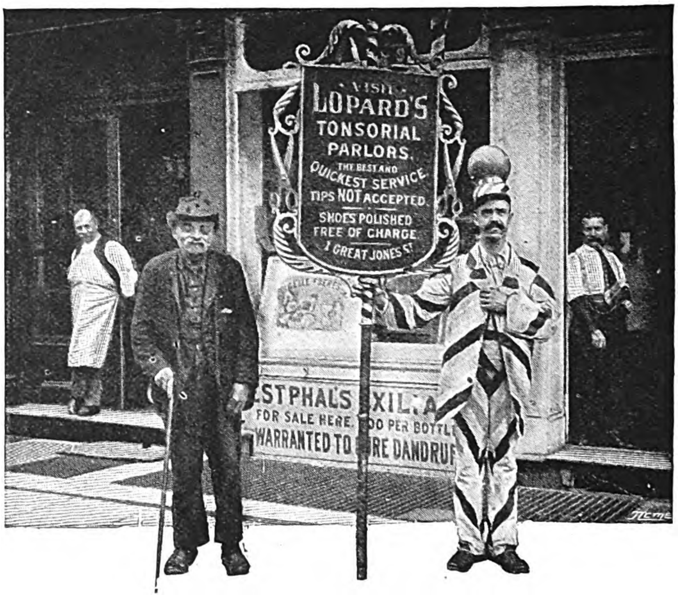
But the class of merchants who seem to spend most effort upon the living signs are the people who make cigars. One of them has as many as half a dozen sorts of living signs constantly at work, thus furnishing a rather convincing evidence that the scheme pays its employer. There is, perhaps, not a single big cigar factory in New York that has not at least one of these living signs in some part of the city.

One of the most ingenious of the X cigar signs is that of a yokel, dressed in new but very baggy trousers and a linen duster, carrying the proverbial faded, baggy umbrella and carpet bag, and a large red handkerchief, with white dots around his neck. He walks up a crowded street with his harmoniously attired wife clinging to his arm in well-feigned half fear. Both chew wisps of hay assiduously, and pause at every corner to wonder at the tall office-buildings. They shout all sorts of absurd inquiries to the policemen across the street, a big crowd at once gathers, the yokel says something to the policeman about "a man with a gold brick," and the crowd never suspects anything is wrong until suddenly the woman opens out her fan and discloses the advertisement of a new cigar. Her companion then opens his bag and hands round some samples.



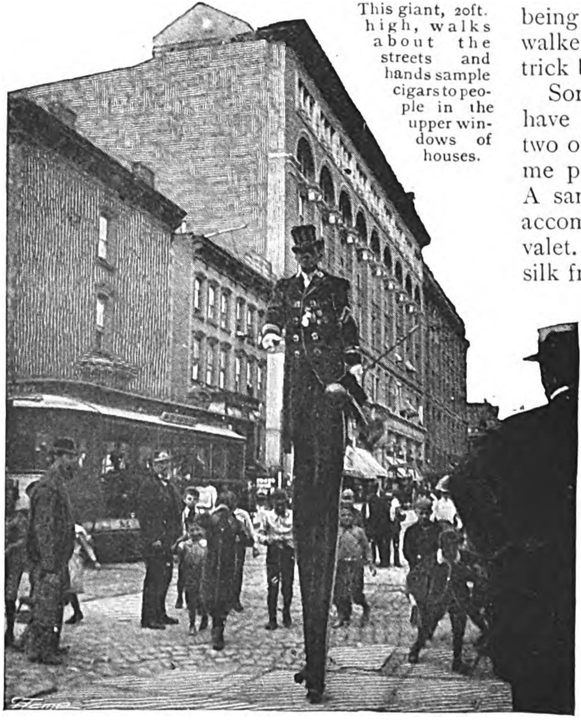
Here is a miniature steamboat, 40ft. long, which is dragged through the streets to advertise a cheap sea trip.

Some idea of the complications of some of the devices used by the living sign men can be inferred from a description of the "Brownie" head scheme. A gigantic head made of *papier maché* is fitted over the shoulders of a lean, short man, and through the lips of the "Brownie" is thrust a cigar, also made of *papier maché*. This cigar is as long as the height of an average tall man, and about 12in. thick in the centre. The head seems to take a deep inhalation, the end of the cigar (made of asbestos) glows red, and then resumes its ashen colour, while a stream of smoke pours out of the Brownie's mouth. The red colour is given to the asbestos by the burning of an inclosed storage battery into a red incandescent globe, hidden within the tip of the cigar, and the cloud of seeming tobacco smoke is made by the man inside burning some chemicals and blowing out the smoke.



A human barber's pole.

It must not be supposed that these living-sign persons are merely a sort of "sandwich man" to be treated and paid for at anything like the same rate as those old-timers. Many of them are people who command big salaries on the Vaudeville stage, which they have left because they could make treble the money as living signs. Of this class is the "Giant," a man apparently 20ft. tall, who walks about the streets handing sample cigars to people in second and third storey windows, and the "Giraffe Wheelman," who, on top of a 10ft. wheel, does all sorts of acrobatic feats to call attention to the excellence of his employer's tobacco—the former being known upon the stage as a famous stilt walker, and the latter as an equally famous trick bicyclist.



This giant, 20ft. high, walks about the streets and hands sample cigars to people in the upper windows of houses.

Some uncommonly well-educated men have gone into the living sign business, for two or three that I have talked with have given me proof of their being college graduates. A sample of the latter's work is seen in the accompanying picture of the dude and the valet. The college man, dressed in white silk from his ankle to the top of his head, and ornamented with many diamond rings, and a cane trimmed with white ribbons, walks about the streets with an accentuated "Chappie" stride. He is followed at a short distance by a negro valet dressed in flaming red, who carries a dress-suit case, which, when opened in the face of the gathering crowds, tells of the delightful sensation to be derived from smoking a certain brand of new cigar. To make the living sign more effective, three uniformed messenger boys, with a private detective, are added to the party whenever the dude attends the races or ball game.

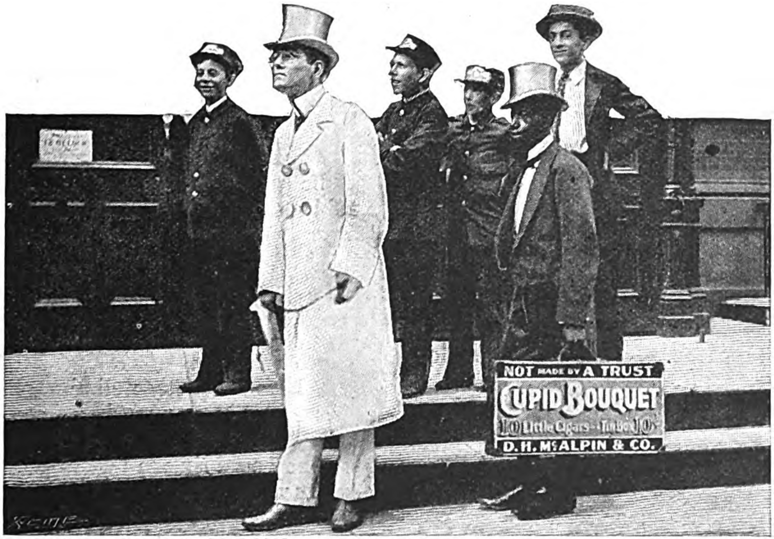
Where this living sign craze will

end would be a hard question to answer correctly, for even the living signs themselves say they "have only broken the ice" (to quote the words of a "human barber-pole"). One prophecy that seems plausible, however, is that before long we will have free circuses, free music-halls, and even free theatres, indoors as well as out, to call attention to the excellence of this or that brand of pills.

And now a word as to advertising dodges in the Mother Country—in England. The Englishman is never weary of expressing his disapprobation of, and contempt for, the manner in which the unscrupulous Yankee puffs his goods. What shocking vulgarity! How shameful to desecrate beautiful scenery with slashes of red paint, and noble buildings with gaudy lettering! Very reprehensible, no doubt, and very vulgar, but, dear English cousin, are you yourself quite in a position to blame your upstart cousin across the Atlantic? Now, I don't want to be critical or nasty, but I cannot help remarking that when I hear the Briton decrying our advertising system, I am forcibly reminded of the naughty and unjust things French and German writers say of "perfidious Albion" and her hypocritical inhabitants. The Englishman shrugs his shoulders when such criticism comes to his ears, and puts it with smiling self-complacency down to jealousy. Well, he may be right; yet, nevertheless, when writing this article, I was moved to wonder whether there was not, after all, some kernel of truth in such ill-tempered criticisms.

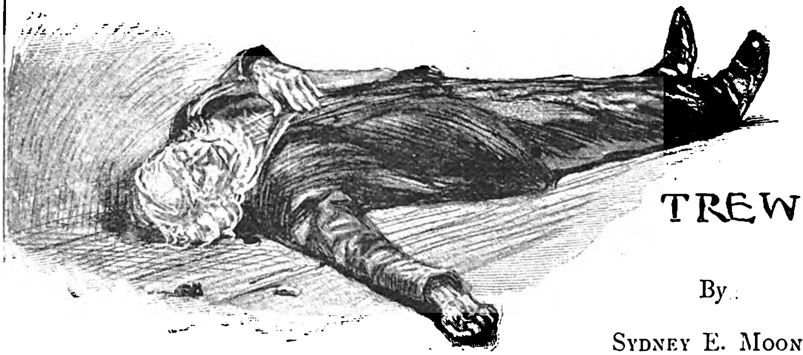
Have you, dear English cousin, never desecrated your beautiful London buildings, your green English scenery? Somehow I have an uncomfortable recollection of lovely fields flying past me on a railway journey—rich English fields with soft trees, grazing cattle, and the further embellishment of great black or red boards bearing a poetical legend concerning the excellencies of a certain world-famed pill, which is guaranteed to cure every illness under the sun; or the fine qualities of a soap, the virtues of a cigar or a popular journal.

And as to living signs in England, what country makes use of them more frequently? The good old sandwich-man—the antiquated sandwich-man was born and bred in England, and flourishes to-day as he never flourished before. But let him pass; he is a tradition, a peculiar characteristic of London nobody would lose. On the other hand, I remember to have seen such alarming novelties as a cart in the shape of a jam-pot driving in state along Whitehall, another like a large boot, another like a bottle, another like a box of bon-bons. There is a certain tameness about these dodges, I admit, but, nevertheless, they should preclude the Briton from carping at what goes on across the sea. Let him rather, since he is bent on going in for this sort of thing, do his best to emulate the originality and go of the Yankee.



A dude, dressed in white, attended by three uniformed boys, a private detective, and a negro valet, advertises a cigar by walking about the streets.

# THE BELLRINGER OF TREWEDNA.


A. Wallis Mills 99.

By

SYDNEY E. MOON.

TREWEDNA did not ring a peal of bells to welcome in the New Year of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee.

And it all came about through old Jan Tresidder.

For Trewedna boasted a fine peal of bells, and of those bells the villagers were justly proud.

There had been one of the ancestors of the Squire at the Hall who was peculiarly wicked, not that they any of them erred on the side of extreme piety, but this one had been so uniquely bad that when he was about to die, so as to make his passage easier, he left instructions in his will that a peal of bells should be placed in the church tower, and there for nigh two hundred years they had hung, and called generations of village-folk to pray for the glory of God and the salvation of Squire Revell.

And having such a peal, it was but natural that bell-ringing was much in favour in Trewedna, and that contests with other ringers of neighbouring villages had caused them to attain no small proficiency in the art.

Old Tresidder had been a ringer from a boy, and the first peal he had heard was when good King George celebrated his Jubilee, at which time his father held the post of chief ringer, and had taken him as a little boy into the belfry tower.

When our gracious Queen ascended the throne, it was Jan that led the ringing, for the old man was dead; and since that, year in year out, Jan was at his duty, and it was his proud boast on New Year's Day, 1896, that the birth of each year had been heralded by him. Through youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, no infirmity or sickness prevented him. He might be ill at times, but when the dying old year ran out its course, as sure as the clock in the tower pointed towards the hour of midnight, that solemn moment of time when we stand between two worlds, a dead past and an unknown future, so sure was old Jan there at his post to "Ring out the Old, Ring in the New."

And next year, when that came, he would ring in the Jubilee Year. Ah! that should be a grand peal, a double jubilee—his Gracious Queen's and his also, for as master of the belfry he had rung in her first year's reign, and now for the sixtieth time he would ring in that year that should be the sixtieth year of her reign.

But things did not seem to go well with old Jan Tresidder that year.

He had been failing for some time past, but he would not see it. His cough was troublesome, and somehow it seemed much longer to go to the belfry than formerly, and the staircase at his cottage was steeper, and the old arm-chair seemed to be harder and not so comfortable as when he brought it back from market for Sarah his wife, now long since gone to her rest.

He kept on pretty well through the summer, but the autumn tried him sorely; still his spirits did not fail; December would soon be here: he would ring in his last New Year, and then his work would be over and he could die in peace.

Comforts were not lacking; the ladies from the Hall (ah, how many generations of squires he could recollect!) kept him well

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supplied with delicacies and port wine for his failing strength, for he was the patriarch of the place, and very proud they were of him too.

But as Christmas time drew near he grew weaker, until at last they feared he would not last till the New Year's Day, and, even if he did, it would be impossible for him to ring his peal. No one had the heart to tell him; it would so dishearten the old man. He kept his bed altogether now.

His granddaughter, another Sarah, and like her granny when a girl, so old Jan said, attended to his wants, and the bed was brought down to the kitchen, where my lady saw him on Christmas morning, when she came to wish him the Season's greetings on her way to church.

"Ay, my lady, and I'm getting better, sure enough—old Jan won't fail 'ee, never fear! I'll be there! I be only a bit worrited with this 'ere dratted cough, which do try a poor body like me."

It became evident, however, that Jan's days were numbered, and day by day the hacking cough wore him out, and he grew weaker and weaker, till, when the last day of the Old Year had dawned, he was in such a stupor that they hardly knew whether he were alive or dead. But as the day wore on he rallied once more, and asked anxiously what day it was, and his granddaughter not thinking replied, it was the last day of the Old Year, and "such a bad day granfer," said she, "snowin' terrible bad."

Now, it had been secretly arranged that young Jim Penwherris, a stalwart village youth who was sweethearting with Jan's granddaughter, was to take his place as head ringer on this night as he had for some months past, and even old Jan admitted that "for a boy he did it tolrabul well."

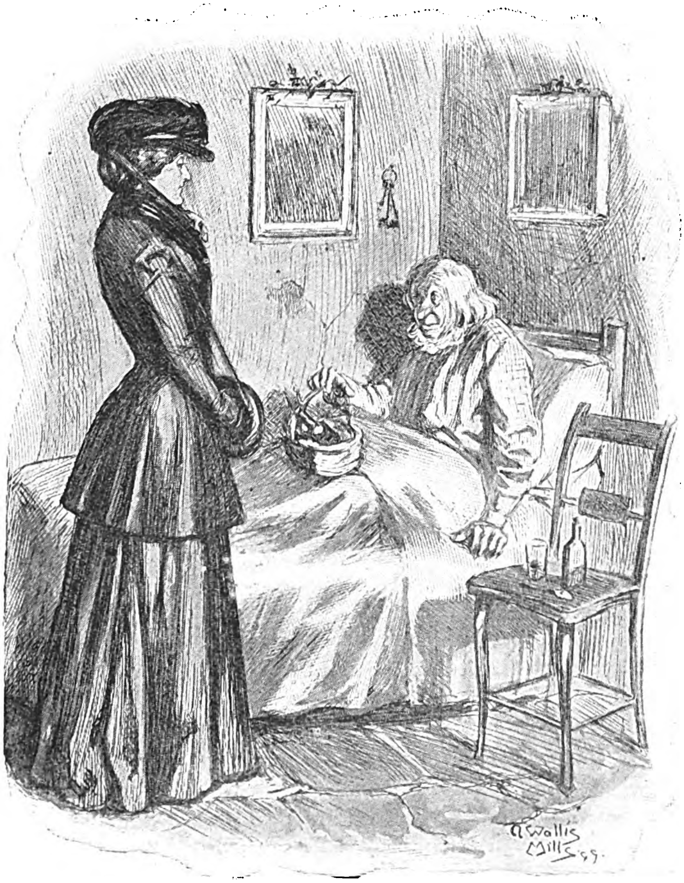
During the evening Jan had dozed off, and, relying on his sleeping for some hours, Sarah slipped out about half-past nine and went across to see Jim about various matters not altogether connected with bell-ringing, first taking the precaution to move the watch that hung over the mantel-shelf on two hours fast, so that if Jan should wake he would think the hour was already past.

In half-an-hour she was back again, bringing Jim with her, and what was her astonishment and fright to find the bed where she had left her grandfather asleep empty, and the key of the belfry gone from its accustomed hook!

Beside herself with fear, she rushed with Jim towards the church.

What had happened? Hardly had she left the room when old Jan had awakened, and looking at his watch hanging in front of his bed, saw it was a quarter to twelve. Why, a quarter of an hour and the New Year would begin! He must make haste.

A flicker of his old spirit flamed up. He got out of bed; tremblingly he put on his



"Ay, my lady," said old Jan, "and I'm getting better sure enough."

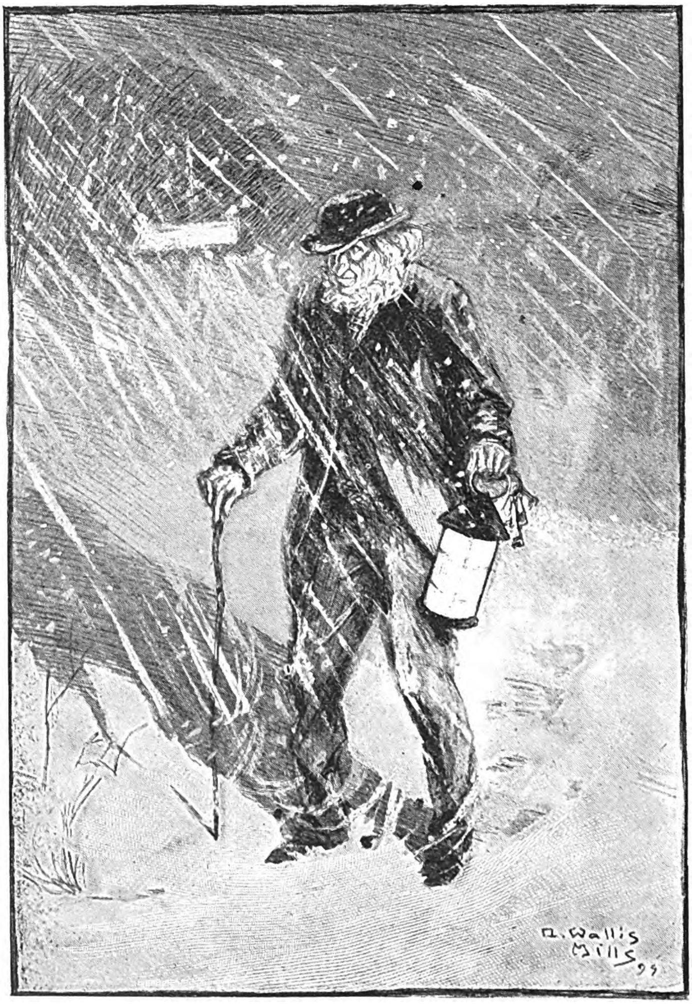
clothes, which they had not thought of removing. Reaching down his key and taking the lantern, off he hobbled towards the church.

The snow made walking difficult, and blew in his face.

Several times he stumbled, almost gave up, then struggled on again.

Where were the others? Why were there no lights? Had they forgotten? Well, old Jan Tresidder would show them; he would be a loyal subject.

Such intense determination was in the old fellow he scarcely felt the biting cold of the fierce wind. His purpose possessed him utterly, and like many great men and heroes before him, he lost all touch of temporal and immediate circumstance in a fine and noble desire. Jan Tresidder was merely the old bell-ringer of Trewedna—no great man, no hero—and his desire was neither brilliant nor splendid, merely to honour his Queen and do his duty, but fine and noble, nevertheless.



**Several times he stumbled, and almost gave up, but struggled on.**

At last the church was reached, and a respite from the snow, but the cold wind whistled through the belfry and blew his lantern out.

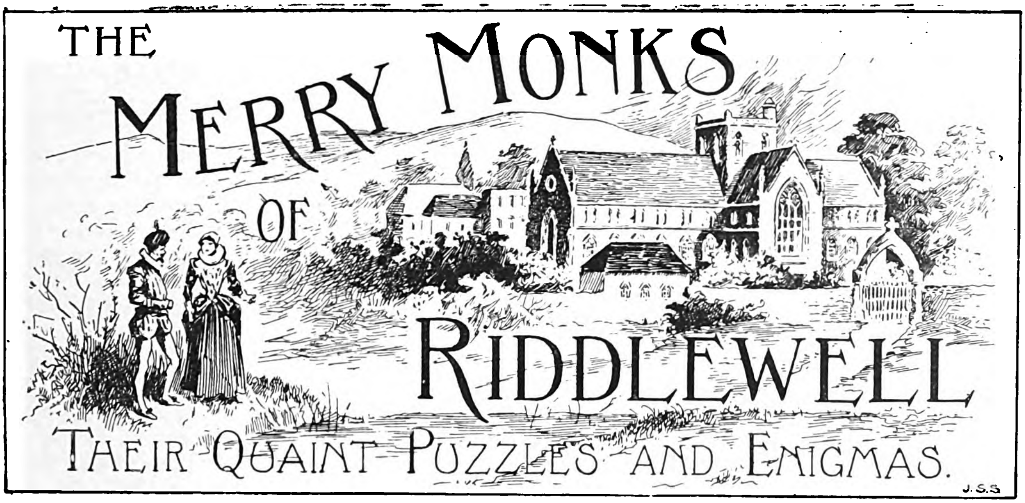
He relit it with difficulty, and dropped down on one of the oak benches. He could hardly breathe. Someone was fastening a chain round his throat; they were putting bands across his chest and holding his hands down. A violent fit of coughing rent him. Ah! that was better now, and he tottered towards the spot where the ropes hung. There was his bell-rope that he had held so many times.

He would ring alone; the others had forgotten, but Jan would ring the New Year in. He would show the folk there was life in the old fellow yet—life and loyalty.

Summoning all his strength, he pulled and pulled again. Out rang the strident notes through the night; louder and louder yet clanged the great bell, smitten by its brazen tongue, drowning the hoots of the frightened owls and the noise of winds and waves. As suddenly as it had started as suddenly it ceased; and, as Sarah and Jim rushed up and reached the belfry, there they found the old ringer lying on the stone floor dead—dead, with a thin red stream running from his mouth, and staining his snow-white beard, his sightless eyes still staring upwards at the swinging bell-rope. And that is why Trewedna rang no merry chimes to welcome in the glad New Year of Jubilee.

# THE MERRY MONKS OF RIDDLEWELL

## THEIR QUAINT PUZZLES AND ENIGMAS.



By Henry E. Dudeney.

"Friar Andrew," quoth the Lord Abbot, as he lay a-dying, "methinks I could now rede thee the riddle of riddles—an I had—the time—and—" The good friar put his ear close to the holy Abbot's lips, but alas! they were silenced for ever.

Thus passed away the life of the jovial and greatly beloved Abbot of the old monastery of Riddlewell. His merry doings are recorded in a curious manuscript that came accidentally into my hands a short time ago. The monks of Riddlewell Abbey were noted in their day for the quaint enigmas and puzzles that they were in the habit of propounding. The Abbey was built in the fourteenth century, near a sacred spring known as the Red-hill Well. This became in the vernacular Reddlewell and Riddlewell, and under the Lord Abbot David the monks evidently tried to justify the latter form by the riddles they propounded so well. The solving of puzzles became the favourite recreation, no matter whether they happened to be of a metaphysical, philosophical, mathematical or mechanical kind. It grew into an absorbing passion with them, and, as I have shown above, in the case of the Abbot this passion was strong even in death.

It would seem that the words "puzzle," "problem," "enigma," etc., did not occur in their vocabulary. They were accustomed to call every poser a "riddle," no matter whether it took the form of "Where was Moses when the light went out?" or the Squaring of the Circle. On one of the walls in the refectory were inscribed the words of Samson, "I will now put forth a riddle to you," to remind the brethren of what was expected of them, and the rule was that each monk in turn should propose some riddle daily to the community, the others being always free to cap it with another if disposed to do so. Abbot David was, undoubtedly, the puzzle genius of the monastery, and everybody naturally bowed to his decision. Only a few of the Abbey riddles have been preserved in the manuscript, and I propose to select those that seem most interesting. I shall try to make the conditions of the puzzles perfectly clear, so that the modern reader may fully understand them, and perhaps be amused in trying to find some of the solutions.

### THE RIDDLE OF THE FISH-POND.

At the bottom of the Abbey meads was a small fish-pond where the monks used to spend many a contemplative hour with rod and line. One day, when they had had very bad luck and only caught twelve fishes amongst them, Brother Jonathan suddenly declared that as there was no sport that day he would put forth a riddle for their entertainment. He thereupon took twelve fish baskets, and placed them at equal distances round the pond, as shown in our illustration, with one fish in each basket.

"Now, gentle anglers," said he, "rede me this riddle of the Twelve Fishes. Start at any basket you like, and, always going in one direction round the pond, take up one fish, pass it over two other fishes, and place it in

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the next basket. Go on again; take up another single fish, and, having passed that also over two fishes, place it in a basket; and so continue your journey. Six fishes only are to be removed, and when these have been placed, there should be two fishes in each of six baskets, and six baskets empty. Which of you merry wights will do this in such a manner that you shall go round the pond as few times as possible?"

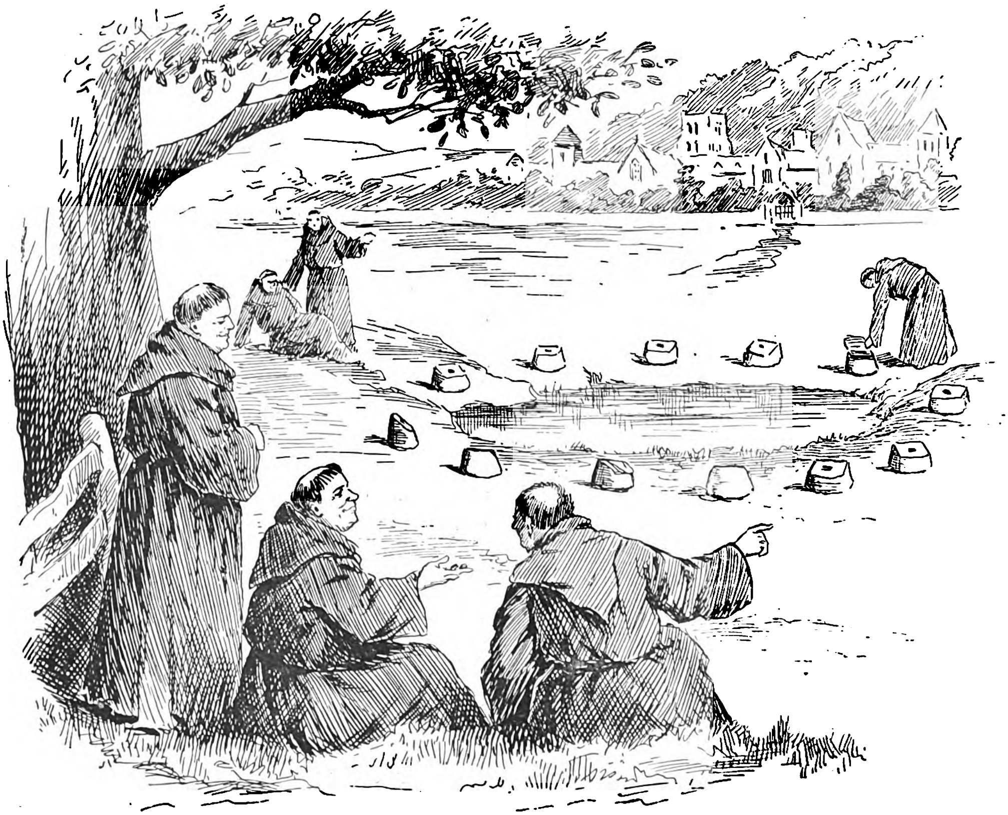
I will explain to the reader that it does not matter whether the two fishes that are passed over are in one or two baskets, nor how many empty baskets you pass. And, as Brother Jonathan said, you must always go in one direction round the pond (without any doubling back) and end at the spot from which you set out.

## THE RIDDLE OF THE PILGRIMS.

One day when the monks were seated at their repast, the Abbot announced that a messenger had that morning brought news that a number of pilgrims were on the road and would require their hospitality.

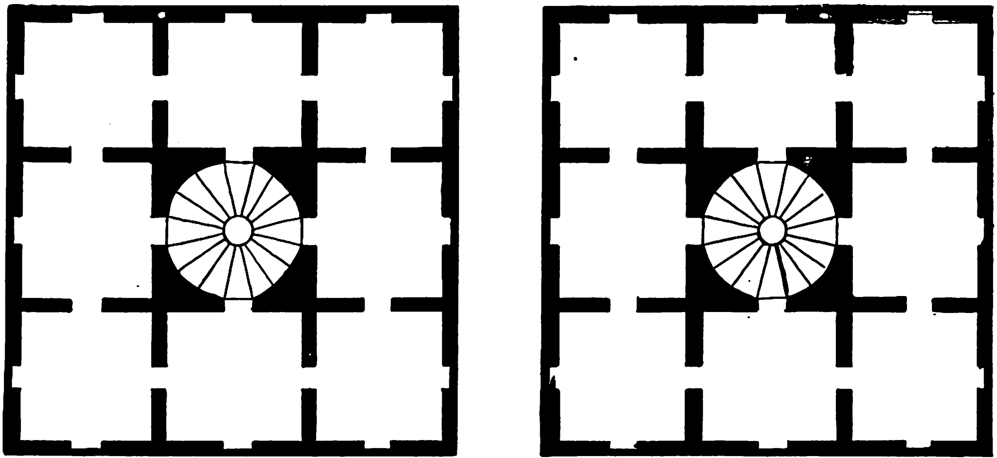
"You will put them," he said, "in the square dormitory that has two floors with eight rooms on each floor. There must be eleven persons sleeping on each side of the building, and twice as many on the upper floor as on the lower floor. Of course every room must be occupied, and you know my rule that not more than three persons may occupy the same room."

I give a plan of the two floors, from which it will be seen that the sixteen rooms are approached by a well staircase in the centre. After the monks had solved this little problem and arranged for the accommodation, the pilgrims arrived, when it was found that they were three more in number than was at first stated. This necessitated a reconsideration of the question, but the wily monks succeeded in getting over the new difficulty again, without breaking the Abbot's rules. The curious point of this puzzle is to discover the total number of pilgrims.



The Riddle of the Twelve Fish Baskets.

## PLAN OF DORMITORY.



8 Rooms on Upper Floor. 8 Rooms on Lower Floor.

**Can you solve the Puzzle of the Pilgrims and tell how many slept in the Floors of the Dormitory?**

## THE RIDDLE OF THE TILED HEARTH.

It seems that it was Friar Andrew who first managed to "rede the riddle of the Tiled Hearth." Yet it was a simple enough little puzzle. The square hearth, where they burnt their Yule logs, and round which they had such merry carousings, was floored with sixteen large ornamental tiles. When these became cracked and burnt with the heat of the great fire, it was decided to put down new tiles, which had to be selected from four different patterns (the Cross, the Fleur-de-lys, the Lion, and the Star), but plain tiles were also available. The Abbot proposed that they should be laid as shown in our sketch, without any plain tiles at all, but Brother Richard broke in—

"I trow, my Lord Abbot, that a riddle is required of me this day. Listen, then, to that which I shall put forth. Let these sixteen tiles be so placed that no tile shall be in line with another of the same design"—(he meant, of course, not in line horizontally, vertically, or diagonally)—"and in such manner that as few plain tiles as possible be required."

When the monks handed in their plans it was found that only Friar Andrew had hit upon the correct answer, even Friar Richard himself being wrong. All had used too many plain tiles.

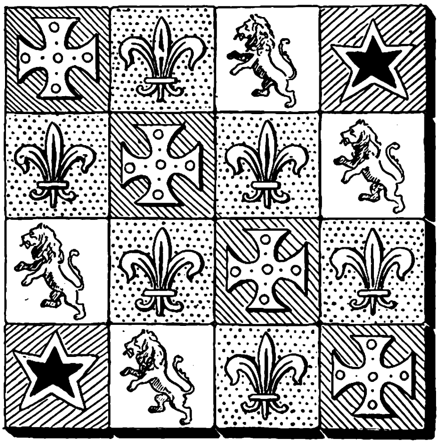
## THE RIDDLE OF THE SACK WINE.

One day, when seated at table, Brother Benjamin was called upon by the Abbot to give the riddle that was that day required of him.

"Forsooth," said he, "I am no good at the making of riddles as thou knowest full well; but I have been teasing my poor brain over a matter that I trust some among you will expound to me, for I cannot rede it myself. It is this. Mark me take a glass of sack from this bottle that contains a pint of wine and pour it into that jug which contains a pint of water. Now, I fill the glass with the mixture from the jug and pour it back into the bottle holding the sack. Pray tell me, have I taken more wine from the bottle than water from the jug? Or have I taken more water from the jug than wine from the bottle?"

I gather that the monks got nearer to a great quarrel over this little poser than had ever happened before. One brother so far forgot himself as to tell his neighbour that "more wine had got into his pate than wit came out of it," while another noisily insisted that it all depended on the size of the glass and the age of the wine. But the Lord Abbot intervened, showed them what a simple question it really was, and restored good feeling all round.

## THE RIDDLE OF THE CELLARER.



The Riddle of the Tiled Hearth.

Then Abbot David looked grave and said that this incident brought to his mind the painful fact that John the Cellarer had been caught robbing the cask of best Malvoisie that was reserved for special occasions. He ordered him to be brought in.

"Now, varlet," said the Abbot, as the ruddy-faced Cellarer came before him, "thou knowest that thou wast taken this morning in the act of stealing good wine that was forbidden thee. What hast thou to say for thyself?"

"Prithee, my Lord Abbot, forgive me!" he cried, falling on his knees. "Of a truth, the Evil One did come and tempt me, and the cask was so handy, and the wine was so good withal, and—and I had drunk of it ofttimes without being found out, and—"

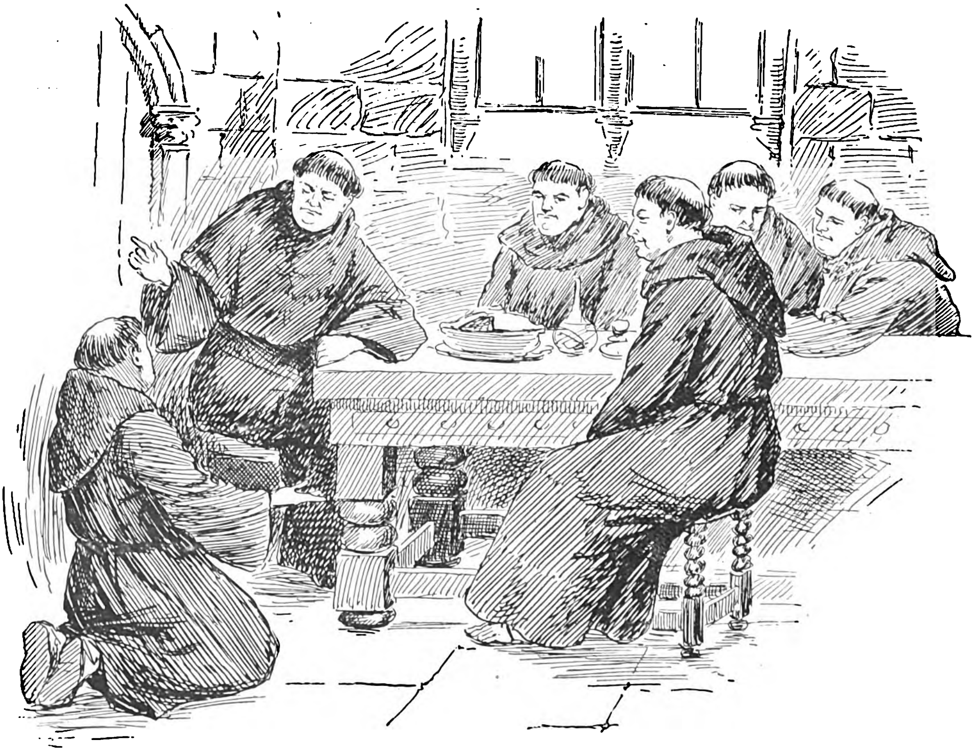
"Rascal! that but maketh thy fault the worse! How much wine hast thou taken?"

"Alack-a-day! There were a hundred pints in the cask at the start, and I have taken me a pint every day this month of June—it being to-day the thirtieth thereof — and if my Lord Abbot can tell me to a nicety how much good wine I have taken in all, let him punish me as he will."

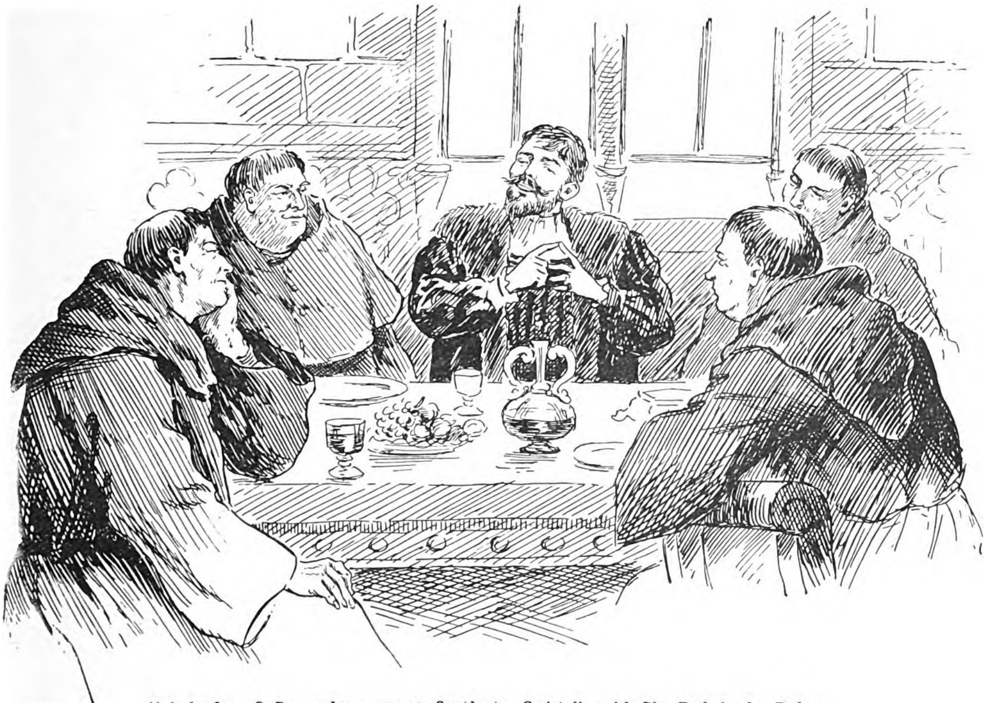
"Why, knave, that is thirty pints."

"Nay, nay; for each time I drew a pint out of the cask, I put in a pint of water in its stead!"

It is a curious fact that this is the only riddle in the manuscript that is not accompanied by its solution. Is it possible that it



The Cellarer fell on his Knees, crying: "Prithee, my Lord Abbot, forgive me!"



"A body of Crusaders went forth to fight," said Sir Ralph de Bohun.

proved too hard a nut for the monks? There is merely the note, "John suffered no punishment for his sad fault."

## THE RIDDLE OF THE CRUSADERS.

On another occasion a certain knight, Sir Ralph de Bohun, was a guest of the monks at Riddlewell Abbey. Towards the close of a sumptuous repast he spoke as follows:

"My Lord Abbot, knowing full well that riddles are greatly to thy liking, I will, by your leave, put forth one that was told unto me in foreign lands. A body of Crusaders went forth to fight the good cause, and such was their number that they were able to form themselves into a square. But on the way a stranger took up arms and joined them, and they were then able to form exactly thirteen smaller squares. Pray tell me, merry monks, how many men went forth to battle?"

Abbot David pushed aside his plate of warden pie, and made a few hasty calculations.

"Sir Knight," said he at length, "the riddle is easy to rede. In the first place there were 324 men, who would make a square 18 by 18, and afterwards 325 men would make 13 squares of 25 Crusaders each. But which of you can tell me how many men there would have been if, instead of 13, they had been able to form 113 squares under exactly the like conditions?"

The monks gave up this riddle, but the Abbot shewed them the answer next morning.

## THE RIDDLE OF ST. EDMONDSBURY.

"It used to be told at St. Edmondsbury," said Father Peter on one occasion, "that many years ago they were so overrun with mice that the good abbot gave orders that all the cats from the country round should be obtained to exterminate the vermin. A record was kept, and at the end of the year it was found that every cat had killed an equal number of mice, and the total was exactly 999,919 mice. How many cats do you suppose there were?"

"Methinks one cat killed the lot," said Brother Benjamin.

"Out upon thee, brother! I said 'cats.'"

"Well, then," persisted Benjamin, "perchance 999,919 cats each killed one mouse."

"No," replied Father Peter, after the monks' jovial laughter had ended, "I said 'mice,' and all I need add is this—that each cat killed more mice than there were cats. They told me it was merely a question of the division of numbers, but I know not the answer to the riddle."

The correct answer is given, but it is not shewn how they arrived at it.

## THE RIDDLE OF THE FROGS' RING.

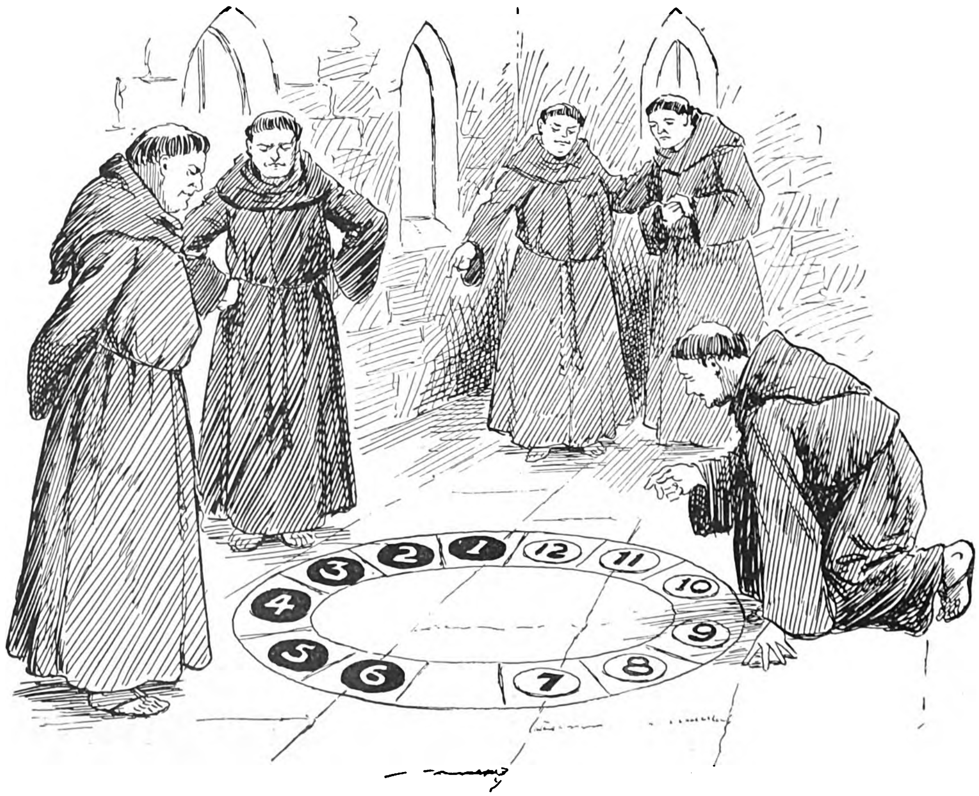
One Christmas the Abbot offered a prize of a large black jack mounted in silver, to be engraved with the name of the monk who should put forth the best new riddle. This tournament of wit was won by Brother Benedict, who, curiously enough, never before or since gave out anything that did not excite the ridicule of his brethren. It was called the "Frogs' Ring."

A ring was made with chalk on the floor of the hall, and divided into thirteen compartments, in which twelve discs of wood (called "frogs") were placed in the order shown in our illustration, one place being left vacant. The numbers 1 to 6 were painted white and the numbers 7 to 12 black. The puzzle was to get all the white numbers where the black ones were and *vice versa*. The white frogs move round in one direction, and the black ones the opposite way. They may move in any order one step at a time, or jumping over one of the opposite colour to the place beyond, just as we play draughts to-day. The only other condition is that when all the frogs have changed sides, the 1 must be where the 12 now is and the 12 in the place now occupied by 1. The puzzle was to perform the feat in as few moves as possible. How many moves are necessary?

These, then, are a few of the ingenious riddles that I deciphered from those old manuscripts. I, with a little thought and trouble, have solved them all, and you will doubtless do the same.

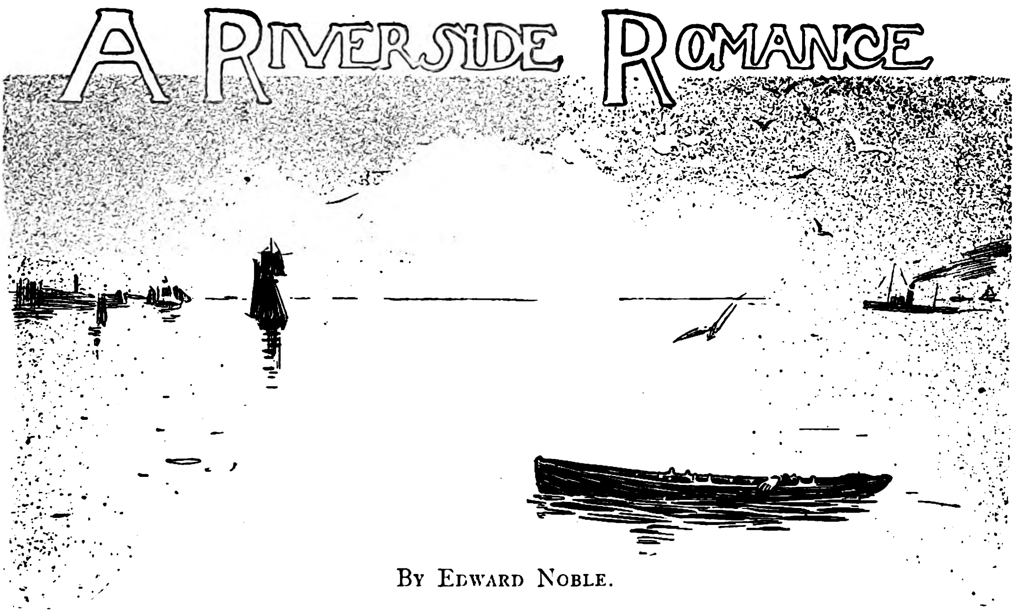
I will conclude this article in the words of the old manuscript, "These be some of the riddles which the Monks of Riddlewell did set forth and expound each to the others in the merry days of the good Abbot David."

*(The solutions to the puzzles in the above article will appear in the* ROYAL MAGAZINE *next month.)*



**A Ring was made with Chalk on the Floor of the Hall.**

# A RIVERSIDE ROMANCE



### By Edward Noble.

H-O-U-E-F-F! H-o-u-e-f-f!

H-h-o-o! H-h-o-o!

"What on earth," cried my friend, as he started into a sitting posture in the opposite bunk, "is that diabolic noise?"

"Two steamers meeting," I replied, from within my curtains. "A signal to show on which side they intend to pass. Go to sleep, and don't ask questions."

I need not have suggested it, for my friend is the most somnolent man I know; indeed, he was sound long before the swell rolled down from the distant steamer's track, and I had dressed to go on deck.

Last night, when the adverse tide and failing wind had compelled us to anchor, the sky was ablaze with flashing colour. The river ran in streaks of blood, the distant lightship flamed feebly amidst the brooding shadows, and all the puny, far-off ships were silhouetted against the brilliant sun, in sudden dabs of purple colour.

Now all was changed, the night was pitchy black, the river black, the marshes clothed in blackness. A leaden pall obscured the stars from view, scarcely a breath of wind stirred, and the silence was the silence that creeps upon the face of the waters in the stillness of a calm.

Close astern, the Grain Spit beacon blinked eerily out of shadow, lighting the yacht's decks and snowy sails with fitful gleams of flame. Farther afield the Nore swung its heavy glare slowly around the compass. No other spark of light was visible, no shadowy spars or hulls appeared within the scope of our horizon; the lights of the vessels recently passing in the offing, had vanished, and but for the sluggish ripple at the bow, the night was void of sound as well.

I had come on deck to take a look around and grow cool, intending presently to return and try to follow my friend's example, but now all thought of sleep vanished from my mind. I sat quietly huddled in my deck chair, watching the leaping gleams of light, and pondering on the brooding savagery lurking in the still air.

There should have been a watch forward, doubtless there was, but whether he slept or watched I neither knew nor cared. When I came on deck my pipe was alight, but before I had lounged ten minutes it had gone out and I had put it aside. I was engrossed with the curious silence, the solemn darkness, the eerie, scintillating lights; and nothing came to disturb me until a dark shadow floated silently past, and I knew a boat had drawn across the briefly lighted water.

Half-an-hour crept by, then a footstep challenged my attention, and I turned to see the skipper standing in stockinged feet, saluting.

"Well, Tranquil," I said, giving him the soubriquet he loved, "what is it? How comes it you are not in bed?"

"Beg pardon, sir," he replied, in his curious deep voice. "But there's no sleeping to-night for me—I couldn't do it comfortable, knowing what I know."

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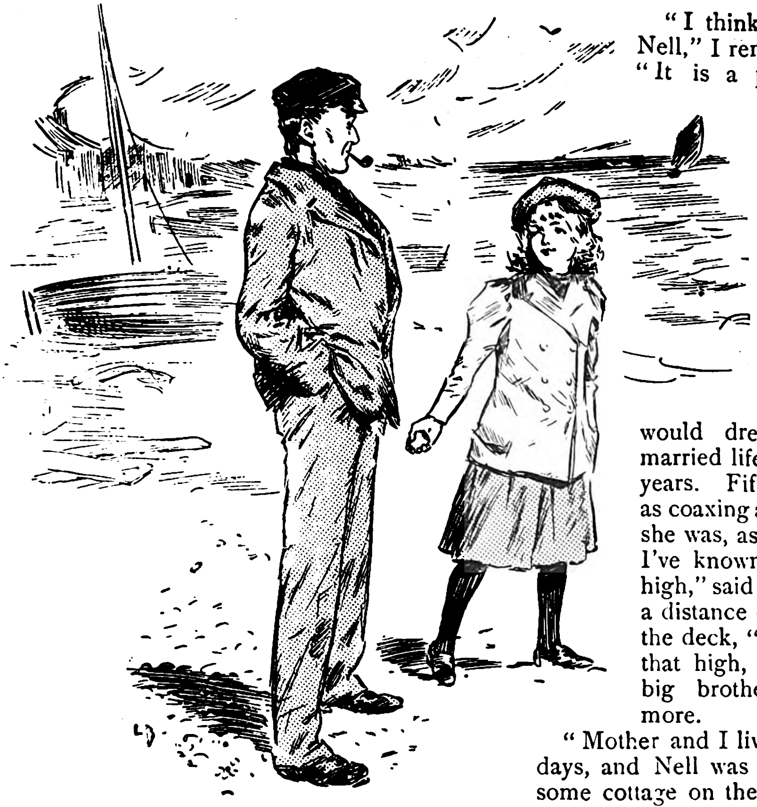


I took her for runs about the beach.

"What is it?" I questioned again, for I could see the man was ill at ease, and wished to get to the bottom of a matter at which so far he had only hinted. "You know you can speak without reserve, and if I can help, why—"

"Sir," he broke in, "you're very kind. I'm troubled in my mind, and it's about the little maid."

"Go on," I said, "I understand. That was why you wished to fetch the Lightship before night fell?"

"Aye, sir—that was it. But what can a man do with this calm and sultriness, when he's looking for an anchorage two mile in the eye of the tide. Nothing—only anchor where you are, and keep a look-out for the boat. What boat? Sir, there's a long yarn trailing astern of that question, and maybe presently you'll be wanting to go below."

"No, Tranquil," I returned. "It is too hot to sleep, so cut along, long or short, I am interested."

The skipper remained silent awhile, he stood holding on to the spring backstay, gazing out into the night, and listening intently.

"I think you said her name was Nell," I remarked, noting the pause. "It is a pretty name—the name of a very beautiful woman."

"There's none, sir, like to Nell in my eyes," he returned, as he faced about and met my gaze, "and there never will be. In the days I'm going to speak of, she was just a dark-eyed, golden-haired slip of beauty, whom no man that's wo'th the name would dream of tying down to married life for maybe half-a-dozen years. Fifteen was her age, sir, and as coaxing and dainty a little woman she was, as here or there a score. I've known her since she were that high," said Tranquil, as he measured a distance of some three feet from the deck, "and ever since she were that high, I've been her playmate, big brother, chum—but nothing more.

"Mother and I lived down here in those days, and Nell was hidden away in a lonesome cottage on the marshes, near the fork of the river facing the Ness. That's where she was brought up and taught to do her duty, to fear God and honour the Queen, that's where she learned to read, and write, and spell, and her mother was her teacher—her only teacher, and the best. Her father is known as "Old Man Jenkin," and is as drunken a skinflint as ever boiled down shells for soup, and skimmed the grease to spread his bread; and when the mother died, Old Man Jenkin sold the home, and came across to the Ness, where he settled down to drink and laziness, as though he had shipped saloon and was bound by mail to the devil. And then it was she came to ask my advice in everything, and from then the trouble grew."

Tranquil paused, and stood staring out into the night, whilst I listened surprised at the intense emotion ringing in his speech.

"Sir," he continued after awhile, "my old mother and me looked after her from that out. It was mother who put her straight when she came past from school, mother who mended her bibs and tuckers, and set her pinafore aflame with ribbons; me who took her for her runs about the beach, taught her how to pull a scull, set a sail, and tell a brig from a schooner; me it was who walked her home along the parade, and kept her from noticing the gay soldier sparks that trapse the front on the look-out for pretty hearts to break. Me it was who taught her all she knew of sailor work, and she—sir, she gave me thought for thought, teaching for teaching, and was just my baby sister, a sweet, innocent lassie, fit for all men's love but no one's courting; how should she be, when she's only just fifteen?

"I didn't tumble to how things stood," the skipper continued, with a husky note in his voice, "until one day when I came back from a trip up river and saw her standing all flushed, and pretty as a picture, waiting in the doorway for me to return; and then it came upon me like a flash. The child was a woman grown, a woman to love, a woman to win; and I hung back, half afraid from the greeting she gave me, and my heart leaped at the kisses tingling on my face.

"She noticed the difference, and looked up quick, with a pretty laugh, and said: 'How startled you are, Tom. You musn't be startled, a girl may always kiss her brother. Come, take me for a walk.' Those were her words, sir. I remember them well; I shall never forget them, nor what followed, never!

"So my little maid and I went out, and wandered, as we often did, to the beach, far beyond the fortress, and sat down on an overturned boat to watch the leaping sea. It's quiet down there, and lonely; and we both had something in our hearts to keep us still.

"I mind the night well, it was fair and quiet as a sleeping child; no heavy clouds to smudge the horizon, no smoke or fog banks, only a silver sea rippling down to our feet, bright with the light of the rising moon. A whisper ran up the beach, from where it fell upon the stones, and the song droned in my ears like music from the band. I was happy. Sir, I was happy. Why? Because I saw the love light dancing in Nell's eyes, and thought it spelled love for me.

"Wrong, sir! All wrong and all astray. Men mostly are when they take to guessing the secrets of a woman's heart. I know it now; but then I had only just learned my own heart's secret, and I was prejudiced 'on my own.'

"For a while we sat in silence, Nell picking up little pebbles, and flinging them whilst I watched. I thought she was waiting for me to speak, and I didn't know quite how to tackle it. But I knew I must; so I cast my eyes about, and at that moment the Nore Light swung to face us. I caught at it quick, for it gave me a notion.

"'That's a pretty gleam, Nell,' I said. 'I could almost fancy——'

"'How funny!' she cried, breaking in with a laugh. 'I was just thinking about that light. How bright it shines now, how dark it is when it passes round. How I should love to live out there and see it flashing slowly, slowly, all night long, and to hear the tramp of the watch. Oh, it must be so lonely for the poor watch—nothing but the moaning river, the passing ships, and the distant glimpse of home. I should love to be out there, too. Oh, Tom! I should love to be out there always.'

"'It's a queer freak, Nell,' said I, wondering; 'but don't you set your heart on it. Women aren't allowed on the lightships; it's as impossible as on a man-o'-war.'

"'That is why I mean to go there,' she flashed, saucily.

"'It's more than I can compass, lass,' said I.

"'Ted Brady will manage it,' she answered; then, seeing my look—'Oh, Tom, don't be cross, don't be anxious; I long to go out there; I want to see that ship where——' She paused, and, stooping down, picked up some more pebbles and flung them at random across the beach.

"'Where what?' said I.

"'I think you are horrid!' she cried—I mind her words well, sir—'I think you are horrid!'—that's what she said; then, seeing my look, she tossed aside the stones and put her arms about my neck. 'No, no!' she cried! 'I didn't mean that. I meant, would you be very angry if I—if Ted Brady, for instance, took me out for a trip one day all by himself?'

"'Tell me, Nell,' said I, 'have you been seeing much of Brady?' I don't know, sir, why I asked the question. I only remember a chill had swept across me, just as if a fog was settling over the sea; but there was no fog; the water rippled bravely under the old moon, and Nell's face was very close to mine when I looked up.

"'Would you mind if I had, Tom?' she questioned.

"'Ted's a good lad, Nell. No, I can't say I would mind; he's a good lad.'

"Sir," said Tranquil, as he paused to stare out into the night, "I was giving myself away; but I could say no less, although it was easy to see how the land lay, easy as reading a book; and unless I told a lie, I could say nothing else of my old chum Brady.

"'Oh! I am so glad,' she cried, 'because now I can tell you quite easily all I wanted to tell you; and it was so difficult to begin, wasn't it?'

"'Yes, Nell,' I made answer, 'the beginning was—what—you might call difficult.'

"'That is my own kind brother now,' she whispered. Then nestling close beside me, she told me all about Ted Brady, how Brady was a hero, the only hero on earth; she didn't say as much, sir, you'll understand, but she just showed her hand clear out in the moonlight, and laughed, and blushed, and coaxed, whilst I sat tight, gripping the boat's chime to keep from dropping a word to spoil it.

"The night was dark, but not like this, sir. There was light enough to see clear out into the depths. Away in the blue distance one could make out the vessels creeping slowly over the tide, outlined with little jets of fire; scarce moving they were, and very tiny on the sea-line, but twinkling like stars on a frosty night.

"I sat on awhile watching them, and wondering at the silence. I sat so long that at last Nell noticed it, and coming more in face of me, looked into my eyes. Hers were dancing, bright with love, and the moon showed me the flush on her cheek, the red of her lips, and the gleam of her white teeth; as I sat on all in the shadow.

"'Turn round, Tom,' she cried at this.' 'No—it isn't fair. I can't see you—turn round and talk—tell me, are you glad? Tom! you are not sorry? Say something—tell me you are—not sorry?'

"But I couldn't speak, sir; not for shekels I couldn't speak. Then Nell caught me by the arm, and holding me back to watch me, said: 'Tom, *you* don't mind—*do* you? Tell me it's nothing—to—you—or—I shall believe I don't know what!'

"She pulled me half round into the light, and then the words came, not the words I wanted, sir. God! they always halt when they are most needed.

"'If you mean, do I love you, Nell,' said I, 'except as a brother should; why, you flatter yourself, my dear. Cling on to Brady, and—I'll see fair play."

The skipper stopped short, and stood gripping the backstay in silence. Far down the reach a steamer was speaking Southend Pier. A group of coloured lights blazed in a triangle, and a glittering shower of fire balls, cleft the darkness, from her signal rocket.

"You'll easily see, sir," Tranquil went on quietly when the flash had disappeared, "my chance after that was gone. My little maid believed me—as she should—for why should I spoil her life for the sake of my desire?"

Again his voice broke, he paused in his speech abruptly, and taking a few hurried turns about the deck, returned, and stood before me with the air of a man who had made up his mind, and commenced anew.

"For a while, sir," he went on, his words falling with a singular rythmic cadence amidst the rippling river music alongside. "For a while it was difficult to go steady, but I held on for Nell's sake. I held on till she seemed quiet and easy, and then I took a berth in Colonel Villier's yacht, the Sunflower, and came round to Cowes for the season. I thought I wasn't wanted. I thought it best to stay away and forget, but I'd better have lost my right arm and leg than let what followed grow, for if my little maid could never be my wife, she was still my sister by our compact, and I should have stayed to see it through.

"That year, sir, as you may remember, the summer fell fine, and the colonel, after the Island racing was done, took a cruise West. We entered for no more matches, but just pottered about the coast, dropping in at Guernsey, Jersey, St. Malo, Brest; sometimes staying a week in a place, sometimes only a day, then moving on. So it fell that the letters that were sent after me never fetched, and I had no news until late in the autumn, when we happened to put into Plymouth on a run from the Scilly's to the Wight. And here I went ashore for the Colonel's letters, and whilst I was about it, asked if by chance there were any for me.

"Two were handed across the counter, one two months old, another three weeks. They were marked to await, and they had awaited.

"The first was from mother, telling me how Old Man Jenkin had come to hear of Nell's sweethearting, and had stopped it by taking her away to Rochester, where they were living in Crump's house, and enclosing a letter from the little maid herself, begging me to come to help her.

"The second was from Nell also, saying that Brady had taken the huff at something Old Man Jenkin had said, and asking why I had not answered her earlier letters.

"Letters! God forgive me, I had done my best to keep clear of letters. I wanted to forget, and forgot that the little lass might be praying for help from the only man who could give it. A miserable business, sir—selfishness, pure selfishness, and a touch of jealousy thrown in. I'd kept away, and this was the result.

"But I waited no longer. I saw the Colonel on my return, handed him my papers, and asked for my discharge. This he gave me, like the kind master he always was, with a £5 note to cover my expenses over and above my pay ; so in fifteen hours from then I was back again at the Ness.

"All too late, sir! All too late! The little maid was married tight and fast, married to the pimp who had bought her, body and soul, from Old Man Jenkin, for the price of his rum and keep to the end of his days. Crump is her name now, Nell Crump, and her husband is the biggest villain on all the river front.

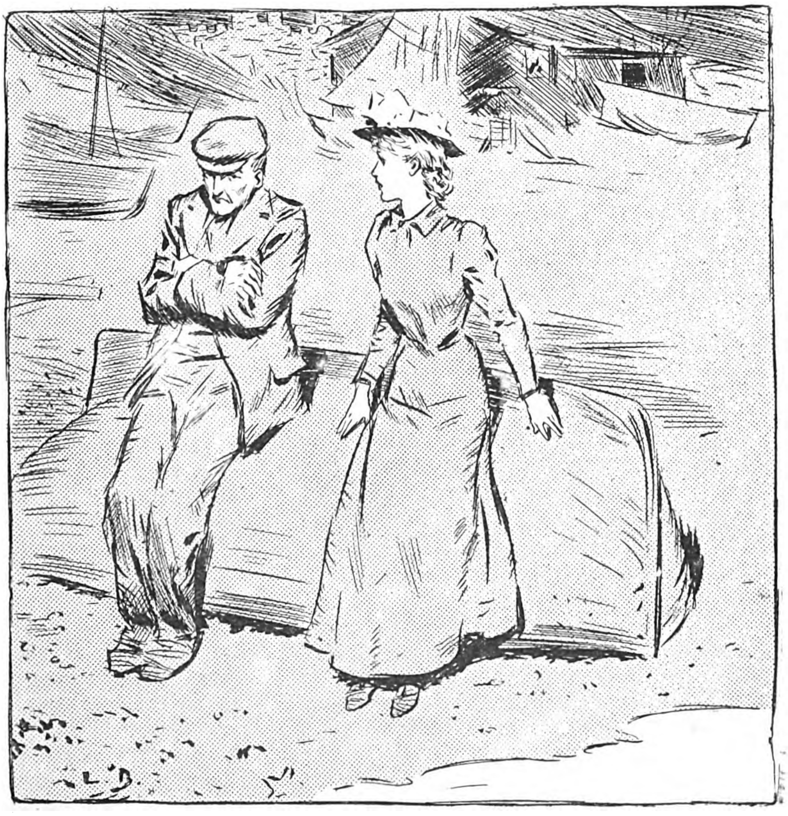
"A marine store dealer, they call him, with a surfeit of money and two or three shops. One at Rochester, one in Bluetown, one at Chatham. He spends his nights rollicking at one or the other of his houses, and his days in grabbing from the needy. Old Man Jenkin lives with him now, and word is going the rounds that Crump is tired of keeping him in his weekly allowance now he has the girl, and is plying him with double goes of rum to hurry him off.

"That's as may be. I went down to see Old Man Jenkin one day, but he was dead drunk, I could get no sense out of him. I tried to see Nell, but Nell was away, kept away on purpose. Oh! What could I do? Nothing! only watch and wait, and plan to get the chance of seeing her somewhen.

"I watched, and planned, and waited, for maybe six months; then, one day I met Nell by chance, and I could scarcely look her in the face for tears. My little Nell! My little maid that was, a twelvemonth ago, and now—!"

The skipper paused, and took a dozen rapid turns about the deck, whilst I sat on, staring into the darkness. The night was silent as the grave, silent, and wholly void of movement. Only the distant Nore threw its searching glare around the horizon, and the blinking beacon on the Grain Spit lighted the decks with recurrent flashes. Nothing else moved or stirred, the silence was intense.

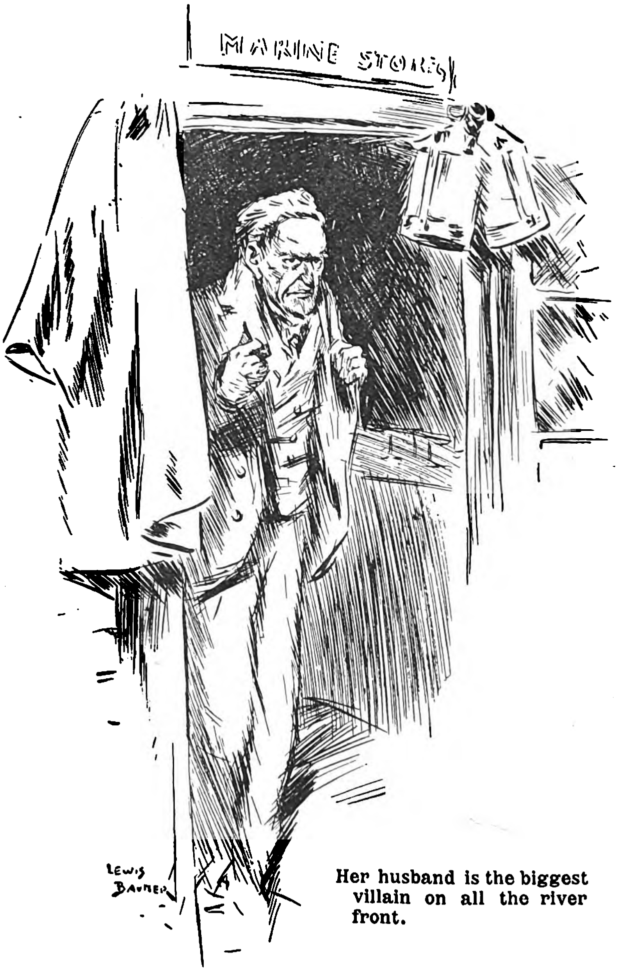
"My little maid was tall, and pale, and quiet now," Tranquil resumed in steadier tones, as he halted once more before me. "Dressed all in black she was, with a dainty bit of white about her throat, for the child had come—and gone. Yes, sir, I thank God for that. It was gone. She asked me hurriedly why I had not answered, or come to see her when she sent. I told her I did not know she wanted me; and then she cried a little, and asked me if ever I saw Ted Brady, and I told her I had seen him, and come nearer to killing a man dead than ever I hoped to again. Then, clinging to my



I stood so long that Nell noticed it and looked into my eyes.

arm, she told me what Brady had never whispered—that her father, having arranged with Crump to sell her, had driven her lover away with lies that smudged her name, and mine; and so, left by herself with no help, living in the house of the man who is her husband, she was compelled to marry him, or worse would have fallen.

"Was she happy? Sir, she looked me in the face and laughed. A pretty smile it was, but all aside the mark—meant as a blind to hide the truth. Eigh! if I had known then what I know now; if when God put it into my heart to ask for letters in Plymouth, he had put it into my little maid's heart to tell me what stood in the path beside her, day and night, night and day, week in, week out, I would have saved her then. I would have taken her out of it, let forty Crumps have joined hands to hold her back. But I knew nothing, she told me nothing; I only saw her white, and thin, and smiling, and didn't know enough to guess the rest.



Her husband is the biggest villain on all the river front.

"So months went by; I went jogging about the river, picking up odd jobs, fishing, yachting, but never going far afield in case I might be wanted; until one day I came home and heard that Brady had been ashore on leave, and folks were coupling my little maid's name with his.

"Sir, you can guess how it struck me. I tried to meet him, but he fought shy. I had no chance of seeing either, till Brady was near upon the time when his leave expired! and then, one night, down on the Hard, when I was coming back from my boat, I saw them standing together near the place where the little maid first told me of her love.

"It was a quiet, still night, with the gleam of a young moon lying crescent-ways down in the western shadow. Nell's head was resting on his shoulder when I came upon them, and he was bending over kissing her pretty cheek. They did not see me, or guess the grim pain they put upon me. It was all done in a flash. I saw them, and I hurried down and spoke.

"'For God's sake, Brady,' I cried, 'let the lass go home. Do you want to breed trouble? Do you want to kill the little maid?'

"He looked up quick at the sound of my voice, and drew her to him.

"'What would you have, man?' he shouted angrily. 'She's mine! She was stolen from me by lies—by lies and the devil's cajolerie. Stand back! No man parts us now!'

"'Is that so, Nell?' I asked, turning to her.

"She flung her lover's arms aside, and came towards me holding out her hands.

"'It is so—God forgive me—I love him. He was to have been my husband!'

"'Let me think it out,' I cried, and sat down on the bottom of the upturned boat. But she would not wait.

"'No, no!' she cried 'it is all settled! You must not look so sad—I can't live this life! The man Crump is killing me—he is killing me, as he killed those who have gone before me. I know it! Don't ask me how—I know it! And so I have promised to go to my lover. Oh! Tom, my brother, don't look so grave! Don't shake your head! You promised always to guard me, and now I want your help. Look, I am your little sister still —and I want my brother's help.'

"'God rest you, lass!" I said. 'It's that I want to give you—stay still and let me think!'

'So we sat on in the dark, sir, watching the grey sea gleaming under the dying moon; watching the lights as they stole past us in the offing, watching the sail-shadows looming nearer at hand. Vessels passing, every one, vessels passing and leaving no trace, like the souls of men at the end of their time. I was thinking, thinking, and looking for a ray of light. But no answer fell, no gleam of wisdom came to help my sorrow; the moon sailed behind a cloud, nothing was left. I turned to Nell and spoke what came first—

"'Let be a while,' I said, after a pause, 'let all stand, and in a month—two months—maybe something may happen. Crump is old; he may die. A thousand risks stand over him daily—in his launch, in the boat, on the railway, unloading his vans in the stores. Let be; don't give wing to the rumour that hangs about the town. A man like Crump can't live for ever, and you, Nell, are not as yet eighteen.'

"Then my little maid's face sank on her lover's arm. I saw a shiver run through her frame, and I took the hand she held towards me for answer. It was cold, and her pulses beat like the throb of a fluttering sail.

"A month! Two months! Oh! it seemed nothing to my despair. To them it seemed an age, but it was not long enough. It has passed, sir, and still—Crump—lives!"

Tranquil stood before me, strong, earnest, pathetic, his manner quiet, his words ringing with the pathos of his struggle. I could not bring myself to speak. I only waited silently until presently he continued:

"They promised that night, and their promise was kept. Brady and Nell stood apart. But now all is away, nothing binds them, only love. What can a man do? Something, surely, he may try. I, sir, have tried and failed.

"I have tried and failed. I recognise to-night what it truly is. It's failure, spelled all in capitals. How could it be otherwise when God sits still and will not show His hand? Never a gleam of light! Never a vision! No help—only Crump lives; and what is worse, the rumour now has found him, too!

"Brady is on the lightship. His spell of leave is over, and a vessel's decks are lonely quarters for a man in love, whose love is in hourly dread of—God knows what brutality. What can be done to relieve the pain he suffers, waiting for news? Only one thing. Nell must carry the news herself; her love bids her carry it to him. Sir, she has carried it to him many times across the lonely Swatch.

"In fine weather the road is easy for them, who know. A bee line from Garrison Light, I showed her years ago, leads just inside the Spit buoy straight to the Nore. So Nell rows out, and for a space Brady walks his spell under the lamp, with visions dancing in his eyes, for the little maid is safe, and he has held her in his arms.

"Last evening she went out once more. Crump had gone to London, and the night promised to be quiet; but before we sailed from Queenborough I saw him fiddling about his boat down by the pier. What use was he going to make of her? Why had he not gone to London? Sir, has he gone afloat?"

The skipper paused abruptly, and stood looking out into the darkness, whilst I rose from my chair and paced the deck before him, for the grim pathos of his story had stirred me greatly.

"Do you anticipate this man Crump intended following her?" I questioned.

"Sir, there's no saying.

"Work for a divorce, Tranquil." I said. "Come to me in the morning and I will tell you what to do. Rely on me, I will gladly help you."

"You are very kind, sir." he returned. "God willing, I'll be able to bring it about. A divorce is the very word."

The skipper's voice ceased. I waited half in hope of some further explanation, but none came; and when presently I turned to where he had leaned, the place was vacant. The darkness and the eerie flashing lights alone outlived.

When morning broke I was again in my chair. For an hour or so I must have slept, and then sat on in a waking dream watching the failing shadows. It was cooler now. The heavy clouds had vanished, and low in the far north-east, a primrose streak was stealing slow across the sky. A violet shadow still brooded over the seaward reaches. The west was wrapped in darkness, and although night still lay heavy across the distant marshland, the swinging Nore was paling, the flashing Spit no longer leaped out of space filling the air with eerie signals; and the Maplins were glinting yellow in the growing dawn. And with the light, the gulls swept screaming seaward.

The morning grew golden, luminous runners whipped the sky. A ripple lay on the face of the waters, scattered in twenty wide-spread patches. Groups of dark-sailed vessels marked the horizon, idly as the smoke-cloud drooping in the glint of the sun;. then, a dazzling glare spread like a crown over the heavens, as a flaming ball of fire stole from its shimmering bed. The dawn was past, and day had come; and still the gulls flew screaming seaward.

For a while I sat on, dreamily content to watch the glowing sea, listening to the birds, the soft ripple at the bows, and the little thuds and jerks of the impatient rudder; and then, the chorus growing, I looked about until my eye chanced on the stern, and I saw the dinghy no longer floated in its place. The gig lay in the davits as at sundown, but the dinghy surely was missing.

I rose from my chair, and walking aft, looked to see if by any chance the boat had drifted under the counter; but no, it had disappeared. Turning on my heel, I marched forward bent on speaking my mind to the careless watch in the bows, but as I approached he turned round, and I saw he was not sleeping.

"I thought, sir, I heard a shout," he said, and faced about to stare at a blotch of shadow lying beneath the whirl of screaming gulls.

"What is it?" I cried.

"Sir, it looks like a boat—but I don't make out why the gulls are skirling."

I took the glass from him, and stood examining the blotch.

"Call the Cap'n," said I, after a while; "we will go out and see what it is."

"Sir, the Cap'n's not aboard, begging your pardin, he went away in the dinghy two hours agone."

"Where did he go?" I cried, angrily, remembering my intense drowsiness.

"He was to have told you, sir," the man replied, "but you were asleep, an' he thought he would be back directly."

"Get someone with you," said I. "We will take the gig, and get away at once."

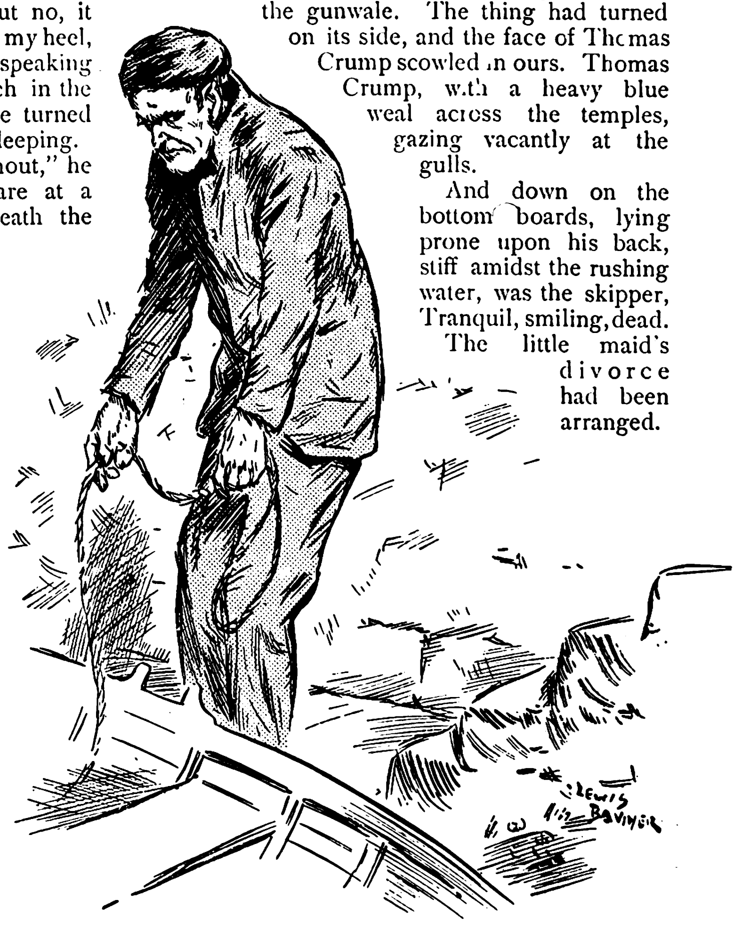
He rose without a word, called the mate and came on deck; then lowering the boat, we rowed away in the path of the sun; and as we went, the blotch resolved into two blotches two boats — one near, the other farther seaward. And above the distant boat, the gulls swerved, and fought, and screamed unceasingly.

We rowed on and came up with the first. It was the dinghy, her painter trailing deep, oars, rudder, rowlocks, all in their place; but Tranquil was missing.

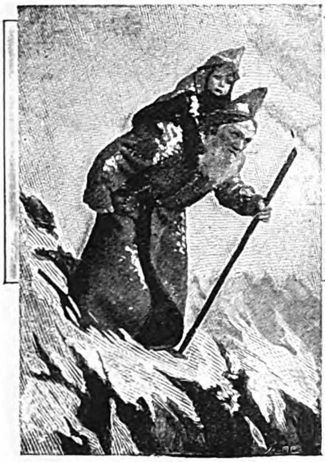
I turned and looked with new interest at that farther blotch with its attendant flock of whirling gulls, and started rowing quickly, staring into the obscuring sun-glare. Then we came upon the boat, and the gulls swooped wide to avoid us.

A half water-logged wherry lay beside us, cumbered in the stern sheets by a curiously flaccid bundle. The mate leaned forward prodding the bundle with his oar. It lurched heavily sideways, and fell with a splash across the gunwale. The thing had turned on its side, and the face of Thomas Crump scowled on ours. Thomas Crump, with a heavy blue weal across the temples, gazing vacantly at the gulls.

And down on the bottom boards, lying prone upon his back, stiff amidst the rushing water, was the skipper, Tranquil, smiling, dead. The little maid's divorce had been arranged.



I saw him fiddling about his boat down by the pier.



# THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By George A. Best.

*Illustrated from photographs by Arthur Ullyett, Leigh-on-Sea.*

## INTRODUCTION.

**Leslie Gordon is borne in a balloon to the home of Santa Claus. The Patron Saint of Children tells the story of his life, and then prepares to carry Leslie on his back to the town of living toys.**

## CHAPTER V.

### SANTA CLAUBERG.

WHAT a wonderful journey it was! Gliding slowly at first over the even surface of the snow, Leslie could give vent to the exclamations of delight and wonder which rose to his lips, and Santa Claus was able to answer all the eager questions of his little companion. But as the pace increased, and the pair dashed madly through gloomy forests of pine, over the courses of frozen mountain torrents, and across a huge glacier where the snow rose in steam like clouds as the shoes of Santa Claus flew over its glittering surface, it was impossible to carry on any kind of conversation. The keen mountain air nearly took Leslie's breath away as it sped shrieking and roaring by; and his eyes gradually closed more and more as the drifting snow covered his face and hair with a thin white powder.

Opening his eyes by a great effort, Leslie beheld a most beautiful valley nestling at the foot of the mountain, now scarcely half-a-mile distant. At the same moment the air grew quite warm and balmy, and the breeze was laden with the sweet scent of flower and blossom. The bewildered little rider now noticed that the snow-line on the mountain side was left far behind, and that the wonderful shoes of Santa Claus were gliding, with a soft, murmuring sound, over a long slide, or track, composed of boards of polished pine, which extended right from the snow line to the streets and roadways of the toy city itself.

Even now they were sliding, at a greatly diminished speed, past the detached toy villas which formed the suburbs of Santa Clauberg. There were sweet little dolls' houses, newly built amidst shrubberies of primroses; larger and older mansions almost hidden amongst forests of fragrant wall-flowers; tiny cottages scarcely larger than a mouse-trap, bounded by neatly trimmed hedges of box plant; and a thatched farm surrounded by haystacks which Leslie could easily have carried in the palm of his hand. And the farmer with his wife and daughters (all well-dressed and intelligent-looking dolls) ran eagerly to the garden gate to see Santa Claus and Leslie pass by; while the toy cows and sheep which were grazing peacefully in a two-foot meadow adjoining the farm bleated and lowed in the most natural manner possible.

A party of gentlemen dolls, drinking cowslip wine at the door of a roadside inn, waved their hats and cheered lustily; and a number of toy cyclists who had been racing towards Santa Clauberg jumped off their bicycles to bow low in the roadway before their King and his honoured guest.

And now the dusty highway was hidden for a second beneath an arcade of thistles which bounded it on either side and met overhead, and when the road again appeared in view it was crowded with all kinds of traffic, and enclosed by a long double row of shops. Smartly dressed dolls walked on the footpath; toy hansoms, drawn by beautiful metal horses, ran to and fro; and a large number of tin omnibuses of different colours were rumbling heavily towards the town,

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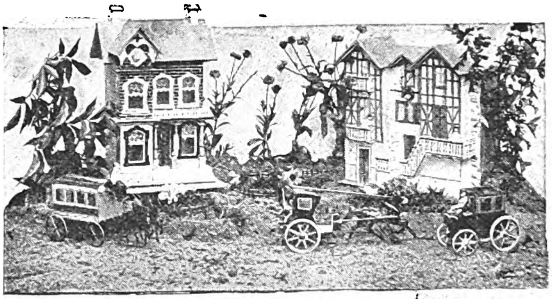
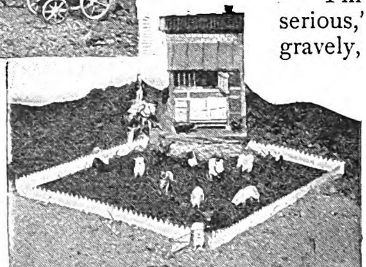


Some fine houses in Santa Clauberg.

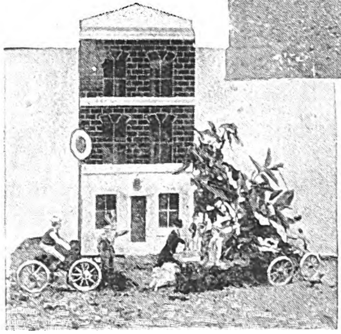
accompanied by a few clockwork motor cars, a yellow brake full of china dolls, and a water-cart.

Santa Claus and Leslie were travelling so slowly at this time that a clockwork train, running on a railway embankment close to the pine-wood slide, easily kept pace with them, and the driver and his mate were so delighted when their engine actually gained on the visitors that they ran past a danger signal, and crashed into the rear of a long luggage-train heavily laden with coal, which was travelling in the same direction.

"What a splendid accident, Santa Claus!" shouted Leslie, forgetting that, unlike the collisions which had been purposely brought about in his nursery at home from time to time, this train was full of live dolls. "The carriages are all piled one on top of the other, the engine is upside down, with its wheels spinning in the air, and the guard's van is half way through the next carriage. Isn't it beautiful!"



The toy cows and sheep were grazing peacefully in a two-foot meadow.

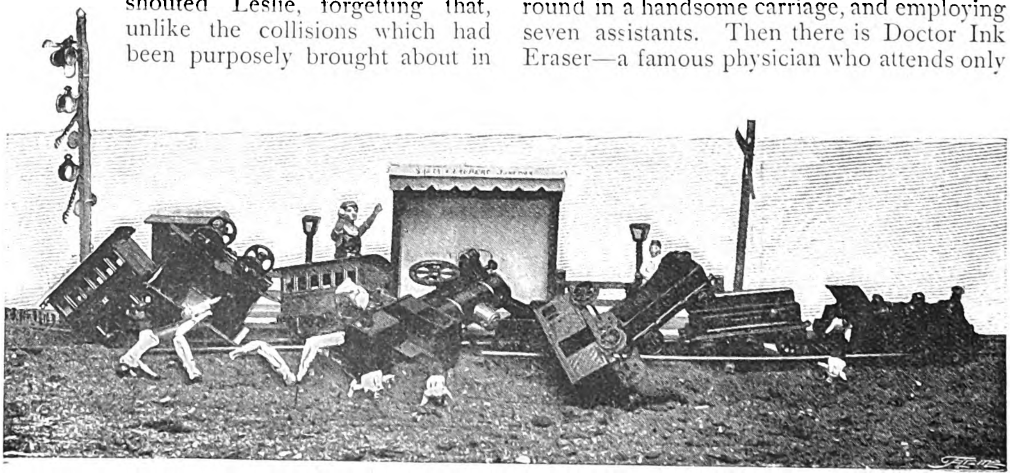


A party of gentlemen dolls drinking cowslip wine.

"I'm afraid it is very serious," said Santa Claus gravely, as he came to a standstill and lifted Leslie off his back. "That train was a china dolls' excursion, and there must have been at least twelve of the poor creatures in each compartment. They had been for a two days' picnic to the thistle woods, and were returning by special train."

"Their broken arms and legs can be easily mended with white of egg, if you can find all the pieces," said Leslie unsympathetically, "I suppose there are doll doctors in the town of toys?"

"Quite a number of them," replied Santa Claus. "In that big house which stands in the poppy forest there lives a white-of-egg surgeon who has a very large practice amongst the china dolls of the neighbourhood. His name is Doctor Bantam Dorking, and he is very clever and rich, doing his daily round in a handsome carriage, and employing seven assistants. Then there is Doctor Ink Eraser—a famous physician who attends only



A terrible accident to the china dolls' excursion train.

Dr. Bantam Dorking on his rounds.

to the india-rubber inhabitants of Santa Clauberg, and is the chief surgeon to the Royal Gutta-Percha Hospital, one of the finest buildings in the town. But the hardest worked doctors in the neighbourhood are Messrs. Vesta and Candles, the clever specialists in wax and sawdust, and Dr. Army Surgeon Solder, who has made a lifelong study of the constitutions of lead soldiers and metal dolls."

"I should like to catch Dr. Solder and carry him home to grandma," said Leslie thoughtfully.

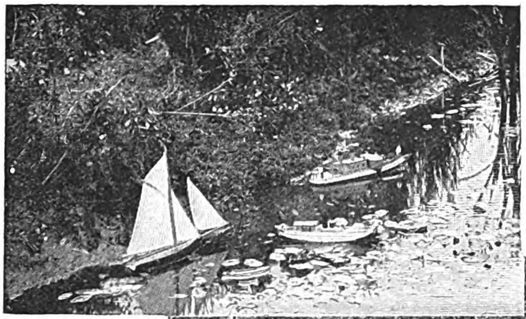
"Why would you wish to do that?" asked Santa Claus, as he led Leslie towards a grassy mound, which commanded a splendid view of the toy city.

"Because dada says that grandma has an iron constitution," explained Leslie. "But she suffers dreadfully from bronchitis, and makes a noise like baby's rattle every time she breathes. Iron constitutions are awfully noisy in foggy weather."

The mound on which Leslie and his companion were standing is known as the "Mountain of Mirth." It is scarcely ten feet higher than the city itself, yet from the summit a glorious view is obtained of the whole of Santa Clauberg. At the foot of the hill runs the River of Many Carols, which is alive with toy yachts, launches, and rowing boats of all sizes and shapes. The wealthier dolls possess beautiful sailing-craft and clockwork launches, which are wound up from time to time in the various winding docks constructed at intervals along the banks of the river. But upon that part of the stream, which wends its way through the poorer portions of the city, the boats are of a much cheaper and less imposing kind, and it is no uncommon sight to behold a happy party of dolls afloat in a rusty can or broken bottle, or drifting sideways down stream in a leaky starch box, propelled by a queer looking sail of elderberry leaves.

And the stately ironclads of the Santa Clauberg navy, varying in length from nine to eighteen inches, and accompanied by three-ounce torpedo boats, occasionally pass down the river on their way to the Sea of Health, making great waves which are often fatal to the mustard-tin craft, and have sent the occupants of many an unseaworthy starch-box down to a watery grave.

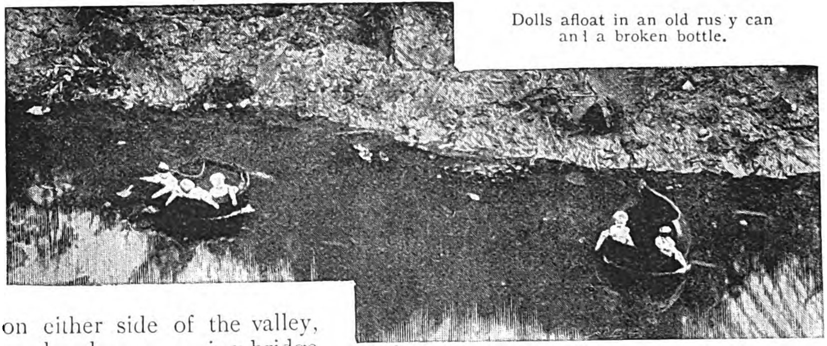
On both sides of this interesting stream, the doll merchants of Santa Clauberg have built for themselves the most charming river-side villas, the grassy lawns of which, sloping right down to the water's edge, are enclosed by lovely shrubberies of violets, and plantations of sweet peas. And on the gradually rising ground behind this first row of villas, the main streets of the town stand out boldly



The wealthier dolls possess beautiful yachts and launches.

Here is an iron-clad of the Santa Clauberg navy.

A charming house by the riverside.

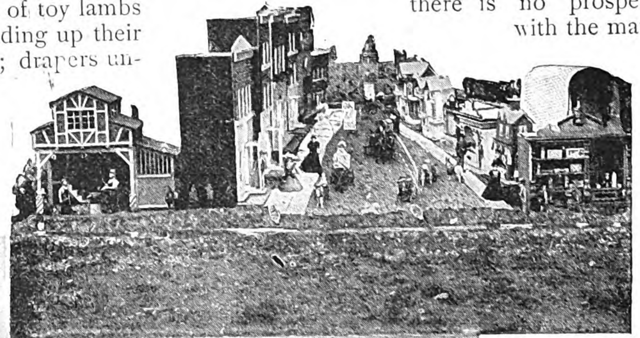


Dolls afloat in an old rusty can and a broken bottle.

on either side of the valley, a handsome swing-bridge being built across the river to connect the North and South portions.

The streets, which are simply teeming with all manner of tin and wooden vehicles, contain many handsome shops. There are butchers presiding over neatly shaped joints cut from the legs and shoulders of toy lambs and oxen; bakers loading up their carts with tiny loaves; drapers unrolling beautiful dress material at four-and-elevenpence three-farthings per inch (double width) before the critical eyes of lady customers; tailors busily measuring indiarubber gentlemen for five-guinea suits which could be easily packed away in a match box; hairdressers trimming the straw-coloured tresses of waxen beauties; publicans serving thirsty customers with far more honeysuckle beer and cowslip wine than is good for them; and confectioners' stores filled with baby dolls who are eating penny ices out of split glass beads, and drinking nettle beer from beautifully polished tankards of nutshell.

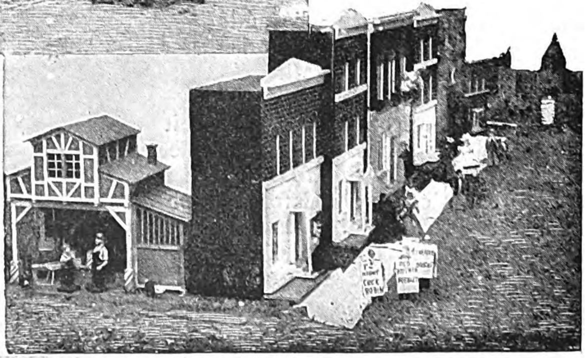
And beyond the long rows of shops there are the handsome offices of the *Dolly's News*, the *Santa Clauberg Times*, and the *Daily Mail-Cart*, all newspapers which are to be found in every doll's house in the city, and are only guilty of telling fibs during the silly season when news is scarce and there is no prospect of war with the mannikins.



This represents a busy scene in one of Santa Clauberg's market streets.

The streets contain many handsome shops.

Towards the west end of the town one may find quite a number of toy theatres, in which doll actresses perform nightly to large audiences. These buildings are lighted



Sandwich-men dolls walk up and down the main road.

entirely by hundreds of glow worms, each imprisoned in a glass globe. Theatres illuminated in this way are beautifully cool, even on the warmest nights, when waxen beauties would find a greater heat decidedly bad for their complexions. In the streets near to these places of amusement a number of poorly dressed dolls are engaged to walk to and fro in the crowded roadways, each doll imprisoned between a pair of boards, which are strapped across his shoulders, and bears the name of the latest play in large letters.

"I should like to see a doll's play, Santa Claus," said Leslie, as he peered eagerly at these poor, hard-working little creatures, who were moving in a long line up the main street. "Which are the favourite plays?"

"'The Death of Poor Cock Robin' is very popular just now," replied Santa Claus. "It is a tragedy in four acts, and is much appreciated by dolls, who like to go to the theatre on purpose to indulge in a good cry. And a powerful detective play entitled:—'Old Mother Hubbard, or the Mystery of the Lost Bone,' is drawing large audiences to the Strawmarket Theatre."

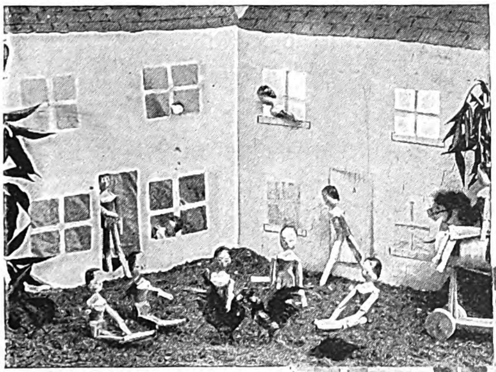
"I don't think I should like to see 'Cock Robin,'" said Leslie thoughtfully. "What is the use of spending your money on things which make you cry and feel miserable?"

"No use at all, Leslie," replied Santa Claus, "But there are many real people in London, and other large towns, who act in the same foolish manner, so we must not judge our sentimental dolls too harshly. And, after all, the Laughter Theatre where one can see a clever comedy entitled 'the Elopement of the Dish and Spoon' is more crowded than any other place of amusement in Santa Clauberg at the present time."

Gentlemen dolls shooting butterflies.

"How tired and shabby those poor little things look!" remarked Leslie, pointing again to the india-rubber men with the advertising boards. "They seem to be quite out of place amongst the crowd of beautifully dressed dolls. Where do they come from?"

"From the East-end of Santa Clauberg," replied Santa Claus gravely. "The shabby and grimy East end where the poor live, and where the factories and shipbuilding yards are to be found. All the doll's houses in that neighbourhood are small and mean, and shockingly overcrowded; the streets are narrow and dirty; and even the River of Carols is muddy and unclean in that quarter. There you will find the great engine works and mills where all the real Santa Clauberg toys are made, and streets of tiny cottages and model


A cock fight in old Santa Clauberg.

The vulgar performance of a blue monkey on a yellow stick.

dwellings, peopled by an industrious class of dolls who work from morning to night while their neighbours in the West-end spend their time in boating on the river, theatre going, or shooting bees and butterflies on the outlying moorlands.

"What a shame," cried Leslie, stamping his foot angrily. "What is the use of giving life to dolls who are unable to do anything but wear fine clothes, ride on toy bicycles, and kill butterflies just for the fun of the thing?"

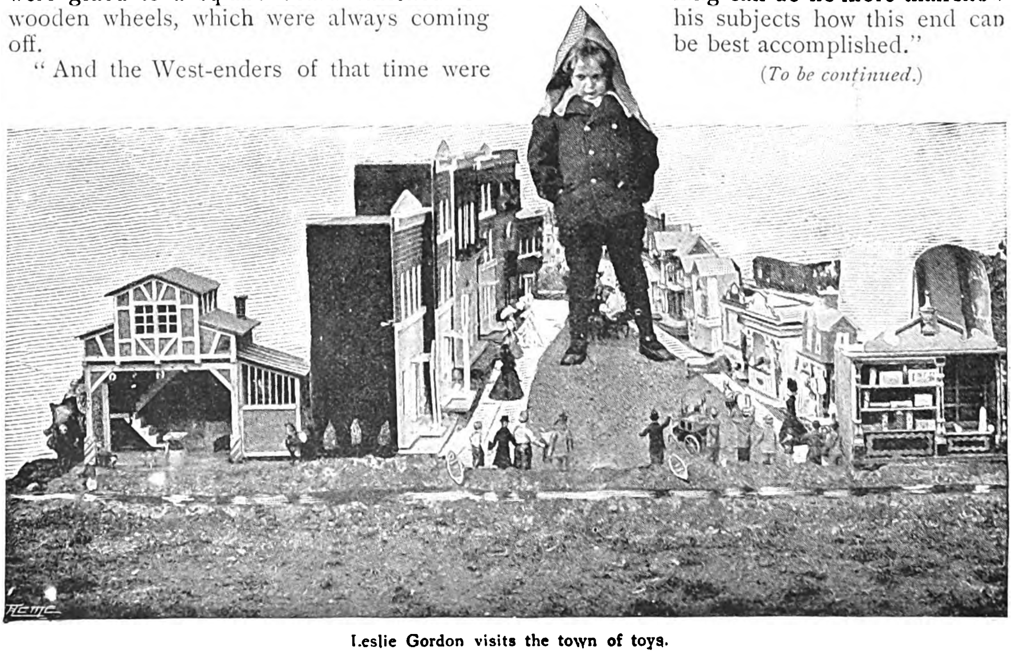
"What is the use of giving life to real people for the same purpose, little man?" asked Santa Claus gently. "It was not I who first called this wonderful little city into existence. When, at the will of the Four Winds, I was appointed Emperor of Santa Clauberg and King of Winter, the same state of things existed here, but in a worse form. In the early days of my reign, the poorer people of this town were little better than savages and slaves. They were simply naked Dutch dolls, with badly painted faces and stiff knee-joints, which creaked loudly as they walked. The dolls' houses were nothing more than wooden boxes fitted with shelves and furnished with chairs and tables made from matches; the boats were merely blocks of wood hollowed out by fire, and there were no clockwork trains in those days. Even the horses were clumsy-looking animals, which could not move their legs because they were glued to a square board fastened on wooden wheels, which were always coming off.

"And the West-enders of that time were haughty rag dolls, wearing nothing but a gaudy muslin dress which could never be taken off, or trousers which were glued on to badly shaped legs, ornamented by a pair of painted boots. And having no guns, or decent boats or bicycles, the gentlemen of the period were wont to spend their time in fighting amongst themselves with finely sharpened lead pencils, while their neighbours in the East kept a large number of plaster-of-Paris cocks, which were forced to peck and spur each other to death at the will of their cruel masters.

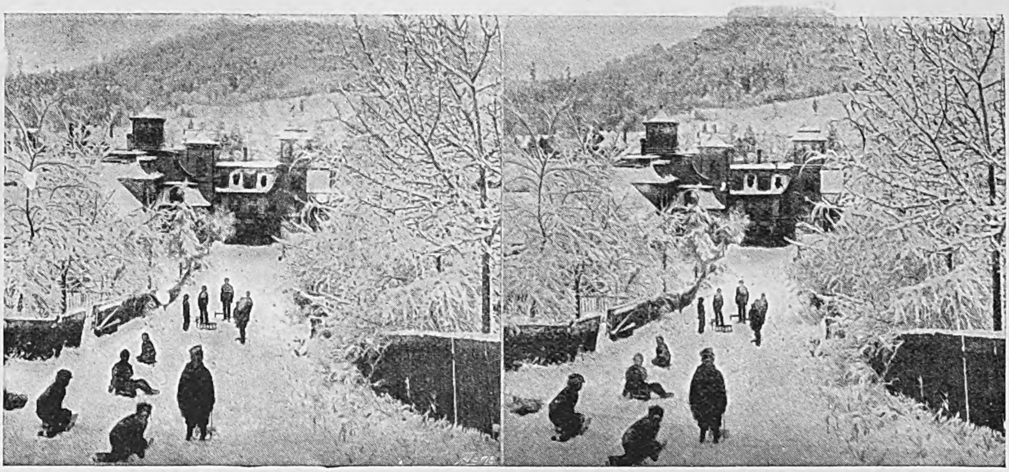
"And the only amusements provided were the vulgar performances of blue monkeys on yellow sticks, or gallanty shows which were nothing more than the shadows of doll tumblers thrown upon an illuminated tissue-paper screen.

"But as the years rolled by I taught my little people to dress better, to improve their houses, to make toys which were more like the real things they were intended to represent, and to imitate, as closely as possible, the many improvements and inventions which were being daily made in the great world outside. And that is why the toys you receive from me at Christmas time are so much better than those which delighted the eyes of your father and mother when *they* were children, Leslie," concluded Santa Claus. "It is for the people themselves to improve their condition, and the wisest emperor or king can do no more than show his subjects how this end can be best accomplished."

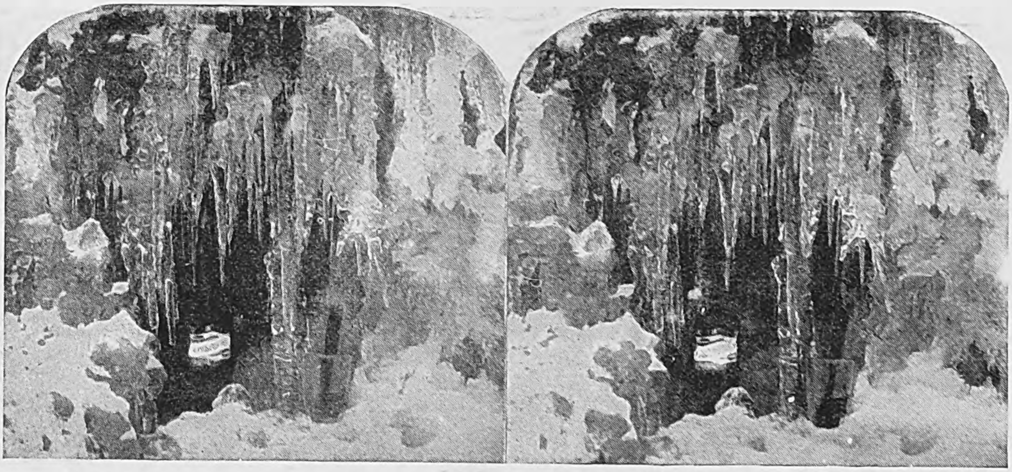
(*To be continued.*)



Leslie Gordon visits the town of toys.



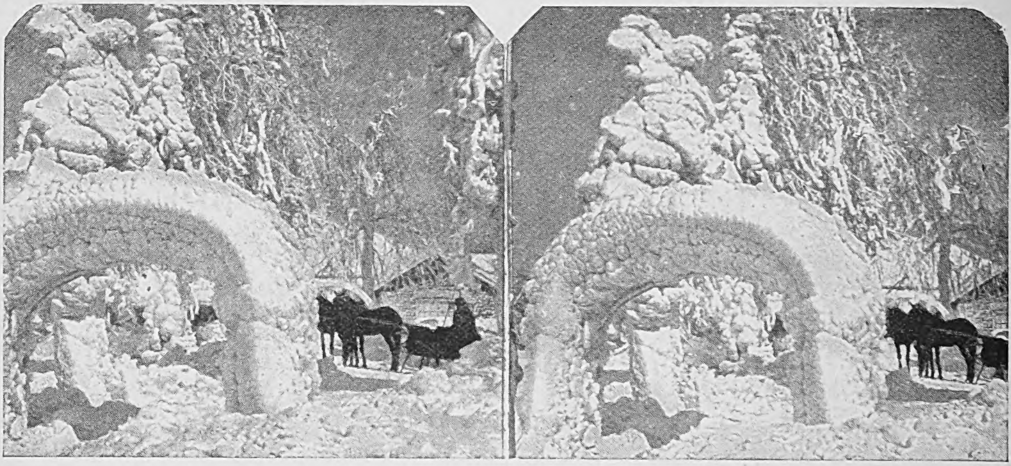
Tobogganing.



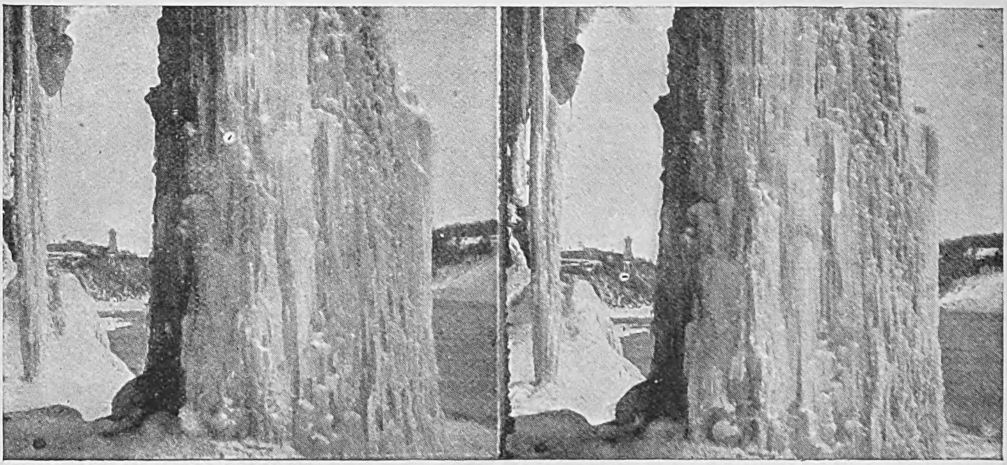
Will you take something?

Trees after a Severe Frost.

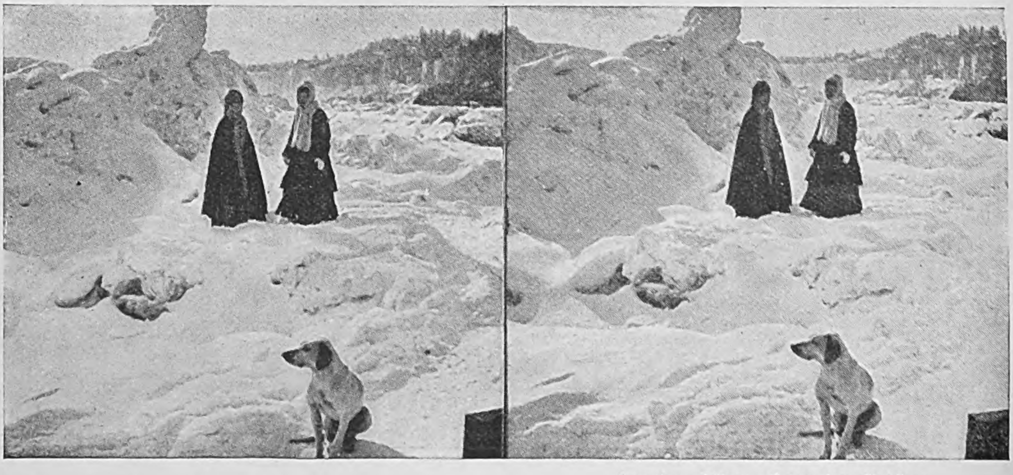
*To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the* ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* 2s., *post free.*



A Marvellous Frozen Arch.



Á Mammoth Icicle at Niagara.



Another View of the Ice Bridge.

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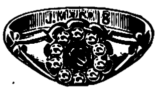

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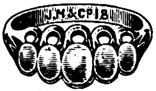

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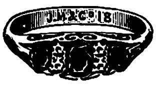

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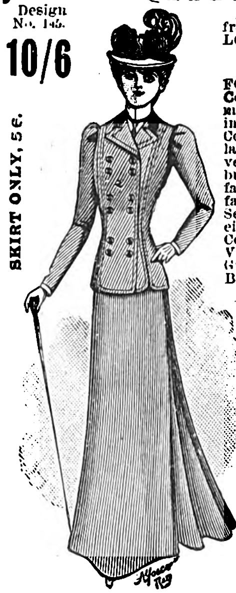

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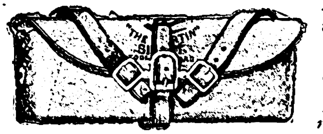

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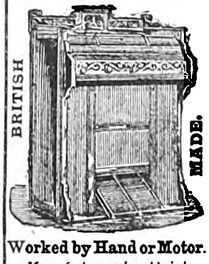
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**LADIES** should use the **Complexion Steamer.** It gives the face the same vapour treatment as the body. Clears the skin of pimples and blotches, leaving it clean and soft as velvet. Invaluable for the successful treatment of Catarrh & Asthma.

**THE CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET**

Is in every respect the best one on the market. We do not compare it with the worthless affairs, too bothersome to use. We guarantee that it is better than the best of the good ones. We sell on trial, to be returned at our expense if not as represented

*OVER 200,000 SOLD DURING THE LAST YEAR.*

**PRICES** of Cabinets, complete with heater, range from **25/- to 70/-**

**AGENTS WANTED,** Both Sexes. Large Commission. We Furnish Capital.

**FREE** sample of goods and valuable book on "HEALTH & HYGIENE," with medical testimonials to all who write. Formula furnished for every description of medicated bath. **The L. T. CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET CO., REGENT HOUSE (Just below Jay's), REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.**

WHELPTONS PILLS

TAKE STEPS
TO SECURE
THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE
WHELPTON'S
PURIFYING PILLS
for
Indigestion. Headache.
Biliousness. Constipation.
INVALUABLE FOR LADIES.
7½d., 1/1½d. and 2/9 per Box.
3, CRANE COURT, FLEET STREET, E.C.
SIXTY YEARS SUCCESS.

SULPHOLINE

SHILLING BOTTLES SKIN LOTION

*GIVES A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.*

clears off Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Roughness, all Disfigurements, and Cures Irritation. Develops a Clear, Smooth, Healthy Skin.

**"MENE"** Ladies say these Towels are superior to all other makes for cleanliness, comfort, and economy. May be obtained from all Underclothing Houses and Chemists, or, 1 doz. No. 1, 1/-; 1 doz. No. 2, 2/-; 1 doz. No. 3, 1/6; post free. A Free Sample of No. 1 sent post free to any lady naming this Magazine.

**SANITARY TOWEL** FOR LADIES.

MISS HAYNES,
155, Fann St., London, E.C.

# MILK

is one of the

# Most Dangerous Foods!

**THIS opinion was expressed by the late SIR RICHARD THORNE THORNE (The CHIEF INSPECTOR of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD), in a lecture to the Royal British Nurses' Association, on the 2nd of December, 1899. He also stated that "34 out of 40 of the Queen's Cows had been slaughtered, as they were found to be suffering from Tuberculosis," that is to say their milk contained the germs of consumption, and that "90 out of every 100 milch cows in the country were diseased!!!"**

Milk is also particularly liable to contamination from other sources, and often contains—

1. **GERMS OF SCARLET FEVER.**
2. **GERMS OF DIPHTHERIA.**
3. **GERMS OF TYPHOID FEVER.**
4. **GERMS OF FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.**

**A recent Royal Commission, the entire Medical Profession, the War Office, the Local Government Board, etc., etc., recommend that all milk should be sterilized.**

# THE AYMARD

. . . PATENT . . .

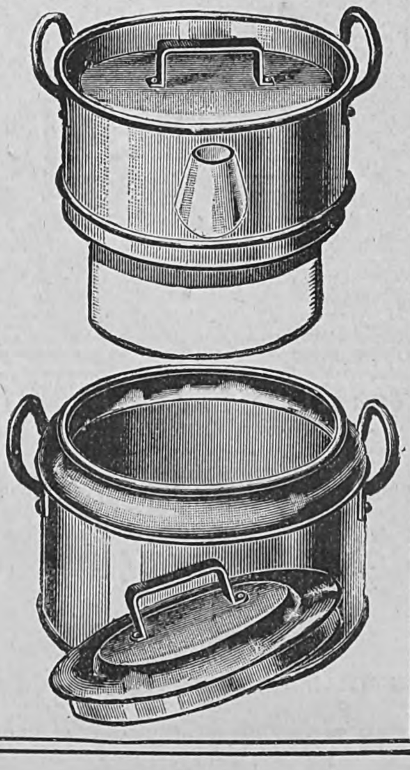
# MILK STERILIZER

**is a simple and perfect Apparatus, and should be in every kitchen. If used once daily for a few minutes, the whole of the milk required for the next 24 hours will be freed from germs, and the whole of the cream and albumin—which forms into scum when milk is boiled—will be retained. Milk that has not been properly sterilized is such a dangerous food, that those who allow it to be served to their families take a great responsibility.**

***MILK STERILIZED IN AYMARD'S STERILIZER***

**CONTAINS NO GERM OF DISEASE,**
**HAS NONE OF THE NASTY TASTE OF BOILED MILK,**
**HAS NO SCUM UPON IT,**
**IS MORE EASILY DIGESTED THAN RAW OR BOILED MILK.**

**If in doubt ask your Medical Man.**



***Aymard's Patent Milk Sterilizer*** *can be obtained from or through any of the Stores, Chemists, Ironmongers, &c., at prices as below; but in the event of would-be purchasers finding the slightest difficulty in getting their wants supplied, they are requested to remit with their orders direct to the factory, where full stocks are kept. Address :—*

**The Aymard Patent Milk Sterilizer Co.,**
**St. Matthew's Works, Ipswich.**

**PRICES and SIZES.**

| Sizes. | 1 pnt. | 2 pnts. | 3 pnts. | 4 pnts. | 1 gal. | 2 gals. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Prices.** | | | | | | |
| With Enamelled Iron Milk Chamber. | 5/6 | 7/6 | 10/6 | 14/6 | 23/6 | 33/6 |
| With Tin Milk Chamber. | 3/6 | 5/6 | 7/6 | 10/6 | 18/6 | 27/6 |

LARGER SIZES, up to 36 gallons, are suitable for large Institutions, Military Depots, Hospitals, Hydropathic Establishments, Asylums, and large Schools. Particulars on application.

**OVER SEVENTY YEARS' ESTABLISHED REPUTATION.**

# NEAVE'S FOOD

FOR

**INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and the AGED.**

"This is an excellent Food admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons; and, being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., *Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*

HAS FOR SOME TIME BEEN USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

A most Nutritious Food for Nursing Mothers.

**If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.**

DRESSED IN SILK
YET
CLEANING
GRATES

cannot be done with an old-fashioned style of stove polish.

# Enameline

is applied with a cloth, and gives a brilliant polish without labour, dust, or odour. Polishes at a touch. Shines quick as a wink.

**J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.**

**TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION.**

**The Modern Methods of Fresh Air, Over-Feeding and Rest are not alone sufficient.**

IN USE 70 YEARS

# CONGREVE'S BALSAMIC ELIXIR

**IS STILL NEEDFUL AND SUCCESSFUL**

*Sold by Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.*

Pamphlet by Mr. G. T. CONGREVE sent by post from Coombe Lodge, Peckham, London, S.E., on receipt of sixpence.

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Thousands are successful and gaining better positions and salaries studying at home by our mail system. We teach **Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Machine Design,** Electro-Therapeutics, Short Popular Electrical Course, &c., by mail. Study in spare time only. Institute endorsed by Thomas A. Edison, and other prominent men of U.S. and England. Catalog free. Electrical Engineer Institute, Dept. 29, 120, Liberty Street, New York, U.S.A.

**FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN**

***For ARTISTIC HOME DECORATION.***

White, Cream, Ecru and 12 Art Shades. CURTAINS, frilled two sides and bottom, 3 yards long, 56 in. wide, 6/9 per pair. *May also be had by the yard, 56 in. wide, frilled both sides, 11½d. per yard.* Sample Book of Plain and Figured Muslins sent on approval. ROLLER-BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4/-. Sample Book of Materials on approval. ROMAN CARPETS, CRETONNES, TAPESTRIES, ART SILKS, ART LINENS, PLUSHETTES, ART SERGES, &c. Patterns on approval. Table Covers, Cushion Squares, Mantel Borders. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, &c., Post Free.

**LACE CURTAINS** ***DIRECT FROM THE WAREHOUSE.***

**THE HAPPY HOME PARCEL.**—1 pair elegant Drawing-room Curtains, 4 yds. long, 2 yds. wide; 1 pair splendid Dining-room Curtains, 3½ yds. long, 52 in. wide; 1 pair Breakfast Room Curtains, floral style, 3 yds. long, 52 in. wide; 1 pair pretty Bedroom Curtains, 3 yds. long, 40 in. wide. All taped edges. 1 Lace Stand Cover, 2 Real Lace Toilet Mats. The Lot, carriage paid, 17s. 6d. White or Ecru. Such handsome value has never before been offered. Money returned if not approved. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Frilled Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Felts, &c., Post Free.

**GORRINGE ART CARPETS.**

Direct from the Warehouse. Marvellous Value. An entirely new Seamless and Reversible Carpet. May be had in Moss-Green, Terra Cotta, Art Blue, and Crimson. It is the most durable carpet made, and will wear for years when subjected to the hardest wear. 6 ft. by 9 ft., 9/-; 7½ ft. by 9 ft. 11 3; 9 ft. by 9 ft. 13/6; 10½ ft. by 9 ft. 15/9; 12 ft. by 9 ft., 18/-; 13½ ft. by 9 ft., 20/3; 10½ ft. by 10½ ft., 18/6; 12 ft. by 10½ ft., 21/6; 13½ ft. by 10½ ft. 23/9; 12 ft. by 12 ft., 24/-; 13½ ft. by 12 ft., 27/-; 15 ft. by 12 ft., 30/-; 18 ft. by 12 ft. 36/-; 21 ft. by 12 ft., 42/-. HEARTH-RUGS to match, 6 ft. by 3 ft., 3/- each. GORRINGE ART STAIR CARPET to match, 18 in. wide, 10½d.; 22 in., 1/0½; 27 in., 1/3 per yard. Plain, 1½d. per yard less. Patterns on approval. Lists Free.

**H. GORRINGE & CO., 67a Dept., Nottingham.**

**LOW'S ASIATIC DEPILATORY**

Will remove superfluous hair instantly and permanently without pain or injury to the skin. Put up in sealed bottles, of all Chemists, price **2 6,** or packed free from observation, post free, **2/9.** The noted preparation of Low, Son & Co., Perfumers to the Courts of George IV., William IV., and Queen Adelaide.

***81, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.***

**FITS CURED**

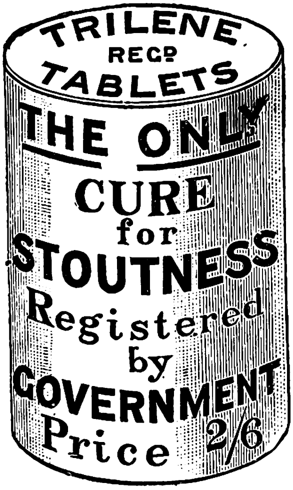
From the first dose of **OZERINE** fits cease. It has cured PERMANENTLY the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price 4/6 and 11/-, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. **Send for a Free Sample Bottle** and Test it. **Write to Dept. B., W. NICHOLL, *Pharmaceutical Chemist,* 25, HIGH ST., BELFAST.**

# ALL FAT PEOPLE

***Can be CURED by taking***

# TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

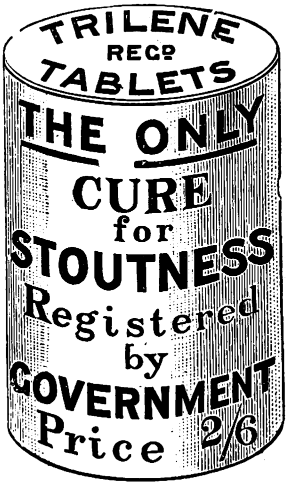


**for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.**

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes: "Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

*Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.*

**An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.**



## SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

**Countess Seckendorff,** of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

**Mrs. Drew,** of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

**Miss Northledge,** The Laurels, Riseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

**Colour-Sergeant Whittle,** of East Lancashire Regiment. Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

**Mrs. Darnley Smith,** of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

**Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg,** Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

**Lady Constance Conrad** writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

**Countess Furstenberg** writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

**Extract from "The Lady,"** 3rd Sept. 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

**Mrs. T. Boston,** Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

**Mr. William Usher** says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 21lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.

"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

**Mrs. Weaver,** of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

**Mr. Butler,** Surgeon (M.R.C.V.S.), of Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient has lost 1st. through your Tablets."

**Father T. M. Byrne,** of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

**Mr. Samuel Craig,** of Frocess National Schools, Cloughmills, Belfast, says: "My wife reduced 28lb. from your Tablets. They also removed muscular rheumatism."

**Mrs. Mary Williams,** of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

**Miss Patient,** of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

**Mrs. James Smith,** of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

**Mrs. Crossley,** of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

**Miss B. McKenzie,** of Greenhall, High Blantyre, N.B., says: "Am completely cured, being reduced 2st."

**Mrs. W. A. Radtord,** High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

**THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.**

**CAPPER'S IMPROVED ROTARY HOT WATER BOTTLE.**

Easily Filled. Securely Closed. Safely Carried.

Prices—4-Pint Bottle, 3/-, or 3 for 8/6, 6-Pint Bottle, 3/9, or 3 for 10/3. *Carriage Paid.*

This Hot Water Bottle is made upon an entirely new principle. It is cylindrical in form, and has a strong brass wire handle, by which it can be readily carried or moved about in warming the bed, and may be used with perfect safety.

**ALFRED CAPPER,** *Earthenware Manufacturer,* **BURSLEM.**

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**PRESERVE YOUR TEETH**

AND TEACH YOUR CHILDREN TO DO SO, BY USING

**CALVERT'S**

**CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER**

**6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 1 lb. 5s. Tins, or**

**CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE**

**6d., 1s. and 1s. 6d. Pots.**

Each is prepared with CALVERT'S purest Carbolic—the best dental preservative. They sweeten the breath and prevent infection by inhalation.

**HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY DENTIFRICES.**

Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable. *At Chemists, &c., or Sample* **1s.** *Pot or Tin post free for value*

F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER.

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**NO MORE BROKEN VIOLIN STRINGS.**

The new JOACHIM VIOLIN STRINGS are guaranteed to last for years, and very seldom require tuning. Every violinist should try them. Post free 1/9 per set.—THE MUSICAL SUPPLY Co. (H Dept.), 6, Wood Street, Liverpool.

"Violin made Easy," post free 7d.

"Etude de Velocité," enabling students to play the most rapid passages, post free, 1/6.

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**PIANO LEARNT IN A WEEK.**

**RITCHIE'S MUSICAL INDICATOR**

enables anyone entirely ignorant of Music to play the Piano, Organ, or Harmonium beautifully by ear, and to vamp to songs in all keys IN ONE WEEK. **104,000** sold, and every customer delighted. Post Free, **1/8.**

Musical Supply Co. (Y Dept.),
6, Wood Street, Liverpool.

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**"LINSEED COMPOUND"**
(TRADE MARK)

Sirs
After 20 years expe
of LINSEED COMPOUND
I can testify to its
efficacy
R
Englan
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FROM ALL CHEMISTS

FOR
**COUGHS & COLDS.**

HENDERSON'S
Peralia
RECD

**BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION INSTANTLY.**

For clearing the skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, Freckles, Tan, &c., leaving it spotless, smooth, and natural. By using Henderson's Peralia regularly, the skin is brought into a proper normal condition, Healthy, soft, beautiful, transparent. Gives the hands, arms, face and neck a healthy white appearance. Beautifies the skin instantly. Used by ladies and gentlemen of all classes. Procurable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, or send for it direct. **1/-, 1/6,** and **2/6**. Postage in each case **3d.** extra.

**Use Henderson's Peralia for RED NOSES**

**CRIMPOLINE HAIR CURLING FLUID.**

Curls the hair naturally in a few days. The hair will always remain curly. Note.—Crimpoline curls the hair permanently. No tongs needed. Other curling fluids **only** keep the hair in curl. Crimpoline is not greasy or sticky. See that you get Crimpoline. Have no other, or you will be disappointed.

Procurable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, or send for it direct. **1/9** and **2,6** per bottle. **3d.** extra for postage.

Makers of Machines for Altering Ugly Noses, price **10/-**. Elevators for increasing the height, making little people tall, **5/6** pair.

**PERALIA PERFUMERY CO., 72 & 73, Camden St.** (R.M.), **North Shields, England.** Foreign orders punctually attended to. PRICE LIST POST FREE.

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**DEAFNESS**

**and Head Noises relieved by using**

**WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR DRUMS.**

Drum in position.

A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.

*Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Magazine.*

**WILSON EAR-DRUM CO.**

D. H. WILSON, 11, Newington Road, EDINBURGH

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**STEINHART PIANOS.**

**STEINHART PIANOS.**

**HAVE ALL LATEST IMPROVEMENTS**
**and exceed the Sale of all others.**

Thousands of customers say that they are the best Pianos in the Market, and send no end of unsolicited testimonials.

The widespread popularity of the celebrated STEINHART PIANOS is due to the rich, full tone, and perfect touch, combined with artistic style of case and general durability, so peculiar to these instruments.

**FOUR LEADING LINES:—**

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| 48-Guinea, style 74, **£31 10s.** | 57-Guinea, style 89, **£38 0s.** |
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Further discounts for cash. Case and carriage free.

*SEND TO-DAY FOR CATALOGUE.*

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25 & 23, Constitution Hill, BIRMINGHAM,
**Sole Importers of Steinhart Pianos.**

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**OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN'S**

WORLD RENOWNED

**"GLYCERINE & HONEY JELLY"**

**For Chaps, Roughness of Skin, &c.**

It Softens and Improves the HANDS, FACE and SKIN generally. Still growing in popular favour after 30 years' use. Sold by all Chemists and Stores, in Metallic Tubes, **6d.** and **1s.** Sample post free for 6 or 12 stamps from Proprietors. *Beware of Spurious Imitations.*

**"CHILLILINE," or Chilblain Jelly,**

is the BEST REMEDY FOR CHILBLAINS. It gives immediate relief. A few applications will effect a cure. Sold by all Chemists and Stores in Metallic Tubes, **1s. 1½d.**, post free 14 stamps, from

**OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN.**
PERFUMERS TO THE QUEEN.
19, GOLDEN SQUARE, REGENT, ST LONDON W.

## Pithy Sentences Concerning Weak Digestions

Food that is undigested decays.
This decomposition breeds foul gases and bacteria.
Flatulence or wind is decomposing Fatty Food.
Fatty Food turns slightly rancid in the Stomach.
Weak Digestion causes it to become more rancid.
Pungent Acrid Butyric Acid is thus formed.
Which causes Heartburn, Flatulence, and Distension.
Eating and Digestion are the Standpoints of Life.
They are indispensable to the maintenance of Life.
We must ever and always eat good Food,
And take care that we digest it.
If we neglect either of these two things
Nature at once punishes us severely.
We are permitted to aid Nature,
But not on any account to supersede her.
We can aid Nature by the use of Guy's Tonic.
Guy's Tonic itself helps to digest Food;
It also strengthens the digestive functions generally.
By thus digesting Food, rancidity is prevented,
By which means Heartburn is cured,
And Flatulence and Distension prevented.
Guy's Tonic thus cures in two ways;
Both by preventive action and direct effect.
Moreover, Guy's Tonic is constitutionally Restorative.
It is truly Tonic in the best sense of the term.
It thereby strengthens the Nervous System.
People using Guy's Tonic get stronger,
Because by better Digestion their Systems are nourished.
Guy's Tonic ensures good Digestion,
And thus feeds the Nerves and Tissues.
Guy's Tonic then by its constitutional action
Completes the cure and consolidates its benefits.
This is the reason why people who use Guy's Tonic
Praise it so loudly and recommend it so freely.
Guy's Tonic is sold by all Chemists.
The price is 1s. 1½d. for a Six ounce bottle.

. . **Nicole Frère's** . .

## REGINA POLYPHON

MUSICAL BOXES play over **1,000** Tunes and delight everybody. Wonderfully brilliant in Tone, playing to perfection any Airs from the Operas, or any selections of **Sacred Music.**

From **16/6** to **100** Guineas.

Repairs of Old Musical Boxes prompt & moderate.

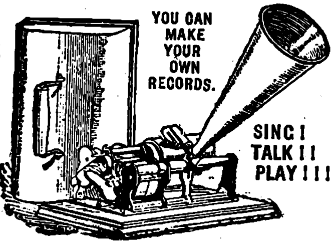
## Most Appropriate Presents for Every Occasion.

**SPECIAL:**

Genuine Edison **"Gem,"** with 4 assort'd Records **£2 12s.**

Genuine Edison **Standard**, with device to make your own Record and with 4 Specimen Records, and 2 Blanks **£5 12s.**

*Please write for Illustrated No. 7 Catalogue, free.*



YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS.

SING! TALK!! PLAY!!!

**Edison's Phonographs** are the **only** Talking Machines which **Record** & **Reproduce** the voice & Instrumental Music, &c.

**NICOLE FRÈRES, Ltd.** (*Established 1815*),
21, Ely Place, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

## ZOX Cures Neuralgia

**CAN BE TESTED FREE.**

**ZOX** is a Recent and Wonderful Discovery, which Absolutely Cures Neuralgia and Nerve Pains. Easy and Pleasant to take. Perfectly Pure. Relief is Speedy. That you may test this for yourself, we will gladly forward **FREE** on receipt of stamped addressed envelope two sample powders. Mention *Royal Mag.* Of all Chemists at **1/-** & **2/6** per box, or post free from **ZOX CO.,**
**11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.**

## Dependable Desks

is the exact description of the American Derby Roll-Top Desks. It is no idle boast that no finer are manufactured: cheaper may be bought, but no better value, as Derby Desks

**Last a Lifetime.**

They look well, wear well, and are marvels of convenience in every way.

**FREE** Handsome No. 90 Catalogue, with full descriptions and prices, free to any Reader of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

**THOS. TURNER** (LEICESTER), LTD.,
44, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.
22, Snow Hill, Birmingham; Newarke St., Leicester.

## A REVOLUTION IN THE PRICE OF WHITE SHIRTS.

**Unlaundried White Shirts.**

Straight from the needle to the customer at wholesale prices.

Hundreds of thousands have already been distributed through Great Britain and the Colonies, and from all quarters unsolicited testimonials and repeat orders are being daily received.

**IN 3 QUALITIES.**

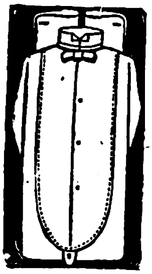
**No. 1.**—"THE DEFIANCE." Pure linen cuffs and fronts. A wonderful shirt, **2/6** each, **14/6** half dozen, post free.

**No. 2.**—"THE CONQUEROR." Reversible cuffs, to button back or front, **3/3** each, **18/9** half dozen, post free.

**No. 3.**—"THE CITY SHIRT." Fit for a duke to wear. Reversible cuffs, and to button back or front. Sample free by post, **3/9**, or **21/6** per ½-dozen. Also the "CITY EVENING SHIRT," with broad front and one stud-hole and large square cuff not reversible, at the same price, **3/9** each.

WHEN ORDERING MENTION SIZE OF NECK-BAND, AND SAY WHETHER TO BUTTON BACK OR FRONT.

**PETTIGREW & STEPHENS, Manufacturers,**
**191, Sauchiehall Street, GLASGOW.**



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SPARKLING

GELATINE

A GREAT MANY DELICIOUS DISHES

Can be prepared with this Pure and Wholesome BRITISH production.

CLEAR CRYSTALLINE JELLIES,

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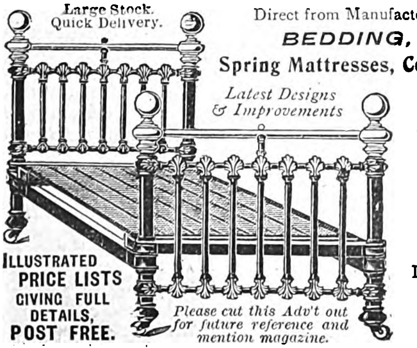

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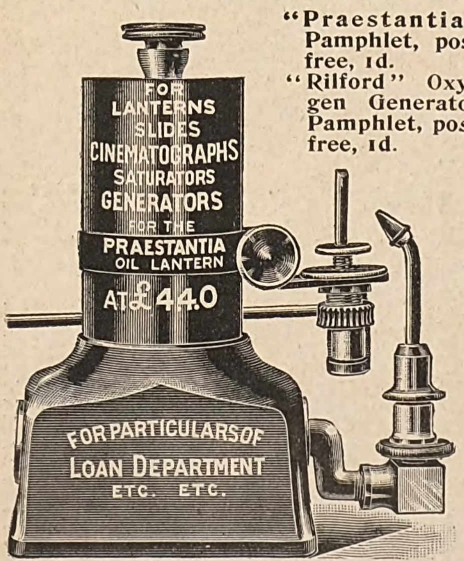

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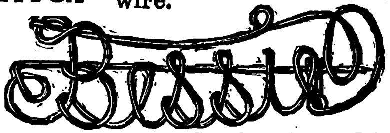

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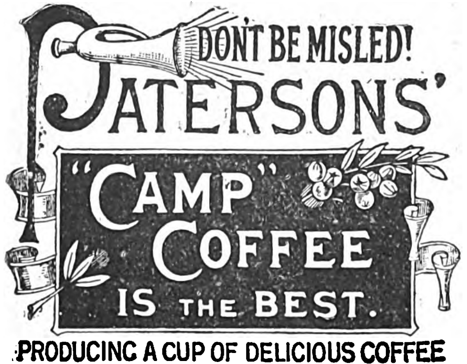
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# THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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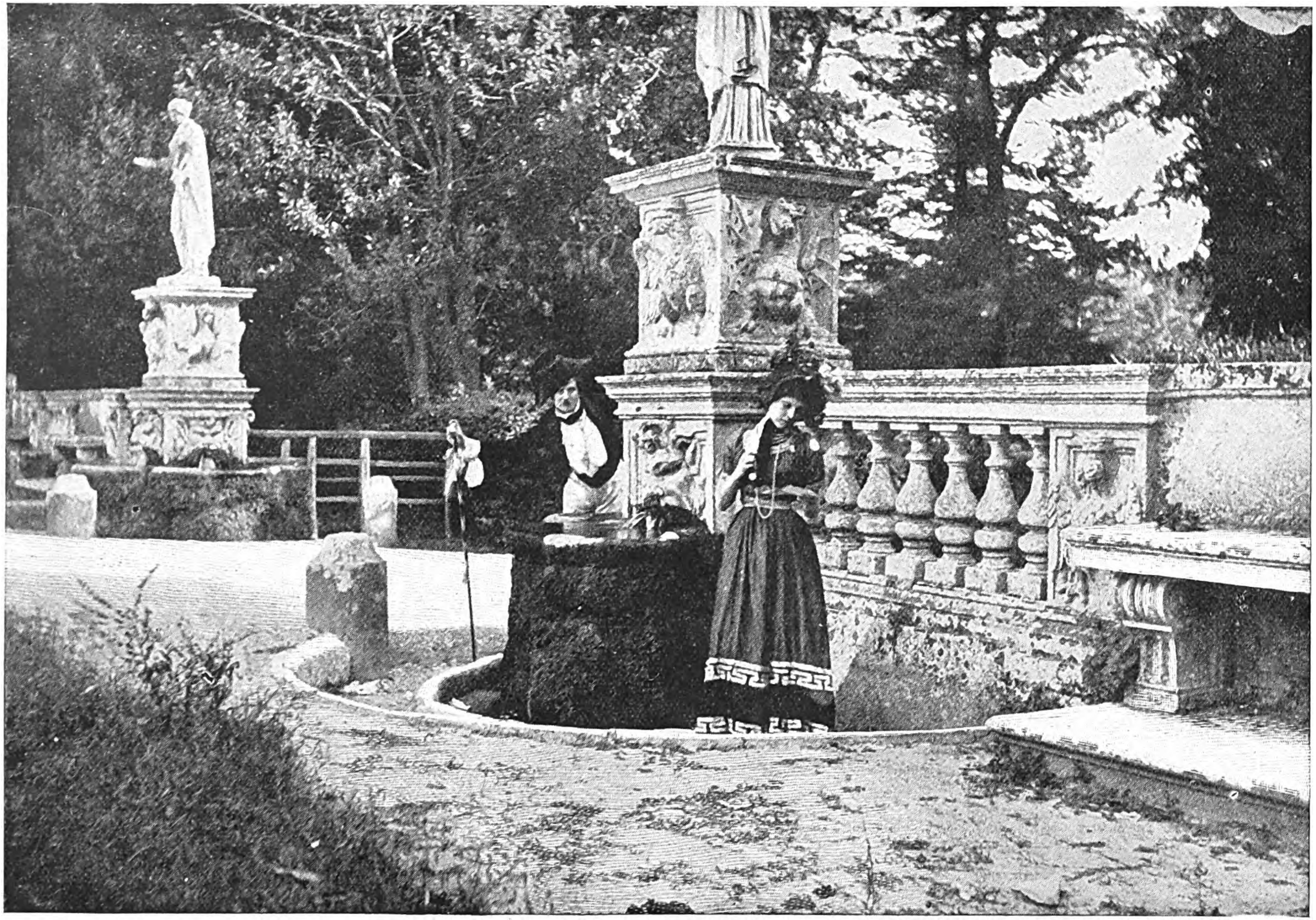


Photo by Count Luigi Primoli.

THE LOVE LETTER.

Photo by Lafayette.

# THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

**Portrait Photography.**

For a beginner there is nothing so easy to photograph as still life. Yet for everyone there is nothing so fascinating as portraiture.

After all, who has not found that one of the first uses to which a new camera is put is to take portraits of one's friends and relations? Nowadays everyone is resigned to becoming a model for, at least one sitting. Cameras are so universal that if you insist on taking an individual's likeness, you may be tolerably sure it is only a case of the biter being bitten. What you are doing to him he has done to many others.

The results, however, are, as a rule, dreadfully disappointing. Of course, it is quite obvious for whom the portrait is meant, yet the brand of the amateur is woefully plain. There is a something, an indefinable something, that inexorably brings the photograph down to the level of a mere amateur effort. You make heaps of allowances, you may see a speaking likeness, and yet—well, there it is—the result is unsatisfactory.

**The Reason of Failure.**

Naturally there is a reason for this result—there always is a reason for everything—and the reason for the ugly appearance of amateur photographs is that amateurs do not understand the art of lighting. I am not sure but that I should be correct in saying that in amateur portrait photographs there is usually an "absence" of lighting! Lighting is, in truth, the art of portraiture, and whilst I may be able to help some of my readers on the line leading to success, I cannot hope to do more. Actual success can only be attained after endless failures and after considerable practice.

A portrait taken in a diffused light that falls with equal strength on all parts of the face will not be a success. It may be a likeness, but it will be branded as an amateur effort, and only "good considering" —the effect will be woefully flat.

**A Useful Book.**

A very excellent little book has just been written by Richard Penlake, called "Home Portraiture." The amateur desirous of achieving some respect-

Photo by C. F. Inston.

Watching the Gold Fish.

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Vol. III.—February, 1900.—No. 16

able photographs of friends and relations can learn a wonderful deal by a perusal of it. In the space at my disposal I cannot hope to give an equal amount of assistance. Some of the suggestions, however, contained in the book are, I fancy, just the very thing numbers of my readers are on the look out for. They are not, perhaps, entirely original—nothing under the sun is new—but they bring the positive requirements of portrait photographing into a small limit and well within the means of those unable to afford elaborate outfits.

**Some Hints.** Obviously there are two ways of taking a portrait — viz., indoors and out of doors. Now, the primary feature with respect to either is that of proper lighting. To place the sitter well in the open, with the light falling on her (young ladies, as a rule, are the victims most easily to be inveigled into posing as models) from every direction is, as I have already pointed out, to court almost certain failure. But place her and your camera near a wall, so that the light only falls on one side of the lady's face, and you are on the high road to success.

You do not want strong sunlight, that makes white patches and black shadow. A diffused light is the thing enabling you to obtain soft half-tones.

**Indoor Portraiture.** Indoors, you will not get a satisfactory picture if you simply place your sitter close up against a window, for the contrast between the light side and the shadow side of the face will be hopeless. You must employ reflectors of some sort or another, but the simplest plan, as Mr. Penlake points out, is, if you have a white or very light-coloured blind to the window, to pull it down and then catch it up half-way with a strip of wood and tie it back towards the middle of the room, on to the chandelier, for instance. The result is a species of canopy stretching overhead and down on the side opposite the window. The sitter in this way has the light reflected downwards on to the top of her head, and also on to that side of her face which is in shadow.

This method of reflecting light upon all sides of a sitter is very simple and practicable, and requires so little in the way of particular

Photo by Knaffl Bros.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Photo by Lallie Garet Charles.

THE VEIL LIFTED.

apparatus that no amateur need find any difficulty in "placing" his subject and obtaining a good portrait. It goes without saying that the nearer to white the colour of the blind may be the more light will be collected and reflected upon the person who is having his or her photograph taken. This is an indirect answer to many letters I have

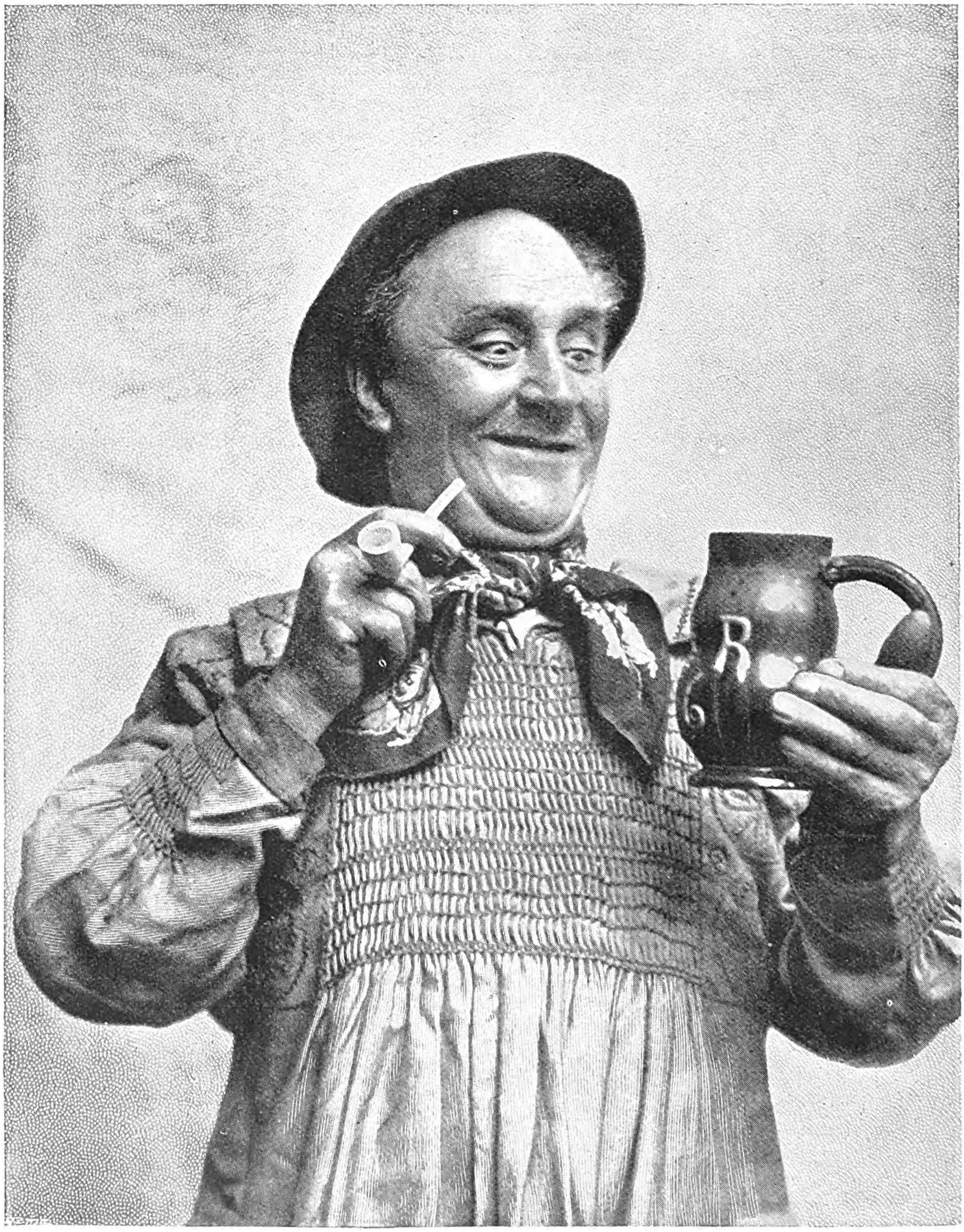


Photo by Charles Barstow.

HIS BEST FRIEND.

received from amateurs, complaining of their inability to get good "effects," owing to their non-possession of a well-fitted studio. Necessity is the mother of Invention.

Of course, there are other methods of obtaining reflected light. By stretching a piece of white paper on a clothes-horse, you get an excellent reflector, the only difficulty being

**Photo by** **Lullie Garet Charles.**

**The New Parasol.**

the angle of reflection. I have seen a splendid result obtained by getting someone to hold a newspaper at the correct angle. Anyhow, it is only a matter of a little thought and a little ingenuity.

Having arranged your sitter, the fixed focus camera I mentioned recently will give you a first-rate little picture. Of course, you must make a time exposure, the length varying with the strength of the light, which should not be direct sunlight.

### Photographing Lightning.

From time to time some very remarkable photographs of lightning have appeared in various more or less scientific papers. Some of my readers might like to try their hands at taking such pictures, although, perhaps, the tendency of, at any rate, my lady readers, would be to get as far from the sight of lightning as possible.

Of course, there is something very terrible and terrifying in a severe storm. Yet there is nothing more wonderful or awe-inspiring. Not that a photograph of lightning is awe-inspiring. Nor is it a picture. But it certainly is very interesting, and I can commend the task of photographing lightning to my more adventurous friends.

As a matter of fact, there is only one really good way. You must fix your camera some stormy night on a tripod, or in some firm manner, and focus, if it focuses, for a distance. Of course, for a good effect, you must use a focusing camera with wide-angled lens. Having stopped down to f.32 and pointed the camera towards the spot where you might expect a flash, take off the cap, leaving the plate exposed. Wait for a flash, and then change your film or plate and go on shooting in the hope that one or two of your half-a-dozen may prove to have been successful. If you don't catch a flash, you may, at any rate, catch a cold.

### Mounting Our Stereoscopic Pictures.

A correspondent—really I'm getting a severe correspondence — writes suggesting what appears to me to be a very excellent method of mounting the stereoscopic pictures at the end of each number of the Royal Magazine.

The chief object, of course, is to preserve each picture on either end of the paper. Otherwise, if you buy two copies and simply cut out each picture and paste down why — there you are. But that is rank extravagance. This method is economy itself. I am, however, by no means sure that merely pasting each picture on to a mount is very much simpler than my correspondent's method.

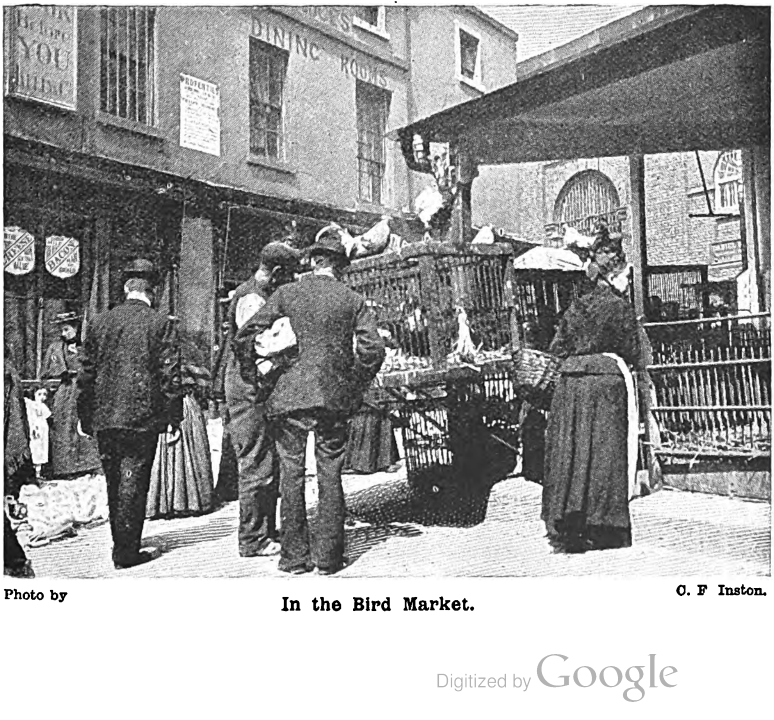


**Photo by** **C. F Inston.**

**In the Bird Market.**

Photo by W. T. Davidson.

WINTER.

Photo by J. M. Whitehead.

Why the Dinner was Late.

Moreover, it does not destroy the gloss on the face of the paper.

You take two pieces of thin card-board cut down to a size that will fit your stereoscope, or two mounting cards would do. Then with a sharp knife you cut out of the centre of each a piece the exact size of one of the pictures. This will give you two card-board mounts, after the style one uses for a picture.

Now take one of these mounts and gum or paste all over one side, and place on it the picture cut out of the magazine. Then gum or paste the other card-board mount and lay it on the picture, so that the edges of the picture are sandwiched, as it were, all round. Press the pieces of card-board together, and put the result under a weight until the gum is dry.

### Photographing on Silk.

It must often have struck readers of this article how very nice it would be to print photographs on silk or fine linen.

Of course, the material should be smooth and fine, and not too thick. The first thing to do is to remove everything in the way of "dressing." This is done by boiling the stuff in some water to which a small quantity of potash has been added. Having boiled, rinse out the material in cold water. Now dry it well, and then proceed to albumenise it.

For this you must prepare a mixture consisting of thirty grains ammonium chloride, nine ounces of water, and the whites of two eggs. You must carefully beat up the whites and allow the froth to disappear. Finally you strain the mixture.

You now take the material and float it upon, or dip it into, the preparation, and then stretch it out flat to dry.

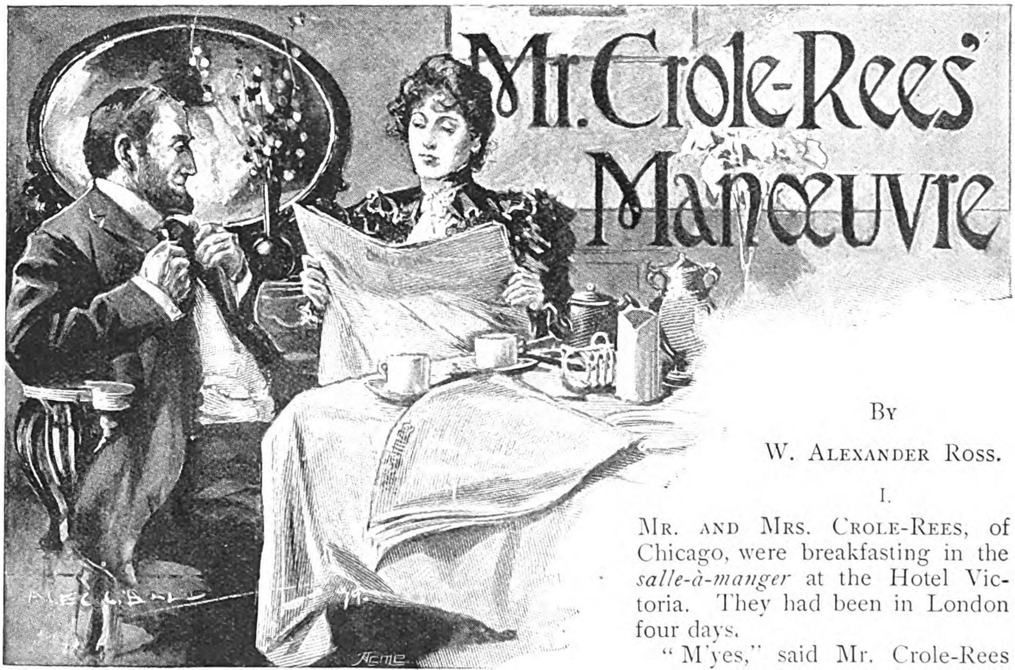
Up to this point you may work in daylight. As soon as the silk is dried, you must dip it into a mixture consisting of seventy grains nitrate of silver, and one ounce of distilled water. You must leave it in this mixture for three or four minutes, but this time in the dark room.

Once again stretch the fabric out flat to dry. As soon as it is dry you can print on it from the negative, and tone and fix as you would ordinary sensitised paper. The whole operation should be done in one day.

Photo by Lafayette.

A Dandy of the Directory.

# Mr. Crole-Rees' Manœuvre



### By W. Alexander Ross.

## I.

Mr. and Mrs. Crole-Rees, of Chicago, were breakfasting in the *salle-à-manger* at the Hotel Victoria. They had been in London four days.

"M'yes," said Mr. Crole-Rees in his usual slow nasal drawl, as he put down the newspaper which his wife had just passed him, "but the blamed thing will cost a pile of dollars."

Mrs. Crole-Rees, a vivacious little brunette on the sunny side of forty, stirred her coffee vigorously.

"And why not? That De Lisle pink pearl has the biggest history of any pearl on the face of this earth."

"M'yes," assented Mr. Crole-Rees dubiously; and then he added in a tone that was not dubious, "And the biggest price."

"That's so. And we are the people who can pay the biggest price. The chance to acquire that pink pearl is the chance of the century."

"M'yes," put in the man discouragingly.

"The chance of this century," persisted the lady; "and it will give me the reputation of owning the finest set of pink pearls in the universe."

"M'yes. But——"

"The finest set of pink pearls in the universe," reiterated the lady. "You read what the newspaper people said?"

Mr. Crole-Rees opened his mouth to say he had, but he saw that his wife was opening out the newspaper, so, like a wise man, he held his peace.

"See here, now," she said, "what they say, 'The De Lisle pink pearl, which is about to be put up for sale in a London auction-room, has a record which gives it a unique position among the historical jewels of the world. The largest known specimen of the pink pearl, its pedigree goes back into the misty depths of a remote antiquity. Possibly the tradition which ascribes the possession of this priceless pearl, at one period of its history, to Cleopatra is not sufficiently supported by evidence to justify its complete acceptance; but the authenticity of the record of its connection with the most splendid period of Venetian history, and some of the most dramatic tragedies that were enacted in the city of the Grand Doges, is undoubted, equally as is that of its brief and fatal connection with the famous Medici family through whom it came into France, and subsequently into the hands of the De Lisles, the last of whom was among the victims of the guillotine. Among all the weird and lurid episodes of the Reign of Terror, there is none, perhaps, more strange than that in which the pearl was picked out of the basket at the foot of the guillotine—whither it had fallen with the head of the

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Comte De Lisle, who had carried it as the talisman of his family—and held aloft, its delicate hue stained and darkened with the life-blood of the Comte, while the crowd danced the Carmagnole.' "

Mrs. Crole-Rees stopped out of breath, and shot a glance of triumphant enquiry at her husband.

"M'yes," he drawled. "I guess I've read all that."

"Well?" queried the lady sharply.

"And I guess I've read the next paragraph too, which, judging from your remarks, you have not."

The lady turned her attention to the paper in a hurry.

"If she is not just the meanest woman alive!" she exclaimed when she had finished reading.

"M'yes. Nellie Jowle-Jones can make a record in that particular line when she feels like it."

"She shall not have the De Lisle pink pearl! I'll buy it against her if it costs you every dollar you own!"

Having given utterance to this comforting assurance, Mrs. Crole-Rees rose from the table and swept out of the room like a minor whirlwind. Mr. Crole-Rees watched her thoughtfully while he gnawed at the end of a tooth-pick. He shook his head slowly.

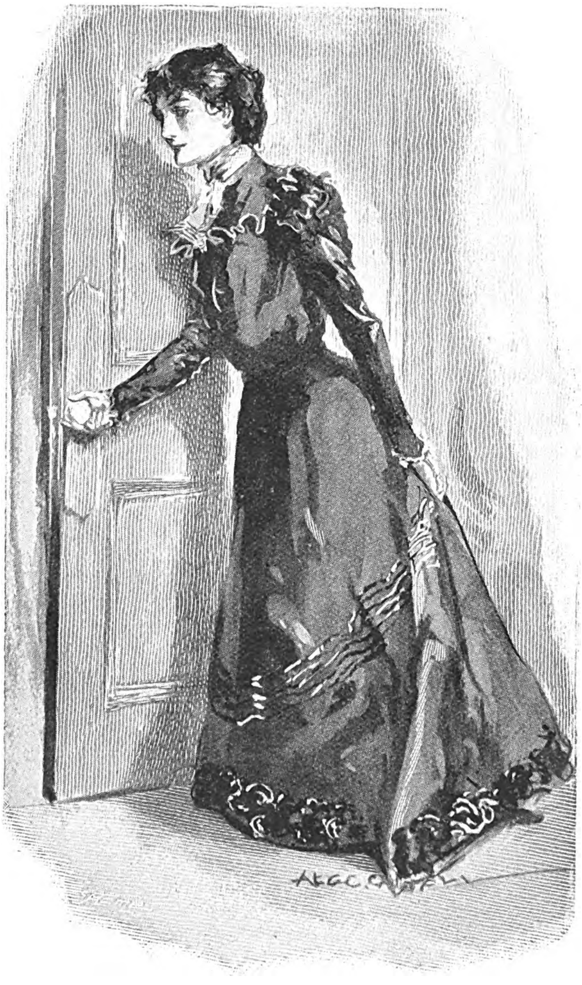
"She will, too," he mused sadly, and, sticking a green cigar between his lips, he got up and stalked out of the room, chewing the end steadily.

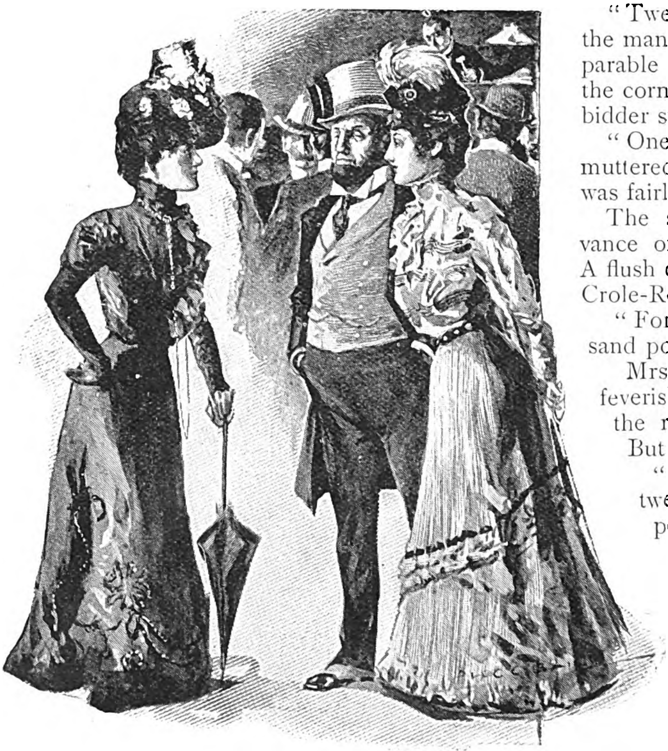
The paragraph which had so excited Mrs. Crole-Rees' wrath, was one stating that among the passengers arrived the previous day by the *Germanic*, was Mrs. Jowle-Jones, the wealthy Chicago widow whose collection of pearls was almost the finest in the world, and who, it was said, had come to England specially to purchase the De Lisle pearl.

There had always been keen rivalry between Mrs. Crole-Rees and Mrs. Jowle-Jones from their youth up. When Mrs. Crole-Rees married the wealthy pork-packer who had made her Mrs. Crole-Rees, the other woman immediately became Mrs. Jowle-Jones, with a still wealthier pork-packer for a spouse, and a brisk competition had set in between the two. It had been pretty even running until Mrs. Jowle-Jones went to the funeral of Mr. Jowle-Jones and started starring as a wealthy widow. The other woman could not forgive her that widowhood, and hence it came that when the widow started to make a record collection of pink pearls, Mrs. Crole-Rees at once went into the same line of business. She had been pretty lucky so far, and was congratulating herself that the widow had not got wind of the coming of the De Lisle jewel into the market, when, just a week before the auction, the arrival of the widow on a similar mission was announced with a flourish of newspaper trumpets.

## II.

Bidding for the De Lisle pearl had begun. The auction room was crowded, and the


**Mrs. Crole-Rees swept out of the room like a minor whirlwind.**



**"M'yes," said Mr. Crole-Rees; "we have struck a deal at just one hundred thousand dollars."**

auctioneer was rattling along with marvellously picturesque fluency on the uniqueness of the pearl and its extraordinary wealth of historical associations.

Mrs. Crole-Rees had been one of the earliest arrivals, but she had not so far come into the bidding. She seemed curiously elated, and yet there was a touch of anxiety in her elation. Mrs. Jowle-Jones was not present. Mr. Crole-Rees, when she drew his attention to the fact, laconically remarked that she was probably bidding through an agent. As the bids mounted up and up till they neared £20,000, Mr. Crole-Rees chewed harder and harder at the unlighted cigar he held between his teeth.

"Nineteen thousand pounds are offered for this pearl of pearls—for the centre—the epitome of half the romance of ancient and modern history. Ladies and gentlemen, this price is absurdly low for the favourite jewel of Cleopatra—the pearl that Cæsar coveted and Antony admired."

Then Mrs. Crole-Rees came into the bidding.

"Twenty thousand pounds!" she cried, in her clear, high-pitched voice.

"Twenty thousand pounds!" echoed the man in the rostrum, and took up his parable again, while all eyes turned to the corner of the room where the latest bidder stood.

"One hundred thousand dollars!" muttered Mr. Crole-Rees, ruefully. He was fairly eating his cigar now.

The seconds slipped by but no advance on the £20,000 bid was offered. A flush of triumph began to suffuse Mrs. Crole-Rees' face.

"For the second time, twenty thousand pounds," said the auctioneer.

Mrs. Crole-Rees looked round with feverish anxiousness. The man in the rostrum romanced and cajoled. But still there was no advance.

"For the third and last time, twenty thousands pounds. The pearl of pearls going for a mere bagatelle. Is the age of chivalry dead?"

Mr. Crole-Rees sighed as he thought of the many thousands of hogs that were being offered up as a sacrifice by his wife to obtain that pearl, and swallowed the juice of his semi-masticated cigar in big gulps. His wife could hardly breathe as she waited the end.

The ivory hammer came down with a sharp rap at last. It rang through the silent room with startling distinctness, and the De Lisle pink pearl was the property of Mrs. Crole-Rees. But before the buzz of voices had time to begin, the doors of the auction room were violently thrust open, and Mrs. Jowle-Jones burst breathlessly in. Her hat was awry, and her dress was torn and dusty.

"Am I in time?" she panted. Then as the truth dawned on her she pushed her way over to Mr. and Mrs. Crole-Rees. "You have bought it?" she demanded.

"M'yes," said Mr. Crole-Rees; "we have struck a deal at just one hundred thousand dollars."

"You wouldn't have had it for two hundred thousand dollars if the horses hadn't bolted with my carriage, and made me late," was all she said in reply.

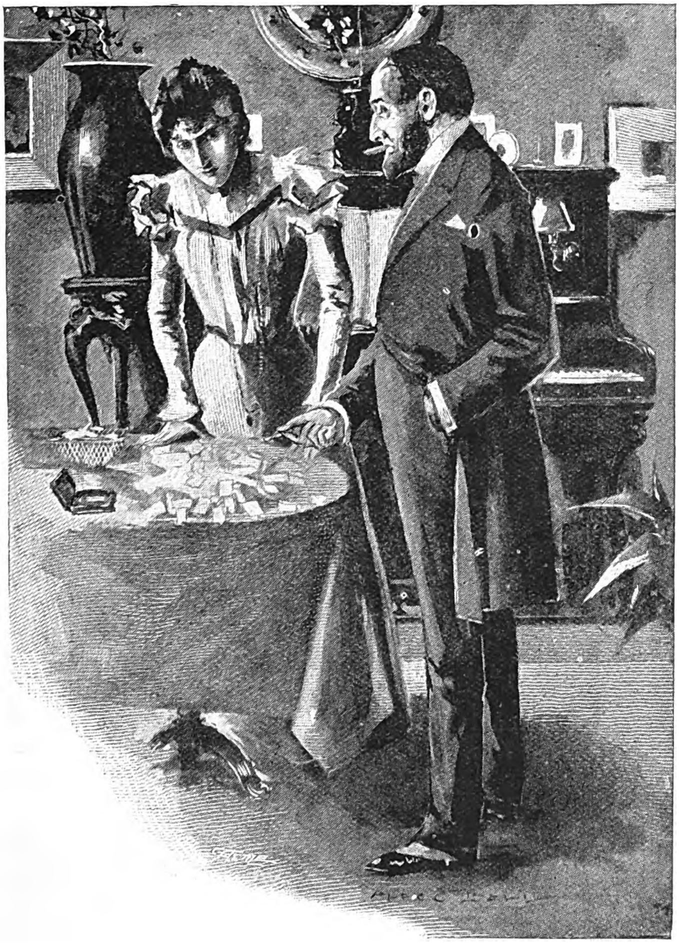
Mrs. Crole-Rees laughed derisively as the widow turned away. Something in that laugh of his wife's struck Mr. Crole-Rees. He shot a keen glance at her, and then a sudden light dawned on him. The remnant of his cigar dropped to the ground.

"Great Jehoshophat!" he ejaculated, "that was a smart trick!"

### III.

The next few days were not happy days for the husband of the owner of the pink pearl. Their rooms at the Hotel Victoria were invaded by crowds of people who came to view the pearl. All day long two detectives were on duty, and at night the jewel reposed in a safe in the bedroom. Mrs. Crole-Rees took the key to bed with her.

On the afternoon of the third day, Mr. Crole-Rees was stalking abstractedly along Wardour Street, smoking his inevitable green cigar. He was mourning the hundred thousand dollars sunk in the Pink Pearl, and anathematising the day his wife ever started as a pearl collector. He was sick of the pearl. It was pink pearl everywhere. If a compatriot met him he talked pink pearl. If he picked up a newspaper a pink pearl paragraph hit him in the face. In the stilly watches of the night, his pearl-proud wife woke him up to retail to him some fresh legend regarding its history, which had been imparted to her during the day. His letters reeked of it. People he had never heard of wrote to him by the thousand. He had had ten pink pearl waltzes sent to him by talented but impecunious composers, with gentle suggestions that he should acknowledge the compliment of the dedication by taking a hundred copies at full published price. Agents from all the safe makers in the universe found their way to the Hotel Victoria, while the number of the insurance men was as the sand of the sea. In brief, as he remarked to a friend long after, he had a "pink and purple time of it."



"I have heard of honourables who have suffered from kleptomania," drawled Mr. Crole-Rees.

In the streets alone could he find peace. That was why he had walked about London for three days. He had nearly reached the end of Wardour Street, when he noticed a little knot of people looking into a shop window on the other side. He stalked across.

The centre of interest was a shabby jewel case, which had above it a card with the following inscription:

A PERFECT REPLICA OF THE £20,000
DE LISLE PINK PEARL
Modelled at the request of
NAPOLEON THE III.
FOR THE FIRST PARIS EXHIBITION.

What Mr. Crole-Rees said when he caught sight of the inscription does not matter. It was only one word, but it made a curate, who was in the crowd, cough deprecatingly and hurry away.

Mr. Crole-Rees stood looking at the counterfeit of his wife's pearl for a long time, thinking thoughts that were lurid. Suddenly he was smitten with a great idea, and the next moment he was in the shop. When he left the replica of the pink pearl was missing from the shop window, and he was smoking with more real enjoyment than had been his for many days.

The interest he took in the real pearl when he got back to the Hotel Victoria was amazing. He looked it over again and again. He took it to the light, where, as his back was turned to his wife, he could compare it with the replica he had purchased in Wardour Street unobserved. Presently he put the case down, and sat tugging at his door-knocker beard with an air of preternatural suspicion.

"Say," he remarked to his wife at length, "there has been a darned lot of people to see this hundred thousand dollar pearl."

"All the best people in London have been, and the Jowle-Jones widow is just mad about it."

"M'yes," drawled her husband, still tugging at his beard. "I guess she would be a considerable trifle madder if she knew that you bribed the coachman to make the horses run away with her carriage on the morning of the sale."

Mrs. Crole-Rees laughed pleasantly at the recollection, while her husband continued tugging at his beard.

"It was smart," he said presently, "but it was mean. Say, now, do you know who all these people are who have been here hanging around the pearl?"

She reached for a basket heaped with visiting cards.

"There!" she said.

He picked up a handful of them and spread them out on the table.

"M'yes—they are kind of imposing," he said slowly. "I suppose they have handled the pearl."

"Why, certainly!"

"M'yes," drawled Mr. Crole-Rees as he continued turning the cards over, "the honourables, and the earls, and the countesses, and the comtes, and the dowagers have been hanging around the pearl pretty considerably. I have heard of honourables who have suffered from kleptomania."

"Kleptomania!" echoed the lady in bewilderment.

"M'yes, kleptomania—powerful bad some of them."

He picked up the pearl, and, placing it on the palm of his hand, held it towards his wife. "It seems to me," he went on impressively, "that there is something queer about this—something I don't recognise."

She snatched up the pearl and held it close to the light. There was no mistaking the meaning of her husband's remark. The first glance seemed to reassure her, but as she looked closer her heart began to sink. There was something strange — something indefinable about the pearl she held in her hand, which it had not seemed to possess before. She dropped into a chair with a gasp of despair.

"Do you think——?" she faltered.

Mr. Crole-Rees did not reply for a few seconds, but went on turning over the pile of visiting cards.

"I do that! One hundred thousand dollars is a blamed tall price for this collection of aristocratic visiting cards."

"It can't be true," cried Mrs. Crole-Rees desperately, as she held the pearl close to the light again. "It would be no use to anybody—no value to anyone—it can't be sold—one might just as well try to sell the Koh-i-Noor."

"Perhaps not," remarked Mr. Crole-Rees drily. "Perhaps they don't want to. Seems to me that, according to the history of that blamed pearl, a very considerable number of people who didn't want to sell it have frozen on to it at different times without the consent of the owner."

She put the pearl down, convinced of the unpleasant truth that history had repeated itself in her own case.

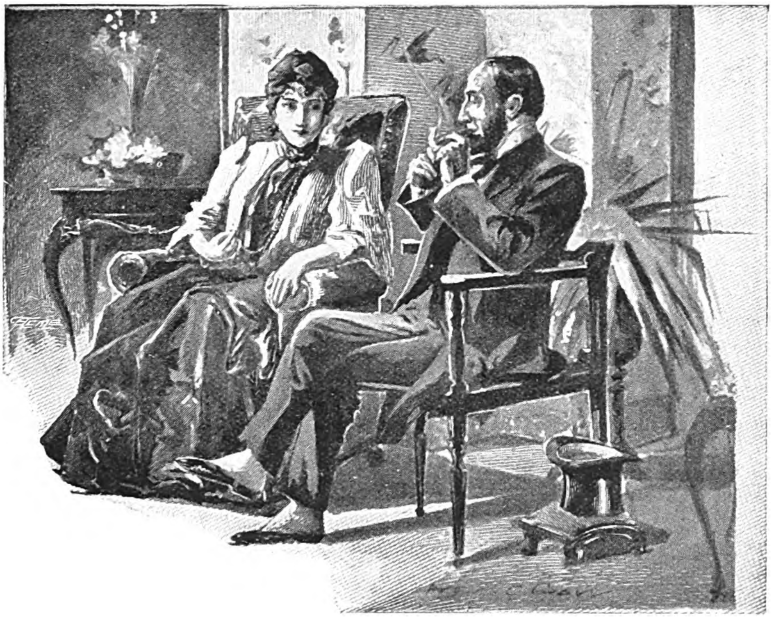
"What's to be done? We must send for the police!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Crole-Rees shook his head emphatically.

"I guess not. We shall be the laughing stock of the States if this gets around. I guess we will just sit tight for the time. The man who has the pearl can't open his mouth."

"I calculate," mused Mr. Crole-Rees, when his wife had gone tearfully to bed, and he had betaken himself to the smoking room for comfort—"I calculate that there ought to be a clear ten thousand dollars profit on this deal, and an end to the pearl-collecting craze of Mrs. Hiram Crole-Rees. It's about time she tried some cheaper amusement."

Mrs. Jowle-Jones had not long finished breakfast. She was feeling very sore over missing the De Lisle pink pearl. She had



He was even told that he might smoke one of his favourite cigars.

meant what she said in the auction-room about the other woman not having it for two hundred thousand dollars. She had sent two dealers to the other woman to try and tempt her with a big price to sell, but the dealers had got more than a decided refusal. She was ruminating rather bitterly on her ill-success when a card was brought with the intimation that its owner wanted to see her on urgent business. It was unconscionably early for a caller, but the Chicago widow was not a woman of conventions, and, moreover, she knew that she looked charming in her dainty morning wrapper. So she consented to receive him.

A few moments later Mr. Crole-Rees was ushered in, and greeted with flattering cordiality. He was even told that he might smoke one of his favourite green cigars.

"M'yes," he said, presently, "making a record collection of jewels is a pretty expensive amusement."

Mrs. Jowle-Jones smiled archly.

"For you, I don't say," he continued, with a deprecatory wave of his cigar. "You see, it's my dollars that Mrs. Crole-Rees is spending, and that affects me personally. But it don't particularly matter to the late Mr. Jowle-Jones what Mrs. Jowle-Jones is doing with the pile he left—dollars being of no particular account in the place where he has gone to."

The widow accepted this delicate reference to her late husband with equanimity, and waited patiently while Mr. Crole-Rees smoked hard in preparation for continuing his speech.

"Now this De Lisle pink pearl has cost me one hundred thousand dollars, and the blamed thing has a blood-stained history—there's enough murder and sudden death connected with that pearl to stock a Sunday newspaper for a half a century. The thing makes me kind of creepy at times. It's as bad as having a concentrated murder, suicide, and burying-ground on the premises."

"Then why don't you sell it?" demanded the widow.

"M'yes— ex—actly. Can you and I do a deal? How much of that hundred thousand dollars you spoke of will you spring for the pearl?"

"Do you mean business?" demanded the widow.

"Absolutely."

"Then name your price for the pearl," said Mrs. Jowle-Jones, as she reached for her cheque book.

"One hundred and ten thousand dollars; but don't write that cheque—Mrs. Crole-Rees is not in this yet. You must negotiate."

## IV.

Mr. Crole-Rees had a surprise when he got back to the Hotel Victoria. He found one of the partners in a great firm of London jewellers examining the pearl. The man was just putting it back in its case when Mr. Crole-Rees entered.

"Undoubtedly a counterfeit of the pearl you purchased, madam, and a clever one, too. Unless I am mistaken, it is the one which was made for the Paris Exhibition. Of course! Why that very replica was until recently, quite recently ——"

"M'yes," jerked in Mr. Crole-Rees. "A very fine imitation."

"—— on view in a shop in Wardour Street," continued the expert, as he picked up the pearl again, and stuck his glass in his eye. "I thought so—Marinoni's mark is on the setting. This will afford you an excellent clue to the thief."

"M'yes," jerked in Mr. Crole-Rees again, as he pocketed the pearl. "I guess we will make tracks for that thief right now. Good morning, sir." And he shook the jeweller warmly by the hand, and edged him out of the room. "Just you stop right here," he said to his wife as he left.

"Not a word about this to anybody—I know where the pearl is when it is wanted," he said to the expert when the door was closed behind them.

"That was a remarkably near thing," remarked Mr. Crole-Rees half an hour later, as he hurried up to his wife's room. He found her ready dressed.

"We will start right away to Scotland Yard, and then to Wardour Street. We have got that thief set, whoever he is," she said.

"You are a smart woman," said her husband, "but I guess we will go to Wardour Street first."

When they got out of the hansom which took them to Wardour Street, they found a little knot of people round the window. They were looking at the faded jewel case which had so taken the fancy of Mr. Crole-Rees the day before. Above it was the identical legend that he had read, and in it was the replica of the pink pearl.

"I guess we have drawn blank," observed Mr. Crole-Rees to his astonished wife, "Seems to me that jeweller cuss didn't know quite such an almighty lot after all. Seems to me, that counterfeits of the pearl are as common as hay-seed. There will be no call at Scotland Yard this journey."

It was Mrs. Crole-Rees' turn to get a surprise when they got back to the hotel. It was a telegram from the widow:

"Will give one hundred and ten thousand dollars for the pearl. Will you sell?" it ran.

"She knows it—she has heard of it already, and now she is taking a rise out of me over it."

"No she isn't. That's a genuine offer—let her have the blamed thing."

"But it's gone!"

Mr. Crole-Rees tugged at his beard.

"I always thought you were a smart woman," he said reproachfully. "You have lost a hundred thousand dollar pearl, and now when there is a chance of making ten thousand dollars on the loss, you don't see it."

"But she is bound to discover that it isn't the real pearl."

"Just so; after she has had half the world to see and handle it. You have had the snigger at her once, and now, if you are not smart, she will have a bigger snigger over you. Sell her the pearl, and we make ten thousand dollars on the deal, while you will have the eternal snigger at Nellie Jowle-Jones when she finds that the pearl is a fraud."

"It will be real mean," protested the lady weakly.

"So was bribing her coachman on the day of the auction."

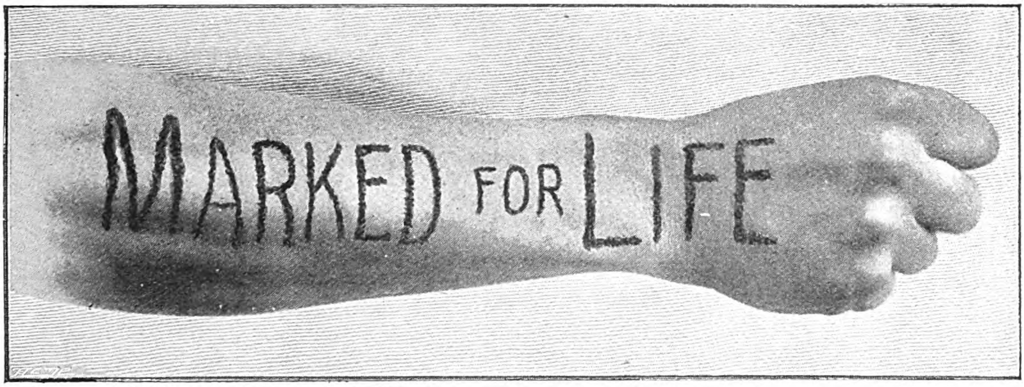
The De Lisle pink pearl changed hands. The day after the transaction was complete, Mr. Crole-Rees called on the widow. The jeweller who had pronounced the pearl that Mrs. Crole-Rees had called him in to see a counterfeit was coming away as he entered. He smiled broadly as they exchanged greetings.

"Been making sure the pearl is O.K.?" asked Mr. Crole-Rees of the widow.

"It is O.K. But he tells me there is an excellent replica in existence."

Mr. Crole-Rees dived into his pocket and brought out the faded case which was again missing from the window in Wardour Street, and which held the replica with the Marinoni mark on its tiny detachable setting. He opened it and placed it in the widow's hand.

"I thought," he said slowly, with a twinkle in his eyes, "you might find it handy for exhibition purposes. Any way its safer for the owner of the real pearl to own both."



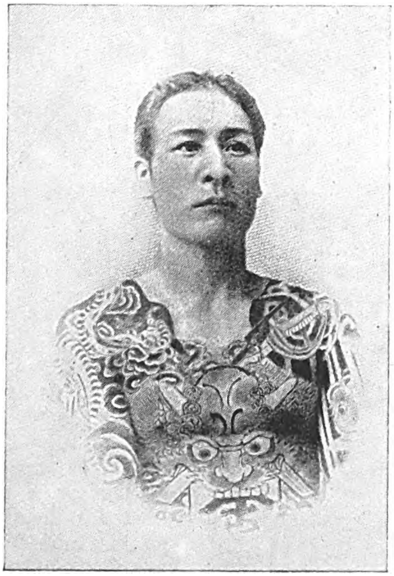
By Mulvy Ouseley.

The attitude of men and women to the modern art of tattooing is sufficiently convincing to make one realise that there is, after all, something in the process of puncturing the skin that is worthy of one's attention. So far from endeavouring to assert any patent right to the field, or monopolising all the credit people are wont to give him for helping to raise the standard of the art, Professor Riley, the eminent tattooing expert (to whom I am indebted for the permission to reproduce the illustrations accompanying this article), is always willing to allow to others of his profession a very fair share of the honours enthusiasts concede to him.

Tattooing is now one of the fine arts. No better testimonial, testifying to the excellence of the work of the modern tattooist, can be imagined than that which a celebrated living painter thought it only fair to give to Mr. Riley for having executed upon his (the painter's) arm, a piece of artistic work which, a few years ago, would have been thought an impossible task—namely, the tattooing a photograph of a lady on a man's arm. The picture was a perfect one both in the artistic drawing and in the catching of the expression, and greatly pleased the Academician.

It was a good-humoured consciousness that made us in days gone by appreciate on the surface the crude work of the inexperienced tattooist whose inartistic and heavy designs, without a redeeming feature from the artist's standpoint, drew from us words of wonderment. These emblems took forms the number of which could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and mainly consisted of ships' anchors, flags, and the grip of friendship—all execrable misrepresentations of the real article.

From Japan came the first lessons in the real art such as we know it to-day, and the suggestions that Japanese work carried were adopted by at least three popular British tattooists—namely, Mr. Riley (an Irishman), Mr. Macdonald (a Scotsman, we believe), and Mr. South (an Englishman). These gentlemen have, in the happiest circumstances, crowned the tattooing art with the diadem of success, and placed British work perhaps in advance of Japanese native work.


A Japanese whose whole body is indelibly tattooed in a marvellous manner.

The British public is essentially slow in taking up a thing which does not form a component part of its real life and method of living, but, notwithstanding our inherent conservatism, we suddenly become exceedingly liberal in our advocacy of a thing which bears on its surface the imprimatur of royalty, because, perhaps, we are imbued with the traditional belief that "the

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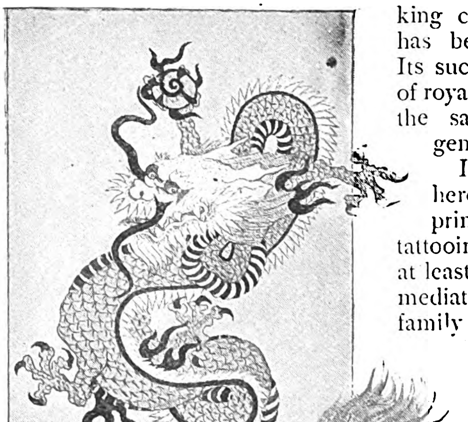
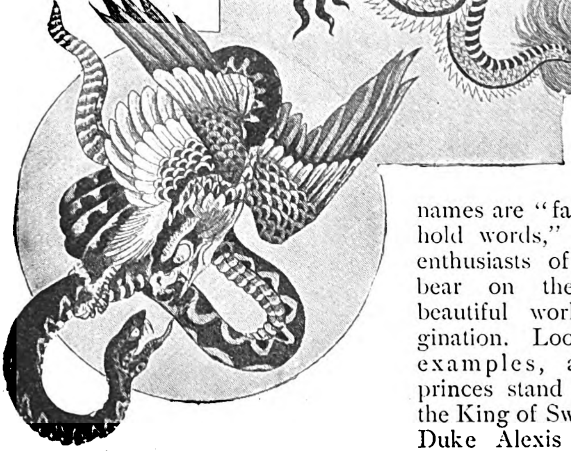


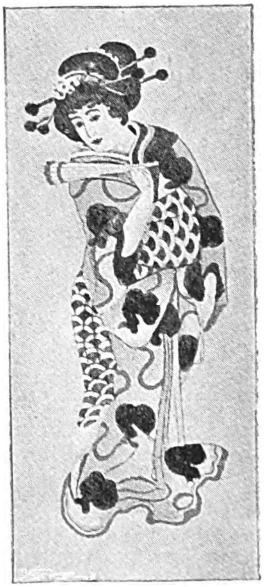
This ferocious looking dragon was tattooed by Mr. Riley upon the arm of the Marquis of Waterford.



The late Mr. Havemeyer, a well-known American millionaire, was proud of this eagle and snake, which he often showed to his intimate friends.

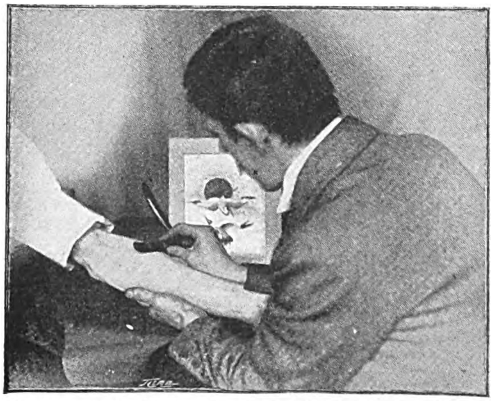
king can do no wrong." Tattooing has been no exception to the rule. Its success awaited the condescension of royalty, and as soon as royalty visited the salons of tattooists, then these gentlemen stooped to conquer.

It were invidious to recapitulate here the names of the British princes who have submitted to the tattooing process, but let it suffice that at least four popular princes of the immediate circle of the British royal family now bear on their bodies striking examples of the tattooing art; Mr. Sutherland Macdonald claiming the honour of having tattooed a prince in direct succession to the throne. Hence you will not be surprised to hear that the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of Portarlington, Sir Edmund Lechmere, Lord Roche, and others, whose names are "familiar as household words," are all avowed enthusiasts of the craze, and bear on their skin some beautiful works of the imagination. Looking abroad for examples, among tattooed princes stand in the first rank the King of Sweden, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, the Grand Duke Constantine, Prince George of Greece, Prince and Princess Waldemar of Denmark, and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. And then there is quite an army of noblemen of all countries.

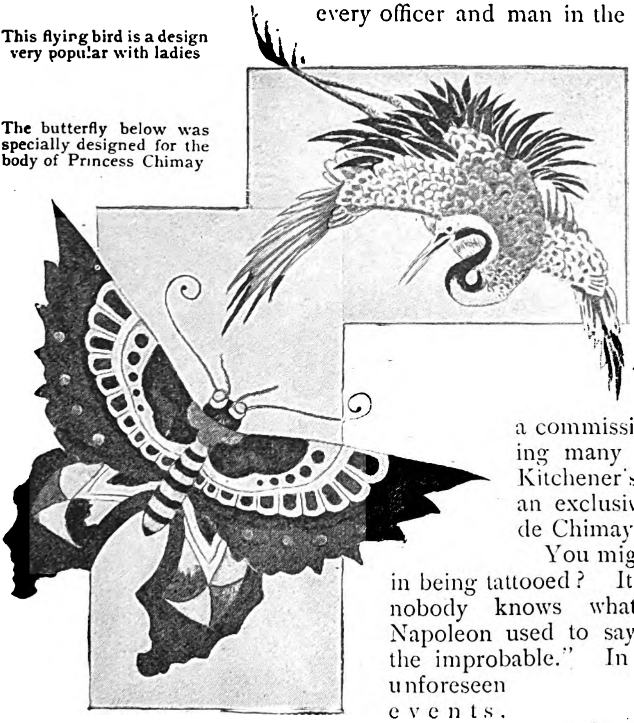


Sir Edmund Lechmere, Bart., has this lady tattooed upon his skin.

Professor Riley, whose salon at the Earl's Court Exhibition was last year a rendezvous for devotees of both sexes, is certainly the popular tattoo artist of the hour, without encroaching on the domain claimed by other masters of the art. He is yet a young man, well under thirty, and speaks with an accent that proclaims his mother-country. He began life as a soldier of the Queen, having served for a number of years in a Highland regiment. He left the army with the best character it is possible for a soldier or a non-commissioned officer to obtain officially. Possessing the natural genius inherent in the born artist, he tells me that his free hours in barracks were entirely given up to tattooing the officers and men, and long before his time was up, nearly



The first step in the process of "marking for life." The arm is shaved clean and smooth.



**This flying bird is a design very popular with ladies**

**The butterfly below was specially designed for the body of Princess Chimay**

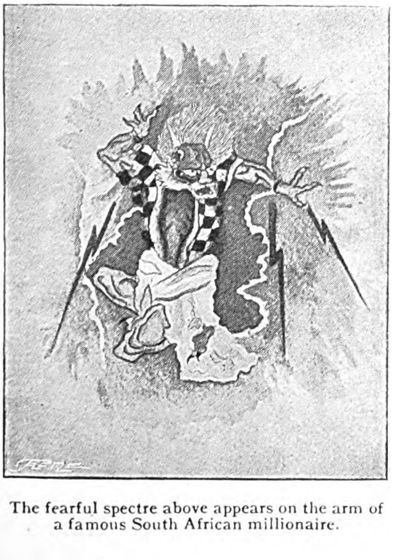
every officer and man in the regiment had given him sittings. Becoming a civilian, he took some drawing lessons in Leeds, where his family is resident, and then opened up rooms in Liverpool, and afterwards in Glasgow.

On the common ground that his services would be more fitly requited in London, he, on the advice of his admirers, came to the Metropolis, and began at the Royal Aquarium, where he met with instantaneous success.

Towards the fall of last year he went out to Egypt to execute a commission, and had the pleasure of tattooing many of the officers comprising Lord Kitchener's general staff. He also worked an exclusive design on the arm of Princess de Chimay.

You might reasonably ask, "What is there in being tattooed? It is only a fad of the idle." Well, nobody knows what to-morrow may bring forth. Napoleon used to say "nothing was more certain than the improbable." In a world which is crammed with unforeseen events, many of which are always happening when you least expect them, it may be your friend's fate to require identification to-morrow—who knows? Surrounded by painful circumstances, such identification has again and again been the result of mere guesswork, and the gruesome discovery that you have identified the wrong person has not been made till too late in the day, perhaps, to alter it. But where identification is carried out with the powerful aid of an unerring witness, such as a peculiar tattoo mark, which you know to be on the body of your lost friend, you cannot go far wrong.

Second stage of tattooing. Mr. Riley drawing a design in pencil.



The fearful spectre above appears on the arm of a famous South African millionaire.

This, then, in a measure, explains the reason why so many people are just now giving sittings to tattoo artists all the country over; they have a serious object in view, so that it would seem that the craze is not an idle fad.

So far, we have studied the serious side of tattooing. It has its humourous side as well.

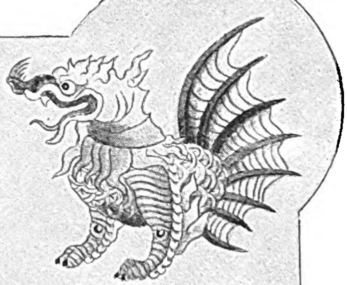
Mr. Riley tells me that not long ago a man had a large sized Christmas pudding tattooed on his chest, simply "for the fun of the thing."

A year ago the same artist tattooed a copy of the famous picture representing the charge of the Scots Greys, "Scotland for Ever!" on the back of a man whose father was once an officer in the famous regiment.

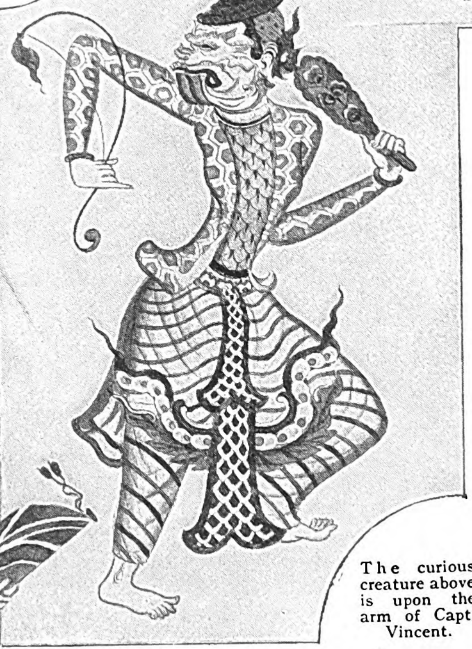
On the arm of a railway official Mr. Riley tattooed a train travelling by night, a wonderful piece of work. It extended the full length of the arm.

The chest of a certain baronet bears on its surface a balloon sailing in the sky, while on the shoulder of an inspector of police is tattooed his "first charge" in the days when he was yet a young constable.

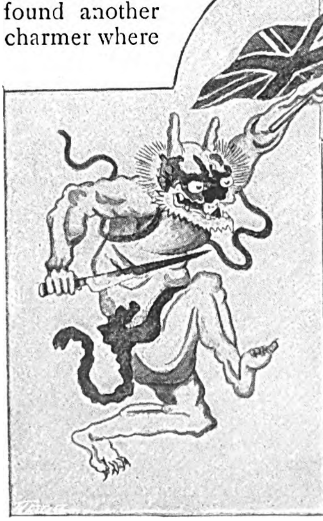
A lover going abroad wished to have his initials tattooed on the arm of his best girl. The lady consented, and the swift electric tattooing needle, as used by Mr. Riley, which gives you very little or no sensation of pain, soon pricked the letters "P. I." As sometimes happens in these cases, the swain either forgot that he had a young lady waiting for him in England, or he had found another charmer where he was stationed, but—at any rate, no amatory epistle was forthcoming from the neglectful swain and after waiting twelve months, the girl had those letters altered by the same artist to "B. T." Could you blame her?



A Siamese nobleman, now studying law in England, has this design tattooed upon his skin.



The curious creature above is upon the arm of Capt. Vincent.

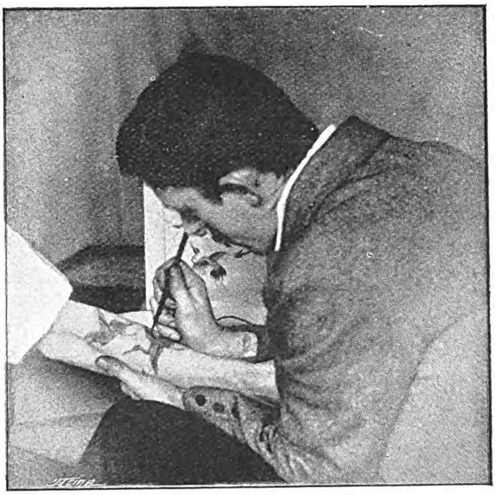


An officer of the "D-vil's Own" (Inns of Court Volunteers) has this appropriate design upon his arm.

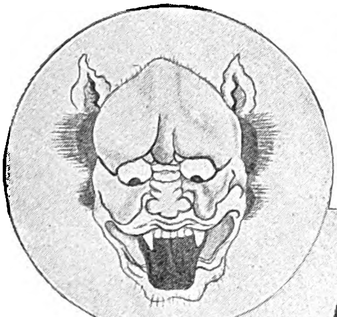
A handsome young fellow consulted Mr. Riley about a design he wished to have worked over his heart—a dangerous place, but the young professor knows his ground. After two hours' labour on the man's breast a beautiful and touching picture was revealed to the eye. It represented two hearts entwined, with a beautiful shield round, and underneath was printed the word "MARY." Everybody was pleased with the picture, the artist from his point of view, the lover from his, and the young lady, of course, from hers. Eighteen months

Third stage—outlining with the electric needle.

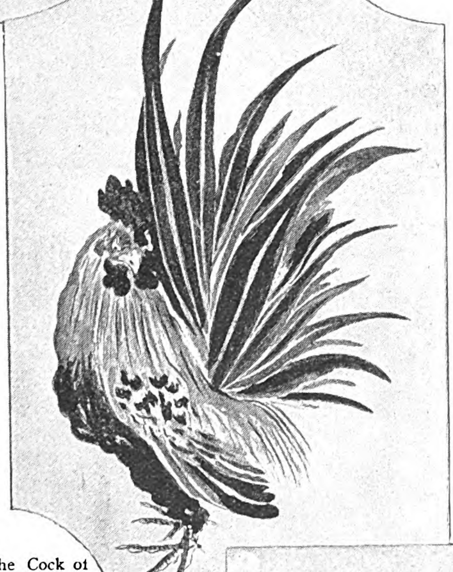
afterwards, the lover made his second appearance in Mr. Riley's sanctum, but this time he had another tale to tell. Baring his chest to our artist, he asked him in a melancholy tone, "Do you remember doing this?" The answer was an affirmative. "Well," continued the dejected one, with actually a tear in his eye, "I want you now please, to strike a line through 'Mary,' and to put underneath her name 'TRAITRESS.'" It was done. And no questions were asked.



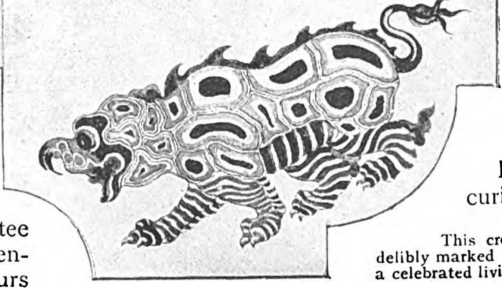
Last stage.—Putting in the shading.



Here is a tattoo mark much favoured by aristocrats.



The Cock of the North, an appropriate design on the skin of the gallant Colonel of a Highland Regiment.



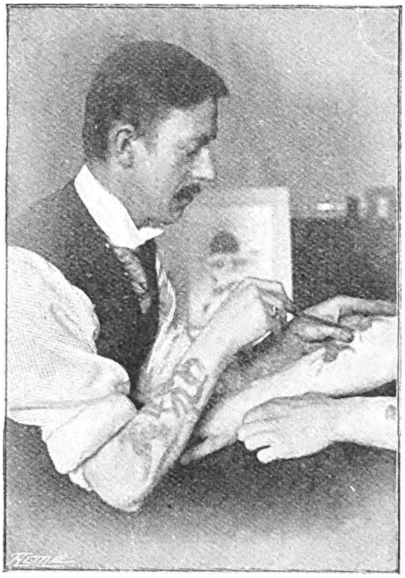
This creature is indelibly marked on the skin of a celebrated living novelist.

Tattooing is not a costly operation, and Professor Riley recommends everybody to have a tattoo mark put on the body, if only for the purpose of future identification in case of an accident of any kind happening to you.

Mr. Riley has just gone to Cairo for the second time, to fulfil an engagement which was made by cable. For this work, which is being done on a certain well-known princess, he will receive a very high fee, since he travels out specially for the lady's benefit—which shows to what extent a devotee of the art will go when fired by enthusiasm. Mr. Riley began his labours in a very humble sphere of life at first, but, by dint of hard work on his own part, constant study and practice and ingenuity, he has risen to the top. His work at the present day is fine and clever; it is not speculative; it is not hard; but, on the contrary, is fresh, clean, and extremely artistic.

As we have already hinted, unlike the average man who has excellent compeers in his own particular field, and who is sometimes weak enough to be querulous and jealous of the productions of others, no matter what walk of life or path of art you take—Mr. Riley has always a good word to say of the artistic productions of his own chief compeers in the tattooing art; indeed, he would not be honest otherwise, for the beautiful work turned out by, say, Mr. Sutherland MacDonald, or Mr. South, is always food for admiration.

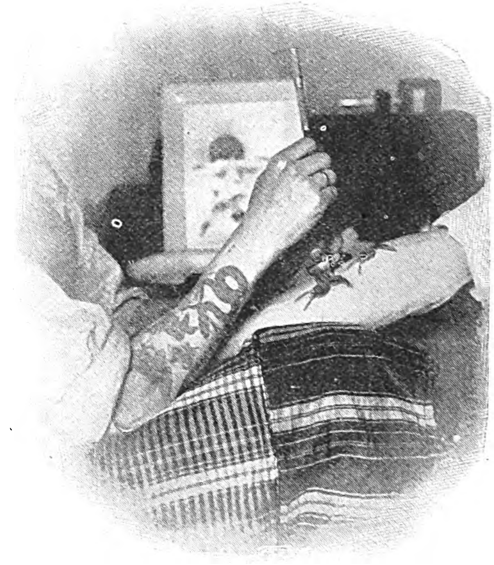
It is a very curious fact,



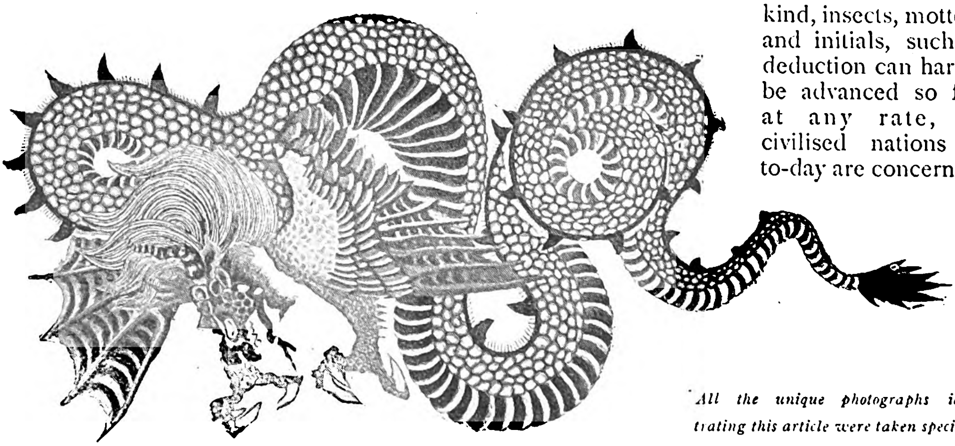
The Japanese system of tattooing—prodding.

which seems to have been overlooked by modern writers, that tattooing (the word itself is Tahitian, from "ta," a mark) is expressly forbidden by Holy Scripture (Lev. xix. 28), from which we may conclude that it was common even in those early days amongst the neighbouring nations. It has been said that the main cause of its origin was the desire to attract the admiration of the opposite sex, but, be this as it may, time has re-fashioned the ends for which tattooing is now sought. Savages adorn their skins with tattoo marks from motives not wholly unconnected with religion; others for ceremony; others again to denote rank. But the chief reason, as mentioned above, is vanity.

There is a very interesting work in German on the subject, entitled, "*Die Entstehung der Schrift*" (The Origin of Writing), wherein the author, Dr. Wuttke, conceives the very original idea that tattooing is a kind of writing on the skin. But since the usual objects illustrated are large dragons and small lions, battle scenes, beautiful women, historical incidents, flowers, emblems of every kind, insects, mottoes and initials, such a deduction can hardly be advanced so far, at any rate, as civilised nations of to-day are concerned.

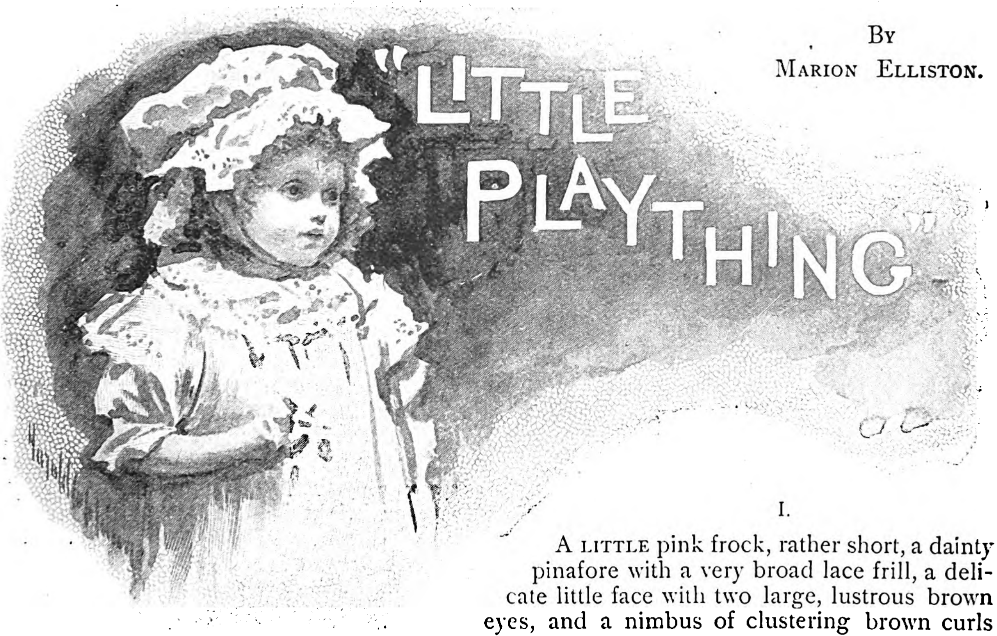


The Burmese method—piercing.



**This extraordinary dragon is tattooed upon the back of an Oxford Undergraduate, the son of a popular baronet.**

*All the unique photographs illustrating this article were taken specially for the purpose by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.*



# "LITTLE PLAYTHING."

By
Marion Elliston.

## I.

A little pink frock, rather short, a dainty pinafore with a very broad lace frill, a delicate little face with two large, lustrous brown eyes, and a nimbus of clustering brown curls half buried under a great big sun hat, was running riot after the daisies and buttercups on the lawn.

Daddy and Mummy were sitting close by, enjoying the sweet summer afternoon, and imagining that they were enjoying their book too. But this was entirely a fallacy, for, granted that "Dream Days" was on Daddy's knees, and that he had been reading to Mummy from it, it was now (and had been for some time) lying upside down, which, as a rule, is a pretty sure sign that one is not overpoweringly interested in one's book. And yet Kenneth Grahame was their favourite author, and they always made a point of enjoying his works together. The fact was, sitting there under the beech tree, they couldn't help watching those two busy little legs in the pretty white socks and the white kid shoes. They went so fast, and they always came down with exactly the right "plump" beside the daisy that last caught their owner's eye. Up again and off, at such a badly-balanced toddle, rushing tilted forward at a full baby pelt, with two tiny arms stretched out as propellers, one hand holding the almost stalkless daisy, the little one shouted, "Me wan' to 'tick it in 'ou's coatie, my Daddy; me wan' to 'tick it in!"

Then wriggling down again from his knee, off she goes again to plump down beside another daisy. What would the babies do, if there should one day be a dearth of daisies—but probably there never will be, for the sufficient reason that daisies are the babies' flower. Nobody ever dreams of "don't"-ing a baby for picking daisies, which is more than you can say of anything else in the world! Back she trots again to the first outstretched arms that offer safe harbour to a very badly-balanced, two-masted little vessel that threatens to capsize every moment—and then scratches, and bruises, and tears!

She threw herself into her mother's arms and stood on her knees, with her dimpled arms round her neck, cooing softly all the time in that sweet love-language whereof the only dictionary is kept in Heaven, and lent, now and then, for a little while at a time, to fathers and mothers with each new baby!

Then she dragged her Daddy's head down close—so close that in the tender rumpling it had to put up with, all the three seemed mixed, so that a caller coming near the house and beholding, turned away again with a lump in his throat, feeling, "And these three are one, and a stranger must not intermeddle." And Mother said, "Isn't she an angel, Daddy?"

And Daddy said—just like a blundering mere man—"Yes, a great deal too much like one, Mummy. I wish you could fatten her up and brown her well; I should sooner see my baby a little gipsy than an angel for the present."

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Mother shivered, though it was July, and, cuddling "Little Plaything" very tight, went indoors without a word.

Daddy didn't know he had said anything wrong, but Mummy never called her an angel after that.

II.

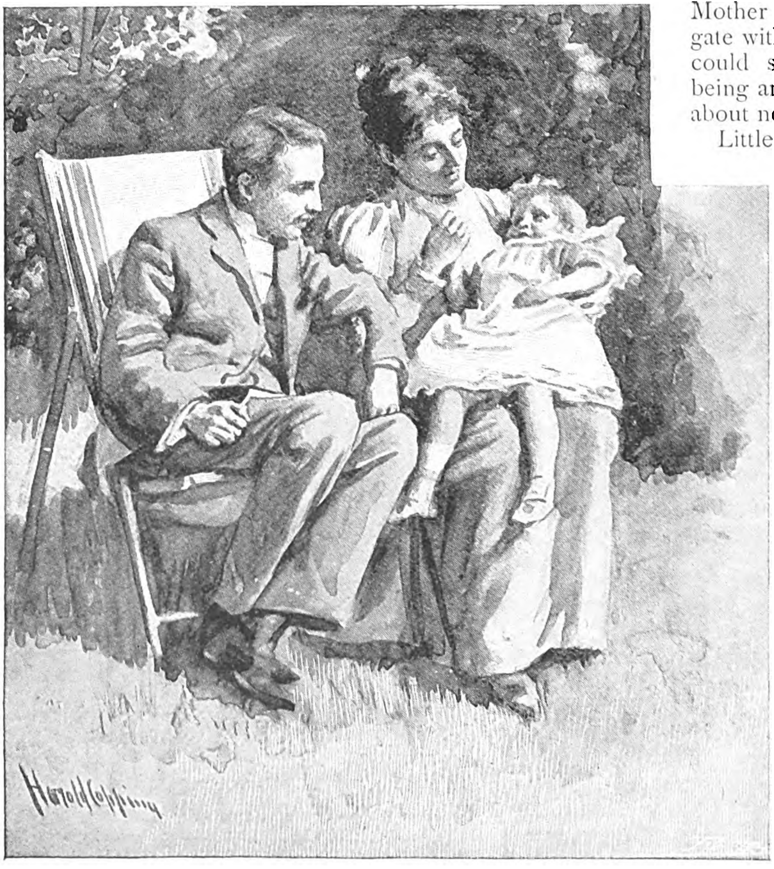
The heat is very intense this month. The hot sun seems to fade all the pink out of "Little Plaything's" cheeks quicker even than out of her pink frock and sun-bonnet. She runs about for a little while, and then says: "Carwy me, carwy me." She plays with her dolls for a little while, and then says: "Want to tome in 'ous arms, want to tome in 'ous arms, me do."

Sometimes she fretted for whole days and nights, and nothing would comfort her. Kindly advising friends said: "Don't give in to her. It's simply a naughty habit. She knows you'll pet her, and that's all she makes that noise for. It isn't crying—it's only fretfulness. Don't give way to her." Good, healthy souls! The world is full of them, just as it is full of every other kind of good adviser; but, thank Heaven! their philosophy always goes to the wall as soon as their own baby begins to cry; and for the rest—well, it isn't in human nature to pay much attention to kind advice, however good, so that it rarely happens that anybody else's baby suffers much from it.

But Mummy comforted her, and petted her, and Daddy played with her all the time he was at home from the office, and carried her up and down the garden for hours together. Then she would liven up again all in a moment, and run and romp in her old wild, riotous way, till Daddy and Mummy looked at each other and said, "Ridiculous! I told you it was nothing but the weather. It was only the heat pulling her down. Just see how bright she is again to-day because it happens to be a little cooler."

And they sat her in her chair, and gave her her toys to play with, while Mother walked as far as the gate with Daddy, so that they could scold each other for being anxious and in a worry about nothing.

Little Plaything romped with them a little, a little while—she so soon grew tired. The Noah's ark men wouldn't stand up, and the animals had lame legs, and the pickaninny dolly was naughty, and one after another they were all thrown down on the grass, and the weary little child went to sleep, to dream about fairies with soft, fluffy wings, singing pretty hymns like Mummy did, and about angels dancing about under Daddy's rose-trees—children always do put things wrong or crooked, as, indeed, most other people do in their dreams. I



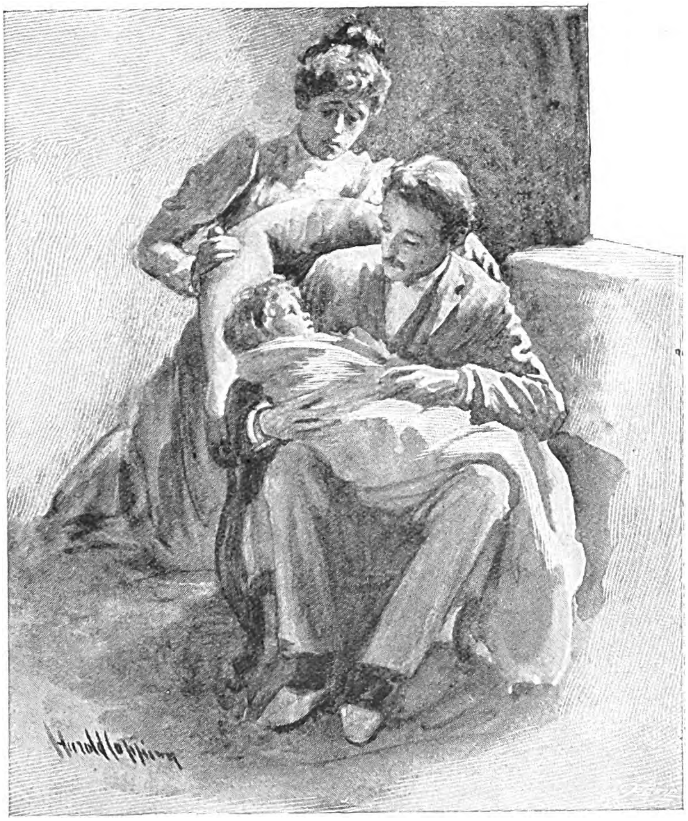
Mother said, "Isn't she an angel, Daddy?"

doubt if it mattered much. I don't suppose the angels felt slighted.

Mother found her so when she came back from seeing Daddy off, and slipped a cushion under her head, and put a little shawl round her for fear of chill. She wanted to take her into her arms, but she was afraid it might rouse her. How grey it seem to have grown all at once! And the evenings were often chilly now, and sometimes the wind moaned.

III.

The dust was thick on the top of the piano—no fresh flowers had been put in the vases. A few dead rose-leaves still lay just where they had fallen on the little photograph table where Mother kept her household gods, and generally decked them with fresh flowers every day. And the new magazines had not even been cut.



**Baby's moans grew faint and weak. Mother came and knelt beside the big chair, where Daddy was holding her. By-and-bye the cries ceased altogether.**

Baby was ill! The Little Plaything that was the household idol was ill—very ill; and everyone had heartache! Everyone spoke in a whisper, everyone walked with hushed footfall, and breathed softly.

Hour after hour the little moan went on, rarely hushed even in fitful sleep! Hour after hour the moan continued in everyone's heart, and a terrible tension was growing on Mother's face. Oh that she might bear the pain instead!

"Want to lie in 'ous arms, me do! Want to lie in 'ous arms," Baby moaned night and day. And Mother held her there—held her till her arms were almost powerless, and yet she scarcely knew that they ached. Daddy came, and the little arms reached out to him to take her, as though she thought he could hold her out of the reach of the terrible pain!

But he couldn't. The plaintive wail went on, cutting his very heartstrings. It couldn't last much longer, the doctor had said—another day or two of such pain would be the very utmost the little frame could bear!

It was terrible enough in the daytime to watch the little drawn face, and the little dried lips that never spoke except to say, "Me want to lie in 'ous arms, me yove 'ou, my Daddy," or, "Me want my yemonade." (How cook blessed that lemonade, how it comforted her that there was one thing she could do that seemed never to fail to soothe the little sufferer! She valued that "Me want my yemonade" more than her two prize medals from the County Council!)

But oh, at night! To sit there for hours with the little one moaning in his arms, rocking her, soothing her, singing to her, walking her up and down, trying everything to woo the sleep that wouldn't come—the sleep that was the only thing that could save her; and to watch the mother close beside him, sharing the vigil with him, her face drawn with agonised suppression and tension, yet breaking instantly into the softest smile if by any chance the little sufferer should recognise her for a moment; to watch the candles burn down lower and lower, each moment bringing the separation nearer and nearer; to watch the stars fade out in the cold, grey dawn; to hear the wind softly sighing in the pine-trees, the creepers tapping against the window, and now and then a dog restlessly barking, as though he saw the ghosts that filled the air—ah, all this makes a man grow old!

### IV.

The next night there was a summer storm. All the evening the lightning played in the horizon. But at last the thunder rolled and rolled across the heavens. The rain plashed and swished drearily down the window-panes, and Baby moaned and wailed in her unceasing pain.

"Want to lie in 'ous arms, my Daddy." And all night long he held her. He walked up and down with her, and now and again he steadied his voice to sing her all her little hymns. Over and over again he sang, "Now the day is over," to her, but his voice always failed as he came to

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee,

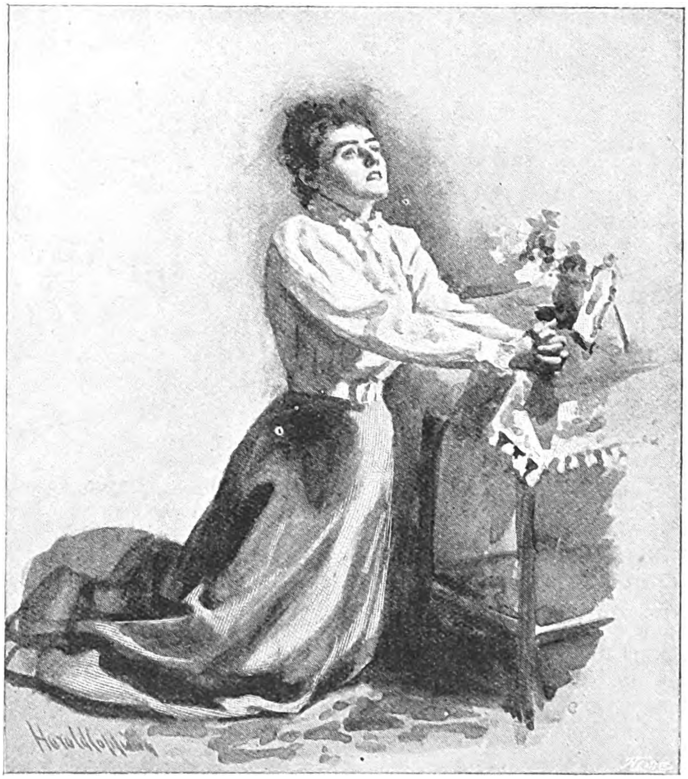
for the full vision was coming so much too soon, and he couldn't stay it. Why does God so often take us at our word, and give us the very thing we ask for, but the very last thing that we want?

Mummy sat still all through that storm. The long strain had told on her. Not a sound came from her lips, but her whole frame was quivering—thrilling and throbbing with the agonising suppression.

But at last the storm spent itself—the clouds parted and cleared. The stars shone again, and presently the light of the early dawn stole sweetly into the East.

Baby's moans grew faint and weak. Mother came and knelt beside the big chair where Daddy was holding her. By-and-bye the cries ceased altogether, and the Good Shepherd came and took the little one from her father's arms into His own.

Very quietly, Daddy laid her down, and took her mother away, for he knew!



The Mother knelt beside a little photograph.

### V.

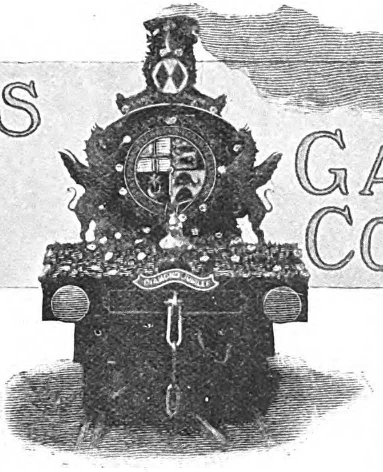
The poor Mother knelt beside a little photograph, and at last the storm in the torn mother-heart had way. There was no need now to clench her lips for fear of rousing the little sufferer! "Oh, God, God, give her back to me! I must have my Baby, I must, I must! You gave her to me, and she's mine, she's mine! Oh, God, God, give me back my Baby, my Baby!"

Then Baby's father came in and sat down beside her, and said, "Hush!" He took both her hands in his, and held them—held them so firmly and yet so gently—just as she had so often held Baby's as she soothed her out of some paroxysm of baby temper!

He gave her some violets, and said: "Take them in to her, and kiss her."

And Mother's sorrow grew quiet!

# ENGINES IN GALA COSTUME



By

HECTOR MACLEAN.

Flags, flowers, and furbelows have ever been the favourite means wherewith to feast the eye on occasions of "great pith and moment." Especially is this the case where horses and chariots are used, of which the countless pageants of the past thirty centuries bear witness. To-day, however, instead of embellishing the triumphal cars of emperors, the most gorgeous of floral and other decorations are reserved for the cycles and baby-carriages of the "plebs."

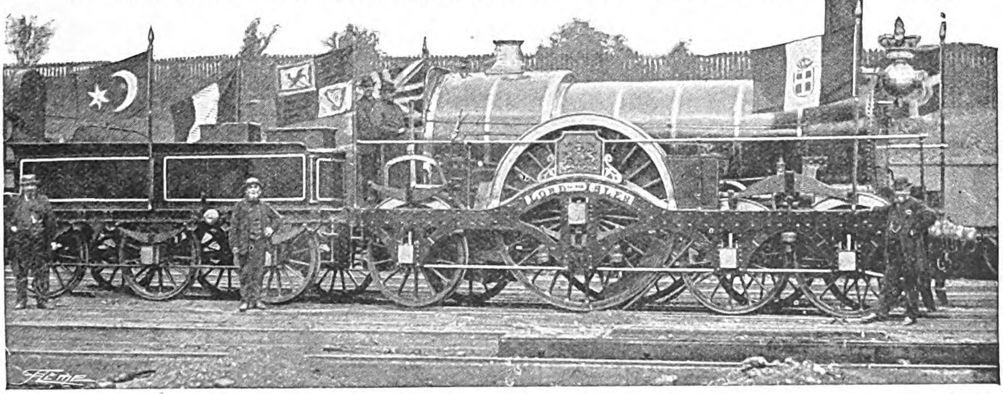
This devolution is, after all, quite a natural one, and in complete accord with the universal growth of democracy. But what is less to be expected, and is as yet little known, is the remarkable habit which has sprung up of decorating machinery, of making, as it were, an idol of brute force, or, rather, of the instrument of horse-power—a habit which, at first sight, is somewhat surprising.

Without doubt, many people will be not a little astonished to learn that an engine-driver has a strong affection for the tangle of tubes, cranks, rods, cylinders, and wheels, known as a locomotive, and that he holds it a good deal dearer than a living creature. Not even does a Rosebery love his Ladas, nor did ever a Byron regard his dog, with greater fervour than does many a driver dote upon his engine, be it the newest and fastest of bogie expresses, a dusty six-wheel radial, or merely a fourth class little "local tank."

This partiality is even shared by passengers, of which an instance may be cited of one who recently assured the writer that he, out of mere sentiment, and not for any graver reason, had formed a resolution not to travel by a certain train because he disapproved of the particular type of locomotive which had been appointed to draw it.

The earliest, and not the least interesting, of the decorated engines which are included in the present series is *The Lord of the Isles*, a celebrated broad-guage locomotive which belonged to the Great Western Railway. This engine, which does not look so obsolete, as might be expected, was adorned so far back as 1856, in order to celebrate the peace which followed upon the Crimean war. It is impossible to look on the picture without the thought flashing through one's mind of how much has changed since then. The

A famous Great Western engine decorated to celebrate the termination of the Crimean War in 1856.



From a Photo.

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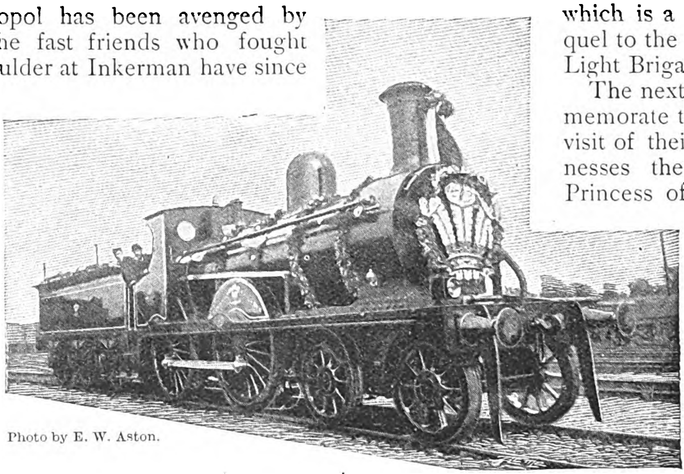


Photo by E. W. Aston.

**The locomotive of the Cambrian Railway which drew the train conveying the Prince and Princess of Wales to Aberystwith in June, 1896.**

fall of Sebastopol has been avenged by Plevna, and the fast friends who fought shoulder to shoulder at Inkerman have since fallen out over Fashoda. Specially significant is the suggestion of one flag—the red, white, and green—in recalling how it chanced that the Crimea became the cradle of a new Power, which was, as it were, born amidst the fire and blood of this much mismanaged war; for it was in the course of the concluding campaign that the puny kingdom of Sardinia—since, by the aid of Cavour and Garibaldi, grown into that of Italy—was accepted as an ally by England and France, thenceforth to become recognised as one of the leading nations of Europe.

The Sardinian Flag is easily recognisable on the right front of the engine, being distinguishable from the French tricolour on the tender by having the national shield and crown imprinted upon the white band. Since this ill-starred, heroic, but futile war, we have not thought fit to cross swords with the Colossus of the North, except when some score of years ago Mr. Maccdermott, under the protection of Saint Jingo, nightly thrashed the Russians at the Royal Aquarium, which is a refreshing sequel to the Charge of the Light Brigade.

The next pictures commemorate the memorable visit of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales to the gallant little land of Leeks, the birthplace of Llewellyn and the great painter, Burne-Jones, and the only part of Great Britain where vineyards bear, and where fine old Welsh wine is made and matured.

Out of many another interesting picture, that chosen is one which serves as a kind of emblem of the advent of better times and kinder thoughts in dear, delightful, but too often disquieting, Ireland.

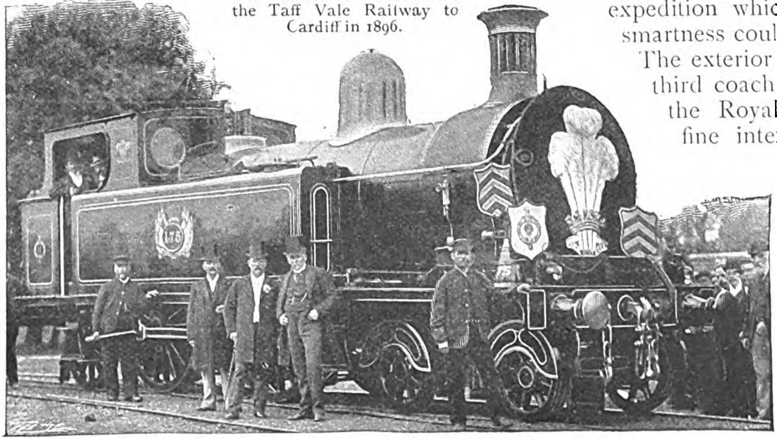
When our sailor Duke of York and his popular wife—The Princess of Richmond Hill—went, during 1897, to the Sister Isle, amidst many other tokens of right royal welcome which were forthcoming, few, if any, exceeded in heartiness that accorded by the railway *employés*, as may, in some measure, be judged by our pictures.

No sooner was it known that the Royal couple would pass over the Great Northern Railway of Ireland's system, than a special Royal saloon was built with an expedition which not even Yankee smartness could excel.

The exterior of this saloon is the third coach from the engine in the Royal train depicted. Its fine interior, lavishly decked out with flowers, is also shown.

Of all railway companies which encourage the decoration of their engines or trains, none have done more than the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. For the

**This engine took the Princes and Princess of Wales over the Taff Vale Railway to Cardiff in 1896.**



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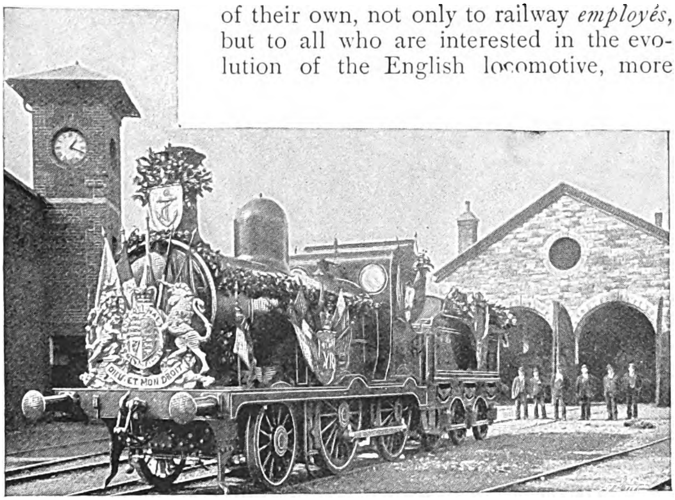


Photo by G. Moore.

The engine of the M. and G.W. of Ireland Railway decorated for the Duke of York's visit.

past twenty years the company in question has regularly, and with considerable elaboration, applied floral and heraldic arrangements to certain of its locomotives, so that in some instances one might almost think that the fabled woods of Birnam were travelling by rail to Dunsinane, or, at the very least, that Jack in the Green had set out upon "Puffing Billy" for a holiday jaunt. What very greatly enhances these decorations is the thought that, to use a classic cockneyism, "'andsome is as 'andsome does." For the sumptuous bedizening with bright colours, flowers, golden statuary, festoons of foliage, is in order that excursionists may be attracted to take tickets by the special trains which, once a year, are run on behalf of the Stationmasters' Benevolent Fund.

The photograph of the *Allen Sarle*, perhaps the finest engine ever built by the late Mr. Stroudley, was taken on the occasion of the 1898 excursion. The *Henry Fletcher*, which is representative of Mr. Billington's bogie type, is shown in its Diamond Jubilee guise.

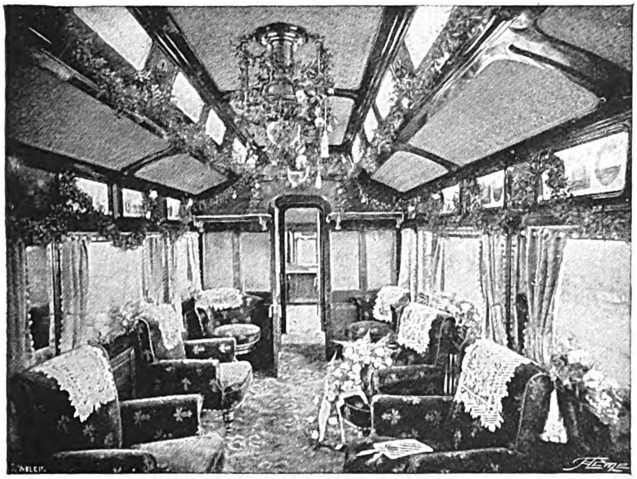


Photo by R. Welch.

Interior of the Duchess of York's saloon on the G.N.R. of Ireland decorated with floral festoons.

Quite apart from their graceful decorations, these two engines just now possess an attraction of their own, not only to railway *employés*, but to all who are interested in the evolution of the English locomotive, more particularly in view of the competition from the United States of America, which, according to some authorities, threatens to revolutionise the present types of first class English-designed locomotives.

The *Allen Sarle*, as the illustration indicates, is of the older-fashioned type with double front driving-wheels, which gained a prize medal at the memorable competition held in France in connection with the last Paris Exhibition.

Shortly after this its designer—Mr. Stroudley—died, being replaced as head of the Brighton Locomotive Works, by Mr. Billington, who lost no time in following the lead of American engineers as regards the adoption of bogie wheels in front of the driving wheels of his first-class express locomotives. However, in spite of the favour which in many quarters has been bestowed upon the American types of locomotive which are built with bogie leaders, there has arisen amongst those who have watched the running of the Brighton Company's trains, a very strong feeling that, after all, the Stroudley type is capable of drawing heavier loads at a faster rate than can the more Americanised patterns since built for the Brighton Company. If so, it would seem that the best way to ward off American competition is not by imitating

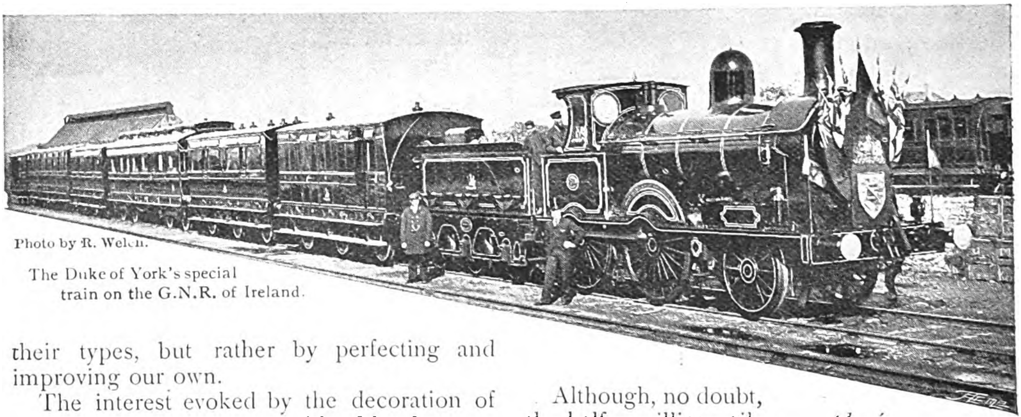


Photo by R. Welch.

The Duke of York's special train on the G.N.R. of Ireland.

their types, but rather by perfecting and improving our own.

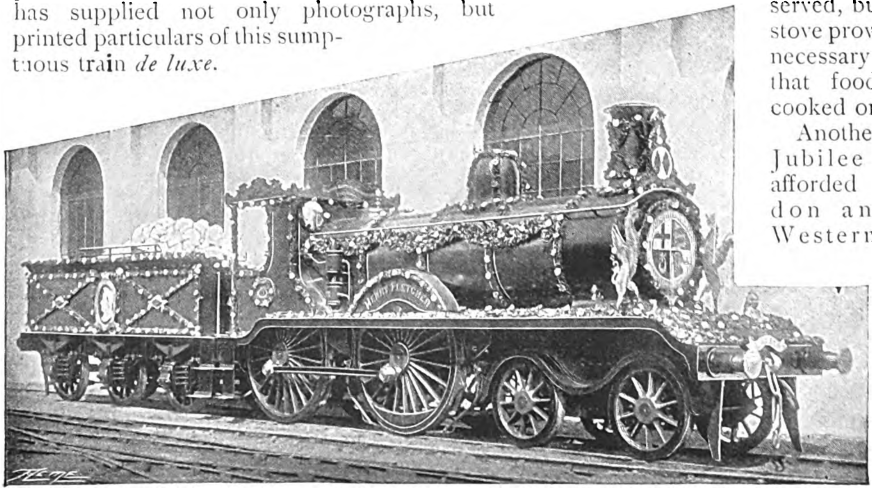
The interest evoked by the decoration of these engines is very considerable, the men concerned gladly working all night so that the engine may be decked out and ready to leave the sheds by 6.45 a.m. Moreover, railway amateurs not infrequently travel many miles, long before the town is awake, that they may watch the proceedings at the Battersea or the New Cross sheds.

Just now allusion was made to the Jubilee decoration of the *Henry Fletcher*. Whilst on the subject of Jubilee trains, a few words must be spared to chronicle one or two interesting "turn-outs" which some of the railways arranged for the occasion. The first place is naturally claimed for what was, *par excellence*, *the* Jubilee train—the one in which, on the ever memorable 21st June, 1897, Her Gracious Majesty made her progress from Windsor Castle to Buckingham Palace, in order to drive with that wonderful record procession and render thanks under the shadow of Wren's masterpiece. With pardonable pride the Great Western Railway Company has supplied not only photographs, but printed particulars of this sumptuous train *de luxe*.

Although, no doubt, the half a million railway *employés*—I had almost written servants, but remember that to-day Jack is as good as his master—would be vastly interested in the elaborate description which has been furnished, only a brief *resumé* can be given.

The train was composed of six carriages; its total length was 360ft., of which the Queen's saloon measured 54ft. The woodwork of the latter was of satinwood and sycamore, decorated with lions and crowns in green and gold. What in railway talk are known as "trimmings," consisted of white silk corded repp upholstery, set off with green, white, and gold silk laces, and hung with green curtains. It is needless to say that all that engineering ingenuity could devise was availed of to ensure the easy running of the train and the safety and general comfort of those using it. Amongst a multitude of other conveniences, mention may be made of the fact that not only were ordinary refreshments served, but a cooking stove provided, with the necessary addenda, so that food might be cooked on the journey.

Another example of Jubilee fervour is afforded by the London and North-Western Railway,



From a Photo.

**The "Henry Fletcher" locomotive in Diamond Jubilee guise.**

whose compound express passenger engine *Queen Empress,* was specially painted for the Jubilee day. The ordinary colouring of London and North-Western Railway locomotives is black, but on the said occasion the *Queen Empress* was coloured white and grey, lavishly relieved with gold leaf, the effect being wonderfully smart.

A rose-girt engine. The station-master's excursion train of 1898.

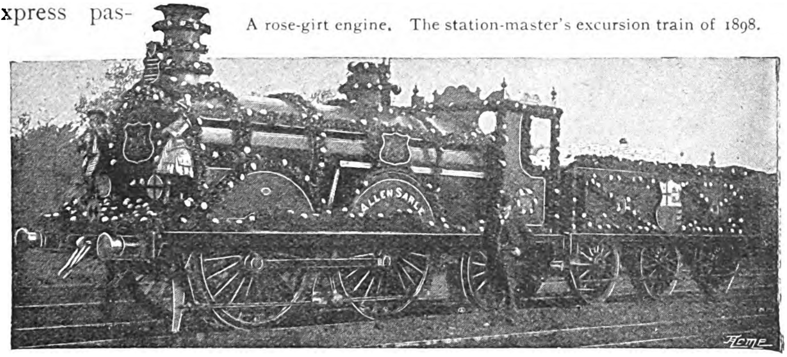


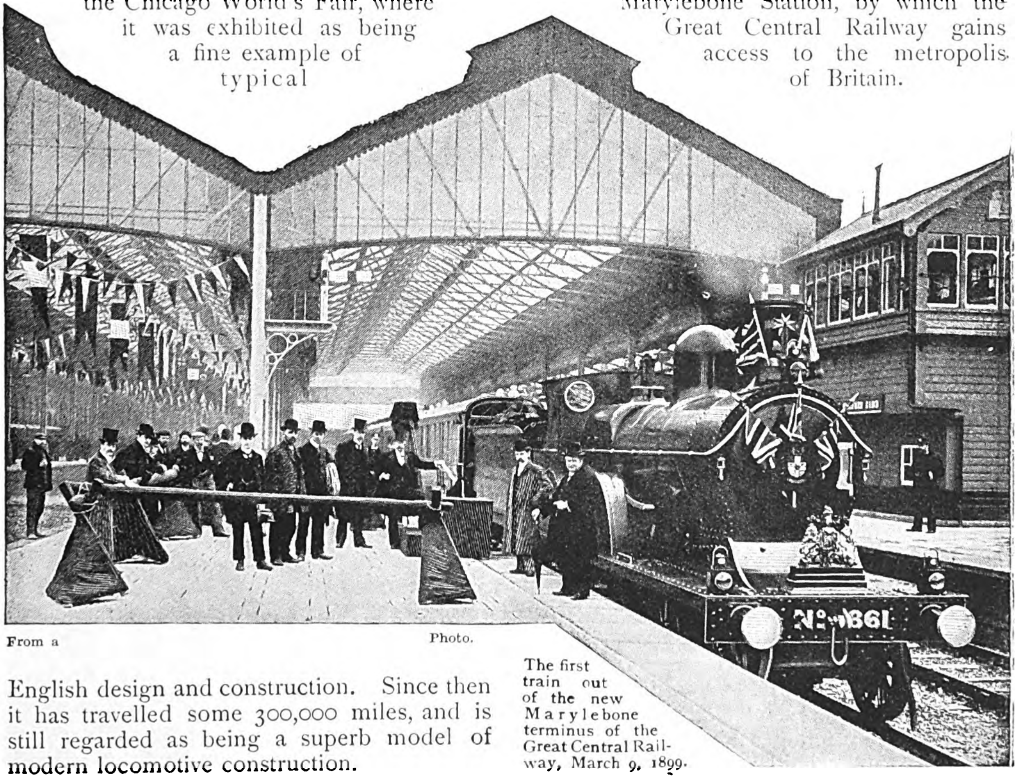
Photo by F. W. Temple.

The casual reader may think the painting of an engine is but a small matter, but it is by no means so, as may be judged by the statement that, before a complete painting is effected, from eighteen to twenty coats of pigment and varnish are applied!

The *Queen Empress* is, however, one of the London and North-Western Company's favourites, and is hence worthy of the money and time bestowed upon its decoration. It was specially built at Crewe for despatch to the Chicago World's Fair, where it was exhibited as being a fine example of typical English design and construction. Since then it has travelled some 300,000 miles, and is still regarded as being a superb model of modern locomotive construction.

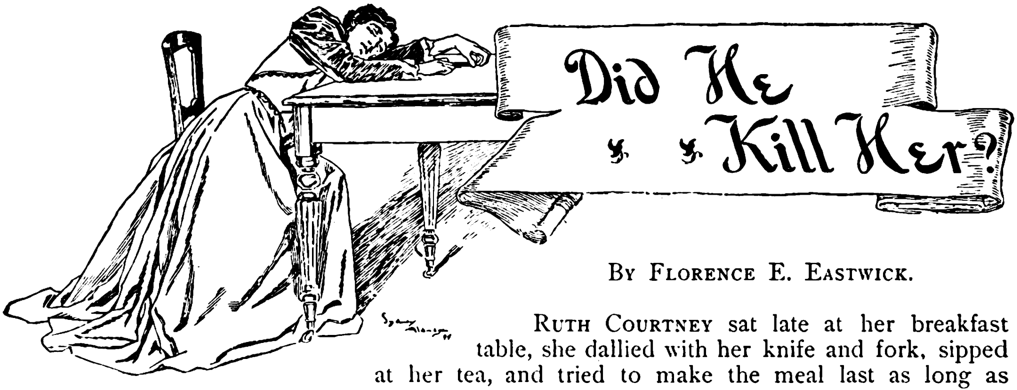
Space will not permit the following up of this fascinating topic any further; many other notable examples which are to hand must, therefore, dremain unrecorded. Not so the writer's hearty gratitude to the general managers of many of the leading railways for their courtesy in placing a large number of photographs at his disposal.

The last of the pictures depicts the inaugural train which the Right Honourable C. T. Ritchie, on 9th March 1899, started at the opening of the latest of London's colossal termini, namely, the Marylebone Station, by which the Great Central Railway gains access to the metropolis of Britain.



From a Photo.

The first train out of the new Marylebone terminus of the Great Central Railway, March 9, 1899.



# Did He Kill Her?

By Florence E. Eastwick.

Ruth Courtney sat late at her breakfast table, she dallied with her knife and fork, sipped at her tea, and tried to make the meal last as long as possible. It was an eventful morning in her life, a morning which would decide her fate, for in an hour's time the man who loved her and had asked her to be his wife would come to her for an answer. And she knew now what that answer would be; she had made up her mind, and she meant to marry him. She had hesitated to tell him so at first, not because she doubted her love for him, but because she could not be absolutely sure of his love for her. She had been unable to decide fully to her own satisfaction that the affection he professed to feel for her was perfectly disinterested and sincere.

She was a rich woman, and he had the reputation of being extravagant and a spendthrift. She was conscious of her twenty-seven years, and she knew that she had just missed being pretty, but she was unaware that there was in her earnest grey eyes and her low sympathetic voice something which attracted men more surely than any mere prettiness or regularity of feature. She had always been morbidly afraid of being wooed only for her fortune, for she had little confidence in her own power to win love; she had distrusted every man who paid her court, and none had been able so far to touch her heart. Then Jack Hargreaves came into her life, and with this advent her peace of mind had departed. A certain romantic interest was attached to this reckless and handsome breaker of hearts, for no woman had succeeded hitherto in chaining him as a captive to her chariot-wheels. Ruth had heard of him as an audacious flirt, as one who would go any length with a woman without marrying her. She had determined to be well on her guard, but the flattery of his constant and respectful attention had at last broken down the barrier of cool, ordinary acquaintanceship which she had striven to maintain between them.

Their intimacy advanced with such rapid strides that she suddenly grew alarmed, and fled out of town to Brighton, there to think over matters quietly, and to make up her mind as to what she should do. She told herself that he interested and amused her, perhaps more than anyone else whom she knew, but she was not going to let him make a fool of her; she would go abroad for awhile, and put all thoughts of him out of her head. She was entirely her own mistress, and could go where she liked, and do as she chose, without consulting anyone. She resolved that she would shut up her flat in town, and be off with her maid to Switzerland, or the Italian lakes, where she would remain until she had conquered this folly.

Two days after her arrival in Brighton she met Jack Hargreaves face to face in King Street. His eyes lighted up with genuine pleasure when he caught sight of her. He turned and walked at her side, while he enquired, with tender solicitude, why she had thus suddenly deserted her friends in town without giving them an inkling of her departure.

"I did not feel well—I thought the sea would do me good; but I fancy I shall be obliged to have a more distant change of air. I am thinking of running off to Switzerland for a few months. I am sure the mountains will brace me up again" She scarcely dared to look in his face while she spoke; she trembled lest he might guess her secret, and discover that he was really the cause of her running away. He scrutinised her face with anxious enquiry for a few moments while they walked on in silence.

"May I come in for a minute?" he asked when they reached her rooms in a street leading from the sea. "I have something I must say to you."

And a few minutes later he had told her that he loved her, and had asked her to be his wife. She would not give him a definite answer then, though in her heart she knew

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how it must end if he persisted. But he was not to be easily baffled. He took some rooms opposite to those where she was staying, and every day he brought her flowers; they went for rides together on the downs, and for walks together along the front. She was very happy, though still perplexed; then, seeing his pained and humbled look when she continued to evade his entreaties for a definite reply, she began to feel compunction, and though something seemed still to hold her back from absolute surrender, she said at last,

"Well, then, to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, come and see me and you shall have my answer, I promise. . . . Now go; I am dining with some old friends to-night, and I must have time for a little quiet, introspective meditation."

All through the dinner and during the hour of pleasant converse afterwards her thoughts were away with him.

"You are very quiet to-night, Ruth. What are you thinking about so deeply?" her kind old friend asked at the close of the evening when they stood together alone for a moment.

"I am thinking of getting married," Ruth answered softly. Then she asked, with some perturbation, "Do you think I am very foolish?"

"No, dear, it is the best thing you can do. Who is the lucky person?"

But when Ruth mentioned Jack Hargreaves' name the elder woman looked grave.

"He comes of a wild race," she said doubtfully. "I knew his father when I was a girl—a headstrong passionate man, very handsome and fascinating, but a regular demon when his temper was roused, I believe."

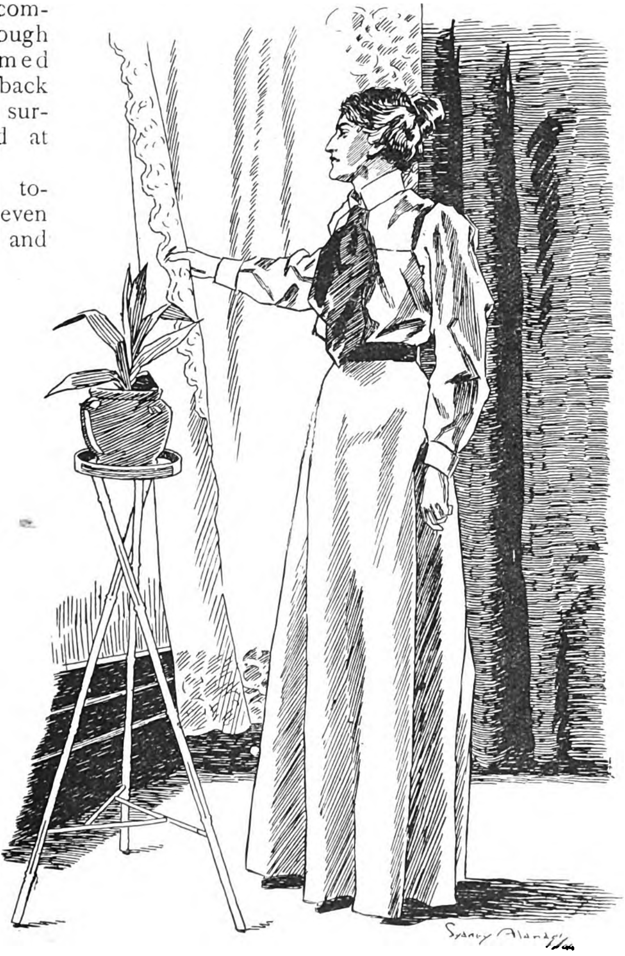
"I have never seen any sign of Jack's temper, but I have no doubt he has one," Ruth said, laughing. Then she bade her hostess good-bye, and went away to fetch her cloak.

"We are walking home—it is such a lovely night. Why don't you come with the Colonel and me instead of taking a cab. We pass your door — it's not five minutes from here," said a good-natured dame whose husband had taken Ruth in to dinner. It seemed a pleasant suggestion, for the air was soft and balmy, but when they reached Ruth's house a few drops of rain began to fall.

"Don't stop," she said to her escort; "there is going to be a shower, I am all right now, they will open the door immediately."

"Good night!"

She heard their footsteps die away down the street. How quiet it was, everyone seemed to have retired to rest at an early hour, for the houses all round were quite dark and silent. Twelve o'clock struck while she stood on the



**Ruth put aside the curtain and stood looking down at the house opposite.**

step waiting for her door to be opened; she glanced across at the house opposite, where Jack Hargreaves had taken up his abode. A faint glimmer of light came through the chink of the drawn curtain on the ground floor—that was Jack's room she knew, so he, at all events, was still awake, though the rest of the house was shrouded in darkness. Then, suddenly, while her eyes lingered on it, a strange thing happened. The red glass fan-light above his front door became illumined, and she discovered that looking through it from where she stood, she could see distinctly the whole of the staircase and landing above in his house. Watching with a lazy kind of curiosity, she became interested on beholding Jack's familiar figure slowly mount the stairs, candle in hand. He paused before a door at the head of the staircase, then she saw him pass in, the light vanished, and all was dark again.

She smiled to herself, thinking how all unconscious he was that her eyes had been upon him as he went to rest. Then she was recalled to herself by feeling the rain falling quickly on her bare head. She had forgotten to ring the bell.

"*I am in love!*" she said to herself laughing, and a few seconds later, was safe inside her own comfortable room upstairs.

She did not sleep well, and was late in rising. Now it was past ten o'clock, and at eleven Jack would be with her.

The little maid came in to clear away the breakfast things.

"Have you heard, ma'am, of what's happened over the way?" the girl asked, with evident anxiety to impart her news. "A lady has been found dead in her room, and they do say as how they think she's been murdered. At first they thought she'd died in her sleep, but when the doctor saw her, he said as how there'd been foul play, and they've sent for the police. There's quite a crowd of people round the door now, and staring up at the house; you'll see if you look out of the window."

Ruth put aside the white curtain and stood for a moment looking down at the house opposite. Two policemen were standing talking by the open door, people lingered on the pavement and cast curious glances up at the house; and while Ruth still watched, an inspector of police came out with a grey-whiskered, serious-looking man, and they went away together in earnest conversation. Then she saw Jack Hargreaves come to the door; he said a few words to the policemen, and slowly crossed the road; he looked up, and seeing her at the window above him, raised his hat with a grave smile, and came on into her house.

"You have had a tragedy at your lodgings, I hear," she said as she gave him her hand.

"I fancy it is really only a case of sudden death, though the police are trying to twist it into a mystery," he answered thoughtfully; she noticed that he looked very solemn, and his face seemed paler than usual.

"It must have been rather a shock to you. Do you know who the lady was?"

"A Mrs. Armstrong—it appears. She only arrived yesterday afternoon, and no one knows anything about her. This morning the maid found her room empty when she went to call her, the bed had not been slept in, and afterwards the lady was discovered dead in her sitting-room."

"What makes them suspect any foul play?" Ruth asked in surprise, after hearing this very tame account.

"The doctor says there are bruises and marks on her throat which show that a violent attack had been made upon her, but whether this was the cause of death or not he cannot be positive at present. His theory is that she had been seized by the throat and half throttled; she probably then fainted with terror, and never regained consciousness."

"Did you hear anything during the night? Surely if there had been any sort of struggle someone must have known it."

"One would have thought so." His voice sounded tired, and he went over to the window and stood there looking down into the street while he continued speaking. "I heard nothing, I was dining at the Metropole with a fellow whom I met by chance, and I stayed there playing billiards with him until eleven o'clock or so. Then I went for a stroll along the front; I got back before twelve, and went straight to bed."

"*I know!*" Ruth was on the point of saying, remembering her vision of him the night before, but something prompted her to ask instead:

"Which rooms did this lady have, the drawing-room floor like mine?"

"No, an old Indian judge has taken those, but he's away just now; she had a bedroom above on the second floor, and her sitting-room was the little room built out at the back on the first landing, corresponding to the room I believe your maid has here."

"I see!" Ruth replied after a second's pause. She glanced at him quickly, he was still looking out of the window with a harassed, anxious expression on his face. She shivered slightly, with the sensation as of a cold hand having touched her; then she rose from her seat, and, going to him, said in a puzzled voice :

"I thought—I don't know why—but I thought you had that room at the back, I thought it was your bedroom."

"No," he answered, meeting her questioning gaze with perfect calmness, "My rooms are on the ground floor, the *dining-rooms,* as they call them—opening out of each other—very comfortable."

Ruth's heart had begun to beat with unaccountable activity, a strange and startling feeling of horror was creeping upon her mind, but for what reason she could not account. Had she been dreaming the night before when she stood on her doorstep, or could she have been the victim of some strange optical illusion when she saw, or fancied she saw, Jack Hargreaves mount the stairs and enter that room—the *murdered woman's room.* Evidently the expression of her face revealed to some extent what was passing through her mind, for Jack asked hurriedly :

"What is the matter, Ruth? Why do you look at me like that? And you are quite pale, child; are you ill?" He took her hands in his—she was trembling, and he led her quickly to a seat. "What is it, my darling?" he asked anxiously.

"Nothing — at least I don't know—a sudden feeling of faintness. I think I am not well to-day. Please will you go away now and come back later?"

"I can't leave you like this—let me get you something, or call your servant."

"Indeed, I am all right, it is nothing; it is only hearing of this death — I suppose I am emotional." She tried to smile, for she could see he was puzzled and surprised at her manner. Some inexplicable feeling of distrust and alarm urged her to question him further.

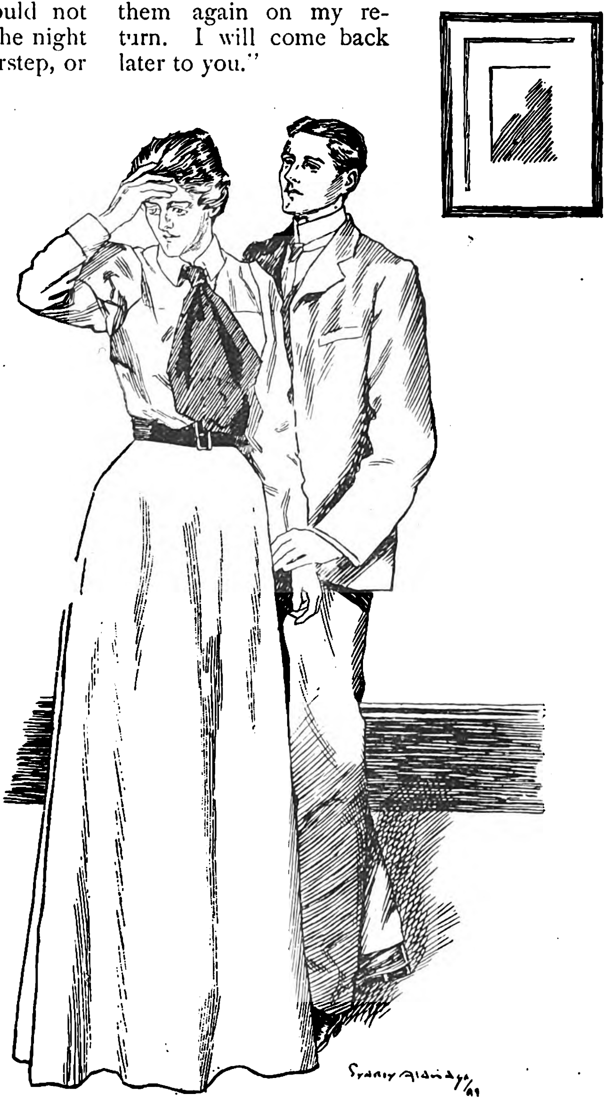
"Had you never seen this Mrs. Armstrong? Did you know nothing of her?" she asked.

He stared at her, then rose from her side where he had been kneeling, and his face was stern as he answered :

"She was a stranger to me—but why do you ask, Ruth?" He paused for a moment, then added with a low, harsh laugh: "Do you think *I* killed the woman?"

"*Oh, no, no, no!*" she cried, covering her eyes with her hands. "Don't say such a horrible thing—but Jack—oh! I cannot explain—please leave me now."

He paced up and down the room, eyeing her gloomily. "I have to go back now to see these detectives again, they asked to look over my rooms, and I said I would step over here, and speak to them again on my return. I will come back later to you."



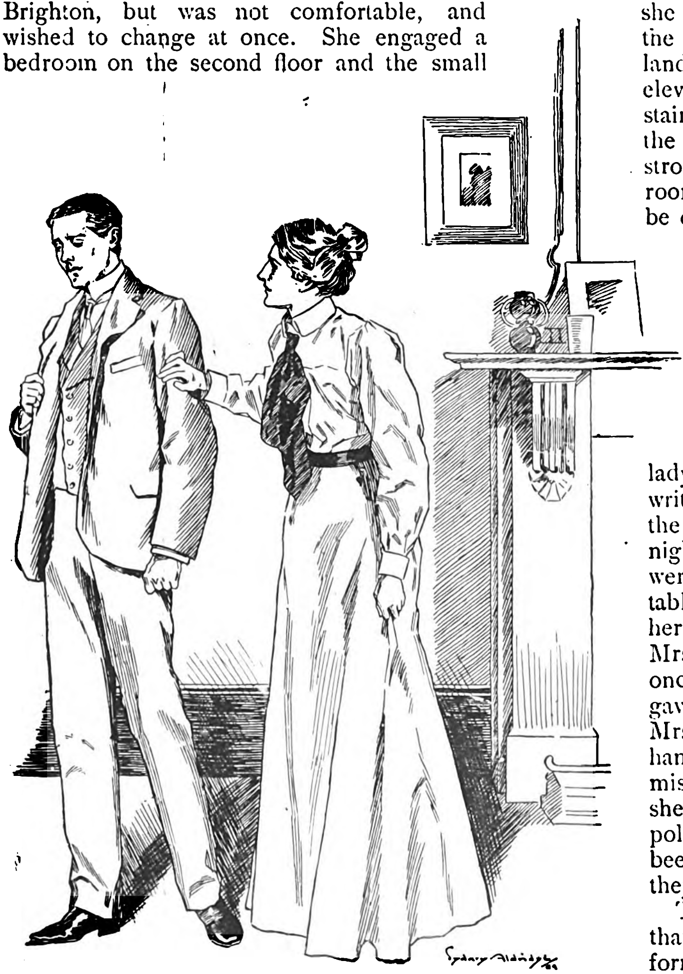
**"What is it, my darling?" he asked anxiously.**

He took both her hands in his, stooped over her, and looking in her eyes, said:

"Ah, Ruth, I wonder whether you will ever understand how much every word, every look of yours is to me."

Then he kissed her hands reverently and went away. When she found herself alone, she realised with amazement that no word had passed between them on the pre-arranged purpose of his visit; he had not spoken of her promised answer to the all-important question of his love.

When the evening papers came out they were full of the "Brighton Mystery." Ruth sent for a paper, and read what it had to tell. The landlady's story was simple in the extreme. Mrs. Armstrong had called at her house the previous morning, and asked if there were any rooms to be let. The lady said she had been lodging elsewhere in Brighton, but was not comfortable, and wished to change at once. She engaged a bedroom on the second floor and the small sitting-room on the first floor at the back of the house; she paid a week's rent in advance, and arrived in the afternoon with her luggage—one small trunk and a dressing bag. She appeared to be a lady, was well dressed, and wore handsome jewellery, and was a good-looking woman of about forty. She dined at half-past seven o'clock, and when the landlady, Mrs. Briggs, went to see her after dinner to receive orders for the next day's breakfast, Mrs. Armstrong remarked that her sitting room was rather dull and gloomy, being at the back of the house, and she asked if there was no chance of her being able to move into the dining rooms later on. The reply was that Mr. Hargreaves, who was occupying them, might be leaving the next week—would she like to look at the rooms then, as he was out? She went down to the dining rooms with Mrs. Briggs, and said that she would engage them when the gentleman departed. The landlady saw her again about eleven o'clock, when going upstairs to bed, after putting out the gas in the hall. Mrs. Armstrong came out of her sitting room, and said she would like to be called at eight o'clock; that was the last time the lady was seen alive. The next morning Lizzie, the servant, came running downstairs about eight o'clock, and said that Mrs. Armstrong was lying dead in her sitting room. Mrs. Briggs went there, and found the lady seated on a chair by the writing table; she was wearing the pink tea-gown she had on the night before at dinner; her arms were stretched out across the table; she had fallen forward on her face—she was quite dead. Mrs. Briggs sent for a doctor at once, and at his suggestion, she gave information to the police. Mrs. Briggs noticed that some handsome diamond rings were missing from the lady's hand; she mentioned the fact to the police, but although search had been made for them in the house, they had not been found.

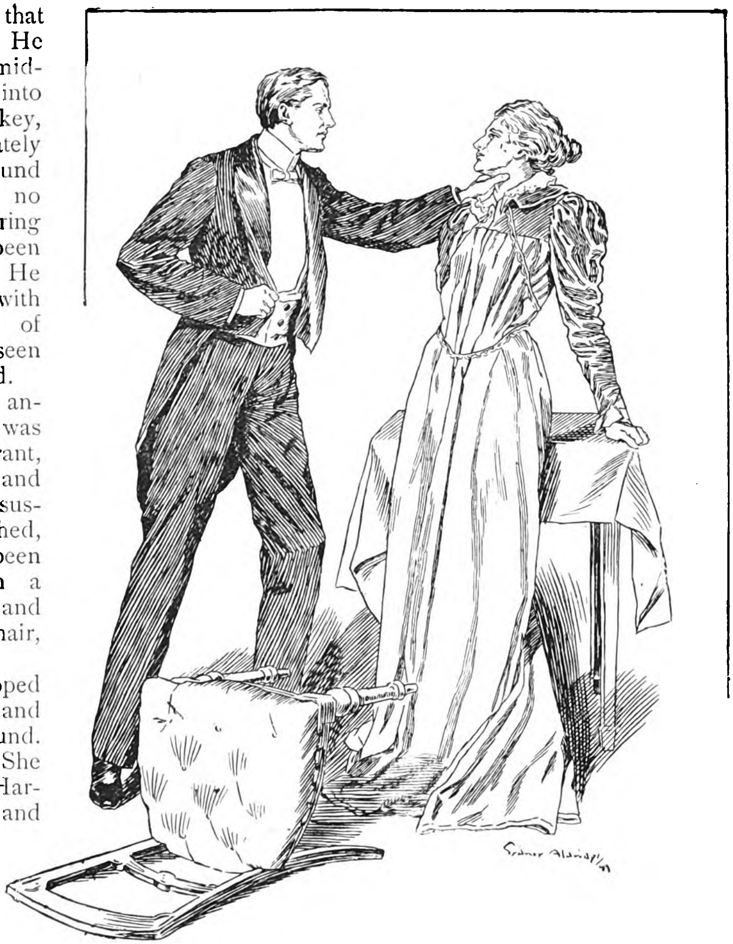


"Jack, Jack, only explain . . . I can forgive anything."

The newspaper further stated that Mr. Hargreaves had informed the authorities that he knew nothing of the matter, as he had been dining out that evening with a friend. He had returned about midnight, had let himself into the house with his latch key, and had gone immediately to his rooms on the ground floor. He had heard no sound of movement during the night, and had not been disturbed in any way. He was not acquainted with anyone of the name of Armstrong, nor had he seen the lady since she arrived.

The latest intelligence announced in the paper was the arrest of the servant, Lizzie, whose peculiar and excited manner aroused suspicion. On being searched, the missing rings had been discovered wrapped in a piece of brown paper, and concealed amongst her hair, under her cap.

The newspaper slipped from Ruth's fingers and dropped to the ground. What did it mean? She herself had seen Jack Hargreaves mount the stairs and enter the room at midnight; yet he said nothing about it. What was the reason of this reticence, and why did he disown any knowledge of the lady? For what reason did he go to her room? He must have known her, and he *must*, at all events, have seen her that night.



"I then took her by the throat and shook her like a rat."

Jack Hargreaves entered the room. His eyes travelled to the paper at her feet.

"Studying the latest mystery?" he asked with an assumption of ease which did not deceive her. Ruth looked him straight in his face, and said in a low voice:

"Jack, tell me the truth—did you know this Mrs. Armstrong?"

His face darkened. "You asked me that question before. I confess I am at a loss to understand what you mean."

"I will tell you," Ruth answered quietly. And then she described to him what she had witnessed from her doorstep the night before.

There was silence between them when she finished. He stood confronting her, but uttering no word in reply.

"Have you any explanation to give me?" she asked.

"None!" he said briefly.

"What do you mean?" she asked breathlessly. "I could not have been mistaken. I would not tell you a lie, Jack. Why not explain to me at once for what reason you went to that lady's room last night?"

"I cannot tell you" he said, and his voice sounded like a knell in her ears. He did not deny the fact, he did not even say she was mistaken; by the expression of his face she knew that her eyesight had not played her false.

She clutched at his arm and clung to him, all the reserve of her proud, self-controlled nature was vanquished by the anguish of this revelation of his duplicity.

"Jack, Jack, only explain—only tell me everything! I can forgive anything—but not this silence. Can you not trust me? I will believe whatever you may say."

"*You will believe me?* Yes, Ruth, you may believe me, for I would not lie to you, but I must ask you now to trust me even if I am silent. You were right, I did enter her room, and I saw her — but I did not kill her."

She staggered back from him in speechless misery. Then she said slowly, "I have a right to know why you were there. Have you not asked me to be your wife?"

"And to-day you were to give me your answer," he groaned. "What was it to be, Ruth? Tell me, what was it to be?"

"It was to have been—*yes*," she answered steadily; "and it may still be yes, if you will only tell me the whole truth."

"The whole truth . . . this is the *whole truth*. That woman ruined my life fifteen years ago, when she met me, a raw youth, fresh from college, and full of the enthusiasm and joy of life. I imagined myself in love with her: she was older than I, and knew better the ways of the world. She fastened upon me like a vampire, and I have never been able entirely to free myself from her clutches. At times she has disappeared, and I have hoped she was dead, or gone for ever out of my life. Last night she reappeared. When I entered my room I found a note in her handwriting. She told me she was in the house, and must see me at once; she told me where to find her, and said if I did not go to her she would make a scene here and disgrace me. She had seen me with you, she had watched us together, she knew that I loved you. If I refused to see her she would come to you, she said.

"I burnt her letter, then took my candle and went to her. When I told her that she must leave the house the next morning, and that it would be best for her own interests to take herself off quietly without giving annoyance to either you or me, she burst into a furious rage. She attacked me in the vilest language, and ended by making a shameful accusation against you. I then took her by the throat and shook her like a rat. I was mad with rage, and I confess that, for the moment, I lost complete control over myself; but it was only for a moment, and I went out of the room, leaving her standing by the writing table. I did not kill her, Ruth; on my oath I did not kill her. She had begun to write a letter after I left her; the detective told me he found it on the table—just a few words of entreaty, without signature or any name—nothing to show to whom she was writing. Do you believe me now, Ruth?"

"Yes, Jack, I believe you—but this girl, the servant who has been arrested?"

"If it is necessary, of course I shall have to speak out at the enquiry. Oh, Ruth! don't hate and despise me! You don't know what I have suffered at this woman's hands."

"Please leave me," Ruth said sadly.

"I have pained you!"

"Yes, pained me beyond words."

"And I have lost your love?" His eyes were hungering for her answer.

"Not lost it, Jack, I must love you still, in spite of everything; but the love is changed."

She gave him her hand and he left her.

When the enquiry took place, Jack Hargreaves was not called to give any evidence, nor was it necessary. The doctor certified that Mrs. Armstrong had died from natural causes. There was heart disease of long-standing—any sudden shock might have killed her; she appeared to have died while writing a letter, which was produced in court. It ran: "Have pity, and for God's sake forgive me! I was mad and wicked, for I love you still, and in spite of everything. It is the thought that another woman will fill your life—a woman good, true, and pure; a woman as much above me as heaven is above the earth. It drove me to fury to think of her happiness and yours, but I see now how you must despise me, and what a wretched creature I must appear in your eyes. Ah! how low I have fallen——"

The letter broke off here—there was a blot on the paper, where the pen had evidently dropped from the nerveless hand.

The doctor further stated that there were some bruises upon her throat, which had been caused recently before her death, but there was no evidence to show when or by whom inflicted.

The servant, Lizzie, confessed that she had stolen the rings from the dead woman's hand. It was proved by a fellow-servant that the girl had slept in the same room with her, and had not been absent during the night.

Ruth saw Jack Hargreaves once before she left England for her tour in Switzerland. He said to her:

"Is there no answer for me, no hope?"

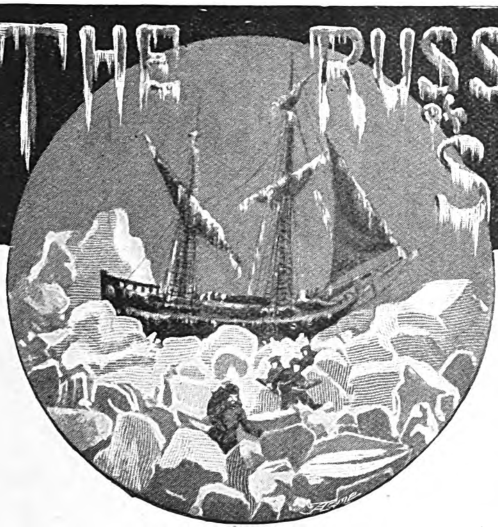
"Not now, not now; do not let us speak of that," she answered. "We must wait—and some day perhaps—I cannot say."

"But you love me, Ruth?"

"Yes, Jack, I shall love you always, and in any case."

And thus they parted.

# THE RUSSIAN CRUSOES OF SPITZBERGEN.



By General A. W. Greely.

Among the tales of heroic endeavour and self-helpfulness in Arctic castaways none is of livelier interest than that of the four Russian sailors who passed six years and three months on a desolate island off the east coast of Spitzbergen. It is a century and a half since their adventures excited wonder and admiration in England and Russia, and the story merits reproduction for a generation unfamiliar with the details. The account is amply substantiated, and can be relied upon as true.

For five hundred years the hardy Russian seamen of the White Sea region have ventured each summer to pursue the sea-game into the ice-clad waters south-east of Spitzbergen, and in the year 1743, Jeremiah Okladmkof, a Russian merchant of Mesen, Archangel, fitted out, as was his wont, a small vessel, with a crew of only fourteen men, for whaling in those seas. The early voyage was of fair winds and iceless sea, but eventually an adverse gale came and left the vessel ice-beset under conditions that threatened its speedy destruction. Fortunately the rising fog showed land about two miles distant, which the mate, Alexis Himkof, recognised as the wintering place of a previous Russian whaler.

The state of the ice grew from bad to worse, so that it seemed like suicide to remain in the ship. A council was held, and it was the opinion of all that the only chance of life lay in wintering on land.

With this resolve they sent four of their crew to spy out the resources of the island, and to find if there was a hut, which Alexis Himkof said had been built some years earlier. It fell to him to lead the party, for he was not only the mate, but was also familiar by report with the island. For this dangerous service he selected the best men of the crew, his godson, Ivan Himkoff, and two lance-men, Stephen Scharapof and Feodor Weregin.

The ice was so closely packed around the vessel that a boat could not even touch the water. Although the floes were not very heavy, the high winds and strong waves had packed them so closely together as to make it possible for the men to make their way to the shore on foot.

Accustomed on previous voyages to travel over ice of this kind during hunting expeditions, they knew that they must provide for contingencies; they also realised that a heavy load involves the perilous chance, of sinking between loose pieces of ice and drowning before help can come—the fate of many an overburdened whaleman. Each man had his usual clothing, and his inseparable pipe. Between them were carried a musket, a powder-horn with twelve charges of powder, twelve balls, an axe, a small kettle, a knife, a tinder-box and tinder, a bladder filled with tobacco, and a bag with about twenty pounds of flour.

With difficulty they reached the shore, and after a journey of a mile and half further, found the winter hut. Darkness fell on them, and they were obliged to pass a comfortless night in the dilapidated house. With early dawn they hastened to the shore to tell their comrades of their success, and to bring from the ship provisions, ammunition, and other articles for wintering.

What was their astonishment and dismay to find before them an open sea, whose bright sparkling expanse was unbroken by sail or ice-pack! Familiar with the weather of these seas, they knew that a sudden violent squall had broken up the pack and blown away or crushed their vessel. What had been the fate of their comrades? Would the ship return the next

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alternately watched the sea in an agony of mind, or, with desperate energy, hunted over the island for means of subsistence. It was weeks before they gave up hope of their ship, which, indeed, was never again seen by men.

Food was their first thought. They soon found that the island abounded in reindeer, and so well did they use their twelve charges of powder and ball, that twelve deer were obtained, thus providing for their present wants.

Next they put in order their storm-beaten hut. It was a large wooden structure, thirty-six feet in length, eighteen in width, and the same in height. In front was a storm-porch, about twelve feet square, which added greatly to the warmth of the main room and the comfort of the occupants.

But time and weather had sadly impaired the tightness of the joints, and, as scarcely any two boards met, the blighting Arctic wind blew freely through the hut. This was a trifling matter, for one of the men was an expert axeman and carpenter, and soon joined the boards quite closely. Moss grew in great abundance, and with this they were able to stuff the cracks so as to make the building almost airtight.

In the main room was found an earthen stove, constructed in the manner usual among the lower classes of Russian peasants. This stove is a kind of oven, without a chimney, which serves in turn for heating, for baking, or as a place to sleep upon.

When a fire is kindled in these chimneyless stoves the room is filled with smoke, and the occupants, in order to gain relief from the stifling gases, must open wide the door and the small wooden shutters or sliding windows. As soon as the smoke descends to the level of these apertures it is carried out of the openings by wind-draughts.

The Russian stove burns but little fuel, and at first the castaways cooked their food with the odd pieces of wood found near the hut. But these were soon burned, and what was then to be done, for the cold was at times intense? Fuel must be had, both to cook the food and to warm the body.

The valleys were hunted over, but not a tree was to be found, not even a shrub. Moss, grass, and plants there were, of which, however, enough could not be gathered to serve as fuel through the long, cold winter.

But what the inhospitable land denied they found cast up by the sea as a gift from Heaven. Wandering along the beach, they saw here and there scant piles of driftwood — the wreckage of a ship, possibly of their own. Also there were logs worn smooth and almost water-soaked, and even whole trees and their roots—trees of kinds that had been familiar to the castaways in that dear country where they had been born and which they might never see again.

Deny themselves as they might, their stock of reindeer meat was being rapidly consumed. When that was gone how could they live? They had used all their powder, and it was not possible to secure reindeer without weapons of some kind. Try as they did, they could not run the beasts down.

Himkof and the others searched every corner of the hut, hoping to find somewhere a lance or net, or some article that might serve as a snare or a weapon. There was nothing, and they were quite in despair. Still they worked as was their wont, gathering fuel along the shore, and one day they chanced on a piece of wreckage that was hailed with great joy—some pieces of boards that yet had in them several long, thick nails that secured bits of old iron, the largest and most important being a long iron hook.

At the same time another man picked up on the shore a curved root of a fir tree, shaped nearly like a bow, which inspired the hope that it might serve as one. Working diligently with their only knife, they made with great labour quite a good bow out of this root. But they had neither arrows nor string. The wooden arrows they shaped were harmless without iron tips, and useless without bowstrings.

About this time they saw several white bears, whose attack they greatly feared, knowing by report the ferocity of these enormous animals.

They even tried to make lances, but their attempts to tip them with iron failed for lack of a hammer, for the stones they attempted to use as such spoiled their work again and again. It was then that the large iron hook saved them.

In the middle of the hook was a small hole, which they enlarged by heating the iron again and again and driving their largest nail in the hole, which was finally large enough to admit the end of the rude handle that they had fashioned. A round knob at one end of the hook served as the face of the hammer. Two reindeer horns were used as tongs, and a smooth pebble was their anvil. With such rude tools they made two spear-heads. Sharpening their tips on stones, they tied them with thongs of reindeer-skin to two long poles that had been cut out from drift-wood cast up by the sea.

These were poor weapons with which to face the polar bear, but their food was almost gone. With misgivings they attacked one of the formidable white beasts and killed him, after an encounter of such peril that, during their stay of six years, they never again hunted bears, although in self-defence they killed nine of these brutes which attacked them.

Not only did the meat of the bear insure them against starvation, but its tendons and sinews afforded the needed means of perfecting the hunting weapons so necessary to their safety. With the tendons they made bow-strings, and with the sinews perfected their arrows by fastening feathers of sea-fowl to the shafts and iron heads which they had forged. With this bow they killed no fewer than two hundred and fifty reindeer, and a great number of blue and white foxes.

The questions of fire and cooking were most serious. Driftwood was scarce, the Russian stove unsuited to boil meat, their only food. Their tinder gave out, and they had no matches. Fortunately the fire started with their last tinder and was kept alive till their rescue.

Unprovided with wood suitable for starting a fire by friction, they cast about for means to secure themselves against such a terrible calamity as the loss of fire would entail. Finding a stratum of clay, they made a rough lamp in which to preserve fire continually. To their dismay the melted fat percolated on all sides through the unbaked earth.

Making a new lamp they heated it red hot and then plunged it into a thin paste which had been made with their small stock of flour. This treatment proved efficacious, and they duplicated this style of lamp later, wrapping it in linen rags soaked in the flour paste. Not knowing the Eskimo method of lamp-wicks made of moss they had recourse to twisted linen from their shirts and drawers. Later they used small bits of oakum and cordage that were now and then found among the drift wreckage on the shore. Thus their lamp burned without intermission until their rescue.

When fear of starvation had passed, they began to question as to how they might improve their fare, which had so far been raw or half-boiled meat of the reindeer. Feodor Weregin, in particular, said that he could no longer eat the unseasoned and unpalatable meat. It had been agreed that a little flour should be made into a cake on each birth, or saint's, day only, but exceptions were now made in Weregin's favour, and he was further helped for a while in seasoning his meat by a grain or two of powder shaken out of their powder-horn.

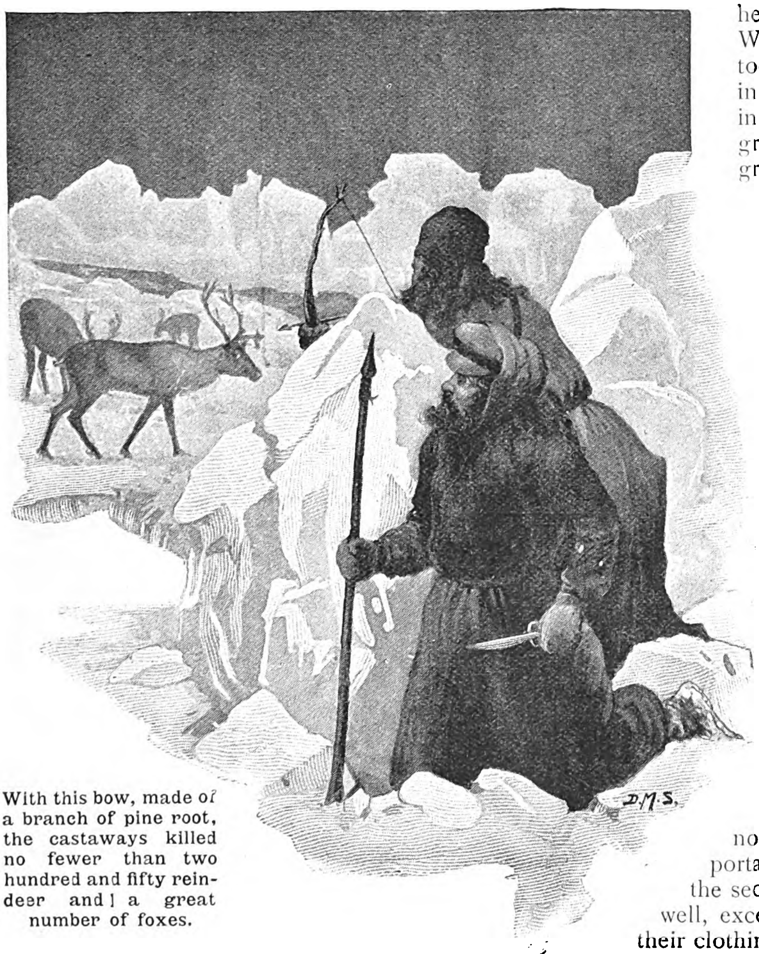
Fortunately the ocean at their very door was an unfailing source when salt could be had by evaporation—salt of a bitter taste, but salt which made food much more palatable. After they had been some while abandoned, it occurred to one of them to dry the meat. Part was sun-dried in summer, and part was smoke-dried by hanging it near the roof of their living-room.

Late in October the sun totally disappeared, and the long Arctic night of nearly four months commenced. Far the greater part of the winter was passed in the inner hut. The mate, Alexis Himkof, was a pilot of skill, familiar with the courses of the stars, which he noted in winter, and the heights of the sun, which he determined in summer by a rough cross-staff that he made. In this way he kept the record of the time so accurately that he was only two days in error at the end of six years. Doubtless these days were lost during some of the violent winter storms.

The winter night offered many fine views of the aurora borealis, which relieved the monotony, but unfavourable conditions sometimes cast the whole party into deep gloom, when the unfortunate men would scarcely speak a word to each other. For instance, they often felt desperate when the reindeer became shy and avoided the valleys near the hut, so that long and wearisome marches were necessary before the hunter could spy a single deer, and even then the occasions were not infrequent when the animal scented danger out of bow-shot and was off in a trice.

Such fits of gloom became more and more frequent, and it seemed as if the party would perish from despair alone, though the men were in the midst of ample food and in physical comfort. But the native wisdom of Himkof, and his keen knowledge of human nature again devised means of safety.

"We have proved," said he, "our power of wresting from this wretched island food, heat, light, clothing, and shelter, so that we can live until it shall please the good God to send a ship to take us to our home and country. But when the ship comes, as come it will, shall we be found ragged, destitute sailors, or resolute, hopeful, and fortunate hunters, whose skill has accumulated such a stock of furs as will make us envied rather than pitied? Around us are troops of white and blue foxes, the latter having fur of great value. Let us work diligently so as to insure our own fortunes, or, if God so wills, leave them as a heritage to be carried to our homes



With this bow, made of a branch of pine root, the castaways killed no fewer than two hundred and fifty reindeer and a great number of foxes.

by the brave Russian seamen who may find them many years hence."

Fired by the advice of their leader, Himkof the younger and Scharakof set to work to secure skins of value, and from that day forth the prospects of a fortune and a brighter future made the toils and labours of each lighter than before.

The greatest trouble in winter arose from the frequent and much dreaded visits of polar bears. Ravenous with hunger and unfamiliar with any form of life that could withstand their attacks, these animals, approaching under cover of darkness, struck terror into the hearts of our castaways. Occasionally an animal fled when the sailors made a determined defence, but others persisted in the attack and even forced their way into the anti-chamber of the house. Under such conditions they slew nine bears.

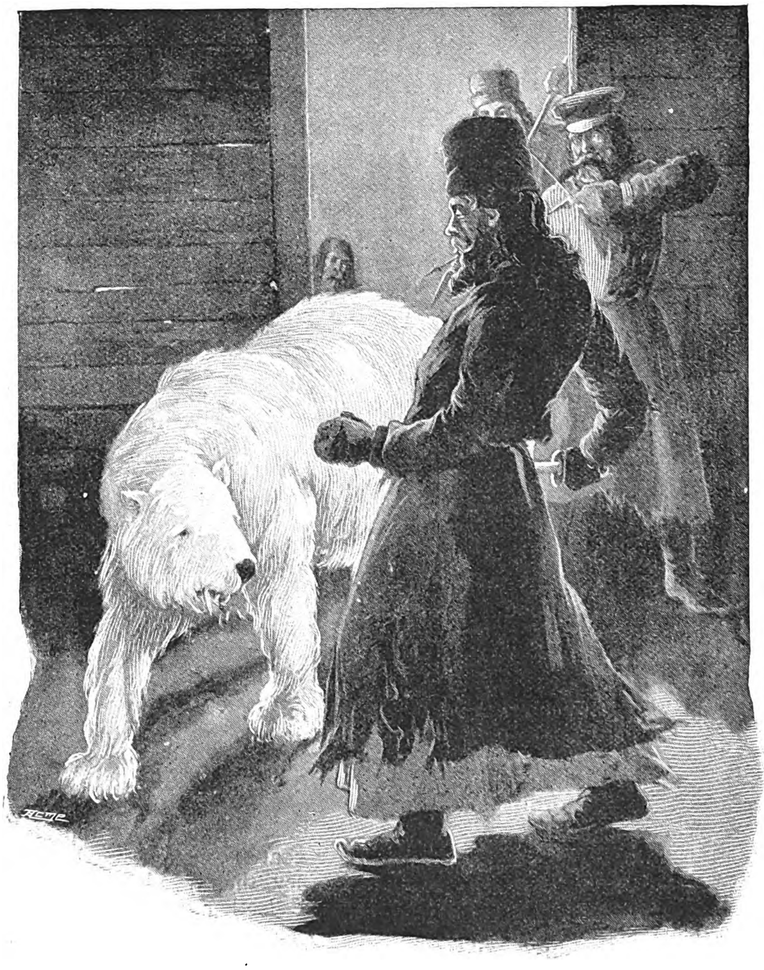
Under Alexis Himkof's guidance they used every method to retain their vigorous health, save Feodor Weregin. While others took active exercises, did in each day his duty, ate in summer the scurvy-grass (*cochlearia*) that grew in spots, fed on fresh meat, and drank freely of the blood of the reindeer, Weregin was averse to meat, would not drink blood, fell into his natural lazy habits, kept to the hut as far as the others would permit, and ended by succumbing to an illness that early incapacitated him, steadily weakened him, and made it necessary for his companions to feed and tend to him as if he were an infant.

With returning summer they hoped in vain for the coming of a vessel. The year rounded out with no event of startling importance, and the coming of the second winter found them well, except Weregin, although their clothing was quite in rags.

They now decided to replenish their wardrobe with suits of reindeer skins. First they soaked the skins in fresh water for several days, and then pulled off the hair. Rubbing in their hands the wet hides until they were nearly dry, this operation was repeated after applying a coat of melted reindeer fat to the skin. They thus produced a soft, pliant, and supple leather admirably suited for clothing. By somewhat similar methods, they dressed skins with the hair on, and used them for outer garments.

Other difficulties now arose, for they had neither needles for sewing garments, nor awls for making boots. Their ingenuity was equal to the occasion. While they found it comparatively easy to forge iron wire of quite small size, the making of eyes in the needles was a more difficult, indeed, a seemingly impossible operation. After all kinds of experiments, involving much toil and trouble, they ground their only knife to a very sharp point, and, heating red-hot the wire, pierced with the knife-blade a hole through one end of the rough needle. The whetting and polishing of the needle was easily done, and although the rough edges of the eye of the needle often cut the bear sinews that served as thread, they proved, nevertheless, efficient tools for tailoring.

Their summer dress consisted of jacket and trousers made of dressed reindeer skins. In winter they wore long fur gowns, topped with a hood that had only an aperture for the face. Closed in front, these gowns were slipped over the head like a shirt or sweater.


Occasionally the polar bears forced their way into the ante-chamber of the hut.

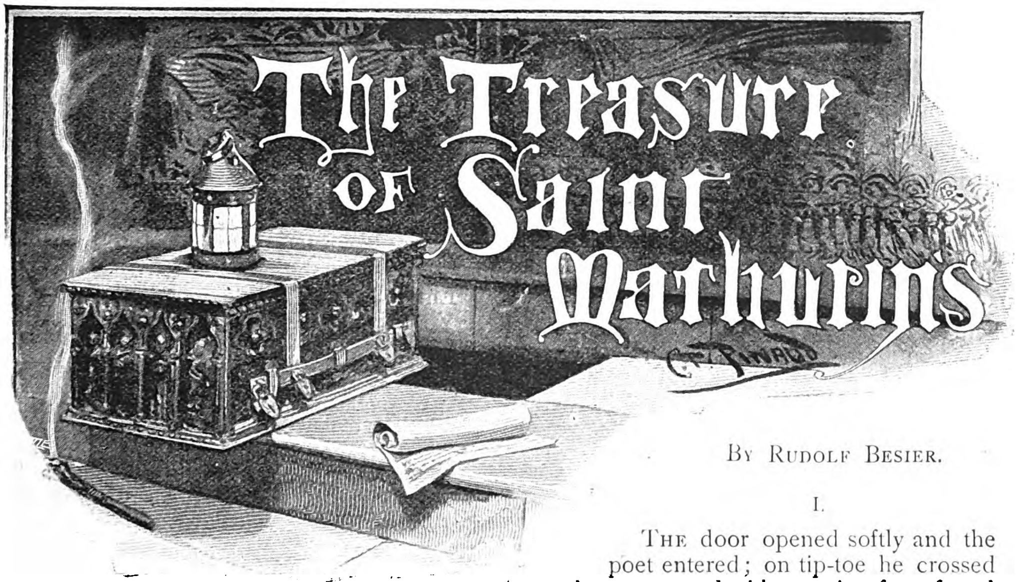
Years came and years went without a break in their monotonous life save the gradual failure of Weregin, who finally passed away in the sixth winter of their enforced exile. He died when the ground was so frozen that they were compelled to dig a grave in the snow as deep as they could, where the corpse might be free from the white bears.

To avoid the possibility of starvation, they hunted assiduously, fed abstemiously and accumulated food. When the seventh summer began in 1749, they had a great store of reindeer fat, skins of the Polar bear and reindeer, and a large number of peltries of the valuable blue fox.

The 15th of August, 1749, was a day of intense excitement and joy to our sailors. Suddenly, as if sprung out of the sea, a vessel rose up before them and came sailing along the coast. While one ran to the beach and waved a flag of reindeer's hide fastened to a pole, the others built fires on the top of the nearest hills. With indescribable joy they saw their signals regarded, and the vessel anchor near shore. It proved to be a Russian vessel, whose crew viewed their savage appearance with astonishment and listened to the extraordinary adventures. The captain received them kindly and brought them to Archangel.

The shipwrecked men agreed to work their passage and to pay eighty roubles for the freight on their riches, which consisted of 2,000 lb. of reindeer fat, ten skins of the white bear, and hundreds of the reindeer and the white and blue foxes, enough, in short, to insure comfort for years in their humble village homes.

Strangely the happiness of Alexis Himkof at home coming was nearly destroyed, for his eager wife, in her haste to embrace her husband, fell into the sea and narrowly escaped drowning.



# The Treasure of Saint Mathurins

By Rudolf Besier.

## I.

The door opened softly and the poet entered; on tip-toe he crossed the room, and with an air of profound mystery, put his lips to little Thibault's ear.

"*Mon cher Petit,*" he whispered, "if untold wealth were placed in your hands, would you pitch it out of the window?"

"Eh, what?" Little Thibault dropped the implement he was polishing, and a look of annoyance augumented his natural ugliness. He hated the poet's idle chatter; he was a practical man-of-the-world, was little Thibault.

The poet repeated his mystic query.

"Fool!" and little Thibault resumed his work, the scowl fixed on his face.

But, quite unabashed, the poet squatted tailorwise on the floor in front of him.

"Little man, you are beautiful as a gargoyle of Notre Dame," he said earnestly with a languishing glance; then, on a sudden, in a tone of business-like directness—"My friend, I have discovered a certain clue to the hidden treasure of Saint Mathurin's Church."

It was Villon who spoke, François Villon, *alias* François de Moncorbier, *alias* François de Loges, *alias* Michael Monton—Villon, the ribald songster, the beautiful balladist, the scamp, the brawler, the housebreaker—Villon, who else? You knew him at a glance by his easy slouching figure, his wild red hair, loose lips, and great insolent eyes. The pride of a notorious gang whose daring robberies shocked the god-fearing people of Paris, Villon owed allegiance to none, save only to the Muse of Poesy, into whose lap he pitched his naughty rhymes, and to the merry god, Bacchus, whom he never wearied of pledging in red Beaune. As for Thibault, the shocking little rascal, his position in the gang resembled St. Peter's among the blessed saints: he kept the keys, or, to be more accurate, the pick-locks. Dwarfed, ugly, ill-tempered, but as perfect an artist in his peculiar line as Michael Angelo in the art of sculpture—such was little Thibault; and not even the intricate lock on the gate of the Inferno would have power to withstand his skill, though guarded in person by the Prince of Darkness.

"My friend," said the poet, "I have discovered a certain clue to the treasure of St. Mathurin's."

Thibault looked up sharply but said nothing; the scowl had passed from his face, and his eyes grew brilliant and eager, as the eyes of a rat.

"Listen!" Villon went on. "Last night I supped with Dom Nicholas of the Franciscans. You know him?—a friar of weighty proportions, and most saintly piety, albeit not a whit contemptuous of goodly cheer; one that empties his flagon with true feeling and a full appreciation of its divine properties—a man after my heart! Well, and last night he acquitted himself heroically. *Ventre bleu!* he might have drowned in the liquor he swallowed—and the good wine loosened his tongue—his even! a tongue too fat by nature to wag with ease. We discoursed of sundry matters, and I bemoaned the ill-luck that doomed me to live a poor man.

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"'Ah, my son,' he said, 'were I unfrocked and a knave, I might with ease be as rich as any man in Paris.'

"Oho! thought I, the old badger has feathered his hole against evil times; I must hear more of this. So I filled his cup, and with all reverence expressed myself incredulous. That put him on his mettle, as I calculated, and he snapped at the bait.

"'Eh?' he splutters. 'You doubt it? Very good. But look you,' he says "I know where a priceless treasure lies hidden. Holy Saints! and such a treasure!'

"'Marvellous!' I retort, and smile and shrug my shoulders.

"'Marvellous it is!' he snorts, waxing red as a beetroot. 'Very good. You think yourself wise, eh? Then look here.' And the old fool produces a folded parchment from a pocket brought into his inner vest just above his heart. 'With this to guide me,' he says, 'I could pick up seven golden chalices, seven golden plates, seven golden censers, seven golden crucifixes, and all of them encrusted with great gems.'"

"*Mort de ma vie!*" ejaculated Thibault. "The treasure of Saint Mathurin's!"

"Truly," cried the poet, with climbing excitement. "And 'tis waiting for you and Tabary and me. Nicholas sleeps and wakes with that parchment on him. We must get it. *O mon cher petit*, we shall grow fat at last!"

"Twist the friar's neck?" queried the practical Thibault.

"Fie, man! And you an artist!" cried the poet, deeply shocked. "Such methods! So gross! so barbarous! And think of the unnecessary risk! No, no. But we must extract the parchment from its hiding-place, copy it, and return it, without the good saint having the least suspicion of the transaction."

"Very pretty," sneered the other. "But how?"

"How? You dull-witted little picklock! Have I not said the worthy father is partial to good cheer?"

"Well?"

"Well? Well? Dolt! Give him as much red Beaune as he can put away, and mix a sleeping draught with it." A light dawned on the little man's face. "Listen," continued the poet rapidly. "I shall invite the old pig to sup with me at 'The Mule' to-morrow. You and Tabary must be there also. He will sleep; we shall get the parchment, copy it, and replace it before he wakes. The rest!——

The little man grinned and nodded, and rubbed his long bony hands.

"Dear Saints!" said Villon solemnly, leaping to his feet, with flying hair, "I thank you for my genius." Then suddenly embracing his companion—"Adieu, my beloved! I go to the good Father."

With a long stride he precipitated himself out of the room; but the next instant his flaming head was thrust in again.

"Bring your tools with you to-morrow night."

"Eh—why?"

"Your tools," shouted the poet, as he leapt down the ricketty staircase four steps at a time.

## II.

A dark ramshackle structure in the vilest quarter of Paris, "The Mule" tavern was remarkable for nothing save its signboard which shewed a crimson mule rampant upon azure clouds.

In a dirty low-ceiled room on the first storey sat the three conspirators, Villon, Thibault, and Guy Tabary, the last a pale, lanky fellow of small wit, but devoutly attached to the poet—his *aide-de-camp*, so to speak, and best pleased when most bullied. Facing them across the table sat Dom Nicholas. A great fire roared up the chimney, and two torches attached to the chimney-piece flared redly on the table with its platters and goblets, and threw weird shadows on the grimy walls; while without the fierce breath of December howled like a tortured animal.

No one spoke; the moment was intense with bridled excitement. For the plot had succeeded; not ten minutes since Villon had mixed a drug with the good Father's wine; the potion was doing its treacherous duty, and six distended eyes were fixed on the unlucky saint. Seated well back in his chair, he was, in truth, a vision of dread and wonder, his hands folded on his ample waist, and his small, round mouth opening slowly while his head fell jerkily backwards. Suddenly above the screaming wind rose the first snore.

Tabary giggled in an ecstacy of triumph.

"Silence, fool!" hissed little Thibault, with a savage glance.

Softly Villon rose, and, stealing up to the priest's side, examined his silly features.

"Gentlemen," he said, with becoming gravity, "the saint sleepeth."

Tabary leapt up from his seat with a guttural ejaculation; but the poet, deftly leaning across the table, nipped his ear and forced him back into his chair.

"Down Guy!"—as though he were addressing a dog. "And keep a still tongue."

Rapidly his large hands went to work on the unfortunate friar; the others watched breathlessly. What if the parchment were missing? But no; a nod from Villon reassured them, and the next moment he drew forth a folded sheet. Thibault was beside him in an instant and examining the prize; a blank look came upon their faces—the parchment was sealed.

With a muttered ejaculation, Villon grasped the dagger at his belt. Thibault's hand arrested him.

"Art mad?" he whispered. "We must break the seal, and secure the treasure to-night. No time to copy the plan. Were he to find the seal broken before we had the treasure he might warn the Bishop. We must take this with us to Saint Mathurin's, finish the work, and return the thing to his pocket before he wakes. He will sleep till morning."

"When he finds the seal broken, and hears of the missing treasure, he may accuse us to the Bishop."

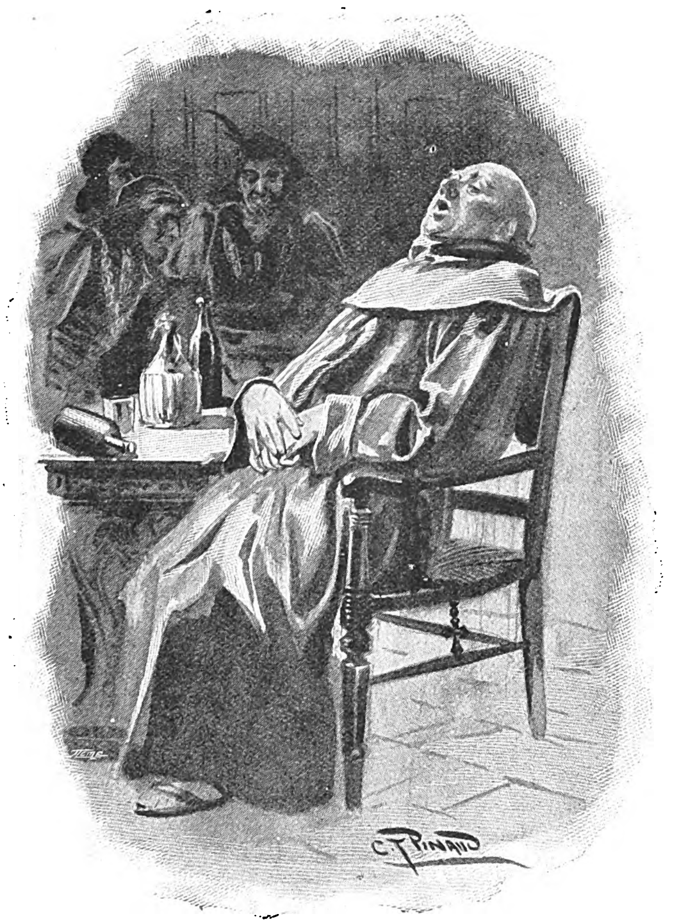
"Tut, man! he would never dare. We should simply deny."

"True."

The poet broke the seal, and four eyes devoured the parchment with brilliant satisfaction."

"Right!" was little Thibault's comment, "We start immediately. The church door will be locked at this hour of night. Lucky I brought my tools!"

"Poet and prophet I—*Ciel—!*" With a huge thud that shook the house to its foundations, the unconscious priest had tumbled from his chair on to the floor. Tabary started from his seat with a terrified yell, and the three conspirators stood glaring down on the fallen. Heavily groaning the wretched man essayed to rise, and clutched the vacant air with a blind hand; but gradually the recumbent bulk subsided, and the groans merged into snores, reassuring, sonorous.



**Suddenly above the screaming wind rose the first snore.**

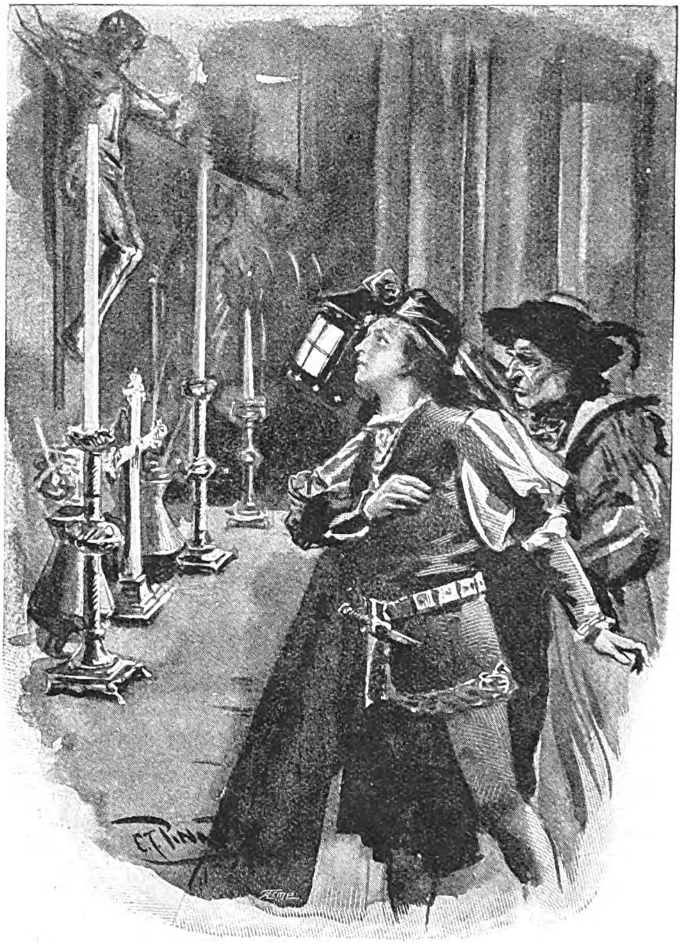
"Ah!" breathed little Thibault, the colour returning to his lips.

Tabary laughed hysterically.

"May the good saints hallow with virgin dreams thy slumber," said the poet solemnly. Then, with a sudden laugh—"And lest thou shouldst hunger vainly in the morning—this!" And seizing a bowl full of Dutch herrings floating in a savoury sauce, he emptied the contents into the monk's hood.

"François, thou crazy varlet!" gasped Thibault. "But let be! Come."

Laughing, they extinguished the torches and stole down the stairs, but, before quitting the tavern, they bade the landlord leave the good father undisturbed until they should return. Then the night swallowed them, and upstairs Dom Nicholas



**A great, melancholy crucifix glimmered down on them from above.**

snored a solemn accompaniment to the choral wind.

### III.

Lost in the snow and the darkness, the steeples of Saint Mathurin's Church shrilled to the driving storm. In corners of the streets the snow lay in deep drifts, and so harsh was the wind that, despite the goodly supper they had washed down with red Beaune, our three worthies felt their ardour somewhat cooled by the time they arrived at their destination.

"Now," said the poet in a rapid undertone to little Thibault, "while you open that door, we two will keep watch, each fifty strides away to right and left. Should the patrol heave in sight, we whistle. Keep your eyes open, Guy."

Poor Tabary shivered and nodded; he wished himself devoutly back in the hospitable "Mule."

So they separated, each man to his post. There was little danger of interruption, the good citizens preferring their warm beds and firesides to the inclement weather, and the patrol—for even the patrol are human—haply warming their vitals in some friendly tavern. But little Thibault was unconscionably long at work; perhaps the bitter cold numbed his cunning fingers. An hour slipped by, and still he made no sign. The frozen sentries discerned him dimly through the veiling snow as he picked busily by the faint light of his lanthorn. Villon began to stamp about and beat his arms against his sides. Tabary, all doubled together, crouched for shelter against the wall. Another half hour, and still no sign! Tabary's meagre sense was forsaking him; Villon, with muttered profanities, was on the point of forsaking his post.

At last!—Thibault waved the lanthorn. The poet, with a few strides, gained the porch.

"*Peste!* You lazy little villain!" he cried hoarsely. "I am a stone! I am an icicle! Is't open?"

"Yes."

"Guy! *Mort-Diable!* where has the skulking ass betaken himself? Hist—Guy!"

"H—h—here," quavered the wretched Tabary as he crawled into sight, the chattering of his teeth audible ten yards away.

"Look alive, dolt!" growled the poet, thumping him on the back. "Look alive, goat!"—seizing him by the wallet and shaking him till he gasped for breath. "So . . . . ! Now listen. While we are inside you keep watch. Stand against the opposite wall directly facing the porch, and keep your eyes open."

"Ah, no!" whined the unhappy Guy. "Let me in, François, I pray y—you! I am dy—dying of—ff co—cold."

"Then, by my faith," returned the poet cheerily, "I have a mind to warm you till you yelp for the cold!"

Tabary made for his post double quick.

The others pushed the door open, entered, and closed it carefully behind them. The darkness was absolute, and, though intensely cold, the atmosphere, being free from wind, was grateful to their numbed skins.

By the lanthorn's feeble glimmer they picked their way carefully up the aisle. No word was spoken until they came to the altar steps; then Thibault asked for the plan, and, crouching on the steps, they bent their heads over it in the dim light.

"See, it lies beneath the second step," whispered Thibault, pointing to a red cross on the plan; "and the clue is somewhere on the altar—a knob, doubtless, to be pressed or pulled. Come."

They climbed the steps, and, light having been thrown on the altar, both rascals peered, and on a sudden, started back with smothered exclamations, and crossed themselves with fearful fingers. A great melancholy crucifix glimmered down on them from above. Villon stood awhile motionless, his wide-opened eyes fixed, as though entranced, upon the holy image, the enormity of the intended sacrilege stealing over him with a vague, spiritual terror. For a moment the inclination possessed him to turn and fly. But little Thibault was already peering and poking among the candlesticks and vases—no man less impressionable than he.

"I see nothing," he growled hoarsely; then, getting no reply, turned about abruptly, flinging the light on Villon's white, upraised face.

"François," he whispered fearfully. "François!"

With an effort the poet shook off the terror that held him.

"What?" he faltered, advancing unsteadily.

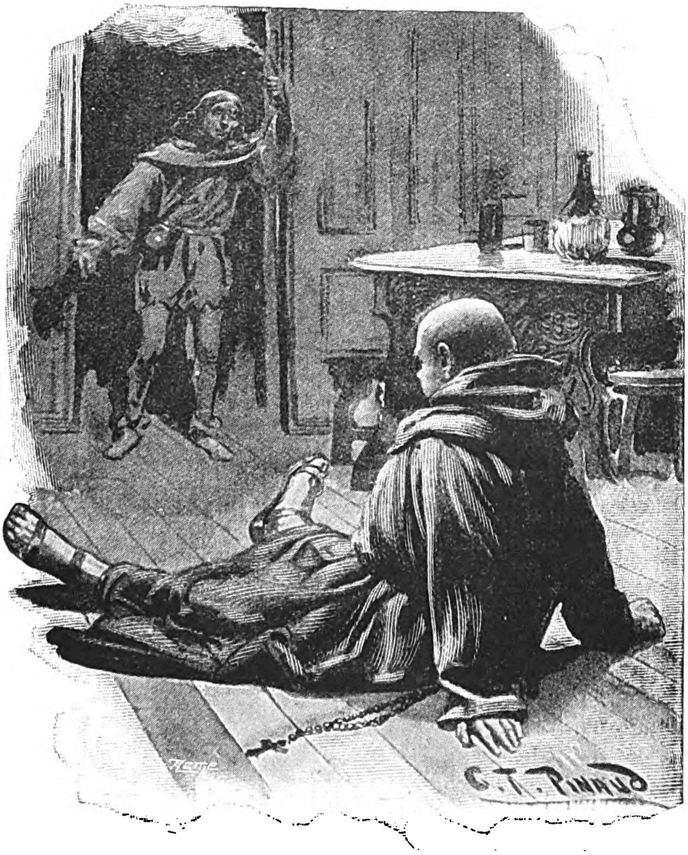
"The clue—I—" stammered Thibault with dry lips; for the other's eyes were full of a wild light, and his face livid with passion.

"Suddenly Villon burst into a fierce, ugly laugh. "By all that is holy!" he cried, "if we are to be cursed—so be it. Out of the way!" and pushing Thibault roughly aside, he snatched violently at the crucifix on the wall; but, instead of coming loose, it slid a foot downwards, as though fixed in a groove. He leaped back, his hand still poised in the air, and the blood rushing to his face.

There was a moment's silence. Then little Thibault, having recovered his equanimity, warily turned the light about him and peered into the darkness. His eyes fell on the second step, and, quick as lightning, his left hand closed on the poet's arm.

"François—see! see!" he cried. "The crucifix was the clue!"

He pointed to the second step, of which the upper slab had fallen in, revealing a dark cavity some two yards in length. In an instant he was on his knees beside



**Dom Nicholas sat in the centre of the floor, and glared about him with dazed, blood-shot eyes.**

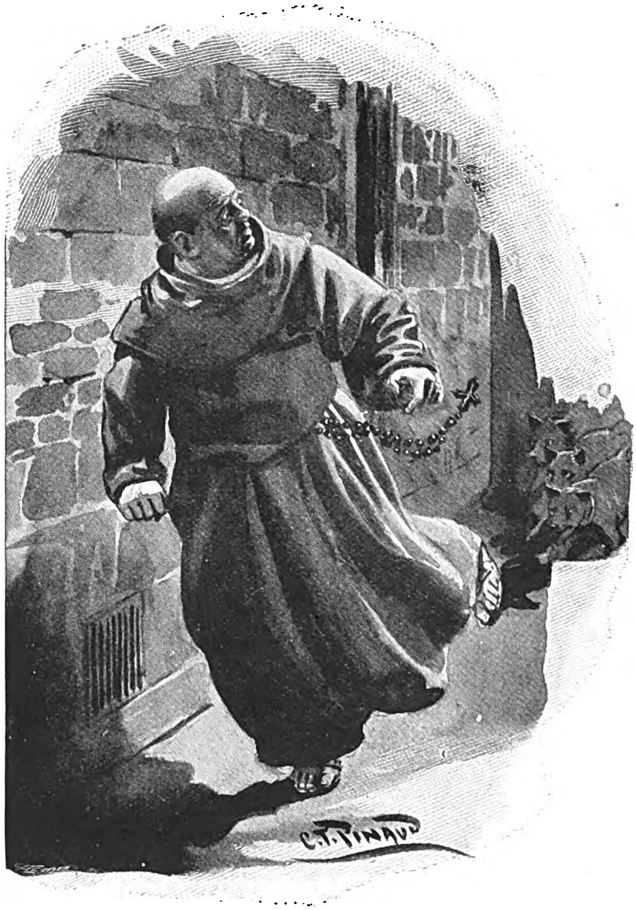
it, and his hand plunged swiftly into the blackness.

"Holy saints, 'tis here!" he gasped. "I feel it—a coffer. *O mon Dieu!* 'tis heavy!" With set teeth he essayed to haul out the prize, swearing the while and praying, like one demented.

Then Villon, with an excited laugh, his weird seizure gone like an April storm, pushed the gasping little rascal aside, and with a strong effort, hauled out a high, long coffer.

"It's locked," he whispered hoarsely. "We must take it as it is."

But ah, little Thibault, you reckoned without your host.



With guttural screams he outsped the wind.

### IV.

The worthy landlord of the "Mule" had fully intended to carry out Villon's instructions, and leave Dom Nicholas in undisturbed possession of his holy dreams; but the unexpected arrival of sundry wayfarers drove all else out of his mind, so that he neglected to communicate the pressing injunctions to his excellent spouse. She, accordingly, some while after the guests had left, armed herself with a tray and repaired to the room they had vacated in order, as was her wont, to clear the board.

There was no light in the room save that supplied by the glowing embers and fitful flames of the hearth, and in a ruddy dusk the good woman set to work putting the bowls and platters on the tray which she supported against her hip.

"Even the fish!" she grumbled removing the empty herring-bowl. "But what would you? Those priests could swallow their—"

Here her foot, coming in vigorous contact with the recumbent Father's head, elicited a mysterious snort.

"*Sacré nom—!*" she gasped, jumping back and letting the tray with all its burden fall on the unlucky saint.

With a dreadful bellow he rolled his huge bulk into a sitting posture and struck out blindly with feet and hands. In the doubtful gloom he was but vaguely perceptible, and the poor woman, unstrung already, lost all control of her nerves, and filling the house with terrified screams, made for the door.

"It is a bear!" she cried hysterically rushing in to her husband and clutching his arm. "Oh Jean, a bloodthirsty bear!"

"*Diable!* Thou vile woman! I am undone indeed!"—and seizing a torch from the mantel he sprang up the stairs.

Snorting like a grampus, Dom Nicholas sat in the centre of the floor and glared about him with dazed, blood-shot eyes. The landlord prostrated himself with vehement apologies, but the luckless friar neither pardoned nor upbraided; he only glowered around in shocked bewilderment. He was fully awakened by the harsh treatment he had undergone, and his dense mind was laboriously unweaving the tangled threads of recollection. He began to groan and mutter disjointed phrases, and then suddenly becoming silent, thrust an unsteady hand beneath his cassock, and fumbled in search of something with ludicrous haste. . . .

It was gone! . . . His agitation was fearful to behold; his imprecations shocking on the lips of a saint.

"Villain!" he roared, attempting to rise, but falling back heavily. "Thief! Give it me—my plan! Oh! Oh! Give it me back!——"

"By all saints, I swear——" began the other, but fell back amazed.

For Dom Nicholas had come on daylight. All at once he remembered having shown the parchment to Villon; dimly he discerned the purpose of the supper. He had fallen asleep; he had been robbed; Villon and his companions were sacking the church. . . . With a huge effort he gained his feet, and, choking and storming, rolled to the door and down the stairs and into the street. The icy wind met him and buffeted him against the wall. Recovering, he pressed onward fast as his bulk would allow in the direction of St. Mathurin's, filled with tempestuous determination to prevent the robbery.

Then came the tragic finale. Having put behind him half the distance, he was, perforce, slackening his pace through sheer lack of breath, when all at once his ear caught the patter of rapid steps and the hard panting of some pursuer close upon his heels. Now, the street declined somewhat steeply, and the unhappy priest, much as he wished to draw up, had to continue his downward course, a bulk like his, when once set in motion, being a thing defiant of all control. But he glanced over his shoulder as best he might, and, dear Heaven! the shock that glance gave him.

Three great beasts, their fangs gleaming, their eyes glowing, were full on his track.

Until that moment the well-favoured saint had never gauged his athletic capacities. With guttural screams he outsped the wind. Through his terrified mind reeled horrid tales and grisly memories. One severe winter in his childhood, wolves, had devoured children in the very heart of Paris. These frightful beasts were wolves beyond the cavil of a doubt—wolves that thirsted for his blood!

He gasped and gabbled the name of every saint that occurred to him; he prayed brokenly; he swore to do penance for all his little sins. Let Heaven but preserve him, he would fast five days a week, and abjure the use of wine until his dying hour—ah, by St. François! he would don a hair shirt and never wash himself for ten years.

It was, in sooth, an uncanny spectacle that suddenly rolled upon Guy Tabary as he crouched outside the porch, and blew on his frozen finger-nails—a wild spectacle, and full of strange noises, indefinable in the starless gloom, but pregnant with hideous possibilities. The poor man lost his nerve completely, made for the church door, thrust his head in, and yelled the first word that came to his mind:

"The patrol!"

Villon and Thibault had just lifted the coffer between them as the dreaded cry shrilled up the aisle.

"Out with the light!" whispered the poet.

Thibault flung it with all his force against the floor. At the same moment the door was violently flung open and the darkness filled with a blood-curdling din.

"*Croix-Dieu!* they have loosed the dogs on us," gasped Thibault.

"We must run for it," hissed the poet; and the two worthies made a headlong dash down the aisle, coming half-way in tremendous collision with the luckless friar. Villon struck fiercely at his invisible foe, overturned him, and leaped out into the night, little Thibault panting at his heels.

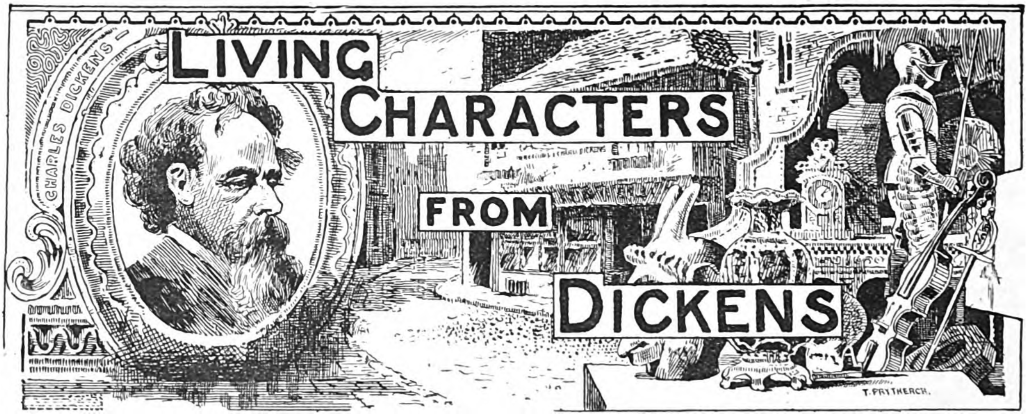
But all motionless in the dark church lay Dom Nicholas, and over his prostrate form those dreadful animals growled and fought.

## V.

When the dawn glanced coldly through the church windows, the friar lifted his eyelids, sat up, and looked cautiously around him. His first conclusion was truly sensational: he was whole and not devoured. All praise, therefore, to the good St. François, who had intervened and saved him from the ravening wolves! Because the friar's hood had been emptied of those Dutch herrings, are we to conclude that the wolves were mere dogs, ravenous and attracted by the smell of fish? No, no! to St. François be the credit.

His second conclusion was that he had averted the infamous theft (though, indeed, here too the credit may be due to St. François), and had regained his precious plan. For there lay the coffer at the foot of the altar, and beside it, his lost parchment.

Then he rose, and, having returned both objects to their respective hiding-places, ambled homewards. And let us hope that he fulfilled those pious vows made in the hour of peril: that he fasted with diligence and abjured the use of wine; that he wore a hair-skirt, and avoided washing himself for ten years.



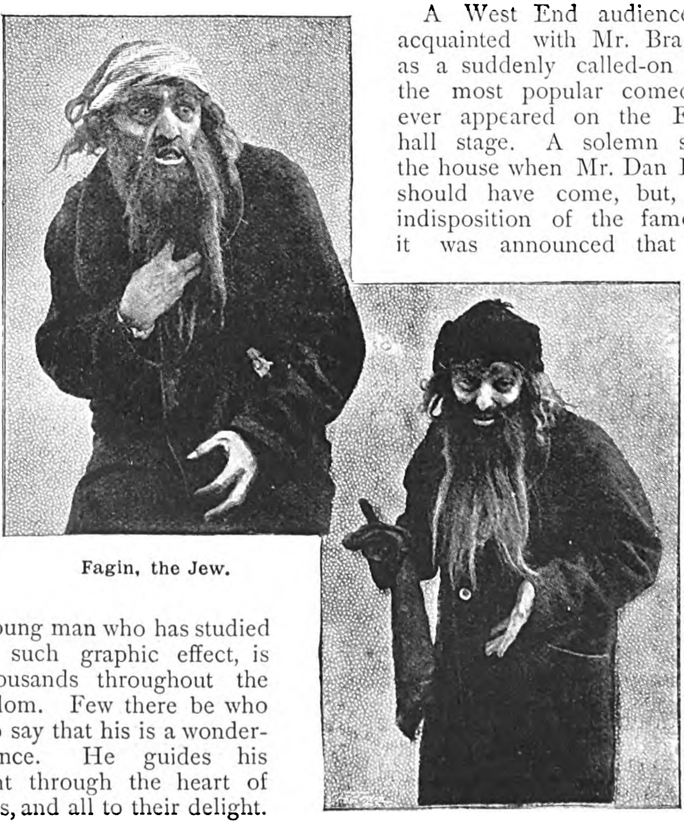
# LIVING CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS

By H. J. Holmes.

*Photographs by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.*

The lover of Dickens and all his works finds little difficulty in beholding, with his mind's eye, the many characters so deftly word-sketched by the pen of England's most facile writer. But it is a finer pleasure to see those characters in very life; to hear them talk; to note their varied movements and idiosyncrasies; in fact, to meet the living creations of the master-mind.

It has been the pleasure of many to have this experience for Mr. Bransby Williams, the talented young man who has studied Dickens with such graphic effect, is known to thousands throughout the United Kingdom. Few there be who will hesitate to say that his is a wonderful performance. He guides his audience right through the heart of Dickens' works, and all to their delight.



Fagin, the Jew.

Mr. Williams is exceedingly clever in portraying most people; but, in my opinion, he is most successful in Dickens. I think I am not be far wrong in deciding that the creator of "Jo," and "Bill Sykes," holds a large and warm corner of Mr. Williams' heart.

A West End audience first became acquainted with Mr. Bransby Williams as a suddenly called-on substitute for the most popular comedian who has ever appeared on the English music-hall stage. A solemn silence hushed the house when Mr. Dan Leno's "turn" should have come, but, owing to the indisposition of the famous comedian, it was announced that Mr. Bransby Williams would appear instead in a series of portrayals of prominent persons. To put it briefly, Mr. Williams scored a success, and a month's engagement resulted. After a round of "imitations," Mr. Williams

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decided to delineate Dicken's characters. He studied the original drawings by Barnard, and it did not take him long to make another success in London. Many admirers of Dickens expressed appreciation by letter, and souvenirs of the author dropped in as tokens of regard for the clever performance. Why is it that impersonators such as Mr. Bransby Williams invariably select the characters from Dickens's novels for impersonation, and never, or scarcely ever, those from the works of Thackeray, George Elliot, Scott, Rider Haggard, Guy Boothby, Conan Doyle, and other widely-read authors of the past and the present? In the first place Dickens retains even to-day the position of the most popular author England has ever had. Of course, he is no longer quite what he used to be—say twenty years ago. Taste has changed incalculably since then, and new novelists have come to the fore and pitted themselves against Dickens for the ear to the multitude. Indeed, I think I may say that Mr. Rider Haggard, for instance, has drawn after him a public that runs Dickens pretty close as regards numerical strength. "Allan Quartermain" and "King Solomon's Mines" are almost as much household words as "David Copperfield" and "The Tale of Two Cities."

But the main reason why Dickens finds such favour with impersonators is not his popularity, but the peculiarly vital and intense individuality, which he gives to each of his characters. Suppose one of Thackeray's characters were impersonated — Major Pendennis for instance —what would be the result? Failure, nothing more nor less, even with the most perfect impersonation. There is nothing intensely individual in Thackeray's people; they are all of them more or less commonplace or too complex for acting. Neither would the characters of any other author be likely to succeed on the stage when impersonated in the Bransby Williams style, with, perhaps, the exception of the notorious Svengali of "Trilby" fame, and Captain Kettle, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's redoubtable hero. The latter, certainly, has individuality enough to make him succeed anywhere; but this is the case with all Dickens's characters: each represents a peculiar moral or immoral quality—such a hypocrisy as we see it represented by Uriah Heap; malignity by Quilp; nobility by Sydney Carton, and so on. There are no complex

Mr. Pecksniff.

Scrooge.

Quilp.

thrilling words and capital acting are joined with a graceful and manly figure. Mr. Williams' reading of the part is original in more ways than one. He is not satisfied with a mere imitation of a prominent actor-manager's conception of Carton. And he somehow seems more like Dickens's hero as the intelligent reader accepts him.

Back again to "The Old Curiosity Shop" to have a few moments with Dr. Quilp. I saw Mr. Williams as he rendered that passage expressing Quilp's hatred of Brass. The terrible face, the cavernous — almost toothless, mouth, the glaring, ghastly eye —here was Quilp indeed to the life. How he gloated over the thought of destroying his foe! What ecstasy in the mere idea of seeing him drowning by degrees! Mr. Williams certainly succeeds in startling his audience by the intensity and power of his impersonation. One reaches almost the shuddering point of unpleasant sensation in witnessing this, one of the most real of Mr. Williams' delineations from Dickens's works.

Bill Sykes.

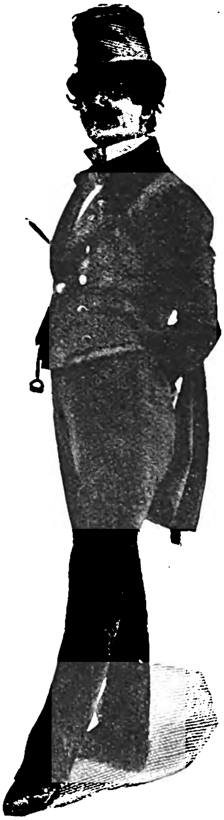
Then we have another great contrast to the foregoing in the representation of the wormy Uriah Heap. Dickens's description of the 'umble one will be readily remembered. Mr. Williams delineation of the character is clever, but I do not think that he bears out the author so closely as in other parts. His physical development is against him. Uriah could not boast of a well-built frame upon which to hang his peculiarities of humility. Still, everyone who has seen Mr. Williams' performance must admit that he gets as close to the general idea of Uriah's characteristics as it is possible for any impersonator to get who is not built as David Copperfield found the hyprocrite. But the oily humility, submissive smile, and soapy squirm are given with all due regard to the correct picture of Uriah according to Dickens.

Let us now glance at Mr. Micawber—sanguine Micawber. The character is one that appeals to the light comedian. We all know Micawber; his chronic state of impecuniosity enlivened by the ever present hope that something is bound to "turn up." We all like Micawber and his quaint philosophy. It is like meeting an old friend when we see Mr. Williams appear cheerily before us. The smile we saw in our minds when we first made Micawber's acquaintance in "David Copperfield" —there it is. The lively temperament of the hopeful one in his better moments —there we recognise it. The glib tongue, the bald head, the arranged pose —all are there. Mr. Williams has given us Micawber from Copperfield, and we laugh just as when he first came under our notice. We feel the better for his company in ten minutes. And it really takes quite a little time to realise that, after all, we have only seen him impersonated.

Mr. Micawber.

Wackford Squeers was never a nice man to know—even in a novel. A very unpopular person with everybody. But there is a good deal of character in him. Mr. Williams has evidently studied him closely and with good effect. The scowling schoolmaster is quite an amusing fellow when seen from the stalls, and what he says is not unmixed with a grim humour such as Dickens could write so well when he wished. His logic, too, is of that tickling description often noticed in Pickwickian novels. Altogether Mr. Williams transforms the brutal dominie into a very interesting, if unpleasant, sort of individual.

An introduction to our old friend, Bill Sikes, whose name will live while burglary remains an interesting science, is a not unimportant event. William is such a peculiar creature! Everybody has taken an interest in William. There is some virtue in being the best of anything, and Sikes is the best ruffian we have ever met in the burglary department of modern novels. Mr. Williams makes an ideal scoundrel. Anyone who has seen him made up as Sikes must admit that if a nervous man met him in some secluded spot about midnight, a considerable amount of discomfort would be experienced by the lonely traveller. Mr. Williams really makes a charming burglar. Look at the photograph, and ask yourself, does it not picture to perfection Bill Sikes out on a very wicked prowl for business? Then his voice! Files and handsaws—a tone guaranteed to give his hearers one cold shiver in every sentence. There are many who consider this impersonation Mr. Williams' best, and I am much disposed to agree. The contrast between this character and that of Sydney Carton is nothing short of wonderful, and stamps the artist who is so successful in both as a versatile genius.



Montague Tigg.

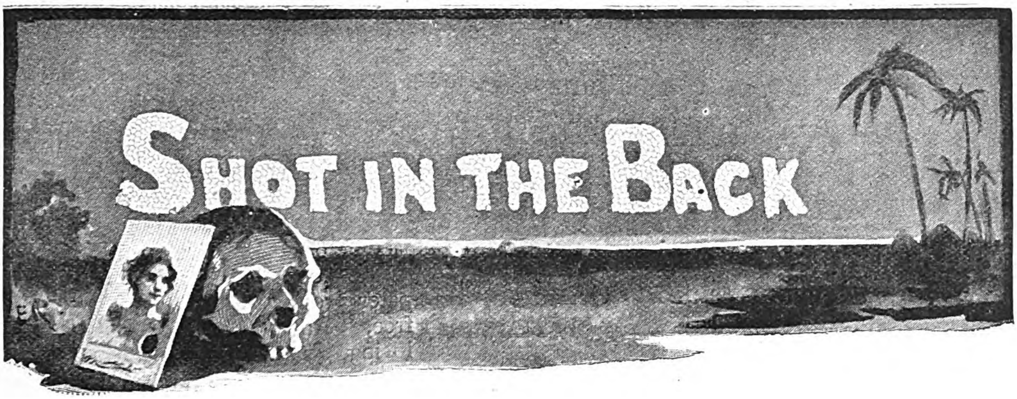
"Oliver Twist" supplies Mr. Williams with much material for his work. Fagin, the Jew, comes next to Bill Sykes. Make-up has to be considerably augmented in this case by long hair and a flowing beard. The result is a typical low-class Jew. Mr. Williams has the correct accent of the Whitechapel Hebrew. This part is the most trying of all those taken from Dickens. The gallows scene and death of Fagin is most graphically rendered, and the acting throughout is thrilling. Mr. Williams assures me that on many nights he feels so exhausted after the awful scene that he has to be helped off the stage. The unearthly shrieks of the miserable wretch Fagin—"Mercy, Mercy!"—will ring in one's ears for hours after hearing them.

Let us next examine the lofty Mr. Pecksniff, whose virtue and uprightness are so touchingly plain to all who have read Dickens. The stiff-necked folk, whose doings are a matter of much grief to the righteous Mr. Pecksniff, meet with some severe rebuking of ultra-Pecksniffian description, and with all the fervour of a good man without a stain on his character.

Scrooge comes next, and is made a striking personality with the aid of the impersonator's mobile features. Scrooge is presented to us in his most unpleasant moment, and the impression created in the minds of the audience is certainly not one of sympathy or love.

In addition to those named, Mr. Williams has impersonated nearly all Dickens's characters. Peggotty, Poor Jo, Sam Weller, Caleb Plummer, and even Mrs. Gamp. He frequently gives five performances nightly in London, and a different set of characters are delineated in each.

His other impersonations are fine, but those from Dickens unique.



# SHOT IN THE BACK

### By F. Talbot Townsend.

## I.

"Gad, sir, *you're* a fine specimen of the modern Briton, *you* are! A shining light of the Brunton family, I must say! A son to be proud of! God help old England if the honour and glory of her name rests with such as you—a lieutenant of the British army who shows the white feather because his regiment is ordered to the Soudan to thrash a parcel of niggers! Why, when I fought at Inkerman—but there!—it's no use talking; you always were a coward; you always will be a coward; and if you don't die of fright before you ever smell the powder of the dervish guns, it's a dead-sure certainty you—the last of the 'Fighting Bruntons'—will be shot in the back, sir!—shot in the back!" And, with a last thump on the table with his clenched fist (he always thumped the table when his temper got the better of him), Colonel Brunton, V.C., stumped out of the room and banged the door behind him.

And Arnold Brunton, the object of his father's wrath and scorn, sat with bowed head and burning cheeks, for he knew too well that the words of the brave old soldier were true—he *was* a coward, he *must* be, for had it not been dinned into his ears ever since he could remember? When a child he would lay in bed through the terrible darkness of the night, his little head buried beneath the bed-clothes, his heart thumping against his ribs, and the sweat pouring from him at every moan of the wind in the chimney, or rattle of the autumn leaves upon the pane.

At school his weakness had soon become apparent to the sharp wits of his fellows, and, after the lapse of years, he still shuddered at the recollection of the practical schoolboy jokes played upon him for the edification of his thoughtless companions—the white-robed figure silently rising by the side of his little bed in the long dormitory, and the shouts of laughter that mingled with his shriek of terror; the sickening horror when his hand came into contact with the cold wet body of the poor dead kitten pinned inside his jacket sleeve—and all the other pranks played by healthy boys upon a weaker—comedy to them, tragedy to him. "Miss Brunton" they had dubbed him in those bygone days, and "Miss Brunton" he still remained, for even now the sight of blood would turn him sick and faint—he, Lieutenant Brunton, "a soldier of the Queen."

And as he sat, he thought of what might have been. He possessed a talent—nay, a genius—for music, and his violin had been his comfort and solace upon many a dark day, when his sensitive nature had been hurt by a scathing remark or cruel taunt from his choleric warrior father. Not that Colonel Brunton was cruel by nature, for a large heart beat beneath the row of medals on the broad deep chest, but this gentle, peace-loving offspring of his later years—the only hope of the long line of warriors famous since the days of Oudenarde and Malplaquet for their dauntless courage and desperate recklessness—was a puzzle, an enigma, to the fearless, fire-eating old man. What did a son of his want with violins and music books?

"A fiddle!" he would snort. "Call a fiddle an instrument of music! A squealing, sighing box of dyspeptic wails! A thing that you tuck beneath your chin like a youngster's bib, and scratch with a stick! Bah! fancy leading your regiment up the slopes of Alma to the thundering strains of a baby's rattle! No, sir! to a Brunton there is no music but the rattle of the drum, the impatient notes of

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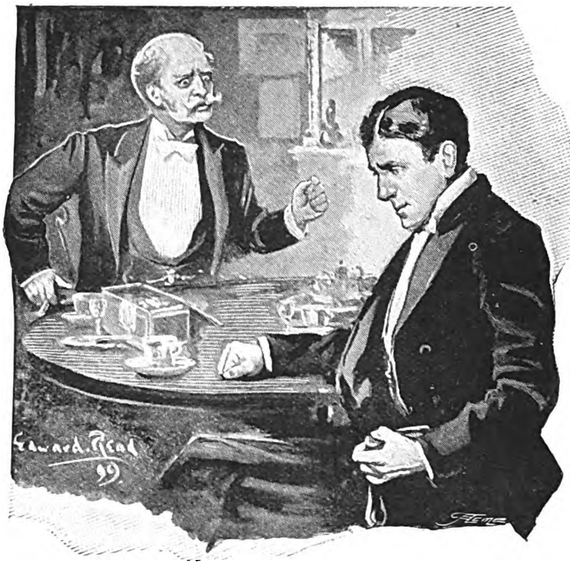


"The last of the 'Fighting Bruntons' will be shot in the back, sir! shot in the back!"

the bugle sounding the 'advance,' the crack of the rifles, the boom of the forty-pounders, and the scream of the shells! Why, when I was in the Crimea—" And the stern face would soften and the keen grey eye would dim, as he forgot his wrath for the time in the memory of some deed of glory or the loss of an old comrade.

But the violin was chopped up, the music books burnt, and a possible Paganini or a Mascagni was lost to the world, and the British army gained "Baby Brunton." That was the name he was known by amongst his fellow officers, for his timid nature would show itself in spite of all his struggles to hide it, and although he was not unpopular with his brothers in arms, there was always a certain half-pitying contempt in their bearing towards one whom they instinctively knew lacked the reckless carelessness of their own coarser natures.

"Poor old dad!" murmured Arnold at last, as he rose from his chair and strolled to the window. "He's quite right, I *am* a coward, and a disgrace to the old family name. Oh, why can't *I* hear music in the rattle of the Maxim and the crack of the Lee-Metford? I am the son of a hero, and a descendant of generations of warriors who knew not the name of fear, and yet my heart fails me at the thought of the coming campaign. I hate myself; I scorn my childish forebodings, and if a dervish bullet does put an end to my useless life, well, so much the better."

He stood gazing moodily out upon the lovely landscape formed by the grounds of the dear old home, so soon to be replaced by the barren sands of the Egyptian desert, and his voice took a firmer ring as his thoughts reverted to another subject.

"At least *she* shall not know I am a coward. I will not speak to her till I come back—if I live through it, and don't die of fright as the poor old pater prophesies, and then, if she is free, perhaps her noble heart and loving sympathy may help me to forget that I'm a coward, and work in me a miracle which ridicule and scorn have failed to do."

### II.

Lieutenant Brunton stood at the end of his line of men formed up in battle array on the sandy plain of the Soudan in the heat of the morning, as they waited quietly and firmly for the advance of the dervish horde, showing in a line of restless grey out there in front. Borne on the breeze he could hear the distant roar of their voices, the strange wild cadence of their war-song mingling with the crack and splutter of the preliminary duel which was going on between the skirmishers of both armies, the prelude to the sterner fight that was to follow, in which many a gallant heart would be stilled. Soon homes in far-away Britain would mourn for a dear one killed and buried amongst the Egyptian sandhills.

He looked round upon the men surrounding him. Some were young—very young—and these were fidgetting nervously with their rifles, finding the strain of waiting telling somewhat on their untried nerves, and looking rather pale in the morning light. Others were conversing in low tones, and cracking jokes at each other's expense, and if the humour *was* a little forced, Arnold saw no trace of fear on any in the long lines of faces.

Indeed, some of the older men wore a somewhat contemptuous expression on their bronzed and rugged lineaments, as though it hurt their dignity to have to tramp over miles of sand under a blazing sun to "thrash a parcel of niggers," as old Colonel Brunton called them; and one hardened old sergeant, the terror of his company and a lover of the canteen, was opening wide a thirsty mouth, capacious enough to swallow the whole dervish army, in a prodigious yawn, as though the whole proceedings bored him immensely. An hour later he had accounted for a dozen of the dead, and was looking round for more victims, thoroughly enjoying himself.

And as Arnold looked, he saw the faces grow more expectant and more stern; the jokes died away as the lips that uttered them were compressed and set, and all eyes were turned towards the advancing hosts. Ah, yes, the skirmishers were doubling back to the shelter of the lines, and a puff of sand just in front of Arnold told him he would soon be under fire. He gazed at the spot where the bullet had fallen, as if fascinated, and even while he did so, the whistle of another messenger, overhead this time, announced that the grim business of the day was commencing.

All the old, accursed terror surged back on him. How describe it? It was not that he feared death or pain, although, indeed, he had as little affection for these inevitable ills as most men. No, it was rather some mysteriously inherited aversion—inherited from some very distant and obscure ancestor—to all that was violent and cruel, and necessitate complete self-oblivion, dash, pluck, coolness, energy. The imperious instinct of self-preservation possessed him, almost to the complete annihilation of his will. He felt he must turn about, and flee into safety somewhere, somehow. The heat was suffocating, but he shivered with cold, and cold sweat burst in big drops from his forehead; he trembled in every limb, and the whole plain seemed to waver and dance, recede and approach, before his terrified eyes.

With a fierce effort he pulled himself together. His lips were dry and his throat parched. He gave one final glance along his line of men, and as he did so, he saw one of them suddenly drop his rifle, spring into the air, and fall forward on his face, where he lay writhing for a moment, then was still. Hastily Arnold turned his eyes away from the sight, unable to trust himself.

He watched the skirmishers running in, and he saw one of them drop, then stagger to his feet, and drop again. He saw him coolly sit up and face the swiftly advancing enemy, reload his magazine, and calmly commence firing. Gallant fellow! he knew he was doomed, and was evidently determined to sell his life dearly.

And as Arnold Brunton gazed on this act of British courage, fear gave place to indignation that such a man should fall a victim to the spears of the onrushing fanatics, and, forgetful of self, of everything in fact but that solitary figure out there, he started forward, sword in hand, over the zareba, and out into the plain beyond. The bullets pattered round him, knocking up the sand in little cascades, and whistled past his head, but he dashed onwards to the rescue. At last he reached the man, just as he was taking careful aim at the foremost of a crowd of the enemy who had seen his predicament, and were bounding towards him with howls of ferocity.

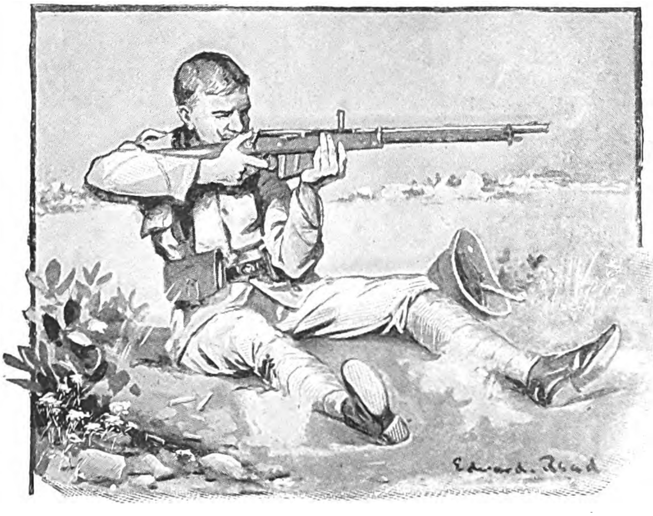
Dropping on his knees beside him Arnold questioned hurriedly,

"Where are you hit?"

"Hello, lieutenant!" said the man, turning to him with a smile of surprise, "I didn't hear you coming. Otherwise engaged. Awfully obliged, but you can do nothing. Shot through both legs, and can't stand." And he coolly dropped another Arab, firing as surely as if he were at the butts at Bisley.

"Can you get upon my back?"

"I'm afraid not," replied the wounded man, half rising but falling back again with a groan. "No, it's no use. Get back to cover, and—good-bye. Stay, though! Will you deliver these for me if you get back to England?" And plunging his hand into his breast, he drew forth a letter and a photograph. "It's

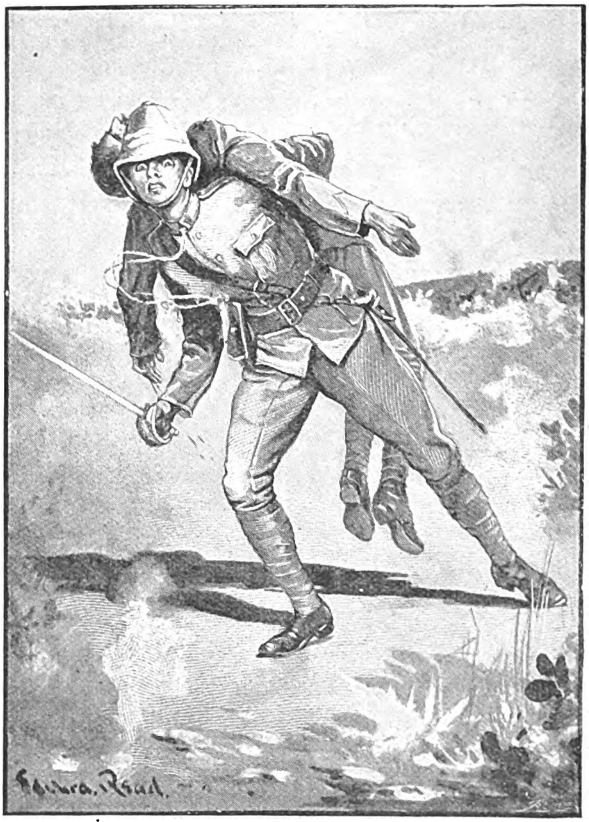


He saw him reload, and calmly commence firing.

the girl I'm engaged to," he said with a gulp, referring to the latter, "and——"

But Lieutenant Brunton was gazing at the photograph with a face as white as the envelope he held, for the beautiful face smiling at him from the card was that of the girl he secretly loved—unknown to her, unknown to anyone—the girl who was to help him live down the curse of his life, and she was promised to another.

How extraordinarily perverse are the workings of the human mind! Arnold Brunton, the coward, had just dared what few men in the British ranks would have had the courage to attempt: he had advanced singly in the face of a savage enemy to rescue a wounded comrade. And now at the critical moment that very man, if rescued and brought back in safety to the English lines, would be the means of blighting his life. By all the rules of logic he should have felt the inclination to return alone and leave the other to his fate. Instead of this, the sudden, mysterious, reckless courage that had so far impelled his gallant and impulsive deed was suddenly enhanced by a fierce determination to save the man at all costs. It was not because of his love for the beautiful girl at home that this determination seized him; it was not conceived in a passion of self-sacrifice. At that supreme moment he scarcely realised what he was doing, and what the rescue of his rival meant to him.


Edward. Read.

**Then he staggered forward under his burden to the British lines.**

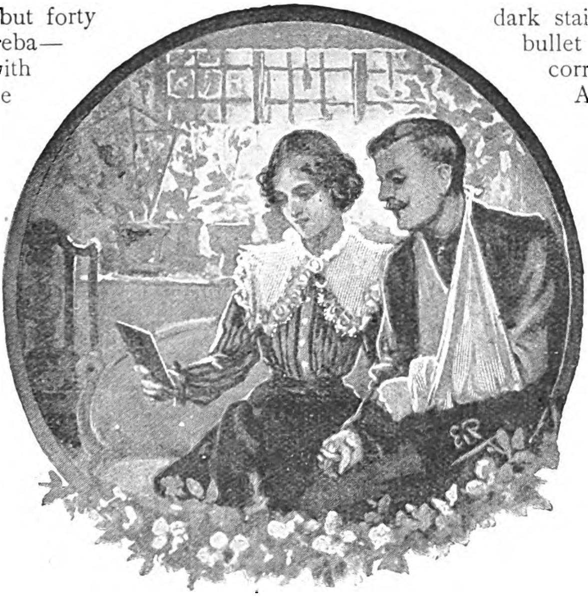
"We got engaged the day before I sailed," explained the other, "but it's not to be. Tell her how I died, won't you?" And he held out his hand to grasp that of Arnold, but it suddenly dropped again, while a spasm of pain swept over the handsome young face.

"Hit again," he murmured. "Through the arm this time. And it's—" But his voice died away, his lips turned white, and he sank back unconscious.

Arnold glanced hurriedly at the advancing dervishes. They were barely three hundred yards away. Then he compared the distance between himself and the zareba. In a moment his resolve was taken. Hastily thrusting the letter and photograph into his pocket, he stooped and picked up the inanimate form in his arms. Fortunately the wounded man was of a slight build, and Brunton was able to hoist him on to his shoulder. Then he staggered forward under his burden towards the British lines. He heard the howls of the disappointed mob behind him, and the bullets began to whistle around him more thickly. But the sound brought no fear to him now. He could at last hear music in the scream of the shrapnel overhead, and somewhere in his blood a strain of the old "Fighting Bruntons" woke up to life, and when a bullet knocked his *topee* over his eyes, he laughed as he jerked it back.

But it was slow progress, and the effort was telling on him. His breath began to come in big, sobbing gasps, the plain undulated uncertainly before his eyes, and the man he was trying to save for the girl both of them loved grew heavier at each step.

At last he was but forty yards from the zareba—twenty—ten—and with one last effort, he reached it and tottered forward towards the willing hands outstretched to meet him, then, as the cheers of his men rang in his ears, he threw up his arms and fell dead—shot through the back!


They are both looking at a photograph with a bullet hole through one corner.

III.

In a little rose-bowered cottage in Devonshire there sits upon a couch a handsome young soldier. One leg is in splints and his right arm is in a sling, while the other hand, brown and sinewy, holds in a loving clasp the soft white fingers of a pretty English girl. They are both looking at a photograph of the girl herself, a photograph that has a curious dark stain upon it, with a bullet hole through one corner.

And as they gaze, silently and with tear-dimmed eyes, there enters a grim, white-haired old warrior, bowed and broken, but with an air of conscious pride on his battle-worn face, as he feebly thumps the table, and exclaims in a voice that is but a quavering parody of that which used to thunder out orders in the Crimea.

"Yes, he was my son, sir—my only son; the last of the 'Fighting Bruntons,' and he died as a Brunton should! He was a brave lad, sir, a brave lad! and it's a glorious thing under certain circumstances, to be shot in the back, sir! shot in the back!"

# WHAT JIMMIE WANTS TO KNOW.

I.

Jimmie wants to know
Why the moon don't fall:
Why some folks are short and fat and others thin and tall;
And—where all the bounce has gone from his india-rubber ball;

II.

Jimmie wants to know
What is two times twice;
Why some things are nasty and other things are nice;
And—why do we eat sheep and pigs, instead of rats and mice;

III.

Jimmy wants to know
If a cow can lay an egg;
If you don't think Rover is a clever dog to beg;
And—if you ever saw a spider with a wooden leg;

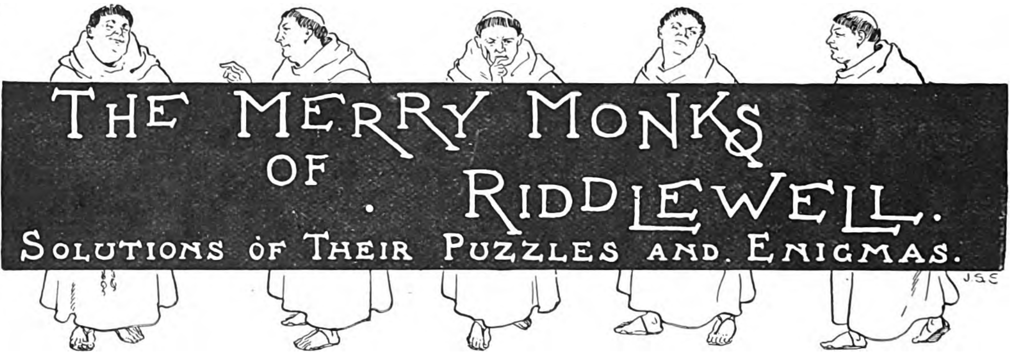
IV.

Jimmy wants to know
(And my brain is reeling)
Why *he* can't walk upside down, like flies upon the ceiling;
And isn't "growing-up" a dreadful funny sort of feeling;

V.

Jimmie wants to know—
Flesh and blood can't keep
Jimmie from propounding problems, wild and wide and deep;
And I've heard he still keeps putting posers in his sleep.

A. L. HARRIS.



# THE MERRY MONKS OF RIDDLEWELL.

## SOLUTIONS OF THEIR PUZZLES AND ENIGMAS.

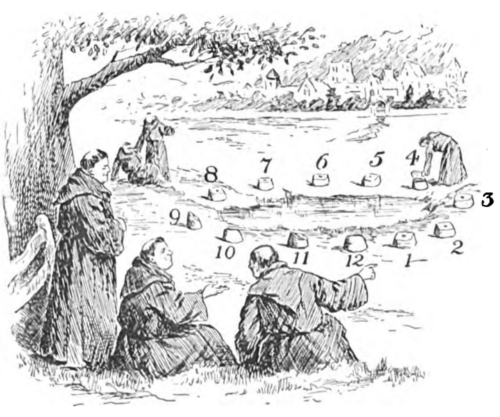
By Henry E. Dudeney.

### THE RIDDLE OF THE FISHPOND.

Number the fish baskets in the illustration from 1 to 12 in the direction that Brother Jonathan is seen to be going. Take the fish from No. 1 and place it in basket No. 4, take from 10 to 2, from 8 to 12, from 5 to 9, from 3 to 6, from basket 7 to basket 11, and then complete the revolution to basket No. 1. The trick has then been performed in as few as four revolutions.

### THE RIDDLE OF THE PILGRIMS.

If it were not for the Abbot's conditions that the number of guests in any room may not exceed three and that every room must be occupied, it would have been possible to accommodate either 24, 27, 30, 33, 36, 39 or 42 pilgrims. But to accommodate 24 pilgrims, so that there shall be twice as many sleeping on the upper floor as on the lower floor, and eleven persons on each side of the building, it will be found necessary to leave some of the rooms empty. If, on the other hand, we try to put up 33, 36, 39 or 42 pilgrims we shall find that, in every case, we are obliged to place more than three persons in some of the rooms. Thus we know that the number of pilgrims originally announced (whom, it will be remembered, it was possible to accommodate under the conditions of the Abbot) must have been 27, and that, since three more than this number were actually provided with beds, the total number of pilgrims was thirty. The accompanying diagram shows how they might be arranged, and if in each instance we regard the upper floor as placed above the lower one, it will be seen that there are eleven persons on each side of the building and twice as many above as below.



**The Riddle of the Fishpond.**

### THE RIDDLE OF THE TILED HEARTH.

The correct answer is shown in the illustration. No tile is in line (either horizontally, vertically, or diagonally) with another tile of the same design, and only three plain tiles are used. If, after placing the four lions you fall into the error of placing four other tiles of another pattern, instead of only three, you will be left with four places that must be occupied by plain tiles. The secret consists in placing four of one kind and only three of each of the others.

### THE RIDDLE OF THE SACK WINE.

The question was—Did Brother Benjamin take more wine from the bottle than water from the jug? Or did he take more water from the jug than wine from the bottle? He did neither. The same quantity of wine was transferred from the bottle as water was taken from the jug. Let us assume that the glass would hold a quarter of a pint. There was a pint of wine in the bottle and a pint of water in the jug. After the first manipulation the bottle contains three-quarters

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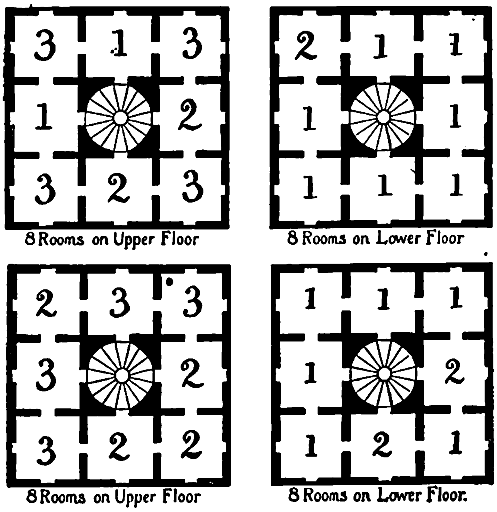
of a pint of wine, and the jug one pint of water mixed with a quarter of a pint of wine. Now, the second transaction consists in taking away a fifth of the contents of the jug, that is one-fifth of a pint of water mixed with one-fifth of a quarter of a pint of wine. We thus leave behind in the jug four-fifths of a quarter of a pint of wine, that is one-fifth of a pint, while we transfer from the jug to the bottle an equal quantity (one-fifth of a pint) of water.



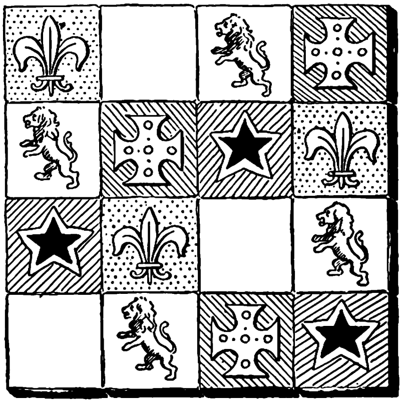
8 Rooms on Upper Floor 8 Rooms on Lower Floor

8 Rooms on Upper Floor 8 Rooms on Lower Floor.

**The Riddle of the Pilgrims.**

### THE RIDDLE OF THE CELLARER.

There were 100 pints of wine in the cask, and on thirty occasions John the Cellarer had stolen a pint and replaced it with a pint of water.



**The Tiled Hearth.**

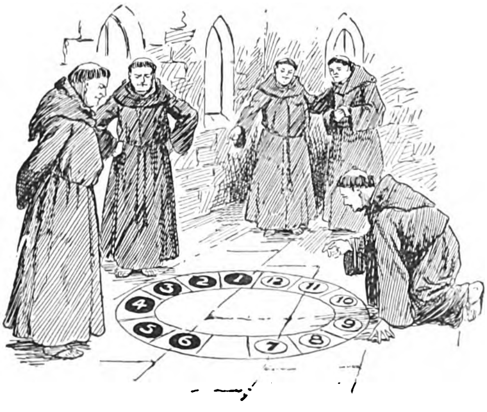
After the first theft the wine left in the cask would be 99 pints; after the second theft the wine in the cask would be $\frac{9801}{100}$ pints (the square of 99 divided by 100); after the third theft there would remain $\frac{970299}{10000}$ (the cube of 99 divided by the square of 100); after the fourth theft there would remain the fourth power of 99 divided by the cube of 100; and after the thirtieth theft, there would remain in the cask the thirtieth power of 99 divided by the twenty-ninth power of 100. This by the ordinary method of calculation, gives us a number composed of 59 figures to be divided by a number composed of 58 figures! But by the use of logarithms it may be quickly ascertained that the required quantity is very nearly $73\frac{97}{100}$ pints of wine left in the cask. Consequently the cellarer stole 26·03 pints. The monks doubtless omitted the answer for the reason that they had no tables of logarithms, and did not care to face the task of making that long and tedious calculation in order to get the quantity "to a nicety," as the wily cellarer had stipulated.

### THE RIDDLE OF THE CRUSADERS.

The correct answer is that there would have been 60 .,176 Crusaders, who could form themselves into a square 776 by 776, and after the stranger joined their ranks, they could form 113 squares of 5,329 men—that is, 73 by 73.

### THE RIDDLE OF ST. EDMONDSBURY.

The reader is aware that there are prime numbers and composite whole numbers. The former cannot be divided by any number, except 1, and leave no remainder,



**The Frog's Ring.**

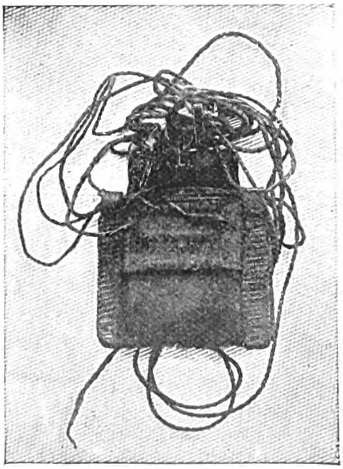
while the latter are composed of factors, and therefore can be so divided. The number of divisors depends obviously on the number of factors. Now, the number of mice, 999,919, cannot be a prime number, because, if it were, the only possible answers would be those excluded by Father Peter—1 cat killed 999,919 mice, or 999,919 cats each killed 1 mouse; and, if the riddle is to have only one answer, the number must be composed of only two factors. What are those factors? They are 991 and 1,009, both of which are primes. But we are told that each cat killed more mice than there were cats; consequently, the solution cannot be that 1,009 cats each killed 991 mice. The correct answer is then clearly that 991 cats each killed 1,009 mice. Multiply one number by the other, and the product will be found to be 999,919 mice.

THE RIDDLE OF THE FROGS' RING.

The fewest possible moves in which this puzzle can be solved is 118. I will give the complete solution. The black figures on white discs move in the direction of the hands of a clock, and the white figures on black disc the opposite way. The following are the numbers in the order in which they move. Whether you have to make a simple move, or a leaping move will be clear from the position, as you never can have an alternative. The moves enclosed in brackets are to be played five times over: 6, 7, 8, 6, 5, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1), 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 12, (7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12), 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 1, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 12, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 8, 9, 10, 11, 4, 3, 2, 10, 11, 2. We thus have made 118 moves within the conditions, the black frogs have changed places with the white ones, and 1 and 12 are side by side in the positions stipulated.

# A WAR CHARM.

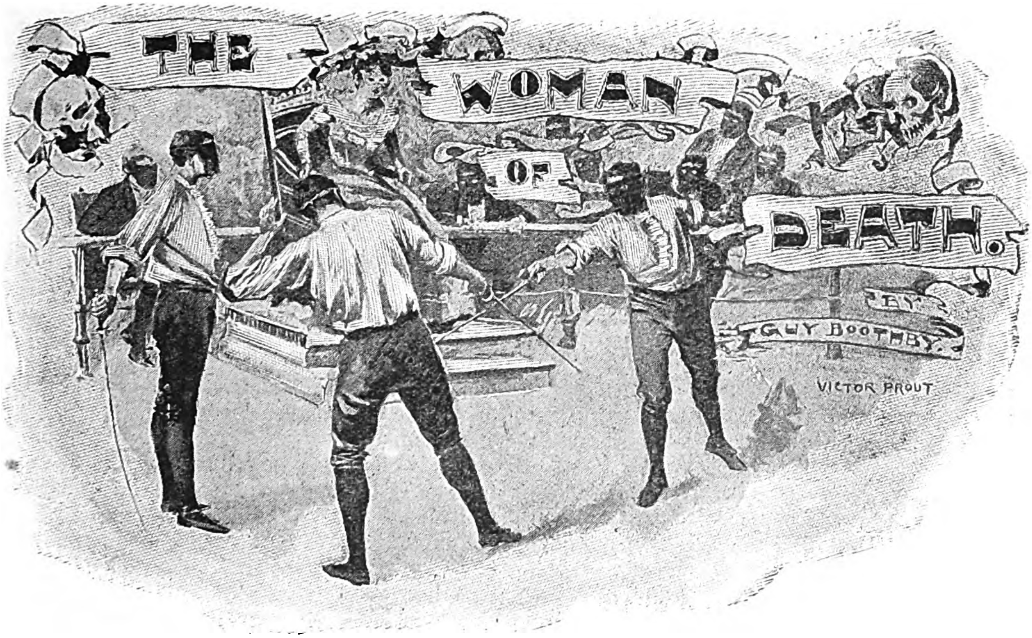
THIS curious talisman was found wound about the neck of a dead dervish on one of the great battlefields in the Soudan. It was supposed to render him invulnerable, poor wretch! but English bullets and English swords seem to have a supreme contempt for talismans. The reason for the dogged faith they still inspire is, doubtless, that they render a man at least fearless and self-confident.



The Case.

I remember hearing a friend describe an incident in connection with a talisman. It was at a tiger hunt in Burmah. The cordon of hunters had hemmed in the great cat, and now she crouched at bay with no possible retreat. Suddenly a native, breaking through the cordon, went slowly, and in a peculiar dancing gait, up to the louring brute. When about a foot away he began slowly to retreat, facing the tiger and waving his arms. The tiger merely glared at him, and he arrived in safety outside the cordon. That man was the owner of a charm—a consecrated tiger's hair!

The Parchment.



## INTRODUCTION.

Lord Middlesborough is struck at Monte Carlo by the face of a strange lady. Afterwards another lady is introduced to him, Madame D'Espère, who, on his complaining of boredom, promises to find him excitement. The next day he receives an anonymous letter inviting him to join a mysterious club, and, having been driven to the club in question, the members of which are all closely masked, witnesses a duel to the death between two of their number, the affair being presided over by a masked lady. Next day Middlesborough hears that his friend, the Duke de Rheims, has been found killed outside Paris, and suspects him to have been one of the duellers and Madame D'Espère the woman who presided at the duel.

## CHAPTER IV.

THAT evening Middlesborough was in one of his restless moods. Nothing seemed to please him. He hungered for excitement of any kind that would relieve his overstrung nerves. De Rheims' death had distressed him more than he cared to admit. Partly out of respect for his friend, and partly because he did not feel in the humour for the society of his fellow-men, he dined at home and alone. Finding, however, that his own society reduced him to a level of even greater despondency, he went out afterwards to a Club, an establishment in the neighbourhood of the Avenue de l'Opera, noted both for its exclusiveness and its high play. For the first hour that he wooed the fickle goddess he won repeatedly. Then his luck changed, and eventually he rose from the table some fifty thousand francs poorer than when he had sat down.

"If you will excuse me," he said, as he pushed his chair back, "I think I will leave off now. Cards bore me to death. I owe you thirty thousand francs, de Gonville, and you eighteen, de Chamberêt. You must give me my revenge some other time. Now I'll be off to bed, Good night!"

His friends bade him good night, and he strolled into the adjoining room in search of refreshment. Only little Jimmy Foote, who had been watching the game, followed him.

"Have a brandy and soda, Jimmy?" Middlesborough enquired, as he dropped into an easy chair, and lit a cigarette.

Jimmy, who was good nature itself, accepted his invitation, and, when the servant had left them, turned to his friend. Unlike the remainder of his family he was gifted with a fair share of worldly wisdom, and he saw, on this occasion, that Middlesborough was not quite himself.

"I say, old man," he blurted out, "I hope you won't think I'm meddling in what does not concern me, but—but—well, the fact of the matter is, we were at Eton together, weren't we? and that gives a man a sort of right to say things he wouldn't have uttered otherwise, I've been watching you to-night and I've noticed that——"

Middlesborough interrupted him.

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"You've noticed that I have an ink spot on my left cuff," he said abruptly. "I saw it myself, when I was dealing the first round. Dangerous thing, ink, makes mischief in all directions. Avoid it, Jimmy! Ah, here are the drinks. Well, good luck to you!"

"And better luck to you," said Jimmy, who was shrewd enough to see that in Middlesborough's present humour it would be useless for him to say more.

Five minutes later, the latter was in his cab on the way home. His mind was made up.

"I'll try it," he said to himself. "I'll send an advertisement to the *Figaro* to-morrow. To say the very least, it will be a vast improvement to this miserable humdrum existence."

Two days later an advertisement consisting of the one Greek word engraved upon the disc, appeared in the paper mentioned.

He had not to wait very long for a reply, for that evening, when he returned from his drive to dress for dinner, he found a letter awaiting him, in which he was instructed to be at the rendezvous in the Place de la Concorde at the same time on the following Friday.

As on the previous occasion, the clocks of Paris were striking ten when he reached the appointed spot, and set himself to wait for the man to put in an appearance. Again, the carriage crossed the square, and pulled up before the railings of the obelisk. The window was let down, and the same curious voice that he remembered so well, invited him to enter. He did so, and the carriage immediately proceeded on its way.

"Permit me to congratulate you upon the decision you have arrived at," said the man beside him, as they started. "If you desire excitement, such as you can obtain nowhere else, I venture to think you will discover it where you are now seeking it."

"As the Duc de Rheims found it, I have no doubt," answered Middlesborough quietly.

"Everyone is conversant with the Duke's lamentable accident," the other replied gravely. "But I know as little as you do of the cause that occasioned it. As I think, I informed you before, we have no identities. The Duke may have been a member or he may not. Each of our members is known only by a number; you will figure upon the list as number 384. Such is the rule, and we adhere to it religiously."

Once more they crossed the Seine, and once more, after a considerable interval, they reached the gates leading into the long avenue which approached the house. The carriage drew up before the steps, whereupon Middlesborough's companion alighted and invited him to follow his example. As on the occasion of his last visit, the building was in total darkness. His conductor handed him his mask, after which he unlocked the front-door and they entered the vestibule, through which they passed into the hall beyond. A servant relieved Middlesborough of his hat and cloak, and when this had been done, he followed his guide upstairs and through the curtains into the apartment which formed the ante-chamber of the Hall of Combat. To-night, however, there was a slight change in the order of procedure. Instead of proceeding direct to the room, he was conducted to a small dressing-closet in which a suit of clothes of the same description as those worn by the members was duly laid out for him. They fitted him exactly.

It was while he was making the necessary change in his toilet that his companion explained to him the ceremonial of initiation that was about to take place. When he was ready, Middlesborough entered the adjoining room to find it even more crowded than before. Every member was in his place, and even the Woman of Death herself was seated upon her throne. The gaze of the assembly was fixed upon himself. In accordance with the instructions he had received, he passed boldly down the gangway between the chairs and approached the throne upon which the Woman was seated. At the same moment a servant presented her with a silver bowl into which she dipped her hand. When she withdrew it, it contained a small disc upon which was a number. Placing it upon another salver, the servant made his way to the seat indicated, the occupant of which immediately rose and passed into the arena. It had fallen to his lot to test the capabilities of the candidate for election. Buttoned foils were produced, and all that remained was for the woman to give the signal for the combat to commence. Fortunately for Middlesborough he was an expert fencer. His father had been one of the best swordsmen of his day, and it had been one of his peculiarities that he had considered a knowledge of fencing as necessary to a gentleman's education as dancing and an aquaintance with the Latin and Greek classics.

As soon as the Woman gave the signal, they engaged. His adversary was of his own size and build, but from the moment their foils crossed, Middlesborough could see, that, while the other was no mean exponent of the science, he was no match for himself. At first they fenced without either obtaining an advantage, but after a couple of dozen passes had been exchanged, Middlesborough scored point after point in rapid succession. Then the Woman lifted her hand and the combat ceased. A moment later the man, who had conducted him to the house, approached and addressed the audience.

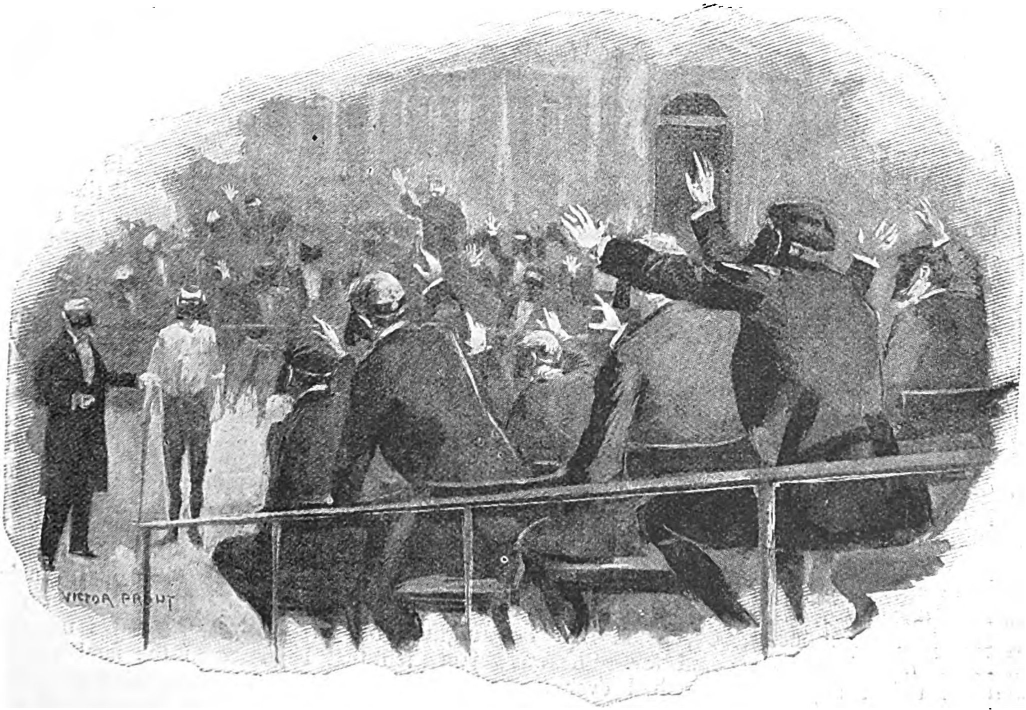
"Messieurs," he said, "I have the honour to introduce to you a candidate for admission to your ranks. You have seen his skill. It is my duty, therefore, to ask whether you deem him worthy of such privileges as you can confer? Monsieur fully appreciates the honour you do him, and has promised absolute obedience to the rules you have laid down. On his behalf I await your answer."

When he had finished speaking, the members, without exception, held up their hands in token of approval. Whereupon the man turned to Middlesborough again, and bowing low, said:

"Monsieur, it affords me pleasure to be the means of informing you that you are duly elected a member of this Club."

Having made this announcement, he led him to the steps of the throne, where the Woman extended her hand to him, and he knelt and kissed it. As he did so, he noticed that it was as cold as ice, and that it trembled violently. When he had paid his homage he was conducted to a seat, and then the business of the evening commenced. As on the previous occasion, the seconds entered the room and selected the swords with which the combat was to be decided. This having been done, the opponents made their appearance and gravely saluted each other. Then the swords clashed and the duel commenced.

On this occasion the fight was longer and certainly of a more desperate description than that of the previous week. Twice the swords broke, and twice new ones were furnished by the ever watchful seconds. The men were fighting for their lives and knew that the least mistake would be fatal. The excitement was overwhelming. Every eye was centred upon the glittering blades, and every movement was watched with breathless interest. On the second occasion that they paused to rest, Middlesborough noticed that the man nearest him, staggered, and, for a moment, appeared as if he were about to fall. He recovered himself, however, and, after a brief interval, the signal was given for the



"Messieurs, I have the honour to introduce to you a candidate for admission to your ranks."

combat to recommence. The men stood up and faced each other. This time they fought with greater caution. Neither could afford to throw away a chance. The end, however, was nearer than they supposed. Suddenly after a brilliant rally, the man furthest from Middlesborough lunged, the other parried as quick as lightning, and, in his turn, thrust. His sword passed through the former's guard, and, almost before anyone was aware of it, had pierced his adversary's chest. With a little cry, the latter measured his length upon the ground. The prolonged sigh that escaped the audience shewed how great the tension had been. At a signal the attendants entered the arena and removed the dying man, while, as before, the victor was led by his second to the Woman, whose hand he kissed. The business of the evening was then at an end.

During his drive back to Paris Middlesborough was furnished with the address of the Club House, and he was also informed where he could find the secretary in the event of his desiring to communicate with him.

"Enquire for Monsieur Chartes at the little chemist's shop on the right hand side of the Rue Thebes," said the man beside him—"I am always to be heard of there."

* * * * *

When Middlesborough in these later days considers the life he led for the ensuing two months, he is filled with a great wonderment. The fascination of the new amusement had taken such a hold upon him, that he never by any chance missed being in his place for a single evening. One by one the men around him were summoned to the arena, but so far the choice had never fallen upon himself. It was gambling carried to its extreme limits, and the excitement that prevailed until the numbers were known was, perhaps, the most intoxicating part of the whole affair.

Then, one morning, an urgent message reached him from his lawyers, calling him to England. He detested business of every description, but this summons was so imperative that it was not to be denied. Before starting he called at Madame d'Espère's house to bid her farewell. In the weeks that had elapsed since de Rheim's death, he had been a constant visitor there. Its owner exercised an influence over him that he found it difficult to account for. She was quite unlike any person he had ever met before, and each time he saw her he seemed less capable than ever of understanding her. Her moods were as variable as the wind: one day she would be sympathetic, anxious to please and to amuse; the next wrapped in a mantle of impenetrable gloom. When he was admitted to her presence on this occasion, Middlesborough found her in her studio, putting the finishing touches to a bust she had been making of himself. She was in a charming humour, and received him with a graciousness that would have been highly dangerous to a more susceptible man.

"Must you really go to England?" she asked, when he had acquainted her with the reason of his visit.

"I fear so," he answered sorrowfully. "My lawyers say they must see me at once, so I suppose there is nothing for it but to go. Why cannot they let me alone? I am quite happy enough as I am. Shall I find you here when I return, in a fortnight or so?"

"I do not know," she replied dubiously. "I may be here, in Rome, in Constantinople, or in Bagdad. One never knows what may happen in a fortnight. It is an eternity."

Had he watched her he would have seen that her mood had changed, and that there were danger signals in her eyes. She drew a little closer to him.

"How nice it must be to be able to declare that you are happy enough," she said, as if she were resuming an interrupted conversation. "I suppose you are. You have everything you want: wealth, friends, beautiful houses—all that the world can give in fact. But are you sure that there is nothing else left?"

Middlesborough saw the look in her eyes. He had recognised for some little time past that her treatment of himself differed somewhat from that accorded to other men, but he had never seen her show it so pointedly before.

"I do not know that there is anything else," he answered, with an attempt at gaiety; "Unless it is to be allowed to go my own way undisturbed."

The colour had entirely left her face, and her breathing was quicker than it had been. Middlesborough rose from his chair; but she was too quick for him.

"Forgive me," she said, impetuously holding out her hands to him. "I must speak to you while I have the opportunity. Do you remember what I told you on the night of our first meeting? Did I not tell you then that I possessed the fatal gift of being able to see further into the future than other people? Will you believe me when I say that your fate and mine are involved in this sudden call to London? It is the cross current, and for me it is the beginning of the end. At Monte Carlo I told you that in meeting you I had advanced another step towards my destiny. The controlling influence which has brought me so far upon my way, tells me now that another stage has been reached. Must you really go? Can you not stay in Paris, and so save me from my fate?"

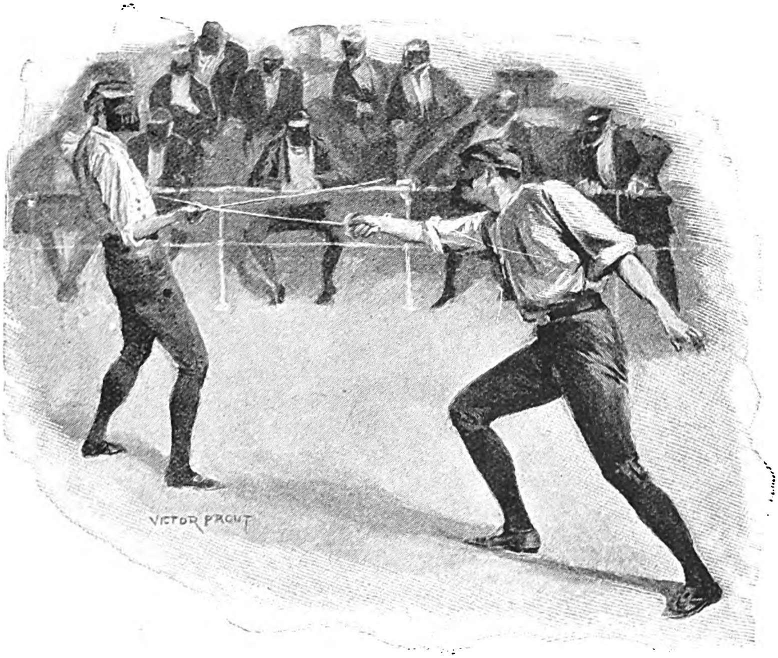
Never had she looked more beautiful than at that moment. There was an indescribable something about her then that he had never seen before. He was about to speak, but she stopped him abruptly.

"No! no!" she cried, as if she were forcing herself to utter the words. "Forget that I spoke. Why should I ask such a thing of you—you, who want nothing save to be undisturbed? It is too late now. What must be must. It is my Kismet, and who shall change it? Go! Leave me! I—I wish you a pleasant journey. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye," he said, almost mechanically, for he had not yet recovered from the surprise her strange behaviour had caused him. "May I let you know when I return?"

"You need not do so," she answered. "I shall know it as soon as you arrive. Come and see me then, that is, if it is not too late."

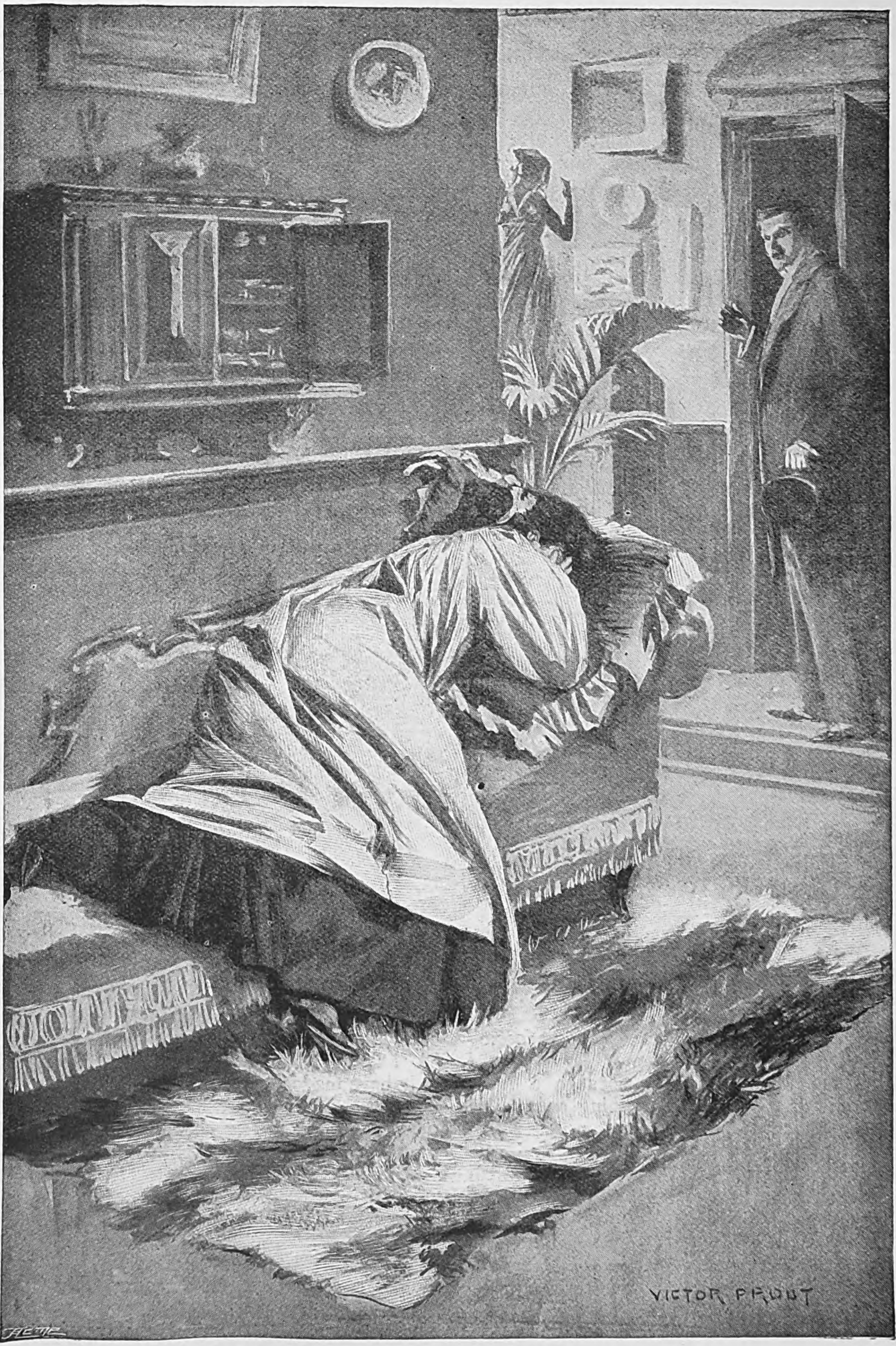
He bowed and left the room without another word. As the door closed behind him he paused irresolutely. He had an uneasy feeling that he had not been sympathetic—in fact, that he had been almost rude. Should he go back and express his regret, and try to understand and be of some assistance to her in her distress? It was with this intention that he pushed the door open, but what he saw there, when he stood inside, induced him suddenly to change his mind. Madame d'Espère was lying upon the couch at the further end of the room, her face buried in a cushion, sobbing convulsively. To have approached her in this state would only have made matters worse. He, accordingly, closed the door as softly as he had opened it, and a few seconds later left the house. That night he slept in London.



**The men were fighting for their lives, and knew that the least mistake would be fatal.**

### CHAPTER V.

It was the height of the season when he reached London, and at the Duchess of Laverstock's beautiful house in Eaton Square, perhaps the most fashionable ball of the season was in progress. Though, as had been the case with so many other amusements,


VICTOR PROUT

Madame D'Espère was lying upon the couch, sobbing convulsively, he had long since ceased to find any pleasure in dancing, Middlesborough felt compelled to put in an appearance. The Duke and he were neighbours in two counties, and only that morning the affable old peer had encountered him at his club, and had insisted upon his accepting their hospitality that evening.

"The fault I have to find with you, my dear Middlesborough," he had said, "is that you spend so much of your time out of England. Now, that should not be. You have your duty to yourself and to your country to consider. If you will take an old fogey's advice you will marry some nice girl and settle down. Your estates are going to rack and ruin, they tell me, for want of a master's controlling hand."

"Very probably," Middlesborough replied; "the pity of it is, however, that I detest the majority of my properties almost as much as I dislike the trouble of looking after them. Besides there is another way of looking at it. Providence, realising the necessity, has furnished us with servants. Should we then take the work out of their hands? As for the girl I am to marry, well, to tell you the truth, I have not so far made her acquaintance. You have no daughters, my dear Duke?"

"It is plain that you've picked up the contemptible habit of paying compliments from our neighbours across the Channel," the other answered. "However, I'll give you a Roland for your Oliver by promising that, if you don't come to us to-night, our ball will not be complete. Who knows but that you may meet there the person of whom we have been speaking?"

"I fear not," said Middlesborough, shaking his head.

Faithful to his promise the latter made his appearance at Eaton Square that evening, and was most graciously received by his hostess; he danced once with Royalty, and sat out another with the recognised beauty of the season. Having done this he felt that he had done his duty, and began to wish himself out of it. When therefore he encountered young Mandever, who proposed that they should go along together to Middlesborough's rooms for a smoke and a chat, he had no objection to raise to the proposal. They accordingly slipped quietly away together, descended into the street, and hailed a hansom.

Mandever and Middlesborough had been at Eton together, and had always been friends. The former had tried the Army in a crack cavalry regiment, but had resigned his commission, for the reason, he was wont to say, that his uncle, who was Prime Minister at the time, had declined to enter upon a European war in order to afford his nephew a distraction. Since then he had been engaged in dissipating a splendid fortune at the rate of thirty thousand a year—in which endeavour, it might be added, he was, for the first time in his life, achieving a very considerable amount of success.

"What is the use of half-doing it?" he would say, when his relatives upbraided him, almost tearfully, for his extravagance, "the sooner the coin is gone, the sooner these old women will give up pestering me. From what I can see of it, a fellow is a marrying man so long as his money lasts; when it's gone he might as well be in Timbuctoo."

Then the wiseacres would shake their heads, as wiseacres do, and prophecy unutterable troubles.

Middlesborough's residence was situated in a quiet thoroughfare leading out of St. James' Street. It had been one of his fancies, when he left Oxford, to purchase this old house, and he had expended a small fortune upon it in order to make it one of the most artistic abodes in all London. It was small, but from cellar to garret it was perfection itself. Every room was a gem, but a gem in a different setting. Middlesborough had discovered an architect and a decorator of genius; he had given them an idea of what he wanted, and *carte blanche* to carry it out. The result turned his friends green with envy. As Lady Ullswater said, "it has only one drawback, and that is that its owner does not occupy it often enough."

"It is not the house that I object to," said Middlesborough in explanation of his singular conduct, "but London itself. When I am here I am Lord Middlesborough. On the Veldt, or in the Rockies, I am plain Mr. Brown, or Mr. Thompson, or whatever else you please. If I were Mr. Thompson in London, without this house and my rent roll, I should be left alone; on the Veldt and in the Rockies I am somebody, for the reason that I am a fair shot and don't grumble too much when there is a deficiency in the commissariat."

To him this seemed a conclusive argument. What he hungered for, and what he had never yet been able to do, save in a few isolated instances, was to win regard for himself, as a man, alone. His nurses had flattered and indulged him, for the reason that he was the future Lord Middlesborough, heir to enormous wealth and great estates; the tutor who had prepared him for Eton had done most of his work himself, and was lenient in matters scholastic, for the reason that he held it in continual remembrance that his pupil would some day be a power in the land, with benefices to bestow upon the worthy. Even the old vicar of the village in which he was born, and whom, at one time, he had looked upon as the most godly of men, had boxed a ploughboy's ears for daring to assert that, after all, the young lordling was only flesh and blood like himself. Gifted with a shrewdness beyond his years, the lad had the wit to see through all this, and had come gradually to derive therefrom his ideas of mankind in general.

During their drive from Laverstock House, Mandever had regaled him with a *réchauffé* of the most interesting scandals that had monopolised the attention of Society since they had last met. Middlesborough allowed it to be supposed that he was interested; as a matter of fact, he was thinking of something entirely different. He was wishing himself back in Paris. When the cab stopped and they alighted, he let himself and his friend in with his own latch-key, and proceeded to the study. His well-trained servant, to whom half-past two in the morning was in many respects the equivalent of mid-day, brought cigars and brandy-and-sodas, and suggested supper, which both declined.

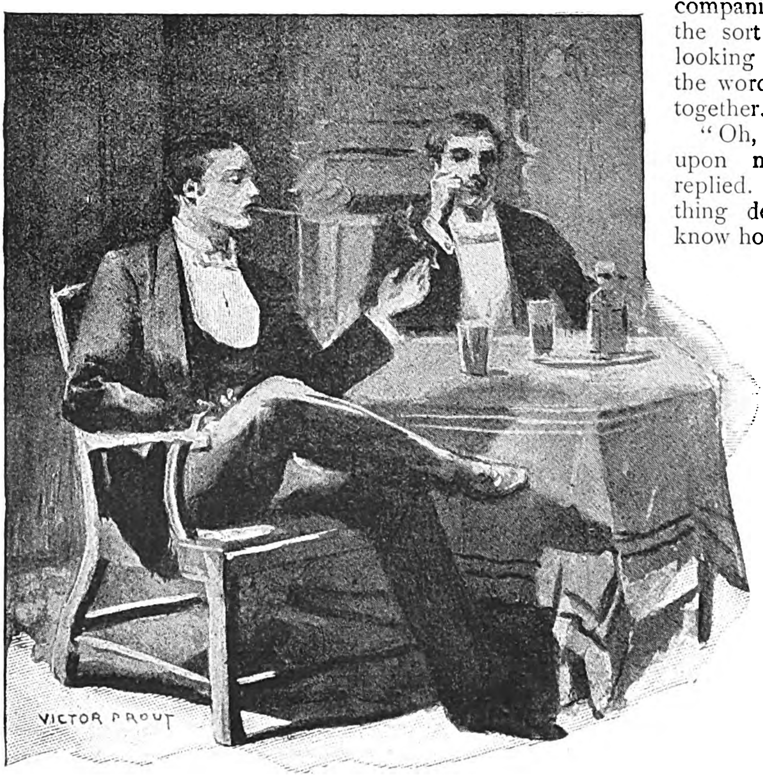
"Now, old man," said Mandever, when his cigar was once fairly under way, "I want to have a serious talk with you. What do you propose doing this autumn? It has struck me that it would be by no means a bad idea if you and I were to share a moor. We could get Carthwaite's place if we were quick about it, and we could put in a fairly good time there for six weeks or so. I am rather keen on the notion myself."

"I'm afraid, as far as I'm concerned, it's out of the question," said Middlesborough. "My time is fully taken up until the end of the year. Then I'm half-thinking of going to South America. They tell me there is likely to be trouble in one of the Southern States, and shooting men is, to my thinking, far more interesting than slaughtering unoffending grouse."

"To say nothing of running the risk of being shot yourself," Mandever replied. "In that case, if you want a companion, I'm on. It's just the sort of chance I've been looking for for years. Say the word, and we will go out together."

"Oh, you mustn't count upon me," Middlesborough replied. "I've decided nothing definite as yet. You know how my notions change. I may be off to central Siberia in a week's time."

"You are just like Billy Bellew," continued Mandever. "I met Billy at a club one night. 'Holloa, Jim, my boy,' says he, 'You're just the very man I've been looking for. What do you say to three months among the big game in Bechuanaland? I'm starting by the next boat.' 'Just the sort of thing I've been looking for, old



"I may be off to Central Siberia in a week's time," said Middlesborough.

boy,' I said. 'I'll book my berth to-morrow morning, first thing.' We sat down there and then and made out a list of the tackle we should have to take with us. By Jove! I was so excited over the notion that I couldn't sleep that night. First thing after breakfast next morning I wired down to the country for my guns, looked in on old Scroggins and told him to rush me up an outfit, issued invitations for a farewell luncheon at the club, said good-bye to half a dozen people, and refused an invitation to one of the jolliest houses I've ever stayed at. After that I went on to the Shikarri for luncheon. There I found Billy warming himself before the smoking-room fire. 'Morning, Billy,' I said, 'there's nothing like taking time by the forelock. I've been gathering my things together this morning. Bought a ripping elephant gun, and no end of other contraptions. By the way, while we're on the subject, which of us is in charge of the commissariat?' I couldn't help thinking that Billy looked a bit foolish. 'I'm afraid there's been a mistake, old chappie,' he said. 'Since I saw you yesterday, I've discovered that I shan't be able to go to Bechuanaland after all. The fact of the matter is, my offer was only conditional upon another thing not happening. I went to Lady Kilbraddon's hop last night, and—well, to make a long story short, I shan't be able to go with you, because, you see, *I'm going to be married in six week's time.* Won't you wish me luck?' You should have heard the way I talked to him. I called him every name I could lay my tongue to, but a lot he seemed to care. He could only think of Ermentrude Vansittart. Asked me in sober earnest whether I'd be his best man! That was how I was done out of my big game shooting in Bechuanaland. Mark my words, if you're not very careful, all your talk of going to South America will end in a similar fashion. Ever since I've known you, you've never been of the same mind for two days together."

"That's better than having no mind at all," retorted Middlesborough, pointedly. "I always thought Billy Bellew was a weak-minded ass. Your story proves it conclusively. However, he's a married ass now, and his punishment is upon his own head, so let him rest."

"There are a good many asses of that description knocking about, old man," said Mandever, shaking his head sagaciously. "Be careful you don't degenerate into one. In any case, remember if you *do* go to South America, I'm going with you—that's settled, isn't it? Ever since that old idiot of an uncle of mine muddled up things with the French in the way he did, I haven't had a chance of seeing any fighting. Revolutions in South America are ripping fun they tell me. Plenty of hand to hand scuffling, with the Southern Cross blazing overhead, palm trees rustling, and bright-eyed señoritas playing guitars, and glancing at you through green shutters. By Jove! it all reminds one of Lever's novels."

"With the mosquitoes left out," said Middlesborough. "I'm afraid, old chap, your notions of South America are a trifle hazy. The truth is not so alluring. It sometimes happens that you're all alive and kicking at mid-day and dead by sundown. There is such a thing as yellow fever, you know!"

Mandever's face lengthened somewhat. "By Jove, you're a cheerful sort of a fellow!" he answered at last. "If a man were to listen to you he'd shut himself up in his house, and never go out for fear of catching cold in his head. In any case, I'm willing to risk it. In the meantime I'm going home to bed. I've got to go down to Newmarket at eleven. You wouldn't care about it, I suppose? I've some nice people going, and if you like a bit of good racing, I fancy I can shew you some."

"I'm afraid not, old man," Middlesborough replied. "I'm supposed to be in town on business, and as soon as that's finished, I shall return to Paris. Must you go? Well then, good-night."

He accompanied his guest to the front door and shook hands with him there. The hansom that had brought them from the Duke of Laverstock's house was still waiting beside the pavement.

"Don't forget about South America," Mandever cried, as he sprang into it "Cork Street, cabby, and look sharp, Night, night, Middlesborough! Remember Billy Bellew!"

A moment later the hansom was round the corner and out of sight.

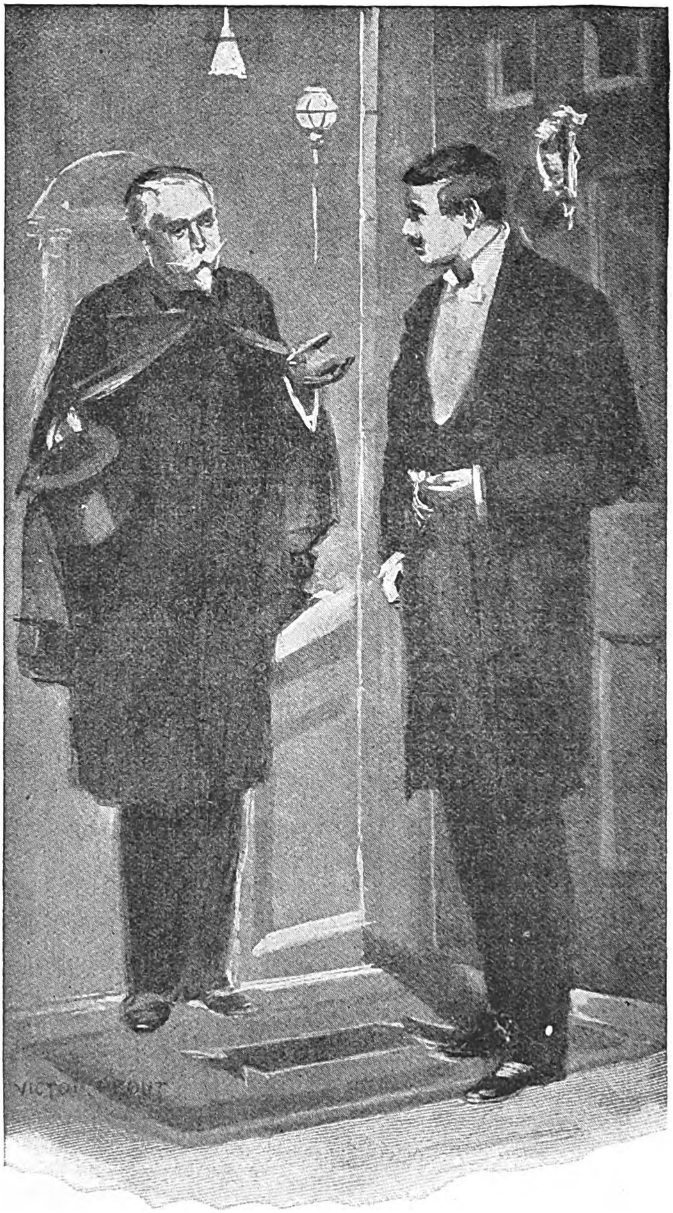
While he had been bidding his friend good-bye, Middlesborough had noticed a man standing on the other side of the street. He was about to retire into the house, when he saw that the individual in question was making a move in his direction.

As he approached, he bowed and said in French:

"I believe I have the honour of addressing Lord Middlesborough?"

"That is my name," the other replied,

perhaps a little stiffly. "What can I do for you?"



"In England," observed Middlesborough, "three o'clock in the morning is scarcely looked upon as a calling hour, except by firemen and policemen."

"If you would bear with me for a few moments I would ask the honour of an interview," said the other. "I have a communication to make to you of considerable importance."

Middlesborough looked at his watch. It was close upon three o'clock.

"Perhaps you are not aware of the time?" he said, with a touch of irony. In England three o'clock in the morning is scarcely looked upon as a calling hour, except by firemen and policemen, who have earned the right to be excused. Would it not be better for you to go home and sleep? Then, if you are still of the same mind, you could come and see me after breakfast? I shall be at home until midday."

The other shook his head. It was plain that he was a man who was not to be easily put off.

"I have a train to catch at five o'clock," he answered. "That being so I have no option but to throw myself upon your generosity. Think what you will of my importunity, but permit me to speak to you in private for ten minutes.

Middlesborough did not know what to say. At first he had been of opinion that the stranger had been dining, and that he had no real errand with himself. He was, however, by this time, quite disabused of that idea. The man was as rational and sober a being as could be found anywhere. What the business might be that was of sufficient importance to keep a man hanging about until such an hour on the chance of seeing him, Middlesborough could not imagine.

"Well, since you insist, I suppose I *must* see you," Middlesborough replied, but none too graciously. "Perhaps you will come in?"

"I thank you," said the other, and immediately followed him into the hall.

It was only when the stranger had removed his hat and cloak, and was standing before him, clad in immaculate evening dress, that Middlesborough saw the sort of man he had to deal with. He was tall, graceful, and, at first glance, between fifty and fifty-five years of age. Of his nationality there could be no sort of doubt. He was French to his finger-tips. Middlesborough led him to his study, and when there invited him to take a seat, at the same time handing him a box of cigars. The other selected one, and having done so, looked round the room with calm, critical eyes. As his host was destined to discover later, he was a man who drew his inferences from surrounding objects, quickly and unerringly.

"Now perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me what I can do for you," Middlesborough enquired. "I shall be obliged if you will put your request in as few words as possible for I have had a hard day, and am anxious to get to bed."

"I apologise for keeping you up, and will detain you no longer than is necessary," said the other. Permit me to preface my business by declaring that I am well acquainted with your family history, your title, your wealth, and your career. We have many friends in common, whose names it is unnecessary I should bring into the discussion at this stage, but who, I have no doubt, will be glad to guarantee my authenticity when the time arrives."

"No doubt this is all very interesting," said Middlesborough, "but seeing that it is past three o'clock, and that, as I have already said, I am very tired, you must forgive me if I ask you to tell me, to what all this is leading."

The other held up his hand in mild deprecation.

"If you will refrain from interrupting me you shall know everything in a few moments," he answered. "I have often heard it said that you complain of the monotony of your life. With your permission I propose to remedy that defect."

As he said this he produced from his pocket a small leather case; from this he took a miniature. This he handed to the astonished young man seated before him, who glanced at it and then almost dropped it in surprise. It was none other than the likeness of the girl he had seen entering the Casino at Monte Carlo, on the night that he had first met Madame d'Espère; of the girl who had been his saviour in his dream, and whose identity he had in vain endeavoured to discover. He looked at it again. No, there could be no doubt about it. The likeness was unmistakable. There was the same expression about the eyes and mouth, the same high bred carriage of the head. He glanced from it to the man seated opposite him.

"It is a charming face," he said, endeavouring to give his voice a note of indifference; "still I do not see why you should bring it to me at this hour in the morning."

"Permit me to continue my explanation," replied the other. Then after a short pause he added, "That young lady is my daughter. She is motherless, and for reasons that do not concern this history, it is certain that any moment she may lose me. As you know by this time, my nationality is French, and, if you doubt it, I will give you good assurance that my birth is equal to your own."

He paused once more, whereupon Middlesborough interposed—

"If you will only come to the point it may facilitate matters," he said, still holding the miniature in his hands as if he were loth to part with it.

"I am about to do so," replied the stranger, without any sign of irritability. "Let me, however, assure you first, in case you should doubt it, that all I have to say to you is in the most deadly earnest. It is essential that there should be no misconception upon that point."

"I am quite prepared to take that for granted," Middlesborough answered. "Now will you kindly proceed?"

*(To be continued.)*

# THE NATIONAL MATCH.

By HAROLD MACFARLANE.

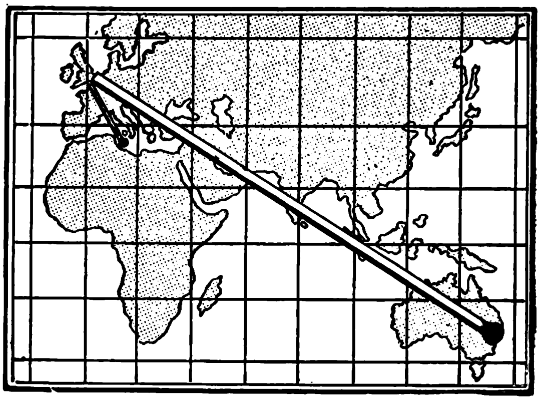


Fig. 1.—320,000,000 matches are used in the United Kingdom every day. If placed end to end they would form two lines, one reaching from London to Sydney, and the other from London to Malta—11,364 miles in all.

THE average number of matches used daily by each inhabitant of the United Kingdom is eight (in 1830 this would have meant a daily expenditure of fivepence a head!), and what this means in the aggregate is best indicated by a glance at Figure 1. where we see two matches, one extending from London to Sydney, the other from London to Malta. By this diagram we wish to convey the fact that if all the matches used each day in Great Britain and Ireland were put end to end they would cover a distance of 11,364 miles, or, if they were laid along two tracks as the crow flies, one would extend from London to Sydney and the other from the Metropolis to Malta. A match by itself is not a very bulky article, but when you have to deal with 320,000,000, our daily supply, the pile becomes important.

Prodigious as the daily supply of matches is, it is a mere trifle when compared to our yearly match, and we own that, when we discovered that we had at our disposal over four million miles of it, we quailed at the prospect. Our first thought was to coil the giant Vesta about the Equator, but after a few dozen circuits, we found this a somewhat monotonous exercise, especially, as we reckoned we should have to circumnavigate the globe 166 times before we could completely get rid of it. Our second attempt to stow the National Match in a safe place is illustrated in Fig. 2, where the length of the match (though not its breadth) is drawn strictly to the same scale as the distance separating the earth from the moon, which luminary, it will be observed, the match unfortunately transfixes. The diameters of the earth and the satellite, it should be mentioned, are not drawn to the same scale as the length of the match-stick and the distance separating the two. Fearful lest we should do further damage to the heavenly bodies, we finally decided to cut the giant match into seventeen lengths, each 240,000 miles long, and with them bridge over the space separating the earth from her satellite. We should not recommend the bridge so formed to pedestrians, however adventurous, for its other dimensions, *i.e.*, width and thickness, would only be 2in. by $\frac{1}{8}$in., and if the thickness were increased to $\frac{1}{2}$in., then its breadth would be further decreased to $\frac{1}{2}$in., which would render it an unpleasant promenade for any but a slack-wire performer. It should be mentioned that even when the giant match was cut into seventeen parts, each 240,000 miles in length, there was still a trifle of 70,600 miles of match over to be wrapped round the Equator almost three times. When that duty was performed we had the satisfaction of knowing that the National match was safely stowed away.

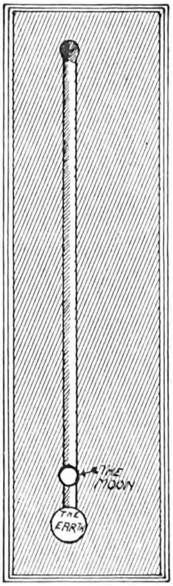


Fig. 2.—The matches used in the United Kingdom in a year, if placed end to end, would reach millions of miles beyond the moon.

If in place of putting the matches end to end we placed them in bundles with all their heads together, the area of match heads would extend to almost three hundred acres, that is to say, they would cover a piece of ground equal in area to that of the combined parks of St. James, the Green, and (almost all of) Greenwich, and, without doubt, the notices beseeching the public to "Please keep off the Match,"

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would, in view of the magnitude of the area covered and the danger of ignition, be rigidly obeyed.

In Figure 3, being desirous of occupying as small a space as possible with the bulky match, we took the 291 acres of matches already mentioned and tied them up in a neat little bundle, each of its dimensions being 133 feet (two cricket pitches end to end could just be got on the top), and in order not to hurt its feelings by making it look too small, we drew, to the right, two Cleopatra's Needles to the same scale, one on top of the other.

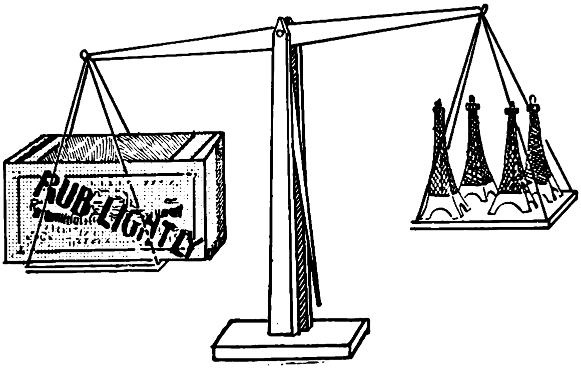

Fig. 4.—Placed in a scale the yearly match quite outbalances four Eiffel towers.

The National Match is a weighty, as well as an important, object. In Figure 4 we see that placed on the scales it quite outbalances four Eiffel Towers; indeed, to make the balance true, we should have to give as make-weight some object weighing as much as seventeen and a half Wellington Statues, such as the one that used to grace (?) Constitution Hill and now overawes Aldershot.

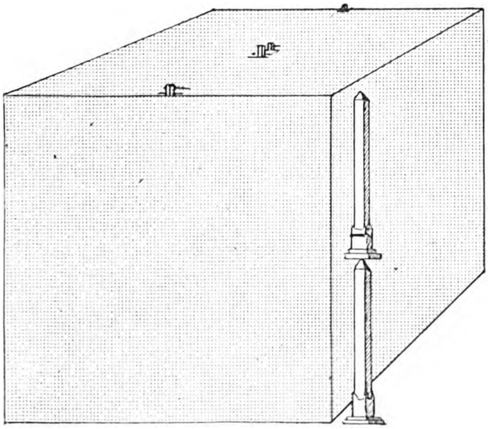

Fig. 3.—The yearly supply of matches, if packed into a solid cube, would measure 133ft. each way. Two cricket matches might be played on top. At the side will be seen two Cleopatra's Needles—one on the other—drawn to the same scale.

In countries where there is a match tax it is easy to arrive at the exact sum expended upon these useful objects, but in this country the value of the National Match is largely left to conjecture. Taking as a basis the figures given by the best authorities, and allowing for the increase of population and consequent increase in matches used, we arrive at the probable value which amounts to a column of sovereigns (see Figure 5) a mile and three-quarters high, or almost three times the height of the highest mountain in England (Scafell Peak). If we wished to make the money go still further—there is a good deal of it (£1,750,000), for the National Match in the aggregate is rather expensive—we might take the aforementioned column of gold in hand (it would only weigh thirteen three-quarter tons), and starting at Westminster Bridge, proceed *viâ* Kingston (where the coins would come in very useful for paying fines if cyclists accompanied us on our task), and place the sovereigns, touching rim to rim, along the Portsmouth road as far as a quarter of a mile beyond Ripley. Our task of picking the coins up on the return journey would, we feel sure, be considerably lightened by the kindness of those wayfarers who pressed closely at our heels on the outward peregrination; as a matter of fact, 275 able-bodied tramps could carry off the thirteen and three-quarter tons of auriferous metal with comparative ease, and they would doubtless be perfectly willing to convert the 1,904 pints of sovereigns they garnered in into a considerably greater number of pints of liquid refreshment with all due dispatch.

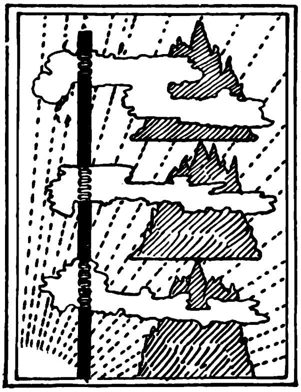

Fig. 5—Taking the value of the matches used yearly in the United Kingdom, the sovereigns resulting therefrom would form a column a mile and three-quarters high, equal to three times the height of Mount Scafell.

# THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS

## A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By George A. Best.

*Illustrated from photographs by Arthur Ullyett, Leigh-on-Sea.*

### INTRODUCTION.

Leslie Gordon is borne in a balloon to the home of Santa Claus. The Patron Saint of Children tells the story of his life, and then carries Leslie on his back to the town of living toys—Santa Clauberg—where he sees many marvels.

### CHAPTER VI.

### A ROMANCE OF THE EAST END.

The shipbuilding yards and engineering works of the busy East End, into which Leslie peeped before returning to the home of Santa Claus, in the beautiful flying machine of his host, proved to be even more interesting than the prettier portions of the toy city which have already been described.

In the yards situated on both banks of the river, toy vessels destined to gladden the hearts of hundreds of good children in all parts of the world were rapidly growing up under a multitude of noisy hammers, which crowds of doll workmen were swinging with a surprising amount of energy.

Tin plates, lifted from railway trucks by tiny steam cranes, were held in position for a moment by a gang of labouring dolls, and quickly rivetted to the skeleton ribs of the various craft by the mighty blows of the hammer-men. Toy ironclads were being provided with powerful clockwork engines, yachts painted and rigged; and a ten-ounce passenger steamer, decorated with flags, lay on the slips ready to be launched.

And in the engine-works dozens of tin locomotives were being fitted together at a truly bewildering speed; while many pairs of leaden wheels were trundled along the rails from the axle shed, and blue and yellow carriages rapidly furnished with lovely velvet cushions, padded doors, and hat-racks.

Then there were the dolls' clothing factories, in which scores of sewing machines, worked by hot-air-motors, were clicking merrily over long slips of dress material and dolls' jackets; the ordnance sheds, where brass cannon and spring guns were being manufactured at the rate of a thousand per day; the coachbuilding works, containing a remarkable stock of wooden and metal carriages; and the percussion-cap arsenal, in which all the workers are required to wear felt slippers, and to handle the dangerous slips of red paper with the greatest possible care in order to prevent a great explosion which might otherwise occur at any moment.

One toy out of every hundred manufactured in Santa Clauberg is laid aside for use in the town of toys; and one doll in every ten thousand is granted the wonderful power of life and movement. And when every ten thousandth doll is produced under the skilful hands of the artisans in wax and sawdust, there is great rejoicing in the town, because another baby is born who will one day become a useful citizen, these new arrivals taking the place of the unfortunate dolls who

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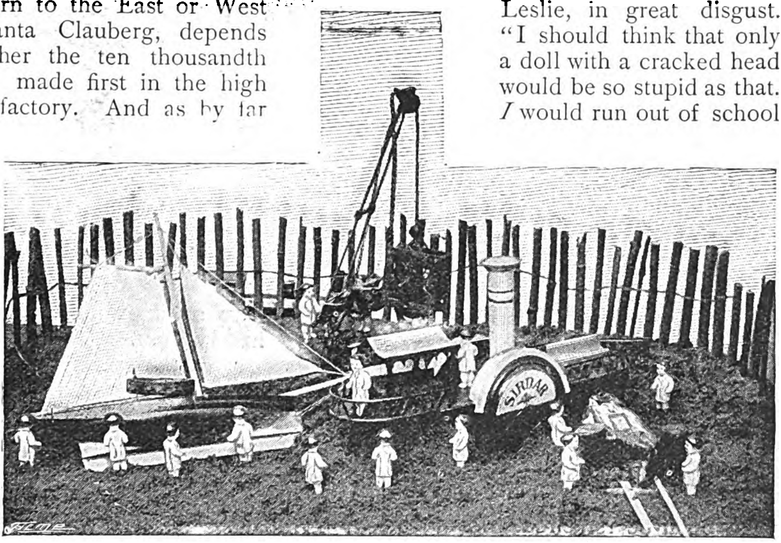
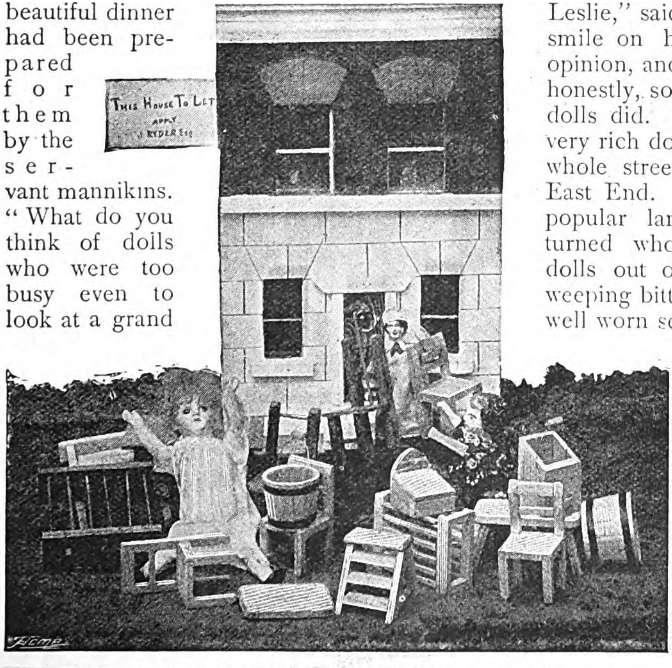
have been destroyed beyond the hope of repair by the accidents which occur on river and railway from time to time. Whether the new baby is born to the East or West End people of Santa Clauberg, depends entirely upon whether the ten thousandth doll happens to be made first in the high class or low class factory. And as by far the larger number of dolls manufactured are of the cheaper kind, a baby is much more frequently presented to the working population than to the people of the West End.


In the shipbuilding yard toy ironclads were being provided with powerful clockwork engines.

"I can tell you a very interesting story illustrating the faithfulness and industry of our working people, Leslie," said Santa Claus, after the flying machine had been navigated to its moorings on the summit of the mountain, and its two passengers safely landed at the snow-covered mansion, where a beautiful dinner had been prepared for them by the servant mannikins. "What do you think of dolls who were too busy even to look at a grand circus procession, or to visit an interesting menagerie which they had never seen before?"

"Silly!" exclaimed Leslie, in great disgust. "I should think that only a doll with a cracked head would be so stupid as that. *I* would run out of school to see a circus procession go by, even if I was caned on both hands afterwards, and put in the corner for a whole day."

"Well, we won't argue about that, Leslie," said Santa Claus, with just a little smile on his face. "I asked for your opinion, and you have, at any rate, given it honestly, so I will just tell you what my dolls did. The circus was bought by a very rich doll named Ryder, who owned a whole street of houses and shops in the East End. He was not, by any means, a popular landlord, as he had frequently turned whole families of hard-working dolls out of their homes, and left them weeping bitterly in the roadway amongst a well worn set of furniture (which had been purchased for sixpence in more prosperous times), because they could not pay the high rent he demanded. Or he would engage an india-rubber auctioneer to sell the tiny tables, and chairs, and chests of drawers of his poor tenants to the highest bidder, spending the money so obtained on metal race-horses and on cardboard race-courses, where steeple-chases were



They were weeping bitterly in the roadway among their furniture.

Ryder's steeplechases were well patronised by a number of lazy dolls who had nothing better to do with their time and money.

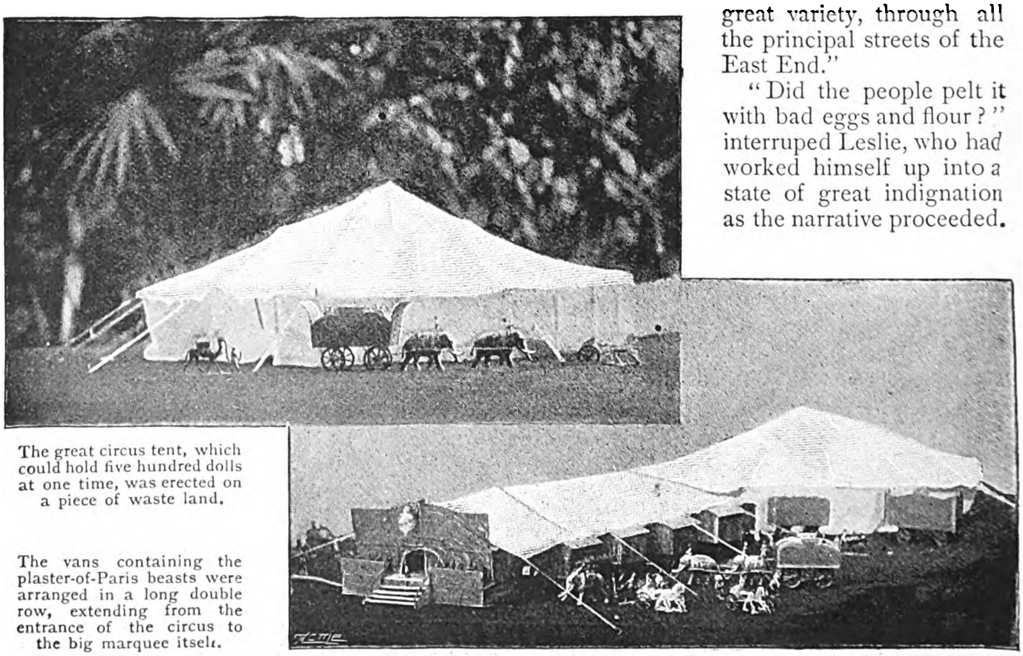
held, which were well patronised by a number of lazy dolls who had nothing better to do with their time and money.

"And then Ryder bought his great circus and menagerie, spending the whole of his fortune upon a huge tent. and several troupes of performing horses and elephants, together with plaster-of-Paris lions and tigers, cotton-wool polar-bears, circus riders and clowns, and a grand clockwork orchestra, which could play eight different tunes when fully wound up. And the proprietor of this great concern advertised it largely by the aid of sandwichmen, in all parts of the town, feeling certain that every doll in the place would pay for a seat in his show as soon as the exhibition was opened, and hoping, by these means, to reap an enormous profit on the money he had laid out.

"So the great circus tent, which could hold five hundred dolls at one time, was erected on a piece of waste land that adjoins the poppy forest, and the vans containing the plaster-of-Paris beasts and cotton-wool bears were arranged in a long, double row, which extended right from the entrance of the circus to the big marquee itself.

"And the owner of the show was so confident that its many attractions would draw all the East-enders away from their work that he declared the exhibition open during the busiest month of the year, and sent a gorgeous procession, consisting of elephants, camels, and clockwork musicians, with gaily painted chariots and horsemen in great variety, through all the principal streets of the East End."

"Did the people pelt it with bad eggs and flour?" interruped Leslie, who had worked himself up into a state of great indignation as the narrative proceeded.



The great circus tent, which could hold five hundred dolls at one time, was erected on a piece of waste land.

The vans containing the plaster-of-Paris beasts were arranged in a long double row, extending from the entrance of the circus to the big marquee itselt.

"Or did they rush out of their houses and tear Ryder and his rubbish to rags?"

"No, Leslie, my dolls are far too well behaved to act in that way," replied Santa Claus. "They simply kept to their work, while the procession went jingling and braying down one empty street after another, with never a single doll to look at it! In vain the clockwork band played air after air, until the main-spring broke and scattered the musicians in all directions; in vain the elephants trumpeted and the lions roared. The workmen in the ship-building yards turned their backs on the procession; the shop-keepers drew down their blinds until it had passed.

"And when, in the evening of the same day, the great tent was thrown open, and the clowns and tumblers stood in the ring to shout 'Here we are again!' and welcome the expected crowd of sightseers, not a doll passed within twenty yards of the entrance gates."

"What did Mr. Ryder do then?" asked Leslie, clapping his hand with delight at the downfall of the unpopular circus proprietor.

"He was so angry, Leslie, that he shot a poor elephant which was performing a few tricks on a tub for its own amusement; and he knocked the tail off a plaster of Paris lion, and the hump off an innocent camel, simply because he fancied that he caught them grinning stupidly at the empty seats in the marquee. Then Ryder's show was quickly packed up, and a great storm which raged in the valley on the same night, blew the whole concern into the River of Carols."

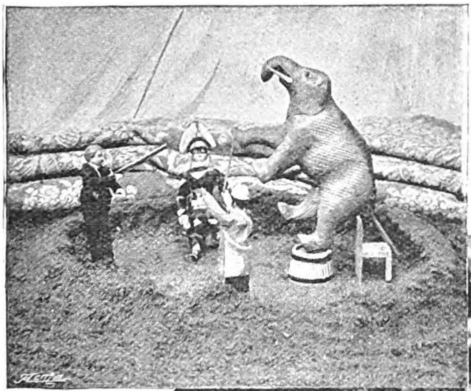
"Was Ryder blown in with it?" asked Leslie, eagerly.

"He is still alive, Leslie," answered Santa Claus, gravely. "Did you notice a poor sandwich man, bearing an advertisement of the "Old Mother Hubbard" play on his back, and walking dejectedly up the main street of Santa Clauberg when you were there to-day?"

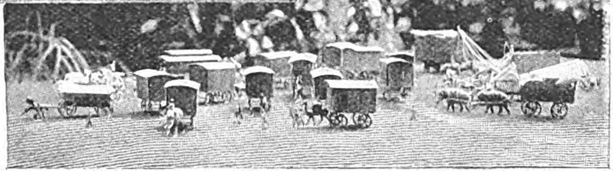
"Yes, I remember him, Santa Claus," replied Leslie, thoughtfully. "He looked the poorest, and the most unhappy of all the dolls. What about him?"

"He is Mr. Ryder," replied Santa Claus, sadly. "The people to whom he owed money sold all his houses by auction, and, after taking away the whole of his grand furniture, they turned him into the streets, in the same way as he himself had turned so many poor people out of their homes. What do you think of that, Leslie?"

"It served him right," was the prompt answer, "but I am just a little bit sorry for Mr. Ryder, after all."



Ryder shot a poor elephant which was performing tricks on a tub for its own amusement.



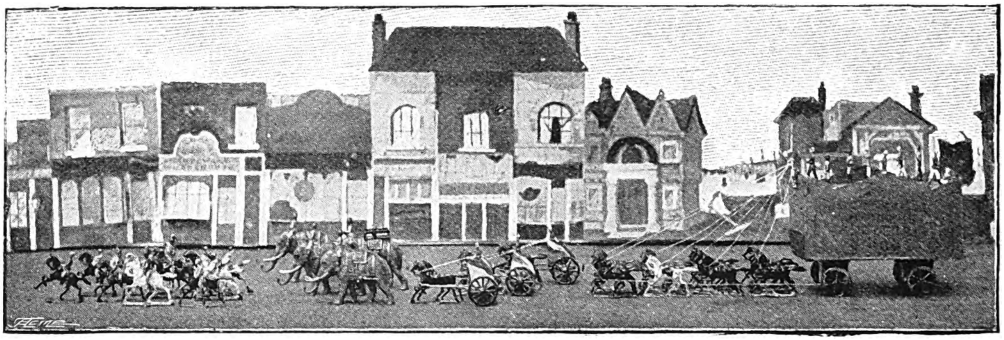
The show was quickly packed off.

## CHAPTER VII.

### VISIONS OF HOME.

For many weeks Leslie Gordon remained in the hospitable home of Santa Claus, visiting the town of toys daily, and returning to the great mansion to dine on the best of Christmas fare, and to sleep in the most comfortable and restful of beds. And while the south wind carried comforting messages to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon concerning the whereabouts and well-being of their absent child, the north wind continued to outline beautiful frost pictures on Leslie's window pane, to show him that the messages were received and understood by his parents.

Every night, after Leslie had said his prayers, he would gaze upon a charming picture of the dear homeland, with his dada and mamma seated at either side of the fire in the comfortable dining-room which he knew so well, and realise by the expression of their faces, that they were talking lovingly about



The procession went jingling——

him. And Leslie would then sit up in bed, and wave good-night to the figures in the frost picture; feeling just a little homesick and lonely as the view slowly faded away, while all the mannikins who lived in his bed-room joined in the chorus of the lullaby of sleep:—

"Winds of night, to the dear homeland,
 Whisper your message of hope and joy,
Which only a mother can understand,
 Who longs for news of her absent boy.

A clever artist is old Jack Frost,
 Who draws in ice on the window pane
The scene which comforts the traveller most,
 And makes him dream of his home again.

A speedy postman the Winter gale;
 A thousand messages carries he,
Quicker by far than the railway mail
 Or the fleetest ship on the wildest sea.

Then sweetly sleep while the breezes roam
 Over the waves of the moonlit sea,
Bringing visions of home, sweet home,
 Where father and mother dream of thee."

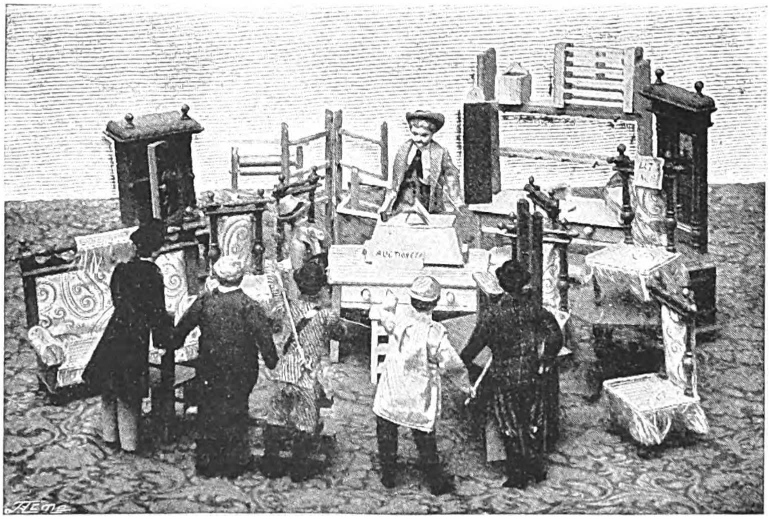
This song, which was sang by the mannikin choir of the bedchamber to the sweetest and drowsiest tune our little visitor had ever heard, had been composed by an unbreakable poet during the first day of Leslie's visit to the Home of Santa Claus, and set to music by a doll musician who earned a comfortable living by teaching a large number of the tiny residents in the house to perform very creditably upon a three-and-sixpenny piano.

In the course of time Leslie became very well acquainted with all the doll and mannikin attendants upon Santa Claus, and he also came to know many worthy families in the town of toys.

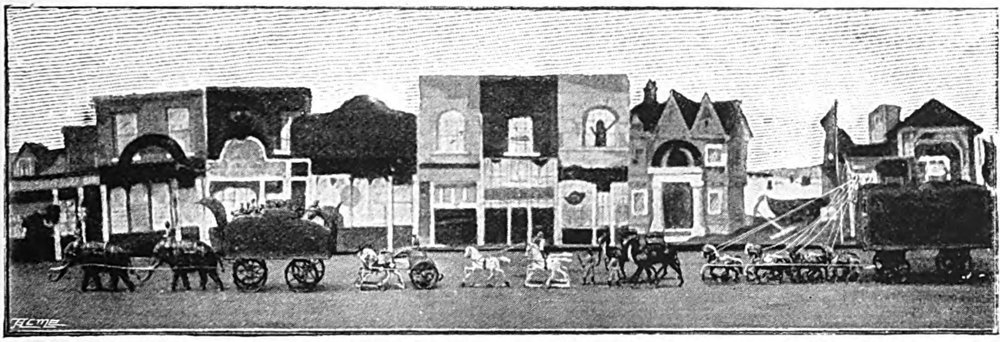
But the time was rapidly drawing near when the little people of the house were to lose sight of their popular visitor for awhile. It happened in this way.

"How would you like to live in the town of toys, Leslie?" asked Santa Claus one evening, after he and his little friend had returned from their daily visit to Santa Clauberg.

"I should like it very much," was the answer, "if I could find a doll's house big enough to shelter my head. But I couldn't get even one leg into the hall of the largest, and I shouldn't like to stick my head through the drawing-room window, because there are no windows wide enough. And, even if there were, I am



The people to whom Ryder owed money sold all his grand furniture by auction.



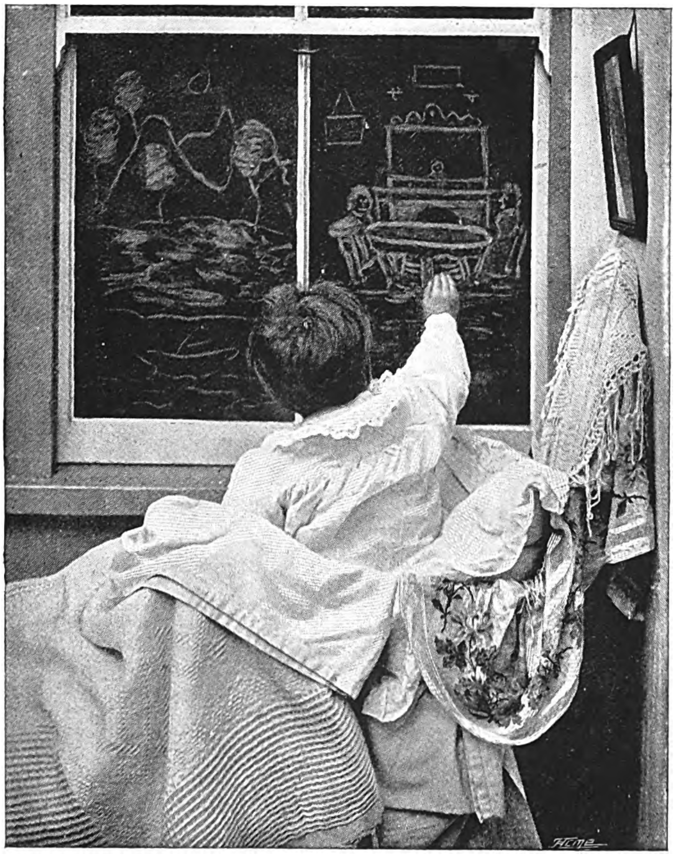
——and braying down empty streets.

afraid my great head would smash up the furniture inside."

"Quite right, Leslie," said Father Christmas, with one of his jolly laughs. "You wouldn't be quite comfortable in an ordinary doll's house, even if we could fold you up like a portable bedstead. I haven't forgotten how you caused a panic in the Grand Theatre, during the performance of Little Red Riding Hood."

"Nor I," exclaimed Leslie, joining in the laugh. "I only knelt down and put my face through the stage door and my head stuck fast! Then I stood up and shook the theatre until all the actors fell into the orchestra, and the dolls in the private boxes and dress circle tumbled into the stalls! And when my head came out with a jerk, there were four live dolls from the pit hanging on to my hair and screaming 'Fire!' Then, when everything inside the theatre was falling to pieces, the doll stage-manager shouted out, 'Keep your seats, please; there's no danger!' which was very brave of him, seeing that the building was full of mad dolls, and there were no seats left to keep. But why do you ask me if I would like to live in the town of toys, dear old Santa Claus?" concluded Leslie, climbing on to the knee of his host, and gazing wistfully into the beautiful eyes which never appeared tired or dull.

"Because I am going to leave my home for awhile, little man," answered Father Christmas. "To-day is the last day of September, and I start to-morrow for my annual tour round the world.



Leslie would sit up in bed and wave a loving good-night to the figures in the frost pictures.

My largest flying machine is already packed with many thousands of Christmas presents, all of which must be left on the housetops of my friends during the next two months."

"When will you come back?" asked Leslie, with a pitiful little shake in his voice. "And when will you take me home to dada and mamma, Santa Claus?"

"I shall return early in December," replied Father Christmas, gently stroking Leslie's curls as he spoke. "And on Christmas Eve I intend to make a special journey to England, with a very beautiful present in my flying machine, which is just what a certain lady and gentleman in that country are longing for."

"You mean *me*, Santa Claus!" cried Leslie, delightedly. "*I* am to be the beautiful present which mamma and dada are wanting so badly! How lovely it will be to arrive home before it is light on Christmas morning, and to sit on mother's bed until she awakes and finds me there! Won't it be a jolly Christmas!"

A doll musician.

"I hope to see it in one of my frost pictures, Leslie."

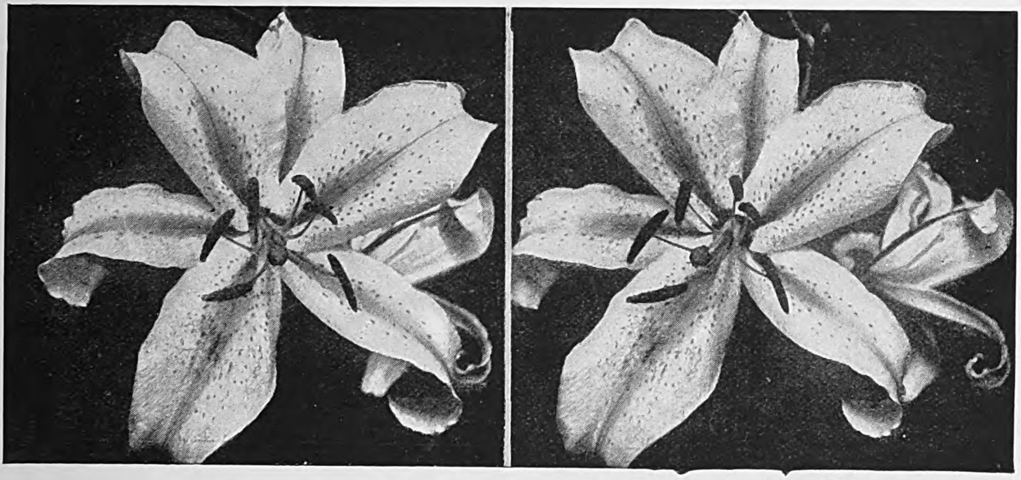
"And you wish me to live in the town of toys while you are away, Santa Claus?" asked Leslie.

"I think you will be more comfortable, and less lonely in the warm valley, than upon this bleak mountain-top, my boy," was the reply. "Did you not notice that all the builders of Santa Clauberg were hard at work to-day on a house which is being built upon the summit of the Mountain of Mirth?

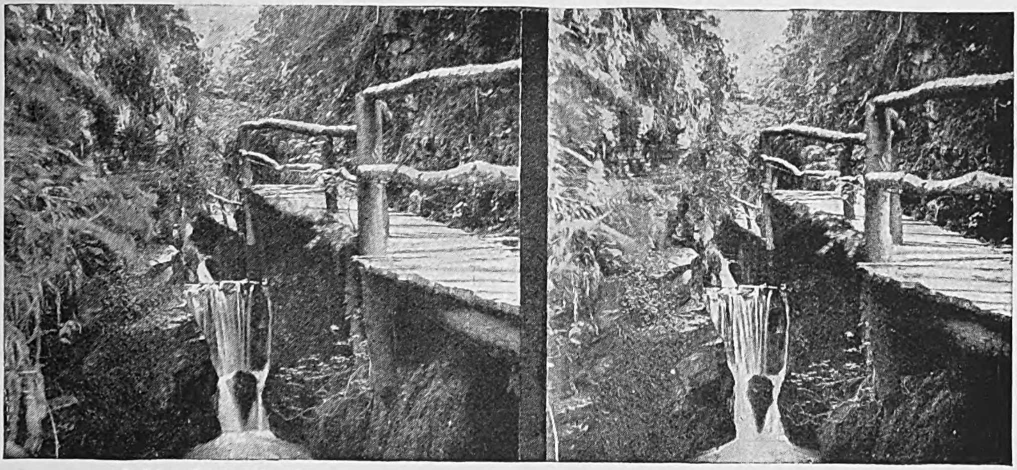
"The house, which is being built for a visitor, belongs to the people of Santa Clauberg," continued Father Christmas; "my people have called it Gordon Hall, and the name of the visitor is Leslie Gordon."

*(To be continued)*

The doll stage-manager shouted out "Keep your seats, please, there is no danger."



Queen of the Lilies.



A bit of Manxland.

Going to Market.

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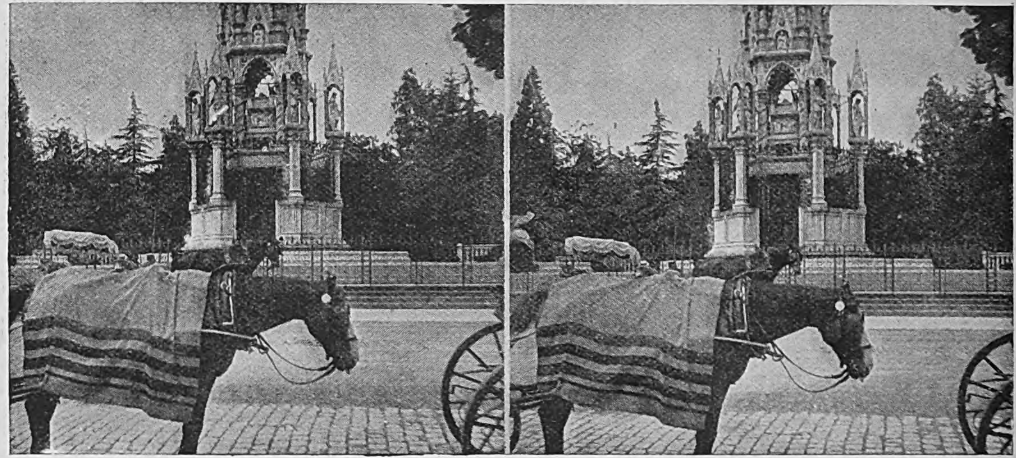
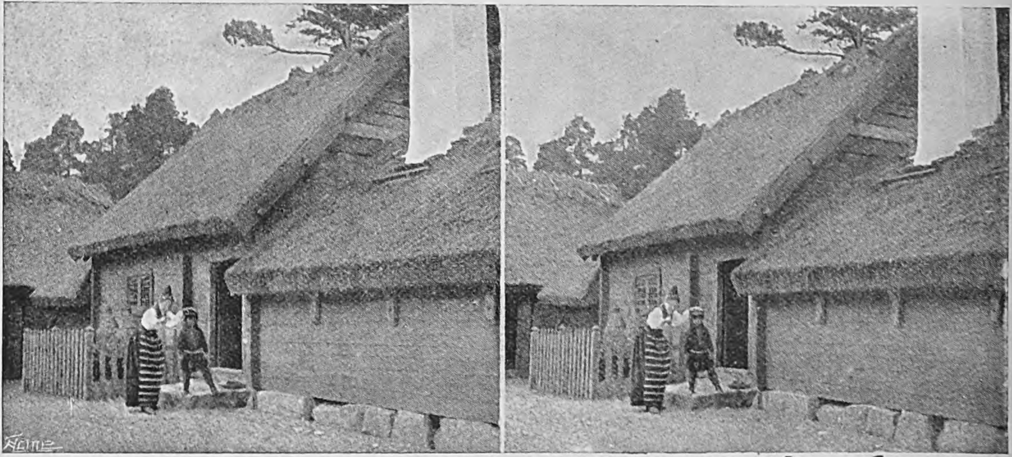
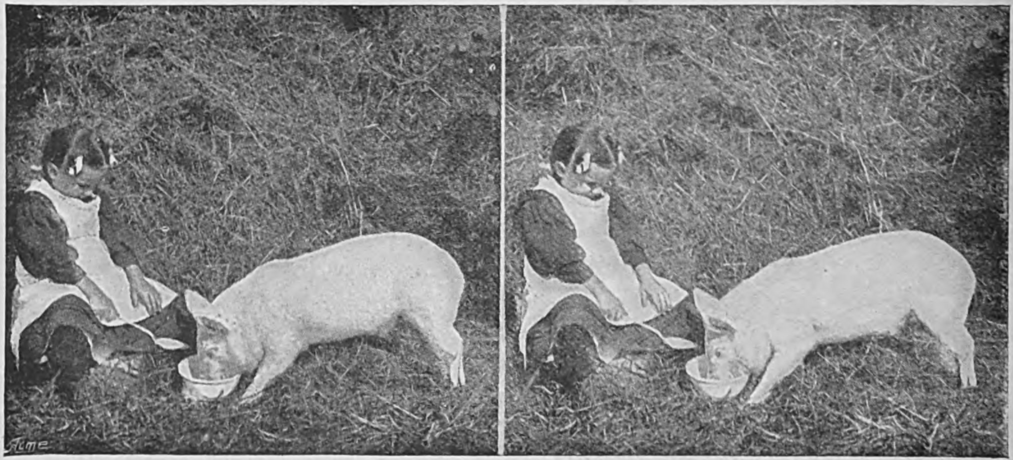


The Brunswick Monument, Geneva.



A Norwegian Homestead.



"Take a spoon, piggie!"

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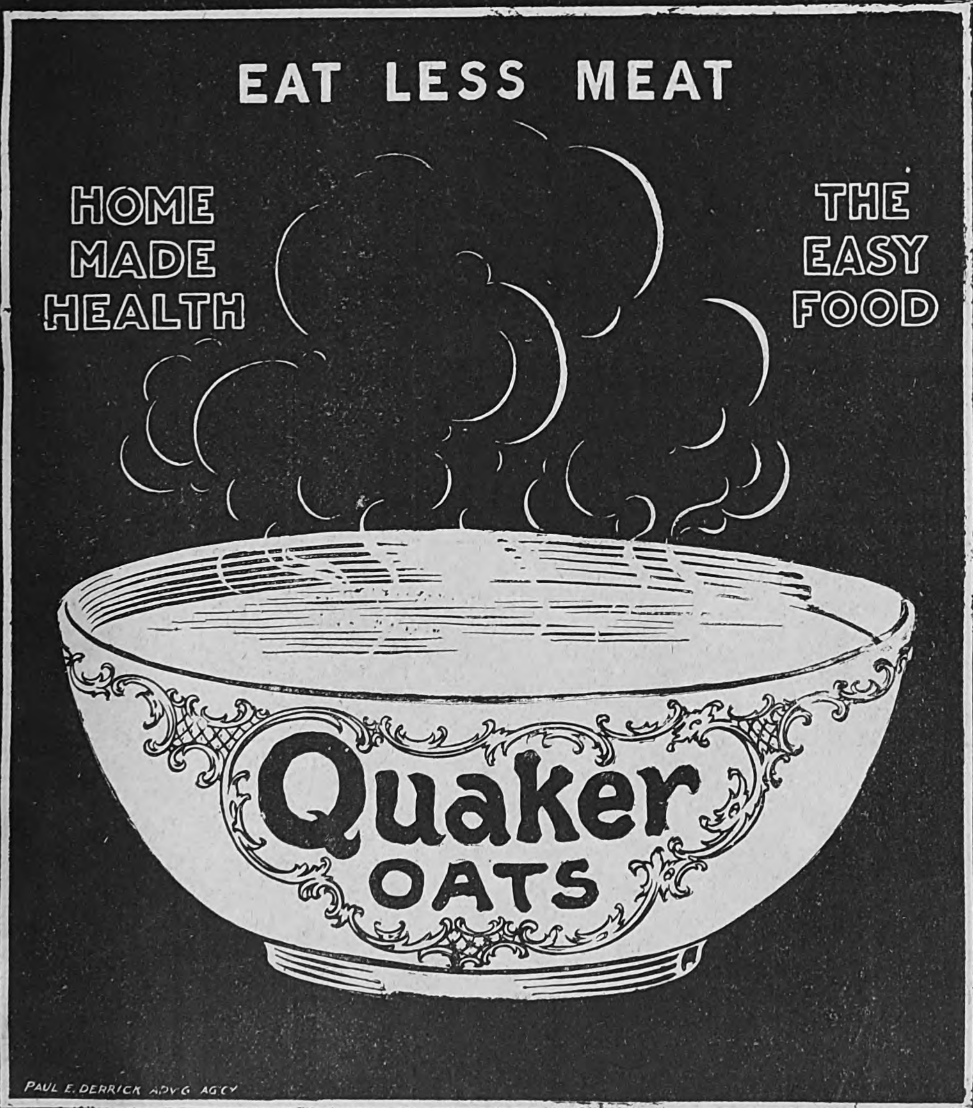
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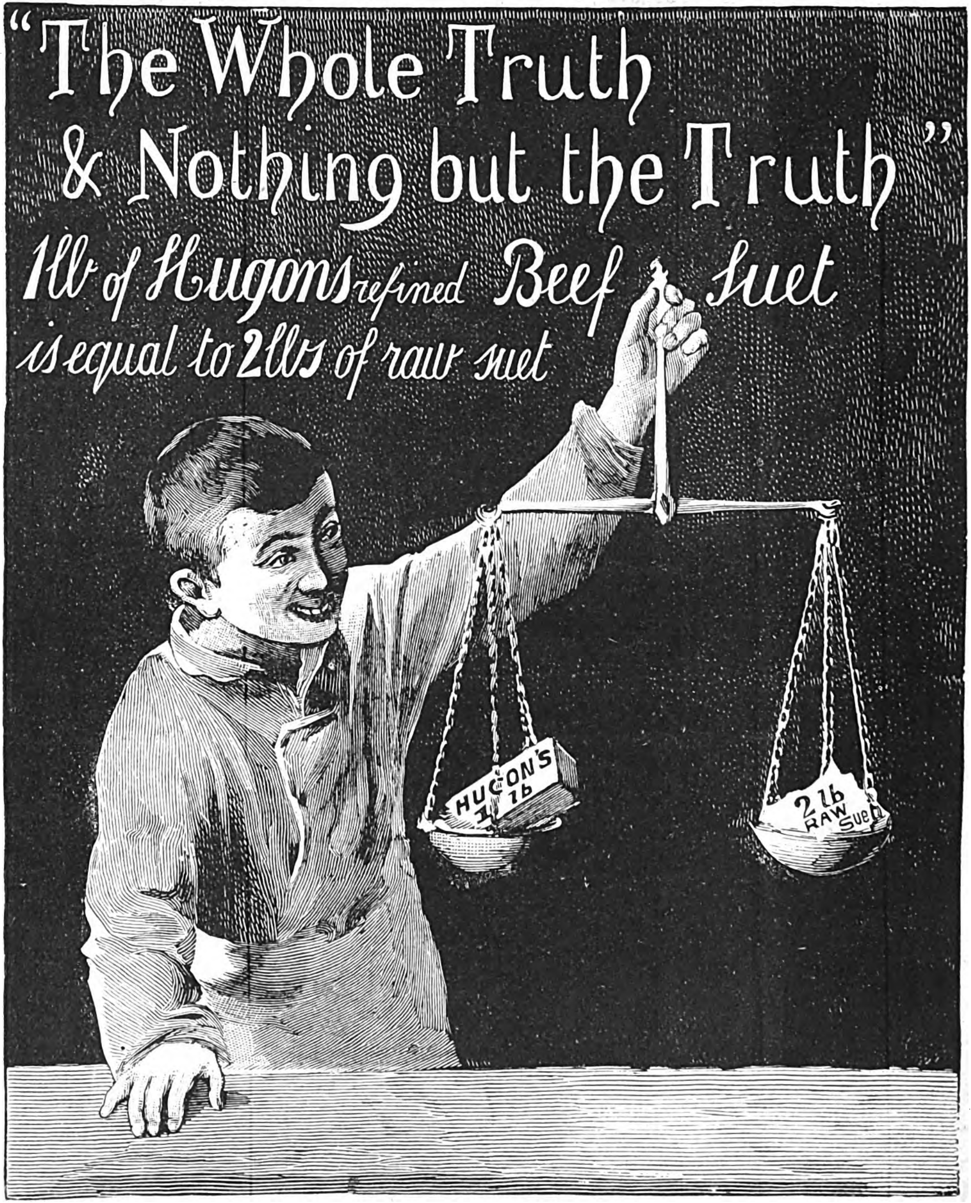
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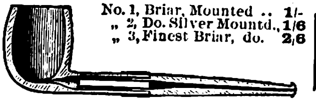

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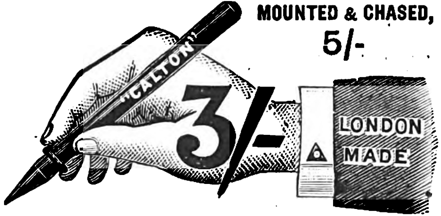

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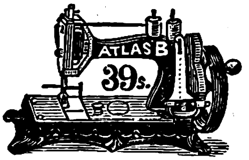

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Hairdressers' Shops Fitted. Estimates free.

See Illd. Guide and Catalogue (259 pgs.), 3d.

'HOW TO OPEN A CIGAR STORE from £20 to £2,000.'

Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. (*Regd.*)
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*N.B.—The largest and original house. (A reputation of over half a century.)*

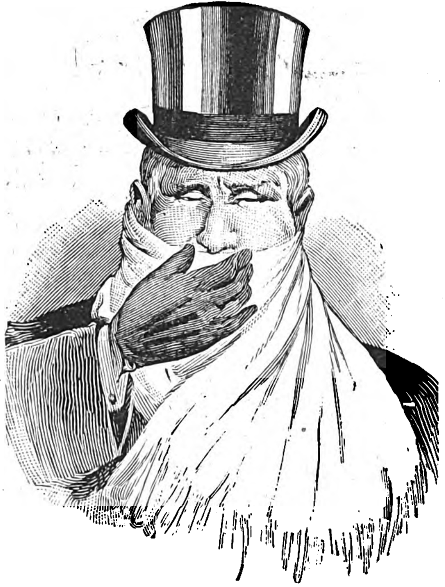
Manager—HY. MYERS.

# If You
# Have a Cough

YOU NEED NOT STOP AT HOME
. . AND . .

## Boil Yourself

IN MUSTARD BATHS, BUT



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## GÉRAUDEL'S
## PASTILLES

AND ATTEND TO YOUR

## BUSINESS

IN THE CITY AS USUAL.

**72 in a Tube for 1/1½.**

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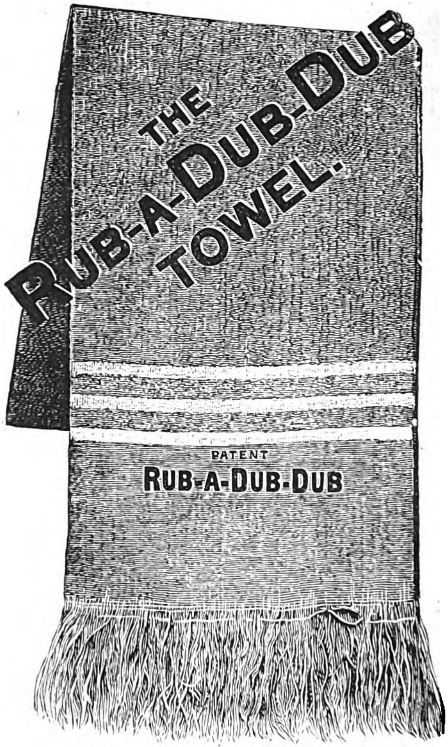

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## PURE LINEN.

***16/- to 18/- a Dozen.***

THIS Towel is of quite new structure, woven out of good Two-fold Irish Linen Thread, the natural Magnetic and Electric Induction of the Flax being intensified, so that when used it at once helps to produce the healthy glow and warmth so desirable to everybody.

Its Coiled Meshes permit the air to circulate, and yield with thorough elasticity to the surface of the skin.

This Towel is neither clumsy nor flimsy, but is easy to wash and easy to dry, and for a long period actually improves with use.

After any special exertion, to the Athlete, the Cyclist or the Yachtsman, it is most refreshing to have a rub down with one or two of these Towels.

**SOLD BY ALL DRAPERS, STORES, &c.**

*Sole Manufacturers:—*
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THE HOPWOOD
DIRECT FROM THE MILL
CALICOES

TWILLS, LONGCLOTHS, SHEETINGS, &c.

*SAVING 30 to 50 PER CENT.*

**PURITY GUARANTEED.**

The "**QUEEN**" says:—

"They comprise about **100** different sorts of cloths at considerably lower prices than charged by retail dealers. These are in qualities to suit all purposes, from Unbleached Twill Sheetings to the Finest Twilled Longcloths, the yarns from which they are made being of a high-class. The Soft-finished Longcloths are admirable for Ladies' and Children's wear. The discount and other advantages allowed by this firm reduce these necessary materials to an almost nominal price."

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EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
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BREAKFAST—SUPPER

WE BUY OLD OR DISUSED FALSE TEETH

UTMOST VALUE SENT BY RETURN,
or offers made and teeth held over until accepted.
(Estd. 1833.)

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FRUIT
NOTHING SO PROFITABLE AND EASY TO GROW.
80 ACRES of SALEABLE TREES.

SEEDS
THE BEST PROCURABLE.
*Lists Free.*

ROSES
HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.
Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage Free, for cash with order.
**8s.** per doz., **60s.** per 100.
*All other Nursery Stock carriage forward.*

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Ornamental Trees 91, Acres.
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Four Acres of Glass.
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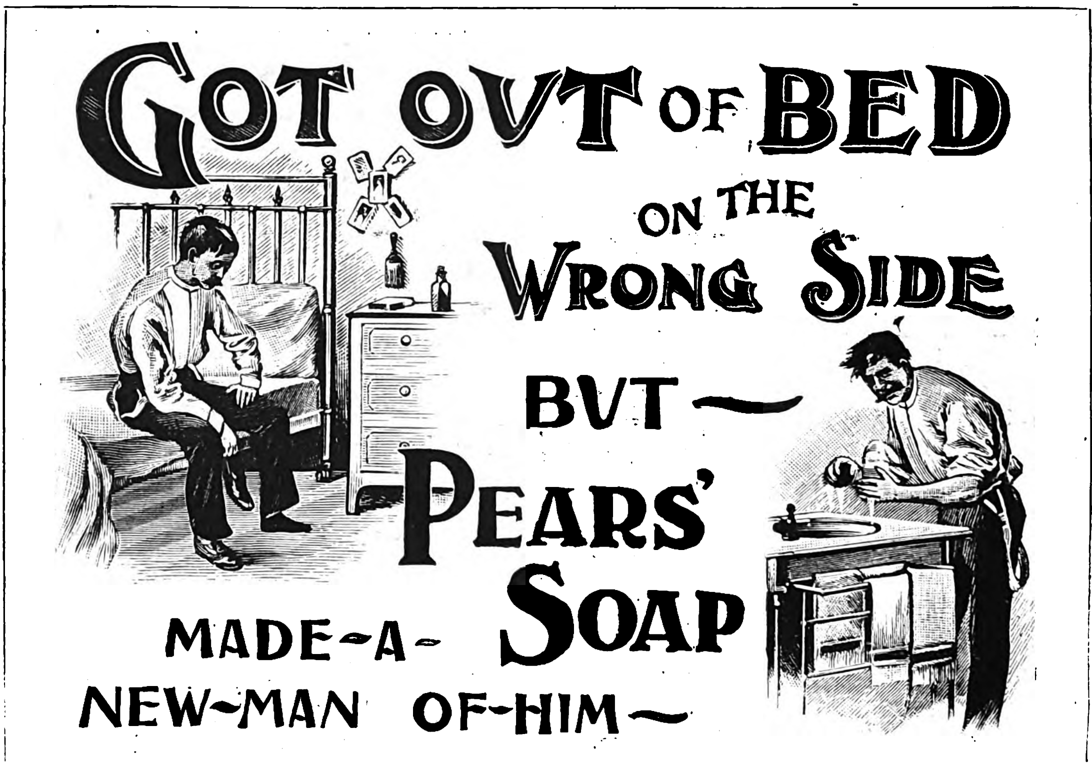
MACONOCHIE'S Dainty Foods ARE OBTAINABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.

. . SPECIALLY FOR INVALIDS. . .
**MACONOCHIE'S ESSENCE OF BEEF.**
MACONOCHIE'S JULIENNE SOUP. Prepared from the formula of one of the finest Chefs of the day.
Please send for Sample Tin, sufficient to make a pint, post free, 6d.
For Breakfast or Tea— PÂTÉS, CAMP PIES, POTTED MEATS, SALMON & SHRIMP PASTE.
TRY THEM FOR SANDWICHES. SAMPLE PÂTÉ, POST FREE, 6d.
*MACONOCHIE BROS., 131, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.*



**TAKE CARE**

**when drinking Cocoa, to have the pure article only, as many so-called "Pure" Cocoas contain added matter that is not only unnecessary, but often positively harmful.**

**CADBURY'S**

**COCOA**

**IS ABSOLUTELY PURE**

**and untampered with, and can be taken with the greatest benefit in Childhood, in Youth, or in Old Age.**

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**THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL—Article on "Drugged Foods," June 4th, 1898—says:**

"There is a general consensus of opinion that the addition of active drugs, belonging to the classes of nervine stimulants to beverages and articles of dietary in ordinary domestic use is not for the benefit of the community, and is likely in time to produce a deterioration of the public health. . . . . At the present moment we are beset by another danger arising from the addition of kola to certain articles of food. . . . . Kola has been found on analysis to contain 2·13 per cent. of caffeine. Caffeine is undoubtedly a useful drug when employed in suitable cases and in appropriate doses, but if taken habitually in large quantities it is capable of inducing an undesirable condition of over-stimulation of the nerve centres."

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**CADBURY'S COCOA is Absolutely Pure and a "Perfect Food."**

☞ *ALWAYS INSIST on having CADBURY'S—sold only in Packets and Tins—as other Cocoas are sometimes substituted for the sake of extra profit.*

Printed and Published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
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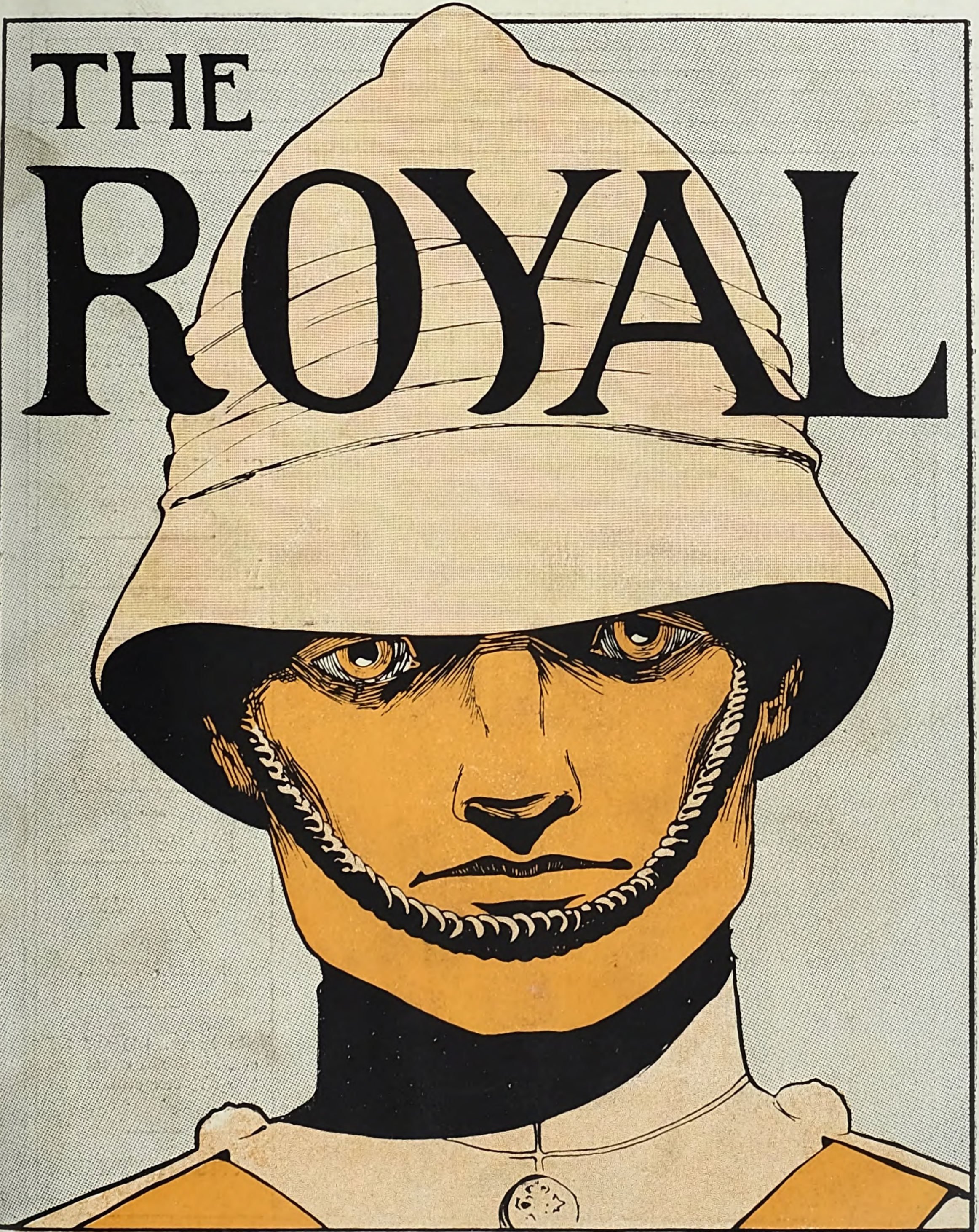
SPECIAL WAR NUMBER. 4d.

# THE ROYAL



Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

No. 17. Vol. III.—March, 1900.

Hume.

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THE BEST & SAFEST FAMILY MEDICINE

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

The most successful combination of medicinal herbs ever discovered for all

**Bilious & Nervous Disorders.**

Sick Headache,

Constipation,

Wind and Pains in Stomach,

Impaired Digestion,

Disordered Liver,

AND

Female Ailments.

**ANNUAL SALE SIX MILLION BOXES.**

In Boxes. 1/1½ and 2/9 each. with full directions. The 1/1½ box contains 56 pills.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

# TIME IS THIS LIFE'S RECKONER!

**'Tell me what you LIKE, and I'll tell you what you ARE.'**
*Ruskin.*

**TEACH DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL; make ITS' PRACTICE PLEASURABLE, and you create for the World A DESTINY MORE SUBLIME than EVER ISSUED from the brain of the WILDEST DREAMER. A SUNNY HOLIDAY —WISDOM, HEALTH, LONGEVITY, and PROSPERITY. WITHOUT these you have the GREATEST of ALL EVILS that can befall man, AN EARLY EXIT, which, like the brittle glass that measures time, is often broke, ere half its sands are run.**

## The Transvaal !!

**PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN FEVER-STRICKEN PARTS OF AFRICA.**

**LACK OF SANITATION IN JOHANNESBURG.**

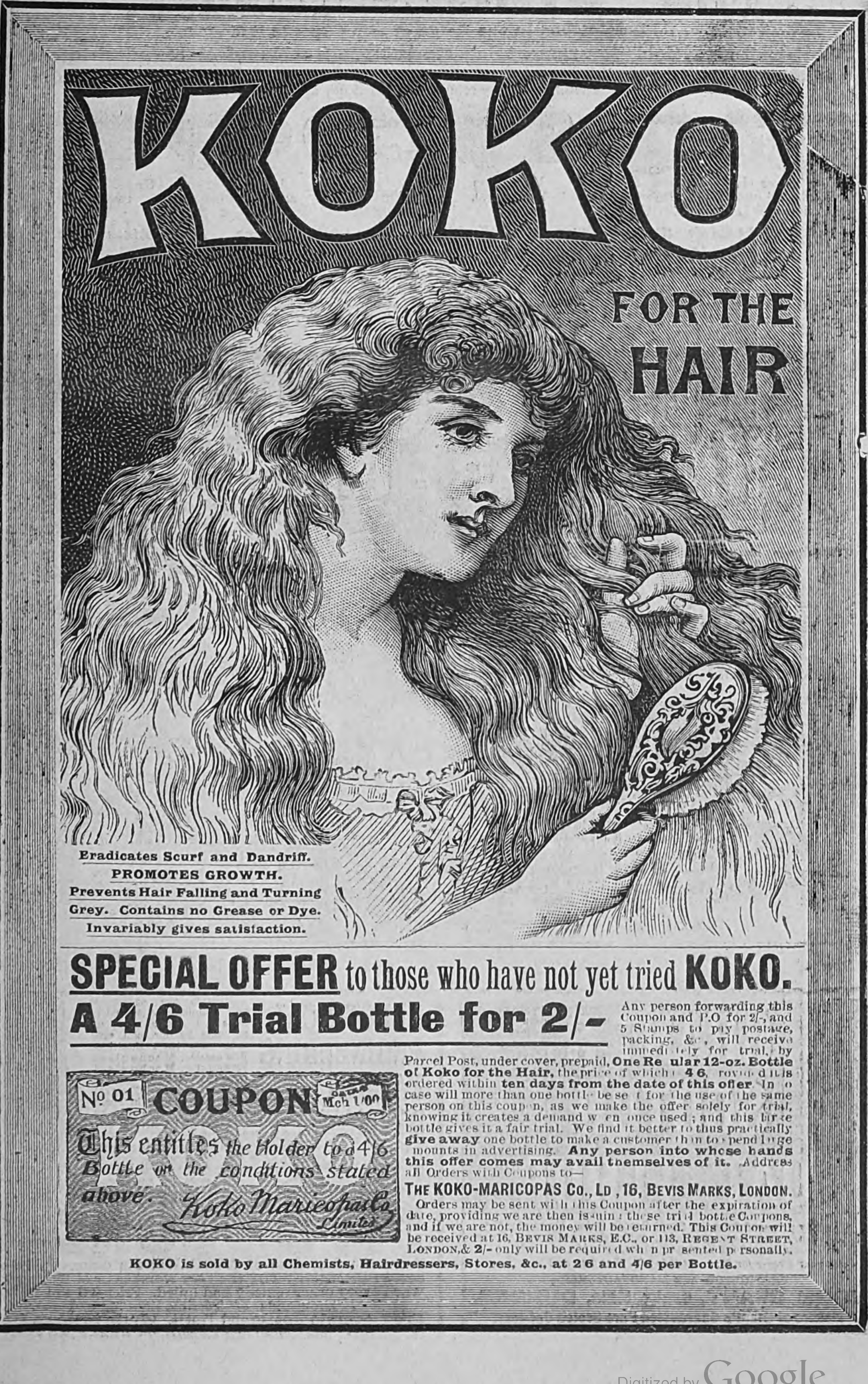
"*Lydenburg Camp, near Johannesburg,*
*Transvaal.*

**"I feel as in duty bound to write and compliment you upon the WONDERFUL EFFECTS of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in CLEARING the BODY of ALL FOUL SECRETIONS. I may add that for the last twelve years I have never been without it. I spent four years in New Orleans and the West Indies, and although people DIE there DAILY of FEVER, YET I ESCAPED, and I feel sure that it was owing to my KEEPING MY BLOOD COOL and my Stomach in order by the use of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I came to this country eight years ago and have lived in my capacity of GOLD PROSPECTOR in some of the MOST FEVER-STRICKEN parts of AFRICA. Just after the Jameson Raid I and five companions volunteered for service in Matabeleland. I, of course, took a good supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' with me. I may say that of my five friends, with the exception of one who was killed, the REST were ALL DOWN with FEVER whilst in the Fly Country. Never in my life have I felt better, although FEVER is VERY PREVALENT in JOHANNESBURG owing to LACK of SANITATION or any system of drainage. You are at liberty to make whatever use you wish of this letter or of my name.—Yours faithfully, 'TRUTH,' Nov. 16, 1896."**

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED A SERIOUS ILLNESS. Its effect on a disordered or FEVERISH CONDITION is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

**Caution.**—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

**Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, by J. C. ENO'S Patent.**



# KOKO

**FOR THE HAIR**

**Eradicates Scurf and Dandriff.**
**PROMOTES GROWTH.**
**Prevents Hair Falling and Turning Grey. Contains no Grease or Dye.**
**Invariably gives satisfaction.**

**SPECIAL OFFER** to those who have not yet tried **KOKO.**

**A 4/6 Trial Bottle for 2/-**

Any person forwarding this Coupon and P.O for 2/-, and 5 Stamps to pay postage, packing, &c., will receive immediately for trial, by Parcel Post, under cover, prepaid, **One Regular 12-oz. Bottle of Koko for the Hair,** the price of which is **4/6,** provided it is ordered within **ten days from the date of this offer.** In no case will more than one bottle be sent for the use of the same person on this coupon, as we make the offer solely for trial, knowing it creates a demand when once used; and this large bottle gives it a fair trial. We find it better to thus practically **give away** one bottle to make a customer than to spend large amounts in advertising. **Any person into whose hands this offer comes may avail themselves of it.** Address all Orders with Coupons to—

**THE KOKO-MARICOPAS CO., LD., 16, BEVIS MARKS, LONDON.**

Orders may be sent with this Coupon after the expiration of date, providing we are then issuing these trial bottle Coupons, and if we are not, the money will be returned. This Coupon will be received at 16, BEVIS MARKS, E.C., or 113, REGENT STREET, LONDON, & **2/-** only will be required when presented personally.

No 01 **COUPON** Mch 1/00

This entitles the holder to a 4/6 Bottle on the conditions stated above.

Koko Maricopas Co. Limited

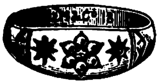
**KOKO is sold by all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, &c., at 2/6 and 4/6 per Bottle.**

**.. The RINGLEADERS, ..**

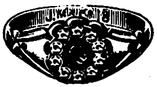
**Established in the Reign of King George III.,**

**For Solid 18-carat Gold (Government Hall-marked) Rings at Manufacturer's Cash Prices.**

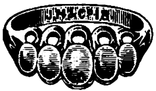
**ENGAGEMENT RINGS,** Set with Real Diamonds, Rubies, Pearls, Opals, &c., &c., Post Free to any Address in the World. Money returned in full if not approved of within 7 days.



Two Rubies, six Pearls and one Diamond, **18/6.**

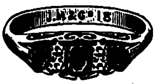


Diamond Cluster with Ruby Centre, **£2 10 0.**



Handsome Pink Coral, **24/6.**

Single Brilliant Diamond, **21/-**



Three Sapphires and four Diamonds, **£4 10 0.**

One Diamond and two Rubies, **27/6.**

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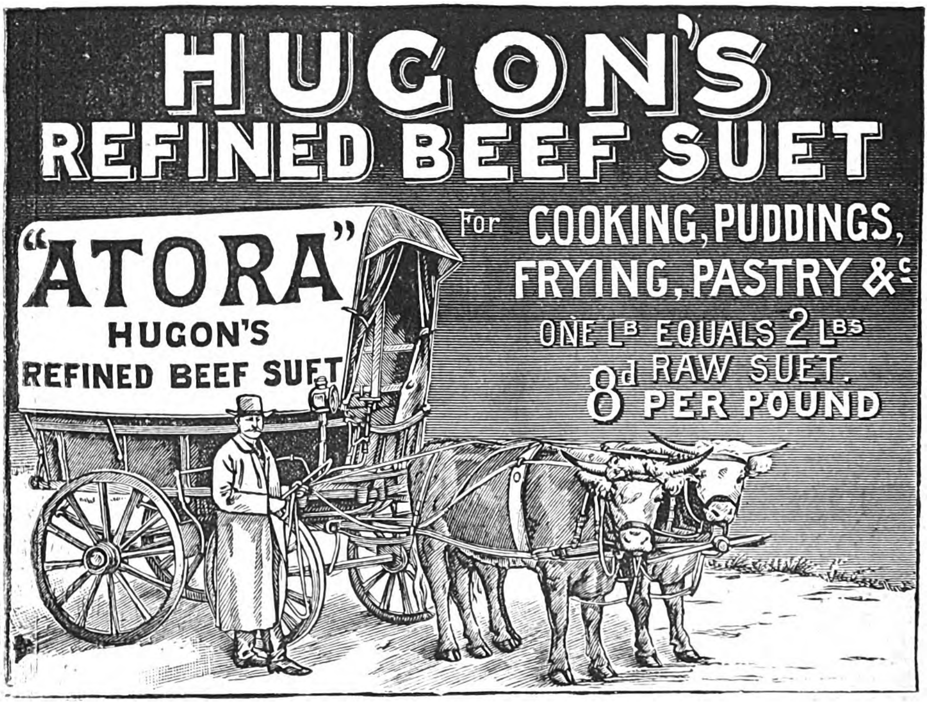
**131a and 135a, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.**


HUGON'S
REFINED BEEF SUET
"ATORA"
HUGON'S
REFINED BEEF SUET
For COOKING, PUDDINGS, FRYING, PASTRY &c
ONE LB EQUALS 2 LBS RAW SUET.
8d PER POUND

RICH IN FLAVOUR. — APPETISING

**GRANT'S SCOTCH OAT FLOUR**

PURE IN QUALITY. — STRENGTHENING.

Carefully prepared from the finest Scotch Oats. Its unrivalled flesh-forming and bone-producing properties constitute it an invaluable food for Young Children, Invalids, or Adults.

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**From the first dose of OZERINE fits cease. It has cured PERMANENTLY the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price 4/6 and 11/-, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. Send for a Free Sample Bottle and Test it. Write to Dept. B., W. NICHOLL, *Pharmaceutical Chemist,* 25, HIGH ST., BELFAST.**

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**DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa**

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"I have great pleasure in saying that I have found Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa very beneficial both to myself and patients, and I can highly recommend it to all my friends.

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"I have carefully tested Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and I find it extremely refreshing, nourishing, and sustaining. In my capacity as Ladies' Monthly Nurse I am frequently on duty many hours without sleep, I can, therefore, fully appreciate the excellent qualities of your Vi-Cocoa, and shall not fail to recommend it to my numerous patients.

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***Favoured by the Homes and Hospitals of Great Britain.***

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**SOLE MAKERS OF THE 'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES**

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Buy **Direct at First Cost from the Leading Firm of London Manufacturers.**

**Design No. 208.—HALF-A-GUINEA.**

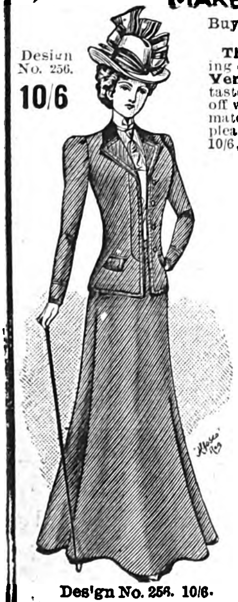
**The New Century Costume,** utterly unrivalled all the world over. This charming costume is made in all the beautiful shades of the **Specialite Serge** and in the **Venetian Cloth,** two splendid wearing cloths. The bodice has a full front, very tastefully trimmed with prettily shaped revers of good velveteen, which are finished off with a smart edging of fancy braid. The collar is of velveteen and trimmed to match front. The bodice and sleeves are lined. The skirt is cut full with inverted pleat at back; the box pleat can be had if specially ordered. Costume complete, 10/6, carriage 6d. extra; Skirt alone, 5/6, carriage paid, 5d. extra.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**

Write for our **NEW ILLUSTRATED SKETCH BOOK** for Spring, sent post free. **ALLEN FOSTER & CO.'S NEW SHOW ROOMS,** 47, Golden Lane, E.C., are now open. Ladies are requested to call and inspect their Novelties in Jackets, Capes, Costumes, Blouses, etc.

Design No. 256.

10/6



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**Design No. 256.—HALF-A-GUINEA.**

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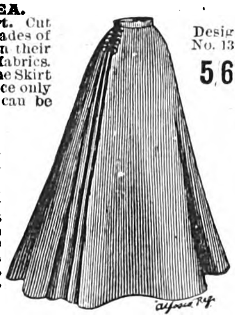
Design No. 137.

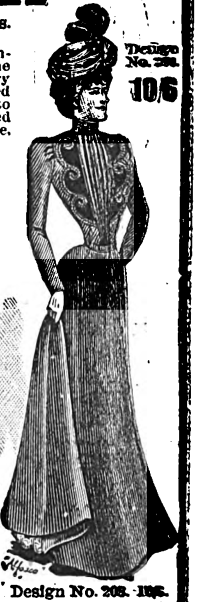
5/6



Design No. 137. 5/6.

Design No. 208.

10/6



Design No. 208. 10/6.

**Business Hours, 9 to 6.**
**Saturdays, 9 to 1.**

**ALLEN FOSTER & CO., the London Manufacturers, 47, GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.**

The Washington 14 Carat Gold Keyless
£ 3·10·0
"Never told a lie."

The "**Washington**" 14 carat Gold Keyless Watch

IS one of the finest examples of present-day horological work. The movement is highly finished, fully Jewelled, and fitted with the Latest Modern Improvements. 14 carat Gold Cases, engine turned or plain, and fitted with Crystal Glass Front. Warranted for Seven Years.

It is supplied on the first payment of 7/-, and your promise to complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of the same amount.

**Seven Days Free Trial** is allowed, and if you are not satisfied with the watch, return it, and your deposit will be instantly repaid.

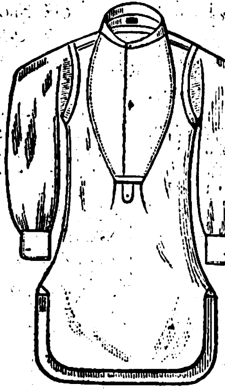
**Send for J. G. Graves' Illustrated Catalogue of all the Latest Designs. Free and Carriage Paid.**

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

The "Washington"
14 carat Gold Keyless.
£3. 10s. 0d.

**J. G. Graves,** Dept. 67, **Division-st., Sheffield.**

**GRANT'S** PERFECT-FITTING **SHIRTS**



Made on the latest scientific principles: every part being carefully proportioned so as to secure the maximum of ease and comfort along with a perfect fit. They are a revelation to every wearer who has experienced the evils of a bad fitting shirt. **Manufactured only in the very best materials; finest Linen Fronts and Cuffs. In three qualities:—**

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| **A** quality, | 3/6 each; | ¼ doz., | 10/3; | ½ doz., 20/- |
| **B** " | 4/6 " | ¼ " | 13/-; | ½ " 25/6 |
| **C** " | 5/6 " | ¼ " | 16/-; | ½ " 31/6 |

*Post Free. When ordering, please mention size of collar.*

**D. H. GRANT,** SHIRT SPECIALIST, **LIME ST., LIVERPOOL.**

**LOW'S ASIATIC DEPILATORY**

Will remove superfluous hair instantly and permanently without pain or injury to the skin. Put up in sealed bottles, of all Chemists, price 2/6, or packed free from observation, post free, 2/9. The noted preparation of Low, Son & Co., Perfumers to the Courts of George IV., William IV., and Queen Adelaide.

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OSBORNE BAUER & CHEESEMAN'S
WINTER SOAP

"GLYMIEL SOAP"
DELICATELY PERFUMED.
Possessing all the properties of the World-Renowned
"GLYCERINE AND HONEY JELLY."
"*Glymiel*" PREVENTS CHAPS SOFTENS THE SKIN.
Price 6d., or 3 Tablets in box, 1/6.
Sample Tablet (post free) 6 stamps
OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN,
*Perfumers to the Queen.*
19, Golden Sq., Regent St., London.

**MILLIONS** of Garments **SAVED YEARLY** by using **MATHER'S NIGRINE**

The Jet Black Marking Fluid for Marking Linen, Cotton, &c. Will not injure the most delicate fabric. In Bottles at 6d., 1/-, 2/6, and 5/-. Of all Chemists and Stationers. Sample Post Free for 13 Stamps.

**W. MATHER, LTD., DYER STREET, MANCHESTER.**

**NEVER BE WITHOUT**

## CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

Unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Cuts, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Ailments generally.

*Large Pots 1/1½ each, at Chemists, or post free for value.*

Illustrated List of CALVERT'S CARBOLIC PREPARATIONS sent post free on application.

**F. C. CALVERT & CO.,** *P.O. Box 513,* **Manchester.**

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## Don't Cough - use

*They at once check the Cough and remove the cause.*

## The Unrivalled

*One Lozenge alone relieves.*
*Sold everywhere, Tins 13½d. each.*

## Keating's Lozenges

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## A Living Bookcase

**That Grows with your Library.**

**The WERNICKE Patent Elastic Bookcase System is the only perfect system invented. It consists of a series of independent units which interlock with each other, so that you can commence in one corner of the room with a case to hold ten books, and this can be expanded upwards or sideways to any extent; it is thus never too large or too small.**

**Advantages:** *Gradual Expense,* dust proof glass doors, which lift up and slide back and close automatically—Any corner can be fitted—Cases can be built square or round a pillar—Protection of Books—Accessibility—Portability, as take to pieces easily—Elegance, Utility, Economy, &c.

*Dainty illustrated No. 90 Booklet, fully explaining the above, posted free to any reader of "Royal Magazine."*

**THOMAS TURNER (Leicester), LTD.,**
44, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.,
Also Birmingham and Leicester.

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## *Why You Should Take Guy's Tonic.*

Taken immediately after each meal Guy's Tonic mixes in the Stomach with the Food you have eaten, and helps to Digest it. It further Stimulates a flow of Gastric Juice, and increases the efficiency of the Digestive Functions themselves.

Food is therefore enjoyed because Digestion is Easy and Natural. This does away with Pain and Discomfort after meals, Wind, Acidity, Heartburn, and Water-Brash.

Guy's Tonic gently compels a Sluggish Liver to greater Activity, whilst thinning and rendering less resinous the Bile in the Gall Bladder. This makes the Blood purer and freer from Biliary Poisons, so that the drag on the Energies and Depression of Spirits are removed, and you become more Buoyant, Cheerful, and Energetic.

The Digestion of Food in the small Intestine is also better and more completely performed when the Liver is rendered active and in good working order by the use of Guy's Tonic. You are thereby freed from the poisonous Gases bred by Decomposing and Undigested Food, the cause of Flatulence and painful Distension. The Natural Functions are also brought at the same time into a Healthy, Normal Condition.

### *After Influenza.*

> "5, Brunswick Terrace,
> "Brunswick Road, Northwich.
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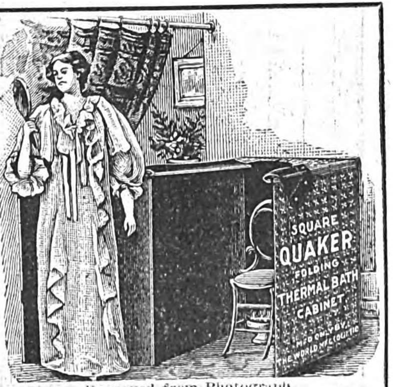

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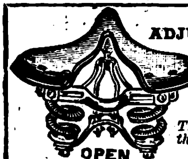

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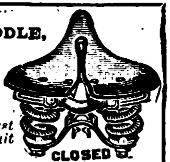

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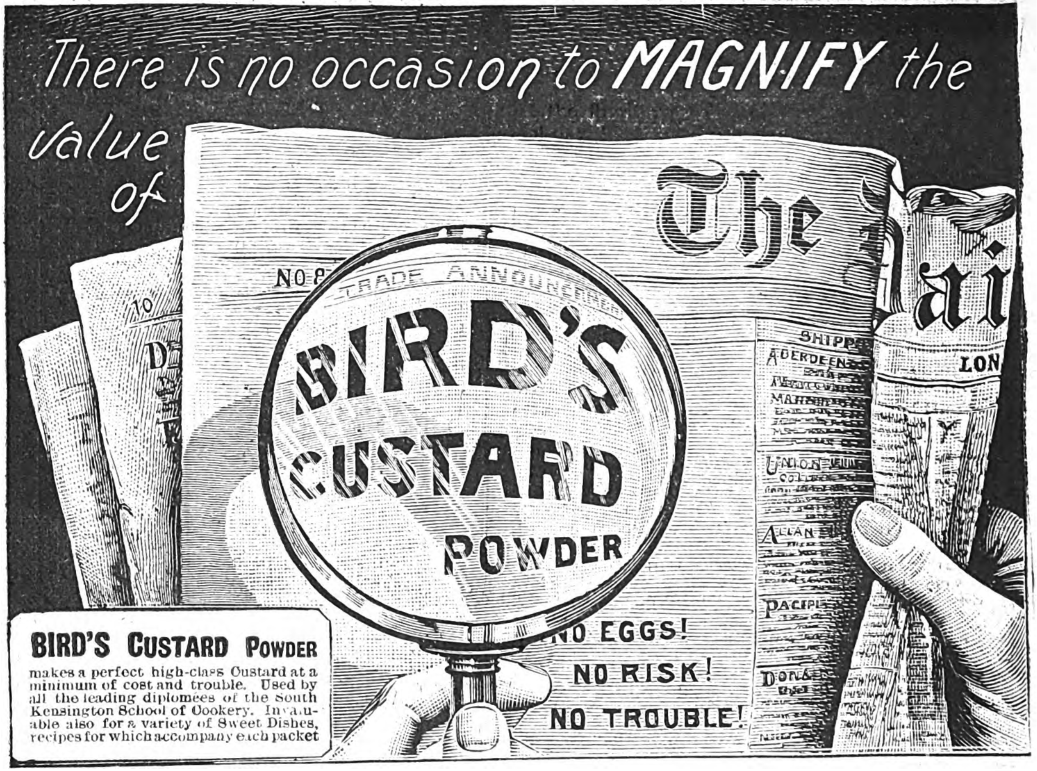

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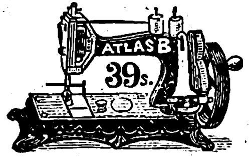

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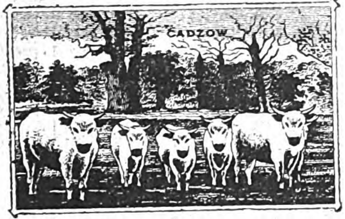

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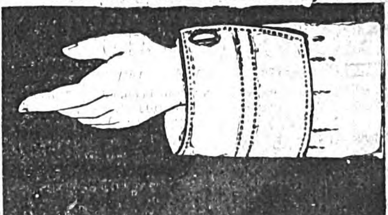
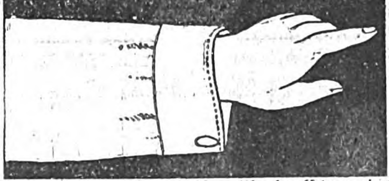
*This shows the cuff the first day.*





*Second day's wear—showing soiled cuff turned in.*

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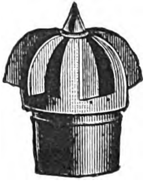

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look at the tyres. If they are not

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the machine is not cheap at any price.

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and keeps THE SKIN
**SOFT,
SMOOTH,
and WHITE**
at all Seasons.

# THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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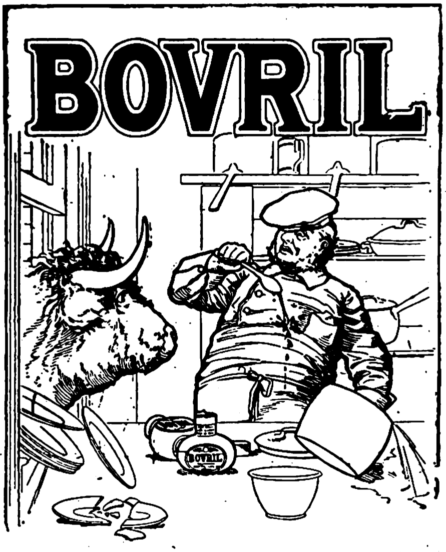

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Photo by Lafayette.

# THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

**Photography in Warfare.**

Some little while ago I made a reference to the use of the camera in time of war. I am not referring so much to its use by special correspondents as by officers in the course of certain of their duties. I believe, for instance, that a camera is now an almost invariable portion of the outfit of a war-balloon.

This is not to be wondered at, for, accurate as may be the sketches and descriptions brought to the general-in-command by the officer in charge of the ascent, a photograph is more realistic, and, probably, more perfect in detail.

"Very deceiving, too," someone may suggest; and doubtless this is so. A mere photograph without the assistance of the man who took it, to act, as it were, as interpreter, would not be very reliable. No doubt, in addition to a camera fitted with the finest possible landscape lens there should be one with telescopic adjustment for tele-photography. With such an instrument a good picture may be obtained of a spot or group two miles off.

**Cameras on Cycles.**

Such cameras have, I believe, been provided for a certain number of the cyclist corps. The instruments are quite small, and fixed on to the handle bars. Like the rest of the machine, they are coloured the well-known kharki colour. Thus armed, such men must undoubtedly prove of great value as scouts.

Cyclists, in my unmilitary opinion, can never take the place of cavalry, and become, as the saying goes, the "eyes and ears" of the army. After all, a bicycle is limited with respect to the country over which it can travel. In dry weather the difficulties are lessened. It is wonderful what stony ground a machine will triumph over. But really heavy mud is beyond a bicycle. If the rain has merely churned the surface to a sort of pea-soup it is all right. But heavy, clogging mud is a bar to all substantial progress. However, this is not the place to discuss bicycles. Photography is the thing, and I shall be very eager to learn just exactly what

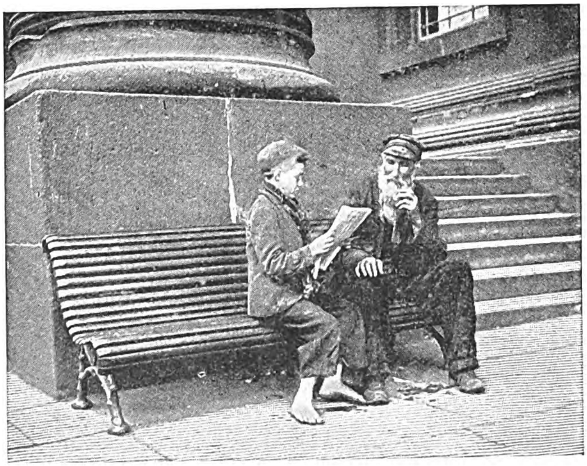

Photo by C. F. Inston.

Reading the latest War News.

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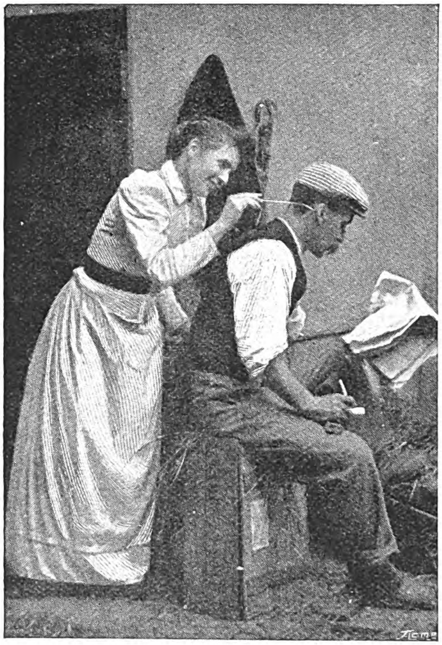


Photo by J. M. Whitehead.

The Tormentor.

success has attended the telescopic camera in war time.

**Biograph in War.** I SEE that the biograph camera sent out by the syndicate in London is fitted for use with tele-photographic lenses. By this means a "moving picture" of an incident two miles distant can be taken.

The idea that a picture of a battle may be obtained is, of course, absurd. Battles cannot ever come within the limits of a picture. An incident may be photographed, or some small corner of the battlefield. Nowadays the area of country covered by two armies fighting each other is immense. The front of each opposing force would probably extend some fourteen or fifteen miles.

The range of the heavier guns is four miles, whilst that of some of the still larger ones extends up to eight miles. Nor is distance the only obstacle in the way of the photographer. Hills may rise between the battery and its target, and although you may fire over a hill, you cannot photograph over it. You can only take pictures of what you can see, and even then with considerable limitations.

Not but what the results of the enterprise shewn by the biograph people is certain to result in some deeply interesting pictures. At the same time I do not altogether envy the gentleman-in-charge his task. His equipment is cumbersome, and he will have many a difficulty to overcome.

**Camera v. Artist.** THE possession of a camera is now practically a necessity for a war correspondent. Not that the photographer will ever take the place of the artist. The ordinary hand-camera cannot possibly comprehend a wider sweep of country in the war than a man skilled in the use of the pencil can. Still, some very remarkable and very interesting photographs are being sent home, and I must confess that the art of the camera, if less comprehensive, is more convincing to me than the art of the artist. With limitations, it may be said that "the camera cannot lie." It only records what it sees. An artist can indulge in just so much licence as time may permit and his imagination suggest.

Photo by Lafayette.

Queen Mab.

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

THE MAIDEN'S REVERIE.

**Photographing the Wounded.** ALL the same, there seems to me to be some limitation of taste. I do think it is transgressing every good rule to snapshot poor wounded men and publish the results in the illustrated papers. It seems to me really a shocking thing. In the first place, it is pandering to the most morbid instincts of the reader. In the second place, I think a wounded soldier is deserving of more respect than to be snapshot.

Once admit this sort of thing, once encourage it into a regular custom, and there is no limit to the heartrending and horrible pictures that may be sent home and used. Just imagine the sort of thing we should have. "The effect of an explosive bullet," "The remains of a soldier shattered by a shell," "Carrying off a soldier with both legs shattered," etc., etc.

Ugh! It is too horrible, and public opinion ought to come down like a Nasmyth hammer and condemn it.

Photo by Count Luigi Primoli.

King Humbert at the head of his troops.

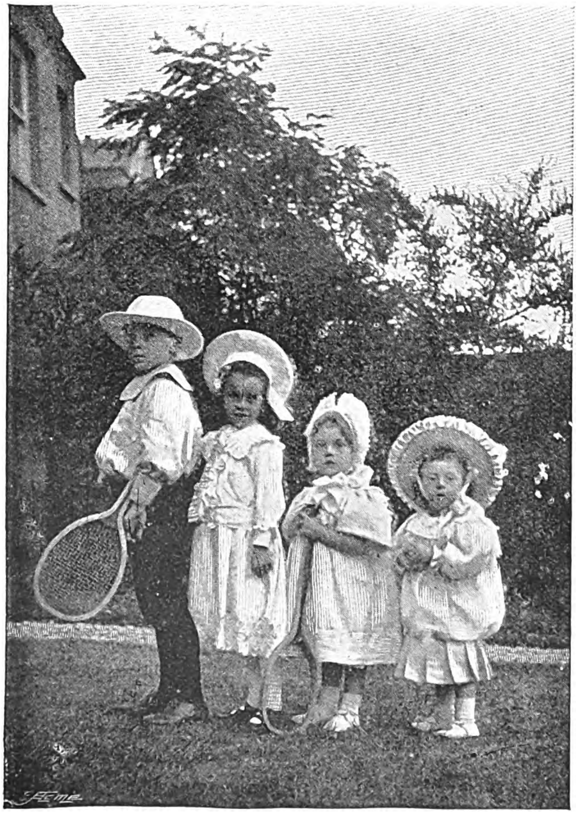


Photo by J. M. Bathgate.

Steps.

**Photographing Snow Scenes.** WINTER is the time of snow, and very beautiful snowclad scenery is. In a sense it is as easy—or as difficult—to photograph a snow scene as a midsummer landscape. There are certain conditions that require to be observed, however, and one or two hints may not come amiss.

Of course, the composition of the picture has to be thought out, and the elementary rules that must guide every artist in selecting a scene must be remembered.

There should be something to break the foreground. But in a snowscape anything big or prominent must be avoided. Moreover, the object should be light of colour. Any dark upright affair will turn the picture when finished into a hard black and white effect, and will destroy the softness that is so great a charm in a snow scene. The inequalities of the

on circumstances, such as the brightness of the light and the rapidity of the plate.

Very great care, however, must be taken in developing not to allow the negative to become too dense. Otherwise, the snow comes out simply as a patch of unbroken white, instead of possessing a distinct texture. The negative should be very transparent, and thus enable every slight detail of shade on the snow to come out and lend it life and reality.

**A Unique Collection.** THE most beautiful series of snow photographs I have ever seen are those of a friend of mine, whose absorbing hobby is the camera. Very comfortably off, and without any ties to keep him at home, this fortunate individual spends all his days with a magnificent camera. He is a very skilled artist, and his albums contain one of the most wonderful private collections of photographs in the world. There are portraits of almost every human race and scenes from every country under the sun.

But the snow photographs beat everything. Of course, Niagara forms the chief item; but the pictures of Niagara are such as I have never seen elsewhere — all manner of odd nooks never taken before, yet surpassingly beautiful. It is from this lucky person that the above hints as to snow-photography have been gathered.

**Reflections.** I SUPPOSE every amateur who has endeavoured to photograph still-life studies that include very bright objects, has been more or less worried with reflections, or points of high light.

Cut-glass or polished plate and such-like articles are studded or patched with bright gleams that invariably spoil a photograph. Yet if their surface can be dulled a satisfactory picture can easily be taken.

The simplest method, perhaps, of overcoming the high lights on a glass or metal vase is by frosting its surface. For this purpose damp the floor of the studio. This renders the air moist. Then when you have carefully focussed the vase, drop into it a bit of ice. Immediately the vessel will be chilled and the damp air of the room condensing on it, the surface will grow dull. You must be prompt in your work, for if you wait too long the moisture will commence to trickle down the sides.

Another method of treating glass or polished metal is by taking a piece of fairly hard putty and dabbing it over the surface. It will easily wash off afterwards.

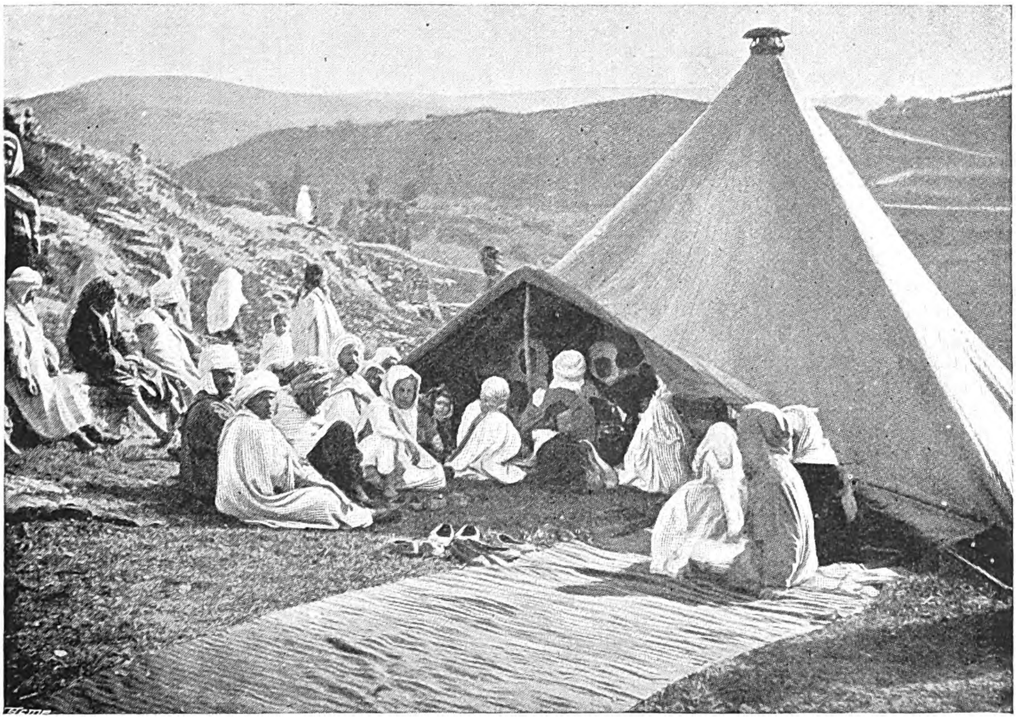
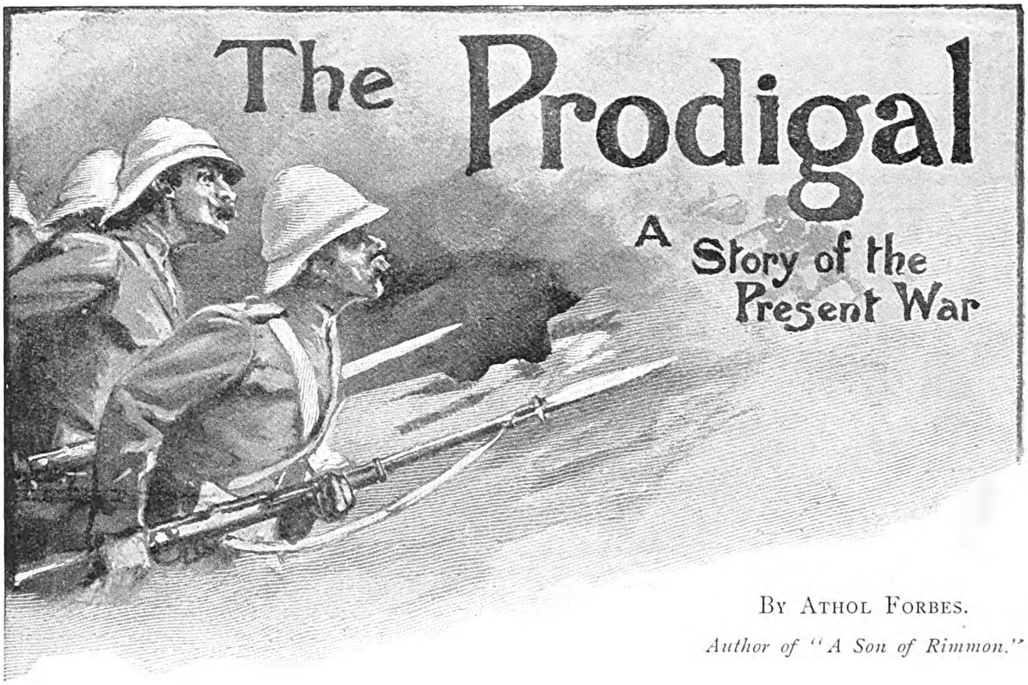


Photo by C. Geniaux.

Arabs celebrating the Spring Festival.



# The Prodigal

## A Story of the Present War

By Athol Forbes.

*Author of "A Son of Rimmon."*

He stood among the crowd watching the men as they landed from the transport. It was his old regiment. His face was deathly pale, the muscles of which twitched every now and again with suppressed emotion. There arose on each side of him the sound of cheering. How he would have loved to have joined in, but not a sound came from the tightly compressed, bloodless lips.

As each company landed it marched at once to the train, the engine of which kept up an incessant hum as if instinct with life and eager to start. Six years ago—it seemed ages to the outcast—Dick Raines was an officer in this regiment, but limited means, an expensive mess, cards, and drink—well, no need to go into further detail. He was not the first who, under a cloud, has sought another country.

In some men troubles brace them up to renewed effort, but poor Raines had gone steadily down. He had been an insurance agent; then he travelled with books; he became a potman; finally he was a casual porter, picking up a few shillings as best he could.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

How greedily his eyes followed his old comrades in arms. Had he not trained them for this? He wondered whether they would recognize his voice if he sang out an order. Men whom he had known as recruits were now bustling non-coms. Suddenly the light came into his eyes, and he touched an officer on the arm. His old comrade swung round sharply, and looked for a second at the gaunt, starved man, whose clothes, never made for him, hung upon his framework of bones like a collapsed parachute. He coloured beneath the haughty scrutiny of his former subaltern.

"Good God! Raines, is that you?"

There was no hesitation about the hand that went out to him with the strong grip of a warm love. There was no time for questions, nor would Major Riddle have asked any. The two men looked into each other's faces, and understood without words.

"Come on board the train," the officer said to his ruined comrade. "We'll manage it somehow. We are ordered to go straight to the front, fortunately.

"He's a reserve man," he said to the sergeant, "and is coming as an extra servant to me. Rig him out at the first opportunity."

Once more at the station, just before the train started, there was an opportunity for exchanging a few words.

"Riddle," he whispered hoarsely, "if I pull through you can let it be known, but if I fail —"

"All right, old man—wish you luck; you have had sufficient of the other thing," the major replied.

The derelict of society turned away; but already there was a change in the man. He

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was no longer a drifting wreck; there was an elasticity in his step, a brightness in his eye; he had pulled himself together. In a few seconds he was as hard at work as any man.

A good meal put fresh life into him. He listened to the rough banter of the men, and drank in all they said greedily as they talked of the demonstration at Waterloo when they left London, and of what they meant to do for the Boers when they got a chance.

"Isn't there a pipe for Pepper and Salt?" said a youth as the train started.

This reference to Raines's seedy tweed suit tickled his companions, but a pipe was speedily forthcoming with plenty of tobacco, and he did not mind what they called him. He was only too thankful to escape the miseries of the last seven years; only too glad at the prospect of a chance to redeem his honour.

For a while the damning piece of paper—the cutting from the "Gazette" that had told the public that Her Majesty had no further need of his services—was forgotten. For seven long years without intermission it had scorched and blistered his memory like a living coal; now for the moment he had peace from the tormenting flame of a real hell.

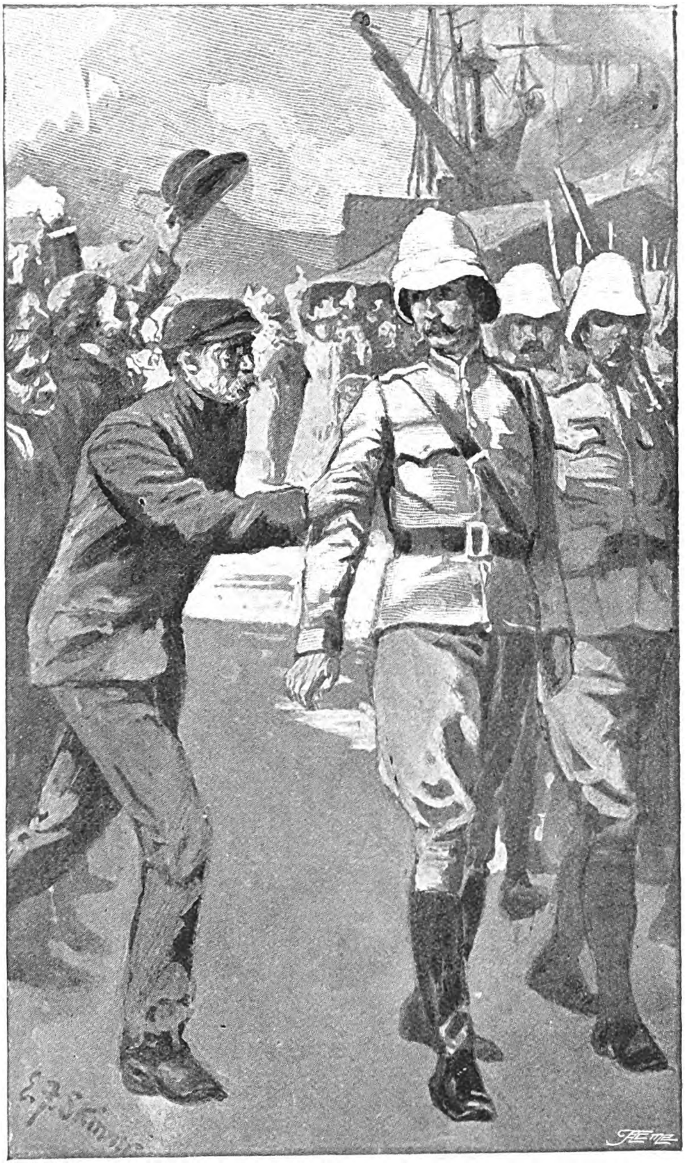
The very first station at which they stopped for the engine to replenish its supply of water, they received the news that the Boer ultimatum was officially confirmed, and that the Transvaal troops had crossed into Natal.

"God help the Boers," shouted the excited bystanders as they looked at the men eager for the fray. From the papers Raines learnt that they were to join General White's column and that it was generally expected that they would be among the first attacked.

In camp, "Pepper and Salt," as he was generally called, was among the most popular of the men. An eager light shone in his eyes, and, in gratitude for the chance placed within his grasp, he could not do sufficient.

"Don't kill yourself, Raines," said the Major one day. "You have plenty of work to do yet and it will be warm work when it comes."

The night before the fight at Glencoe they shook hands once more in the privacy of the Major's tent.



His old comrade swung round and looked for a second at the gaunt, starved man.

"——And my mother, Riddle. You will see her and tell her all—if I pull it off."

A pressure of the hand was the only reply.

That night all slept at their posts, ready to spring up at a moment's notice. The men were eager but more serious, recognising the grim work before them on the morrow. Raines was restless. It was with an exclamation of delight that he saw a faint streak of light in the East. Presently the sergeant awakened them with a rough order to fall into rank.

As the light in the East grew brighter, a body of men started their march forward, and, as the sun showed itself, the business of the day began. A mist surrounds them, but the booming of the big guns and the harsh growl of the smaller ordnance tells that the fight has begun. As the sun gains power the mist lifts, and puffs of smoke dot the enemy's position; but no order is yet given to the regiment to fire. Presently there is the zip, zip, of the Mauser bullets. A man who marched beside Raines falls dead; then suddenly the intermittent firing gives place to a continuous rattle, and bullets go spat, spat, into the earth; and many find a fatal mark.

The captain halts his company as the zone of fire is reached, and the regiment begins to advance alternately in squads, rushing from one bit of shelter to another. One line then lies down and fires, while the other makes a dash; so the distance to the murderous guns is lessened every three or four minutes. The company in which Raines found himself was well to the front; and behind, the supports, on coming up, deploy into squads, and advance in skirmishing order. Each time they fall to the earth Raines gnaws his moustache with impatience. They are getting nearer.

"Do not expose yourself so much," sings out a lieutenant to Raines. The next second the officer falls on his face, with a bullet through his head.

"All right, lads. We will be among them with the cold steel in a second or two now. Don't be too impatient," Major Riddle shouts, as another officer drops, and a few spring up as it to rush the enemy.

Major Riddle stands up and looks back at the advancing battalions, gives a nod of satisfaction, and crouches down again.

When the reserves get up Raines knows that there will be a volley, and then the whole line will rush in with a mad yell.

"Steady, lads, steady," shouts the colonel, who is one of the "come on" officers. Men are falling quickly, and their comrades are anxious to do the final rush, and more than one is forcibly held down by his fellows. They are within a hundred or so yards now of the enemy. Raines has got complete mastery over himself. Once more he feels an officer and a gentleman. The colonel notices this. "You look to these men," he cries, indicating the fragment of a company that had lost its officers. "You know the work in hand. They must be kept quiet until the line is formed for the final volley and charge."

"Keep down, keep down, men," shouts Raines to his new charge, "and we shall be in first. Meanwhile, pump in the lead." His stentorian tones ring out clearly in the maddening roar and rattle of the battle.

"Fix bayonets!" What a relief this order means! The squads are swinging into line—a few seconds for the panting men who made the last rush. Two sharp, angry volleys rattle out—then without another word, the line springs forward and nothing can withstand its deadly impetus. The charge becomes a race. "On, Fusiliers!" shouts someone, and all are plunged in smoke. They are plucky men behind those earthworks, and they continue to pour on a murderous fire. Major Riddle is close on the heels of Raines—they have outstripped the rest and are among the gunners. Raines has kept intact the contents of a revolver. He leaps upon a gun which determined men are about to fire, but its last bolt was never hurled against England. Each shot in Raine's revolver goes with deadly aim. Then the adjacent piece is discharged and sweeps into eternity the men who were behind him. In a few seconds he is grappling with the second gun.

"Bravo! 'Pepper and Salt'—bawls a fusilier clubbing right and left with his rifle.

"That beggar shall have the V.C. By Heaven! he shall," shouts the colonel as he cuts and thrusts in the hell that reigns around him. There breaks out a roar that only English throats can give as the Boers are sent in headlong flight down the other side of the hill, hotly pursued. The battle is won.

"We must find him, Riddle," said the colonel as they came back from the pursuit. If ever a man deserved the V.C. he does."

They found him amid a heap of slain—or what was left of him, for the Unseen Hand had gathered his spirit into that haven where war is not, and brave spirits are at rest.

The colonel bent down and gazed on the white, upturned face of the dead.

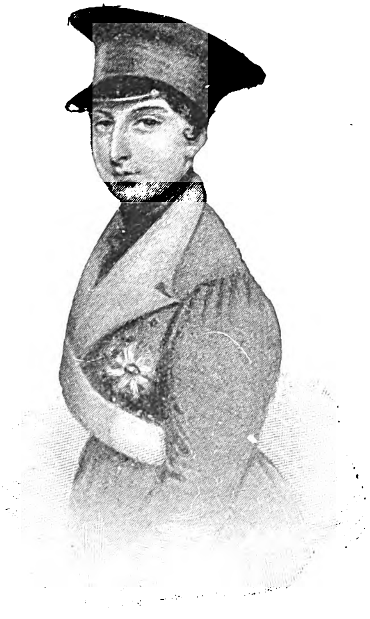
"God in Heaven! it's poor——"

"Yes; he wanted a chance, and he wants us to write to his mother."

# The Queen and her Soldiers.

By Reginald Maingay.

Women are always the chief sufferers in war-time; and there is one woman in England for whom war has a unique and, even though none of her immeditate relatives may be engaged in the actual fighting, a sterner and more tragic meaning than for any other. I allude to the Queen. We have most of us lived under Queen Victoria's rule as long as we remember, and we all know that Her Majesty's love for her people is only equalled by her people's love for their Queen. But the Queen, like many another fond parent and sovereign, has her favourites, and one favourite in particular—her soldier. Since her accession, it may be said, her soldier has been the apple of her eye, and when he is in any way imperilled, her peace of mind is gone, she can think of nothing else, she has temporally lost all enjoyment of life. A mother is hardly more pained when she hears the death of her son, than the Queen when she is told the heavy casualties of the battlefield.



Her Majesty as she appeared when reviewing the Troops at Windsor, Sept. 17th, 1838.

The last few months have been heavy ones at Windsor. Only those who are constantly about her know how deeply this present war has affected her Majesty. She can talk of little else, and will sit brooding and grieving for hours at the thought of all that her soldiers are going through in South Africa. It is more difficult to distract her mind than in former years, and the *entourage* of the Court hoped last year that the Emperor of Germany's visit might have a cheering effect; but although she managed to put on a cheerful front at dinner parties and receptions, in private her only thoughts and her only words were concerning the men at the front.

As I mentioned above, this affection for the Army is of old standing, and since the earliest years of her reign the Queen was ever the most passionate sympathiser with the soldiers in battle, and the most enthusiastic onlooker at any military parade or spectacle. Her Majesty, as is well known, was an excellent rider in her younger days, and never appeared to such advantage as when on horseback. It was thus that she witnessed the first really notable military spectacle of her reign.

On the 16th of July, 1838, a grand military review took place in Hyde Park in

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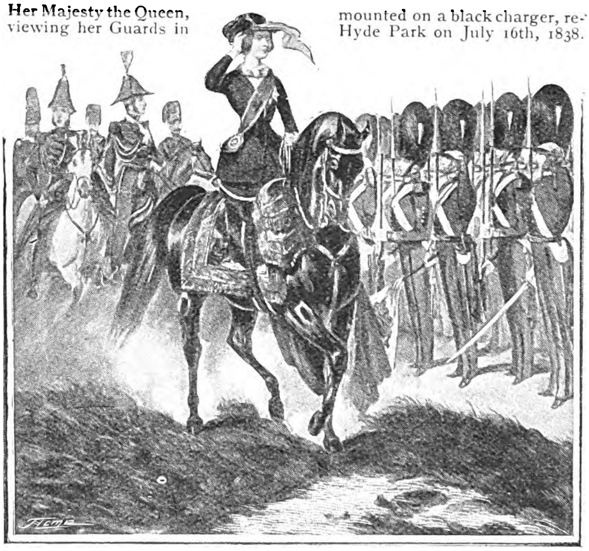
the presence of the Queen. Those old antagonists, the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Soult, were present, together with nearly all Her Majesty's Ministers, and a vast crowd of spectators. The troops on the ground comprised, in cavalry: the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, the 10th Hussars, and the 12th Lancers; in infantry: the Grenadier Guards and Scots Fusiliers, together with a Rifle Brigade and three batteries of Field Artillery. After the young Queen, Marshal Soult got the most enthusiastic reception, the English cheered their gallant old foe as his own nation had never cheered him.

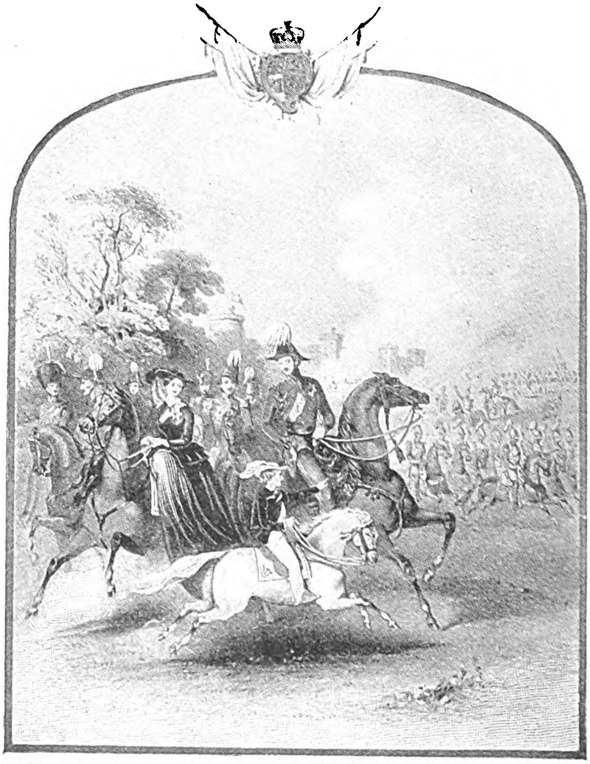

Her Majesty the Queen, mounted on a black charger, reviewing her Guards in Hyde Park on July 16th, 1838.

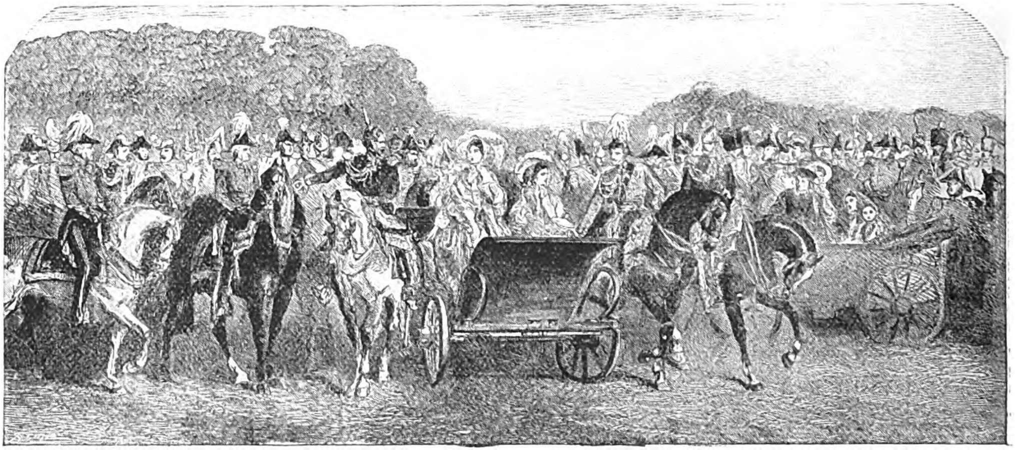
A few months later the Queen reviewed the Royal Horse Guards, the 10th Hussars, and the Grenadier Guards in the Little Park, Windsor. She wore the Windsor uniform, with a badge and ribbon of the Order of the Garter. She was accompanied by King Leopold, Lord Hill, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Palmerston.

Another illustration shows a fine review in Windsor Park some years later. On the Queen's right hand rides the Duke of Wellington, on her left Prince Albert, and the little Prince of Wales, mounted on a white pony, is to be seen in the foreground of the picture.

In the summer of 1853 an experimental camp was established at Chobham for the purpose of manœuvering, and the operations began in the presence of the Queen, who, mounted on a beautiful black horse, was accompanied by Prince Albert, the King of Hanover, and the Duke of Coburg. In the autumn of the following year similar manœuvres on a larger scale took place at Aldershot, when the Queen, the Prince Consort and other members of the Royal Family were among the spectators.

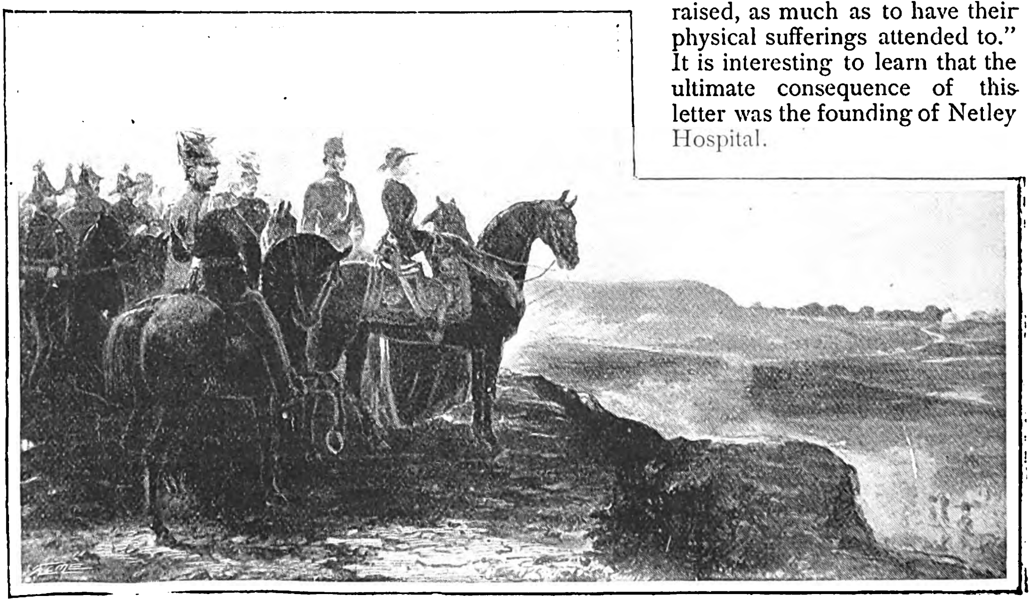
When one reads of the Queen's conduct to the sick and wounded during this lamentable war, one ceases to wonder, even in these democratic days, at the almost unparallelled devotion of the British people for its Sovereign. Not only was she indefatigable in visiting the various hospitals, and cheering the sufferers with word and smile, but she used all available spare time in working with her own hands to help Miss Nightingale and other noble


The first review at which the Prince of Wales, as a boy, was present.



The Queen's second visit to Chobham Camp in 1853.

before the hospital, each man bearing a card with his name on it, and a brief description of his services. To almost all of them the Queen managed to say something kind and rememberable. In the hospital she went from bed to bed, bringing light everywhere, and next day the newspapers reported, as newspapers are wont to report, that the Queen expressed the utmost satisfaction as to the treatment and accommodation of the patients. As a matter of fact the Queen was dissatisfied with almost everything she saw, as the letter she wrote two days later to Lord Panmure conclusively proves; and it shows, moreover, that her visit was not merely a visit of form, but one of inspection—a visit, the purpose of which was to assure herself that her soldiers were treated as men deserved who had been wounded in the preservation of their country's honour. "The buildings are bad," she writes; "the wards are more like prisons than hospitals, and the windows so high that no one can look out of them. Most of the wards are small with hardly space to walk between the beds." Serviceable, and above all, comfortable military hospitals must, she says, be built without delay. "These poor men require their spirits to be raised, as much as to have their physical sufferings attended to." It is interesting to learn that the ultimate consequence of this letter was the founding of Netley Hospital.

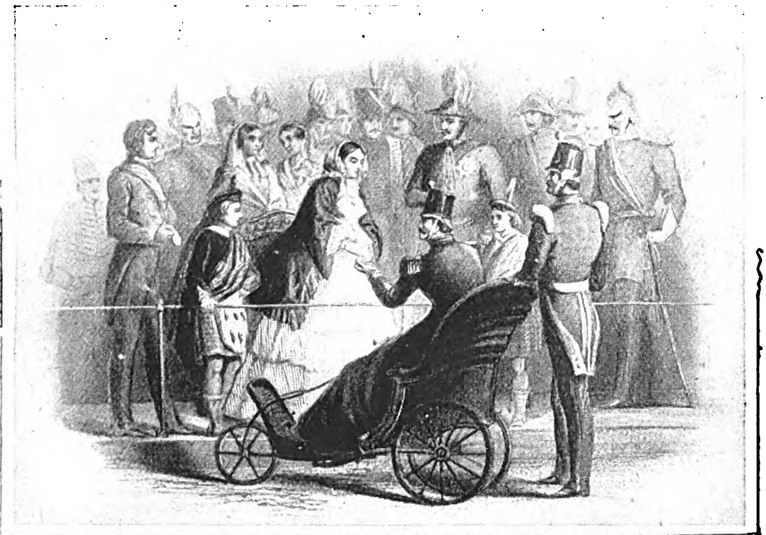


The Queen, with Prince Albert, watching the military manœuvres at Aldershot in the autumn of 1854.

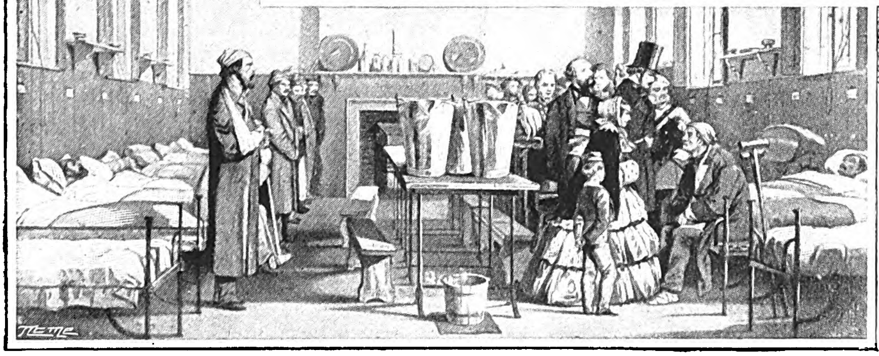
The appalling hardships which the Army endured in consequence of the severe cold of 1855 and the recklessly bad management of the commissariat, moved the Queen to write a letter of protest and commiseration to the Commander-in-Chief. This letter was read to the soldiers, and its every word sunk deep in their hearts. Mr. Augustus Stafford told in the House of Commons how he had seen a wounded man, after hearing the Queen's letter, raise his glass, filled with a draught of bark and quinine, and proposed Her Majesty's health.

"Rather a bitter draught for a loyal toast," observed Mr. Stafford.

"Yes," answered the man, "and but for those words of the Queen I couldn't have got it down."

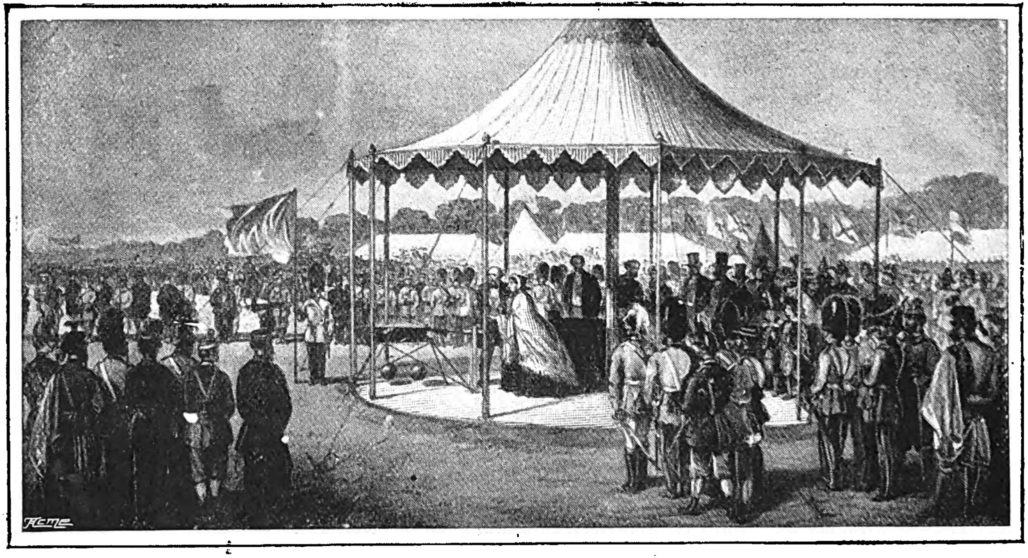


The Queen presenting the Crimean medals on the Horse Guards' Parade, London, 18th May, 1855.



The Queen and Prince Albert visiting the wounded soldiers of the Crimean Army at Brompton Hospital, Chatham, 1854.

It was during the Crimean War that the Queen first presented medals with her own hand to the troops that had returned home disabled. On the 18th of May, 1855, a royal daïs or platform was erected in the centre of the Horse Guards' parade ground, and before it an enclosed space where stood the wounded heroes from the Crimea. The whole Royal Family were grouped on the daïs, and the soldiers who were to be decorated passed in single file before the Queen. An officer standing beside the Queen received from each battered warrior a card with his name and a brief record of his gallant services, and handed it on to the Queen. To every man she presented a medal and said a few kindly and grateful words. All who were present declare the ceremony to have been deeply pathetic and impressive — the long procession of stricken warriors hobbling past the little lady on the daïs — some with bandage heads, some with mutilated limbs, some supported on crutches, or leaning heavily on thick walking-sticks. No distinction of rank was observed, the Duke of Cambridge and Sir T. Troubridge coming forward to receive their rewards in precisely the same manner as the humblest private. Sir T. Troubridge had had both his feet shot away in the battle of Inkermann, and was consequently unable to leave his chair. When giving him his medal, the Queen bent over him and



The Queen firing the first shot at Wimbledon rifle ranges, July 2nd, 1860.

whispered that she would make him one of her aides-de-camp.

"I am now amply repaid for everything," he replied.

"Noble fellows!" writes the Queen to King Leopold, shortly after the event. "I feel as if they were my own children, and my heart beats for them as for my nearest and dearest."

Sir John Gilbert has painted a very fine picture of Her Majesty's reception at Buckingham Palace of the Crimean Guards. The contrast between the great battered warriors—observe how some of them are not even able to stand in the royal presence—and the unpretentious, yet stately little lady, whom each man would gladly die for, is very impressive and pathetic.

After the Crimean war, the medal in reward of personal bravery—the Victoria Cross—was first presented. Characteristically it had never dawned on the English soldier that such a medal was desirable and necessary. Indeed many, and prominent among them Sir Colin Campbell, were averse to the idea. "Why," expostulated that gallant old fire-eater, "you might as well decorate a woman for being chaste as an English soldier for being brave!" However, the nation as a whole approve of the innovation, and in a great and splendid ceremony at Hyde Park, on the 26th of June, 1857, the Queen distributed the first Victoria Crosses among the heroes of the Crimean war.

On the 8th of July, 1856, the Queen was present at Aldershot at a magnificent review of Crimean troops. Among those present, beside the Royal Family, were the King of the Belgians and Prince Oscar of Sweden. It was a phenomenal day, in spite of the weather, which had for once dealt badly with its Royal favourite. The climax, the grand finale, so to speak, of the review was when the troops formed in three sides of a square round the Queen and her *cortège*. The officers of each regiment detached themselves from the main body, and accompanied by four men of each company, stepped up to Her Majesty's carriage. Then the Queen, standing, addressed them in words of praise and thanks. She had hardly ceased when the whole parade was as though electrified with loyal enthusiasm. Shouting "God save the Queen!" the soldiers flung up their bearskins and helmets into the air, and far and near the spectators joined wildly in the demonstration.

The next day—and how dead beat the Queen must have been after these successive reviews!—the Guards and Highlanders made a triumphant entry into Hyde Park, marching past Her Majesty, in Buckingham Palace, while the crowd yelled in wild enthusiasm. Says Lord Malmesbury: "They marched past in fours preceded by their colonels on horseback and their bands, in heavy marching order. Certainly they looked as if they had done work; their uniforms were shabby, many having lost almost all colour, their bearskins were quite brown, and they themselves, poor fellows, though they seemed happy, and were laughing as they marched along, were very thin and worn."

The year 1860 was an eventful one in that it practically gave birth to that venerated body, the Volunteer Force. It was a feeling of animosity against, and growing mistrust of, France, that gave impetus to this movement—France, our staunch ally in a great war only five years back! The French Emperor had become exceedingly unpopular; it was clear to all England that he was ambitious of extending the French frontiers, and very anxious to pick a quarrel with his neighbours. To spur on the volunteer movement, Tennyson published in the *Times* a set of verses, which gave voice to the general feeling of the day, and especially the following lines:

> "Form! be ready to do or die!
> Form! in Freedom's name and the Queen's!
> True, that we have a faithful ally,
> But only the Devil knows what he means:"

Finally on the 23rd of June a great volunteer review was held in Hyde Park, and attended by no less than 20,000 volunteers from all parts of England. The Queen was present, accompanied by the Prince Consort and other members of the Royal Family. Lord Malmesbury describes the memorable event as follows: "I went to Mr. Disraeli's house to see the sight, which was very fine. The enthusiasm of the men and spectators exceeded all description. The volunteers went through their evolutions with the greatest steadiness and precision, and at the final advance in line, when they halted within a short distance of the Queen, and their bands had ceased playing, they raised a cheer that might be heard for miles. The Queen was quite overcome, and I saw many people the same."

At the commencement of the following month was held the first meeting at Wimbledon Common of that yet more important body, the National Rifle Association. In an accompanying illustration the Queen is shown firing off the first rifle. So skilfully had this rifle been adjusted by Sir Joseph Whitworth, the famous inventor and armourer, that Her Majesty's shot hit the bull's-eye at 400 yards to the vast delight of the soldiers and spectators. It is interesting to know that the

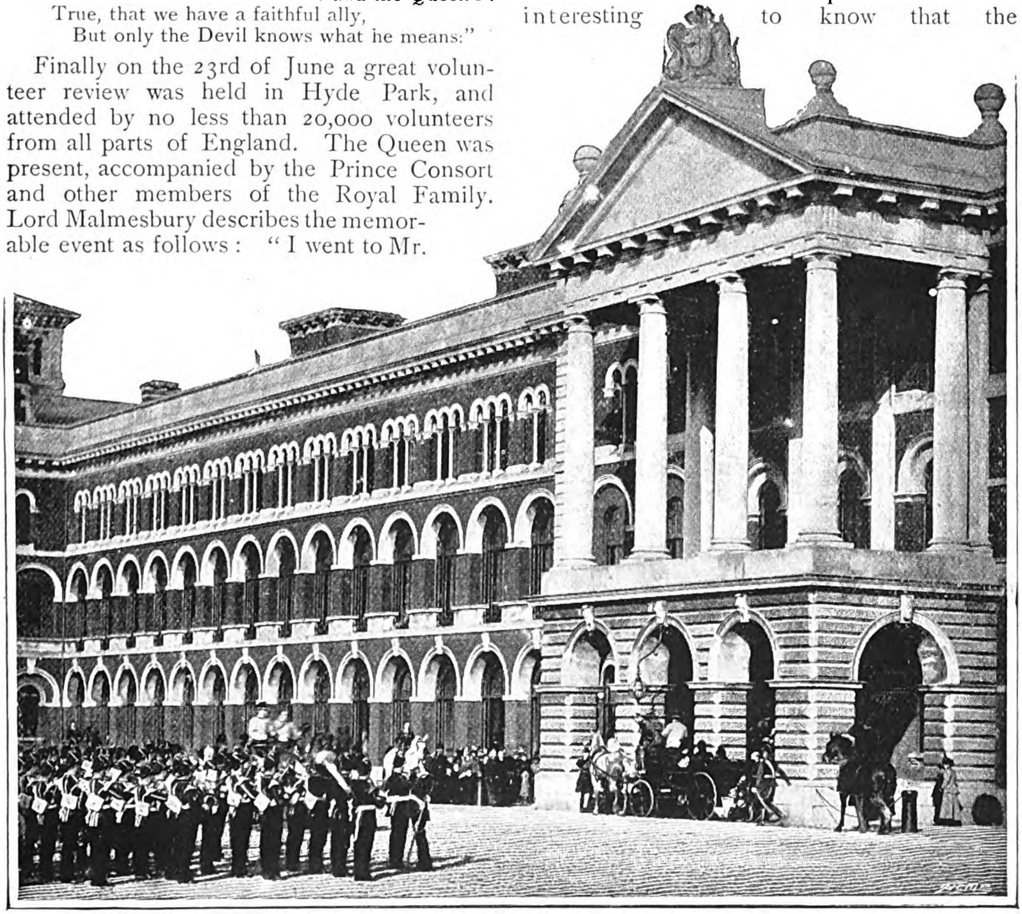


Photo by Stephen Cribb.

The Queen arriving at Netley Hospital to visit the sick from the Soudan, December 3rd, 1898.

first Queen's Prize was won by a Mr. Edward Ross, of the 7th North York Rifles, who scored twenty-four points out of sixty, the greatest possible number.

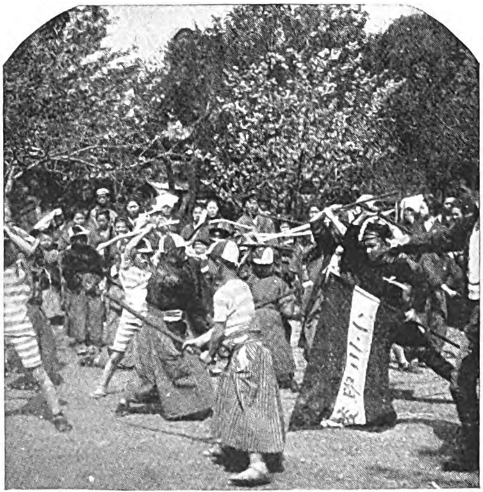
On the 8th of May, 1863, the Queen paid a visit—her first visit, I believe—to Netley Hospital. She arrived quite unexpectedly—by design, I suspect—one can well imagine Her Majesty stooping to little plots when the comfort of her soldiers was concerned—and went thoroughly over the whole building, visiting ward after ward, and penetrating even into the married men's quarters. She conversed with many of the sufferers and made enquiries of the officials as to their various ailments. She got the husbands to tell her about their families, and satisfied herself as to their comfort and well-being. A pathetic incident happened as she was taking her leave. One of the men who was dying, and in whom she had particularly interested herself, exclaimed in broken accents, "I thank God that He has allowed me to live long enough to see your Majesty with my own eyes!"

Her Majesty's most famous visit to Netley Hospital on December 3rd, 1898, is the subject of our frontispiece—her visit, in company with Lord Kitchener, to those wounded in the splendid victory that finally broke the Mahdi's power and avenged the murder of General Gordon. All the patients who were well enough to move had been formed up on either side of the corridor to receive the Queen, who in her wheeled chair passed them with kindly smiles of welcome. There were no less than 801 soldiers in the hospital at the time, 215 of whom had been wounded at the front. The Queen showed especial kindness to the sick of the gallant 21st Lancers, and bestowed two medals with her own hand, while the Sirdar presented Egyptian medals to 180 men who had fought at Atbara and Khartoum

# WAR IN THE PLAYGROUND.

"Briton or Boer?" is now the common challenge of schoolboys in the British playground. In times of peace the warlike challenges used to be "Cavalier or Roundhead?" and "French or English?" but, of course, to-day they have undergone a change. "Briton or Boer?" is the cry, and woe to the reckless youth who has the temerity to declare himself on the side of "Krooger"!

I suppose that in almost every country under the sun, civilised or uncivilised, this playing at war is the most popular game of boyhood; in Japan, at all events, it is carried on with an ardour that far surpasses the mimic warfare of our western schools. The warriors of either camp—the Chinese and the Japanese—are dressed in peculiar and distinguishing garb, and armed with heavy cudgels. The signal is given and the battle begins, and so fiercely is it waged that not only does blood pour profusely, but combatants are not infrequently disabled and stunned. The accompanying illustration is a unique snap-shot of such a battle in full swing. Plucky little Japs! there is true fighting blood in their veins without a doubt. The Chinaman found this out to his cost a few years ago, and other nations greater than the Chinese are not at all unlikely to find it out in the near future. I have heard an ominous rumour that the two camps in the Japanese playground are no longer Chinese and Japanese, but Japanese and Russian. Let the white northern colossus beware!



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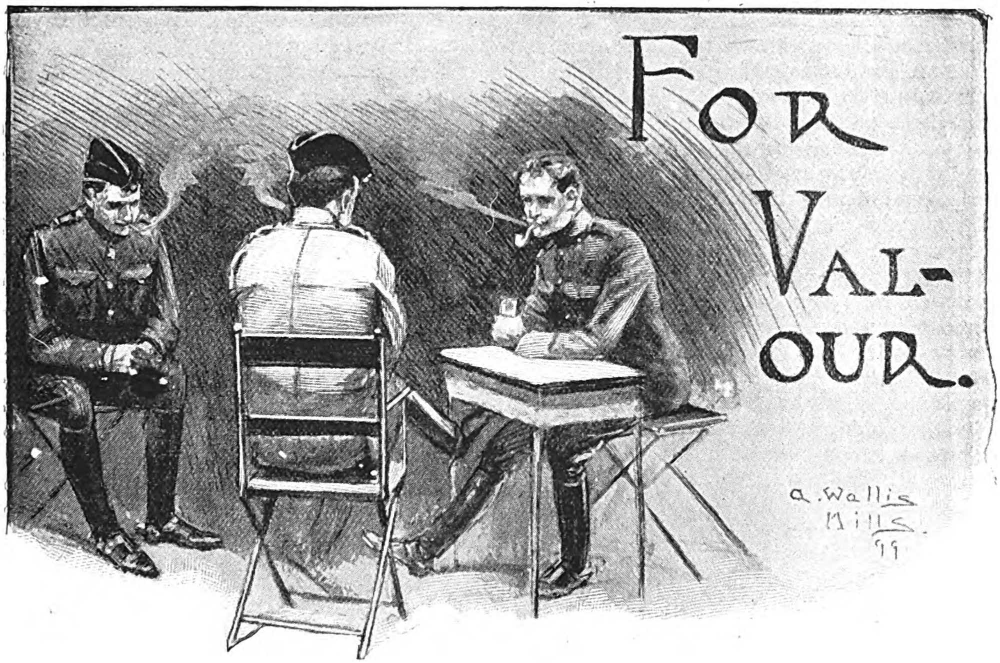
Japanese Schoolboys Playing at War.



# FOR VALOUR.

### BY HUAN MEE.

### I.

"OF course, I know. It's that cub Hamilton."

The girl started to her feet and looked down with scorn at the man, who still kept his seat.

"That cub Hamilton," he repeated fiercely. "I was a fool to speak to you."

"What do you mean, Colonel Graham?" she asked coldly.

"Who should know better than you?" and he impatiently twisted his iron-grey moustache. "Who should know better than you, who have so skilfully led me on until, in a fool's paradise, I fancied that you, a child compared with me, thought a little more of me than a friend. I, who have never bothered a snap of the fingers about a woman for over twenty years, thought that you had grown to care for me. You, a child! Curse me for a fool! The woman-hater converted—and rejected!"

Only a sigh from the girl broke the silence.

"Played the fool with like a boy," he cried angrily. "Led on skilfully, inch by inch, until all has been gained, and then you retreat, smiling because a man, one whom you, in the springtide of youth, would call old, has loved you and been refused—has loved you and been scorned."

"Not scorned," she cried, laying her hand on his, and the dimness in her eyes became a tear upon her cheek—"I did not know, I did not understand."

"You did not know?" he answered, rising impatiently, and catching her slender wrists in his grasp. "For two weeks we have been thrown constantly into one another's society. You have left other men, younger men, more fascinating men than I, and sought your pleasures next to me. You have walked with me, and the only one you seemed to favour was myself. Is that so, or not?"

"Yes."

"You have given me, an old man, more of your smiles than all the others put together. Is that so, or not?"

"Yes."

"You have led me to believe that you cared for me, simply to scorn me and laugh at me. It is a scalp at your belt, a feather in your cap, Miss Tremaine."

"You do not understand," she answered. "How could I know, how could I guess, that you would grow to care for me? You are one whom the world has called a woman-hater, and to you what little charms we have count as nothing. I wanted you to take an interest in me, to be my friend, because——"

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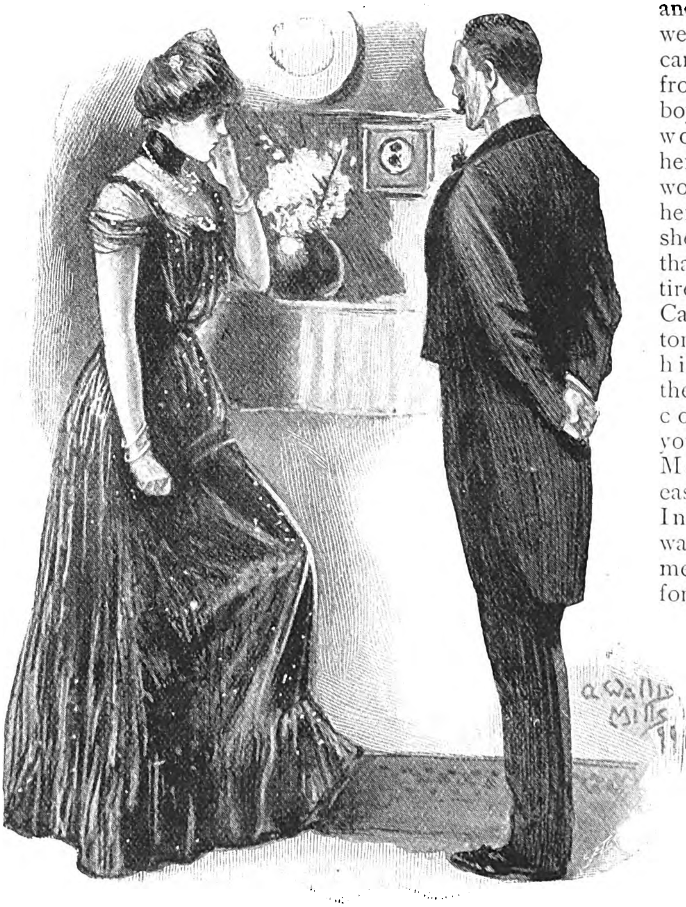
"Because?"

"Because you are Captain Hamilton's Colonel, I wanted you to be also his friend."

"Go on!" he viciously interjected. "You love this man!"

"Yes," she said quietly, "I love him, and because you are his Colonel I wanted you to have some regard for me; to help Frank on, because you knew us both, because, perhaps, in a way, you had some regard for me."



"Go on!" he interjected viciously. "You love this man."

"In a way," the man whispered icily. "In a way—Good God! In a way!"

"How could I guess that you would care for me, save as a girl? You are——"

"Say it," he cried, "say it—'you are so old.'"

"No, no. I would say you are so different from the others. You have told me of your life, your hopes, your ambitions."

"I have spoken to you as I have spoken to no woman before," he answered coldly. "I have spoken to you as a woman I counted would be my wife. It was a mistake, an error that only an old man could make. Good-bye."

"You will forgive me," she pleaded. "Your words have stung me, they have made me feel almost ashamed. You understand all things."

"I understand all things," he answered gravely, as he raised her hand to his lips.

"And——" she hesitated.

"And Captain Hamilton, eh? He shall have the surest chance of promotion and fame that I can give him."

"You are as good as I thought you," she answered, and so, still smiling and courteously grave, he left her; and it was gradually, almost imperceptibly, that that smile tightened down into a sneer.

"Captain Hamilton," he whispered, as he strode through the streets—"Captain Hamilton! And I am now his fairy godmother, to look after him, and advance his welfare until he can take her from me. A boy, a boy who would forget her in a month, would tire of her even before she had found that she had tired of him! Captain Hamilton, eh?—curse him! But, there, I am becoming as young as he. Men are so easily killed in India's little wars, and women so easily forget in India—and elsewhere! Let Fate work to its own finality, for Fate has promised her to me!"

## II.

INDIA'S little wars! People in England scarcely notice them at all. There is always some restless tribe to be taught that England does not set her hand to the plough and then look back, always some mountain skirmish, always some trivial battle, always some insignificant list of killed and wounded crowded into a corner of the newspapers, that no one, save those who have cause to scan such details, worries about. It was one of these trivial errands that England was now undertaking. Colonel Graham's brigade, ridiculously small, as all English brigades are when upon a punitive expedition, was moving northwards for the purpose of quelling an insurrection among the hill tribes.

It was insufferable work for everyone; tedious to the extent of making a man wish for anything that might bring relief to the dead monotony of the march under a blazing sun; all hard work, with not a chance of honour or glory, for it was the littlest of India's little wars.

"What a life!" Captain Hamilton interjected, as he wiped his forehead, "I wish to Heaven we could meet the devils and get it over!"

"And it's rougher for you than the rest of us," one of his comrades answered.

"Rougher for me? How so?"

"Well, the Colonel," the man answered hesitatingly.

"The Colonel?"

"Yes, the Colonel," another impatiently blurted. "Don't fool about, old chap. You know the beast is down on you. Any dirty job to be done, it's 'Where's Hamilton?' anyone to be slanged, it's Hamilton; any man in the regiment to be made an example of it's one of Hamilton's division. Good Heavens! if I had been in your place, I should have been court-martialled by now and dismissed from the service with ignominy for striking my superior officer. How do you bear it?"

"Well, it's the girl at home I'm waiting for," Captain Hamilton quietly responded. "I must win promotion, and I shan't gain that by getting kicked out of the regiment."

"But what's the row?"

"Oh, can't you guess? The Colonel fell in love with the girl, and, God bless her! she preferred me."

"And he knows?"

"Eh, he knows. But there, drop the subject, boys. Life's hard enough without sitting down and bemoaning one's fate. There's the bugle! Only wait until we meet them, and then, perhaps, promotion for me, and I'll leave Colonel Graham behind me!"

"Captain Hamilton!"

The man rose sharply and saluted.

"We shall attack the enemy at dawn!"

"Yes, Colonel!"

"Try and keep your company in its proper formation, and not straggling about like a set of raw recruits!"

"Colonel!"

"Don't answer me, sir!"

"I will answer you. You've no right to insult my men, the finest set of fellows in the British army! Sneer at me if you will, sir; insult me before the regiment, if it pleases your paltry little mind; but, by Heaven, Colonel, be fair! Be fair to the men!"

"Consider yourself under arrest, Captain Hamilton, for insubordination!"

"And I too, Colonel," another exclaimed, rising to his feet. "I speak for all of us, your treatment of Captain Hamilton is a disgrace to the army, and to you as an officer and a gentleman."

"Then, by gad, it's mutiny!" the Colonel exclaimed, turning pale with fury. "A mutiny by my own officers on the eve of an engagement!"

He strode to and fro in the tent, gnawing his moustache, with his sword clanking behind him at each impatient stride, and then his features froze to that mask of sardonic jeering politeness that all who met him knew so well.

"To your stations, gentlemen, if you please; the bugle is about to sound the advance. We will discuss our personal differences after we have settled those of our country." And with a stiff bow he left them.

"I wish you chaps had let me fight my own battle," Hamilton wearily exclaimed. "There'll be a devil of a row about it, and disgrace for all of us!"

"Disgraced be hanged! Graham will think twice before he starts a court-martial on the whole of his officers. For the Lord's sake, let's be off, thrash the cusses and get back!"

"Lawrence is always so optimistic; he forgets that the cusses, as he calls them, have got rifles as good as our own men, and some of us won't get back," one of the men remarked as he buckled his belt.

"Oh, go hang! The howitzers will rout them out of the rocks, and then we'll see who's who."

"Silly plan of attack! Graham must have learnt tactics at the Kindergarten school, and naturally Hamilton's got the dirtiest job."

"Come on, boys," Captain Hamilton interjected, "don't let's stand here grumbling. I don't mind, in fact, I rejoice at it. My men are all good, we've got the most dangerous position, and it gives us all a chance."

"Bully for you, old chap! I wish I'd got it."

The men walked out of the tent, and as they emerged into the darkness Colonel Graham cantered up.

"Captain Hamilton!"

"Here, Colonel!"

"Your division will change with that of

Captain Lawrence, and you will form the rear guard, and not advance until the position is taken. The post I gave you is too responsible for you."

"Very well, Colonel!" and five minutes afterwards the divisions moved slowly through the blackness, forward to the deeper blackness of the hills beyond.

In a flash the dawn broke, and the columns in the long shadow of the hills steadily advanced, spreading themselves out to east and west as they approached the two passes which gave the only access to the rugged heights held by the rebels.

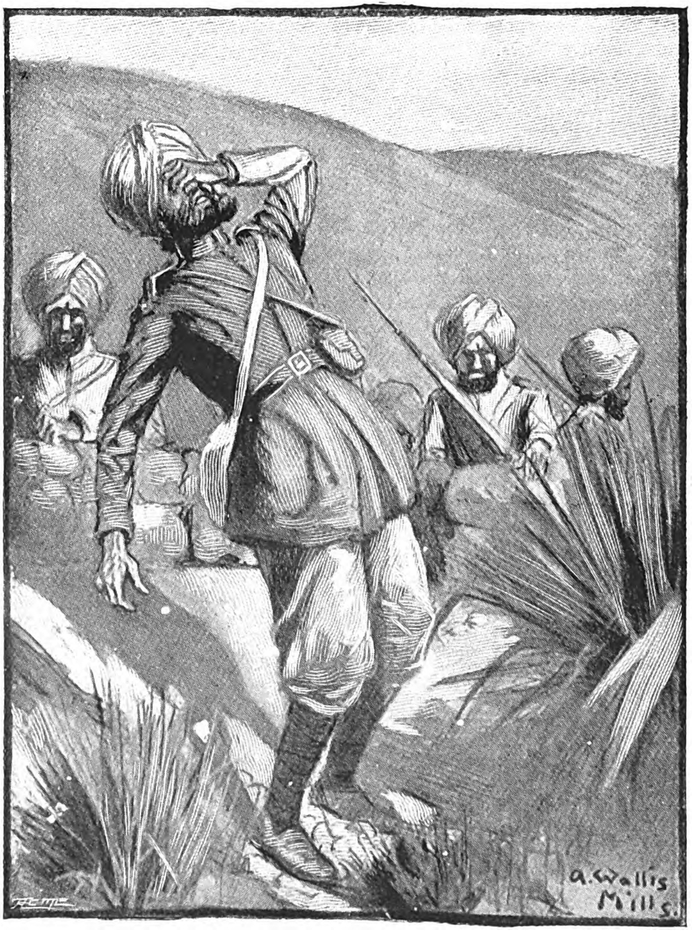
And far in the rear came the division that was to stand by and not fire a shot until the position had been taken and the flag hoisted.

"Well, after all, someone's got to command the rear-guard," Hamilton murmured, "but he might have given me a chance!"

There was a puff of white smoke up on the hillside, a few seconds after a crack, and a shower of dust was flung up well in advance of the first division.

Then the howitzers began to speak, and with a roar flung their shells like rockets into the hollows of the hills, and seemingly with no effect save to cause an occasional helter-skelter from one point to another; but under the protection of the batteries, the divisions advanced towards the passes, and a man who dropped and lay still, or grabbed at the dusty grass, with agony upon his face, showed that now they were within range.

Only a little war, a skirmish with the tribes, and yet the howitzers shrieked and whistled an accompaniment to the everlasting rattle of the rifles, with their incessant crack, crack, from above. There was no precision or order in the firing; it was simply the attack of a disorderly horde, and each one, in a position which seemed impregnable, carefully picked out a man and waited his opportunity.



New they were within range.

The sharp sting of shells makes even a seemingly impregnable position uncomfortable, and before the howitzers tired of casting in the air the missiles that so often, it appeared, fell harmlessly, there was a scurrying in the rocky defiles, a disorderly mob making for higher up amongst the hills. Then the bugles sounded, and the regular military fire of the English-drilled troops brought down half of those who were climbing to the further heights.

Again the bugles! And best sound of all, the advance. With a rush our men made for the position, while above them roared the shells from the protecting howitzers.

"Let Captain Hamilton's division advance at the double," Colonel Graham instructed, "we need no retreat guard." And a few moments later the captain saluted his commander.

"Push your men to the

top, Captain Hamilton—the victory is but half completed. Give a good account of yourselves, and turn the skulking scoundrels out. I don't think they've got much fight left in them now."

And as the men, all longing to finish the affair, dashed forward, Colonel Graham stood and watched the storming parties mounting the hill upon every side.

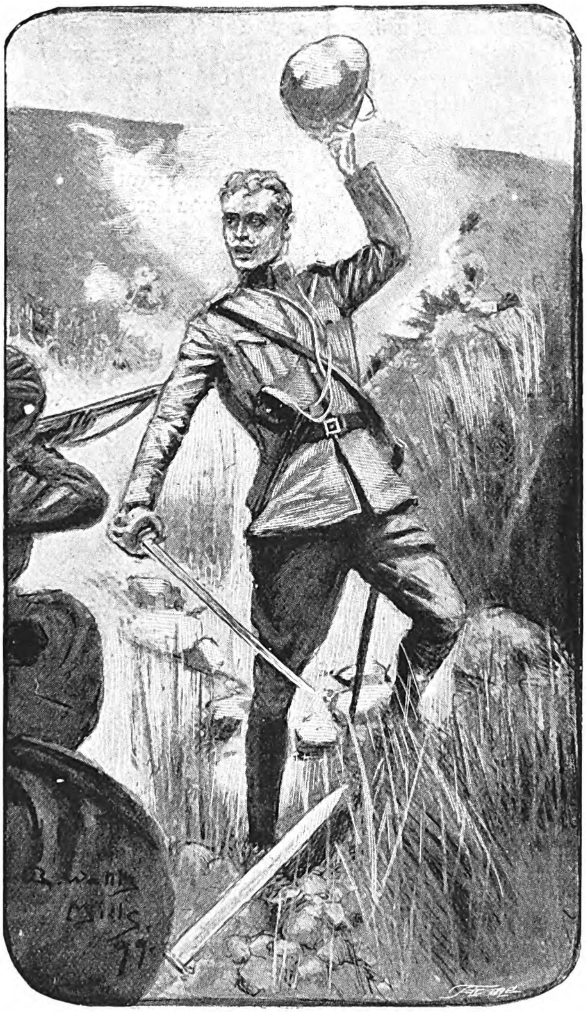
From five points now the attack was being made simultaneously, while the firing from above shewed its traces in the thinning ranks of the beseigers.

It was Captain Hamilton's division that seemed to take all Colonel Graham's attention. The men were storming the most inaccessible, the best protected part of the heights, and though the shots rained about him where he stood, the Colonel remained unmoved his eyes on that man in the fore front of the battle.

"Men die easily in these little wars," he murmured, and still kept his eyes fixed on that party slowly moving towards the top. He drew his breath with a gasp; Hamilton had gone at last—he saw him reel and fall—but no, up again—it was only a slip. "Curse him! his life is charmed." There was a wild hurrah—the first of the stormers had reached the brow of the hill. The desultory firing gave place to a steady rattle, which increased as each division gained the summit and drove before it the defeated and panic-stricken rebels.

It was all over and all useless. He had sent his captain to what seemed certain death, and the Captain had escaped—come through it with glory, and would return and marry her, unless he could put him where there could be no escape. He followed sharply towards the crest of the hill, and as he did so, his eyes caught sight of a group of half-a-dozen natives huddled together in a crevice—just a few that had been missed by the storming party and who had slunk away to hide till night-fall.

He turned his back upon them, knowing that they would not discover themselves by firing upon him, and climbed to the top with his pulses beating and his heart burning with excitement. All was not over yet. It was dastardly, but no one would know. He would cover the dead man with glory in his despatches. He would become sentimentally her friend by that, and then—one of these days. . . .



**There was a wild hurrah! the first of the stormers had reached the brow of the hill.**

"Captain Hamilton!"

"Here Colonel!"

"You've redeemed yourself. I shall mention you favourably in my despatches."

"Thank you, Colonel!" and the man's face flushed beneath the grime of the battle.

"The second and third divisions are completing the rout?"

"Yes, Colonel."

"Then let the remainder form up."

The man saluted and turned upon his heel.

"See to the wounded, and—"

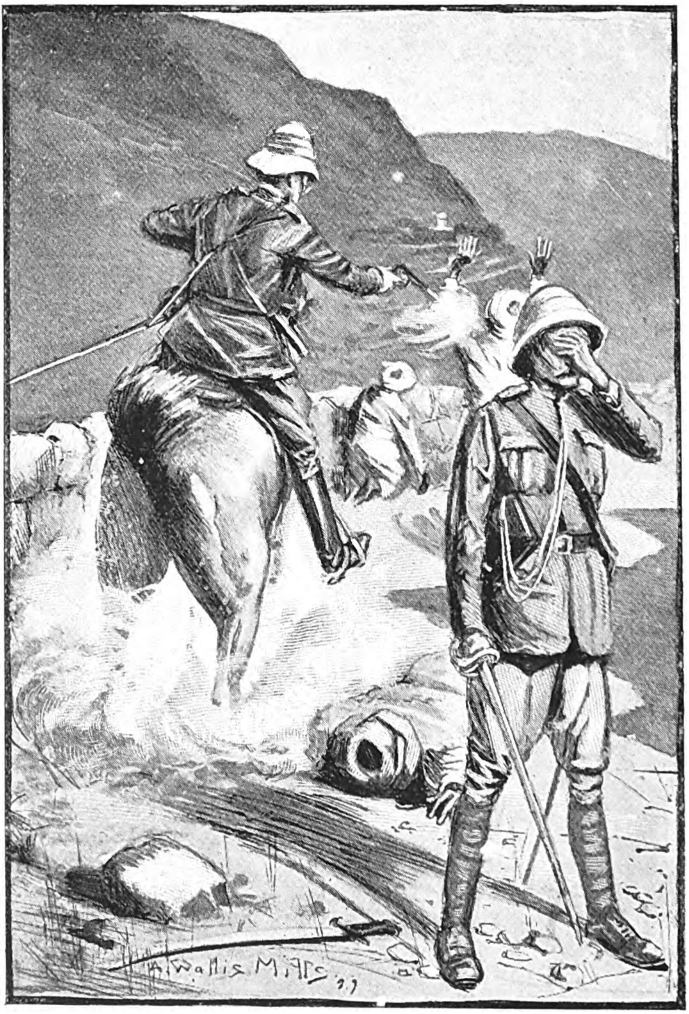
"The work is going on now, Colonel."

Colonel Graham swallowed something in his throat, and caught his captain by the arm.

"By that boulder, there," he said, pointing half-way down the hill, "I dropped my case."

"I will have it searched for."

"Get it for me yourself. It contains private and official documents. I will await you here."



His revolver spoke sharp and biting.

For an instant they eyed one another, and it seemed to the elder man that the younger had read his thoughts and knew that he was ordered to his death. But it passed away, for there was only a slight smile of amusement upon the Captain's face that he should be sent upon an errand of such a kind, as he stepped over the ledge and commenced the descent.

"He must walk suddenly into the midst of them," the Colonel muttered, as he wiped his forehead and moistened his lips. Then he walked sharply away for a few steps, stopped, and strolled back and gazed over.

"Why don't they shoot him?" he gasped, and then flung his arms in the air like a man who drowns.

"No, by God! I can't, not even for her! Hamilton! Hamilton!"

The man below heard the sound, and, waving his hand in reply, took it for a direction to commence to search.

Then he suddenly stood erect and caught the revolver from his belt. There was a sharp crack, and a howl from a crevice in the rock, and then half a dozen men made a rush for him where he stood. They carried no rifles, only their swords, and the man who watched understood that his life was due to want of ammunition when he passed them. The Colonel's object was accomplished and he turned away—turned away with a rush, and dashed for a horse that had been tethered near before the attack.

"Not even for her!" he cried, as he tore the reins loose, and flung himself upon the horse's back.

"How could I marry her? How could I look into her face again!"

There was another crack from below, and he drove the horse madly towards the hillside where it baulked the descent, and, pawing the air gave him a glimpse of the scene below—Hamilton, with his back to the rock, one man dead, and five swarming around him.

With an oath he tore round, galloped in a short circle, and came to the edge again.

"Jump it, you devil, jump it!" he shrieked, and brought his fist down with a crash on the horse's head. Then like a thunderbolt they dropped. There was a thud that nearly shook him from the saddle, as the horse struck the steep side with his four feet together.

"Not even for her!" he gasped again, as they slid down the hill, the terrified animal flung back upon his haunches. Then, before a moment had passed, he was in the group. It was more level there, and his revolver spoke sharp and biting. Hamilton was down—the rescue was not a moment too soon. The man making a swinging cut at him dropped dead with the circle half completed, the others died as they ran.

"You've saved my life, Colonel," he panted, "I, the one whom you owed least to; the one who has caused most trouble in your regiment. How can I thank you? It was the most gallant deed the world has seen."

"Don't be a fool. I sent you down there to be shot, and then thought better of it. I believed all was fair in love and war, but, confound it, it isn't! If you care to be a friend of mine now, more fool you; but if you do, I'll make a jackass of myself by dancing at your wedding!"

### III.

"To Colonel Chesney Graham, the Victoria Cross, for conspicuous bravery in saving the life of Captain Hamilton."

The man read the paragraph again and again, and grew whiter as he read it.

"I can't take it," he muttered, "I can't take it, and I can't refuse it! Come in, Hamilton!"

He rose and seized the outstretched hand of his comrade.

"For God's sake, help me! You're the only one who knows the truth. I can't accept it. I can't go about a living lie. I can't wear a cross for valour, I, the one who——"

"You must, you shall! If you mention a word of the past, dead and forgotten, I will say you are a madman, a——"

"I say I cannot, and I will not! My heart has sickened when your wife has spoken of the past and what I did. My soul revolts at the deep friendship she has given me, so that I hold the place in her heart next only to yourself. I would rather she knew all and shunned and hated me, than that I stole her regard as I have done, acting the honest man when I am but the meanest rogue——"

"Will you let her decide and guide you?"

"Tell her all, Hamilton?"

"Yes."

"No, no! I cannot see the gratitude in her eyes, which seem always to thank me for your life, turn to wonder, and then to horror-stricken contempt."

"I can give you no better advice. Give her your confidence first, and she may advise you to keep the world in ignorance."

"When?"

"Now. She will be here directly to be amongst the first to congratulate you."

The man gazed stonily before him for a moment, then nodded his head, and Captain Hamilton opened the door and held up his finger warningly to the girl who entered.

"Is anything wrong?" she whispered.

"It's about the Cross," he answered. "The Colonel does not think he should have it."

"Not have it?" she exclaimed, with wide open eyes. "Not have it for saving your life?" and she walked over and placed her hand on the man's shoulder. "Colonel Graham, it's the worst compliment I've ever received. My husband's life not worth the Victoria Cross, indeed!"

"Tell her," the man interrupted, and then he started to his feet and faced them both.

"Let me tell you all myself!" he cried fiercely. "You know the past, my dear. You know I was an old fool who thought you could care for me, but what you don't know is this: I promised to help your husband and yet hated him, and put every indignity upon him that one officer could put upon another. When we had stormed the heights and won the position, I still hated him because I'd hoped he might be taken and I left"—the man hesitated, and Captain Hamilton took up the thread of the story.

"Yet," he cried excitedly, "when he saw me there, surrounded by those who would have satisfied his wishes and left me dead and you free, all that hatred vanished, all thought of what my fate would mean to him, faded away. He forced a horse sheer down that break neck hill, and rescued me out of the very jaws of death.

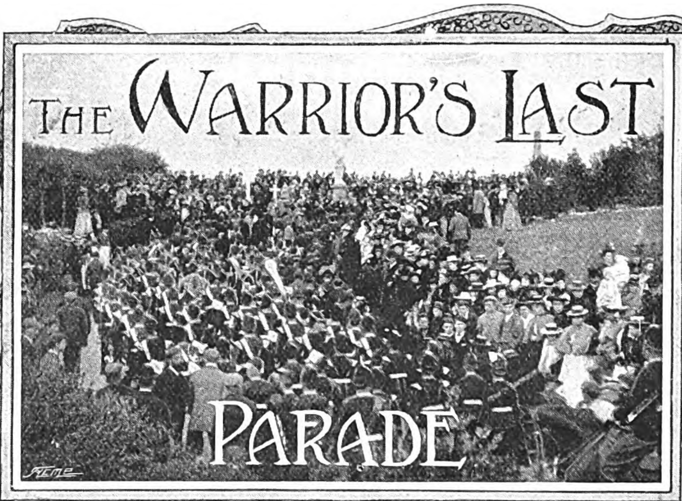
"Was it not worthy of the Cross? And yet he hesitates and asks your guidance whether to take it or reject it."

The elder man extended his hand and took that of his captain.

"If the Cross be for valour there is greater valour in saving one's enemy than one's friend," she answered gravely. "He must take it," and both men bowed their heads and accepted her decision.

"For Valour," she said, and stooping touched his forehead with her lips.

# THE WARRIOR'S LAST PARADE



*Illustrated with Special Photographs by the Author.*

By

R. C. Ryan.

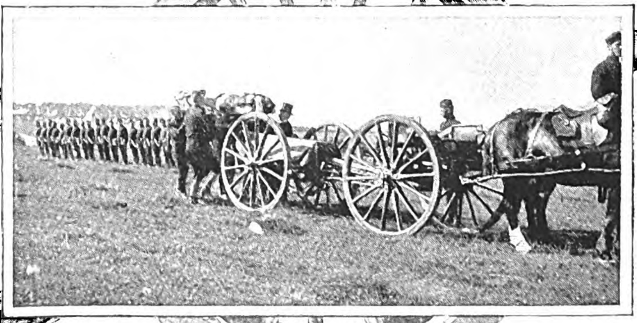
THERE are doubtless many thousands of people living in towns and villages remote from military centres, many even of London's millions, who have never, or but rarely, witnessed a soldier's funeral. An ordinary funeral is sombre and moving enough, but the "warrior's last parade" is infinitely more impressive and pathetic with its colour, its muffled music, its slow and solemn movement.

On a scorching day in August during the recent military manœuvres, I was speeding along with a cycle and camera in the direction of the camp of Buller's army which had halted for the night not far from Blandford in Dorset, when I overtook a cavalryman riding hurriedly towards the same destination. I noticed with interest that the man was carrying with some difficulty, a beautiful wreath of *immortelles*—an article one does not as a rule, associate with military manœuvres. He greeted me with a friendly "good morning," and asked if I would mind carrying the wreath for him as far as the camp, as the pace he was expected to ride would be fatal to a thing of so delicate a nature.

Burdened as I was with my camera, I was reluctantly compelled to refuse his request, He took it, however, in good part, and we chatted pleasantly together as we rode along. He told me among other things what the wreath was meant for.

It appears that on the previous day when a battery of Royal Horse Artillery was in action, and moving at full gallop over a piece of rough country, a fatal accident had occurred to one of its drivers.

I might here mention to the uninitiated that six horses are



Placing the coffin on a gun carriage.

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harnessed to each gun, the "rear" horses being ridden by drivers; the gunners themselves are separately mounted, as it would be impossible for them to ride on the gun-limber as in the case of "field batteries."

On this occasion the horse ridden by the driver of the centre pair stumbled and fell, bringing over the whole gun-team. The pole of the gun struck the unfortunate man, killing him instantly.

Bearing the warrior's last remains to the church.

The service at the graveside.

"War" having been declared between the Northern and Southern Army Corps, and the latter being on the march, it was necessary to bury the poor fellow without delay. A coroner's inquest held the same day brought in a verdict of accidental death; orders were then issued for the funeral to be held the next morning, and the gun-team to which the deceased belonged was told off for duty, the broken pole being neatly spliced, and the gun-carriage made ready to carry the coffin to the grave.

I might mention that in all garrison towns a gun-carriage is kept for funeral purposes with a permanent platform, but without the gun.

One particularly sad feature in the instance mentioned above was, that though the deceased's relatives were telegraphed for, time and distance did not permit them to bid their last farewells together with the dead warrior's comrades at arms.

A soldier's horse always follows immediately behind the coffin in the funeral *cortége*, and is led by two men, walking one on either side. The preparation of the horse for this sad parade is always a labour of love, and is most readily and conscientiously performed. The animal is equipped as if for parade, his knees being adorned with a pair of white rosettes, and the bridle, reins, stirrup-leathers, and surcingle bound round at regular intervals with white tape. The strict carrying out of these details was, in this instance, hardly possible, and though full-dress is strict etiquette, yet on this occasion the troops wore manœuvre kit. One of the most pathetic features in the horse's equipment is the carrying of a pair of jack-boots belonging to the deceased soldier; these are slung over the saddle and reversed in the stirrups.

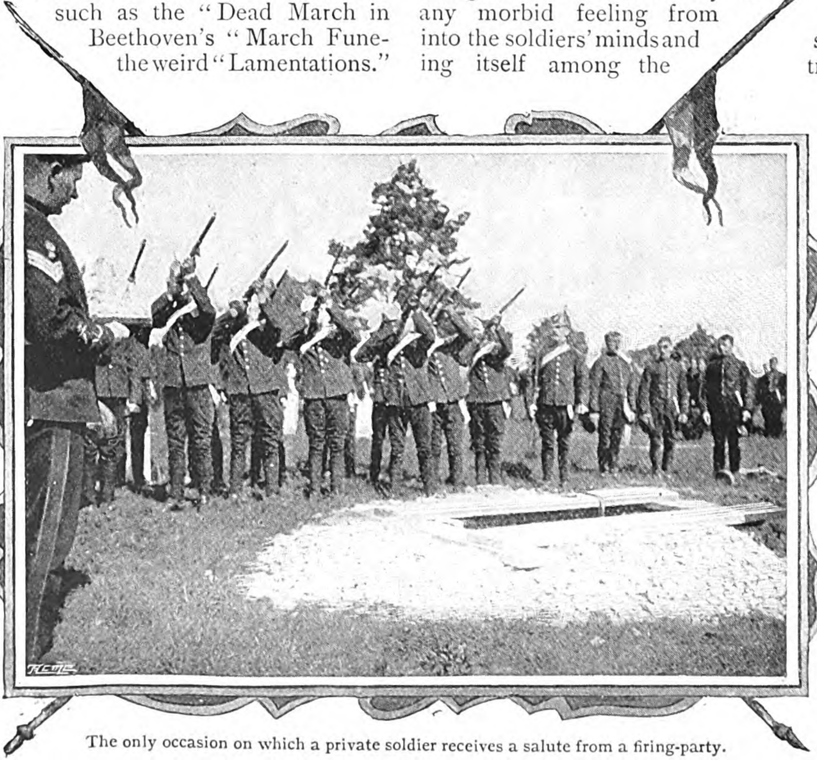
At the appointed time the *cortége* is formed up outside the mortuary, and an opportunity is given to those who wish to take a last look at their departed comrade.

The shell is then closed, the troops that compose the funeral party form in two lines facing inwards, the gun-carriage is drawn up at the extreme end, and the bearers enter the mortuary and bring out the coffin, which has for its pall the Union Jack. On this are placed the sword and head-dress of the deceased, together with the wreaths presented by sorrowing relatives and friends. "Attention!" "Present arms!" are the orders given, while the bearers pass slowly down the lines towards the gun-carriage, on which they carefully place the coffin. After the order "slow march" has been spoken, the procession moves, with slow and melancholy tread, in the direction of the cemetery, headed by the band, and to the strains of some funeral music such as the "Dead March in Saul," Beethoven's "March Funebre," or the weird "Lamentations."

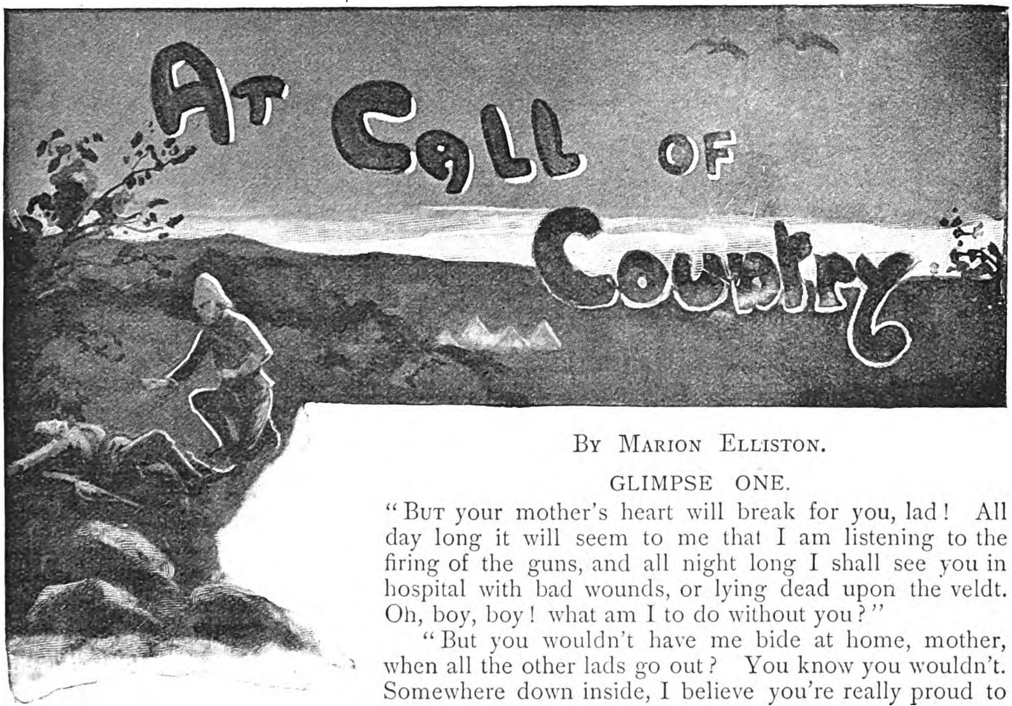
The scene at the graveside is most impressive. One of the accompanying photographs shows the bearers and escort standing uncovered while the military chaplain conducts the burial service. The firing-party meanwhile stands at the "present arms"—this being the only occasion on which a soldier of non-commissioned rank is entitled to that honour.

After the burial service is concluded, the firing-party, consisting of twelve men and a sergeant, is formed up immediately over the grave, and, at the command, fire three volleys in the air with blank cartridge. Load! Present! Fire! And an ear-splitting crash is heard; then a few bars of the "Rouse" are played, the "Rouse" being a piece of music performed on the drums and fifes before Reveille, when troops are encamped. Ready! Present! Fire! And again a volley from twelve carbines that sound like one piece; finally the last volley, and then the firing party marches away, with arms at "the shoulder," whereas before they were carried at the reverse.

A last look is taken, and the floral tributes placed in position; the troops form up; the drums are unmuffled, and the party march back to the camp or barracks, to the tune of some popular "quick step" march, it being considered necessary to combat any morbid feeling from sinking into the soldiers' minds and spreading itself among the troops.



The only occasion on which a private soldier receives a salute from a firing-party.



# AT CALL OF COUNTRY

By Marion Elliston.

## GLIMPSE ONE.

"But your mother's heart will break for you, lad! All day long it will seem to me that I am listening to the firing of the guns, and all night long I shall see you in hospital with bad wounds, or lying dead upon the veldt. Oh, boy, boy! what am I to do without you?"

"But you wouldn't have me bide at home, mother, when all the other lads go out? You know you wouldn't. Somewhere down inside, I believe you're really proud to have a soldier boy ordered out to fight."

"No, no, boy! I wouldn't hold you back from fighting for your Queen and country, and I'd sooner—I'd sooner"—but here her voice broke into something very near a sob, and she turned away to hide the tears that would keep on coming, pretending she was engrossed with that last night's supper she was preparing for him—a pathetic repast consisting of small portions of every single thing she could think of that he had "special likings" for, a collection that would have tried the digestion of any mortal man except that of a "Tommy" just off beyond the reach of mother-prepared suppers!

"The Queen, mother! Why, when I'm in the battle, and have to think of a woman to keep myself plucky, and able to fire straight, I guess it won't be any grand lady with a crown on like the Queen that I keep in my mind, but jest you, with your white apron on, getting my supper for me because it is my last night at home for a bit. Cheer up, mother! I'm coming back all right, you'll see." And he held her in his arms until she insisted that the pudding would be completely spoiled.

He had to join his barracks over night—supper was soon over, and he must go.

"Good-bye, lad, good-bye! God bless you and bring you back safe."

And the boy went off to the war. His mother stayed at home, as mothers must. It was lonely without him.

## GLIMPSE TWO.

"Good-bye, darling—God keep you and the children."

He held her pressed closely to him, but the men were already entrained, and the guard was impatient. One last "good-bye," and he sprang in with his brother officers. He kept the window though, waving his cap to a figure there on the platform. She waved to him, too, as long as the train was in sight. Then she set her mouth firmly and walked away. What did it matter if her heart was breaking? The ache of it must be shut away somewhere deep down, and somehow or other, the full daily portion of smiles for the children must be manufactured and spread over the top surface. They would be at home by the time she reached there. She must be prepared to listen to all the little stories of little vices and little virtues that make the sum of a child's life, and that only receive their full fruition as they are handed over to wise mothers who can see and show their true bearings! Yes, she must be there to help find all the lost books for the afternoon's lessons, and to sew on stray buttons, and to set stray stitches—and, worst of all, to sit at

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the early dinner, and pretend to eat, because they always said, "Dinner is never a bit good when mother isn't there."

So the man went off to the war, and the wife-heart was aching badly, though the mother-lips still kept making smiles. Mothers must!

### GLIMPSE THREE.

"Dood-bye, my daddy, dood-bye, an' tum home adain twick," and the wee mite snuggled her head into his shoulder, and put both arms round his neck.

"Good-bye, little girlie, be a good girl and comfort mother when Daddy is gone."

"Daddy, you're giving Baby all of it, and I want some of you, too," said the bigger boy, who was busy clanking his father's sword, and inquiring into the joints of his hero's harness.

"Daddy isn't likely to forget his big boy, old fellow," he answered, giving the mite in his arms another almost convulsive hug, and handing her back to the mother whose turn must come last of all.

"Come along, boy," and he drew him close, "now listen to Daddy carefully! I'm going out to fight, and we mean to win; but you're to stay at home and fight, and you're to win too! You're to fight all that crew of schoolroom invaders I hear about so often—Dickie Dawdles, Tommy Thoughtless, Anthony Argumentative, Timothy Temper and all those fellows he so often brings along with him—you know them well enough, a whole battalion of them—Gregory Grumbles, Sammy Sulks, Freddie Fretful and Peter Peevish! And that little sweetheart of yours, Miss Tiny Tearful—you know I don't like her at all—I'm sure she is only a traitor in the camp, and really belongs to the enemy all the time, so it is such a pity you are so fond of her! Well, anyhow, you fight them all for all you're worth, and send me a war map every week to tell me how the battles in the School-room War have gone—tell me what were the points of attack, and who came off best man, will you? I hope Sammy Sulks will soon get a drubbing that will teach him to take himself off for good—I should be so glad to hear about that!"

"Well, Daddy, I'll just try and give him a good thump if he comes again, out of memory of you."

"That's right, my boy. And remember, boy, if Daddy doesn't come home again, you're to take care of Mummie always, and be very good to her for Daddy's sake!"

"The carriage is here, sir, and the luggage all up," announced the footman.

And the soldier released the boy, for there was one other farewell to take—a farewell that needed no words, nor could find any that were adequate. He put a hand on each of her shoulders, and she leaned her head forward for one instant—only one. He stooped and kissed her soft curly hair, whispered, "Goodbye, my own, God bless you," and sprang into the carriage, with no look to the right hand or to the left.

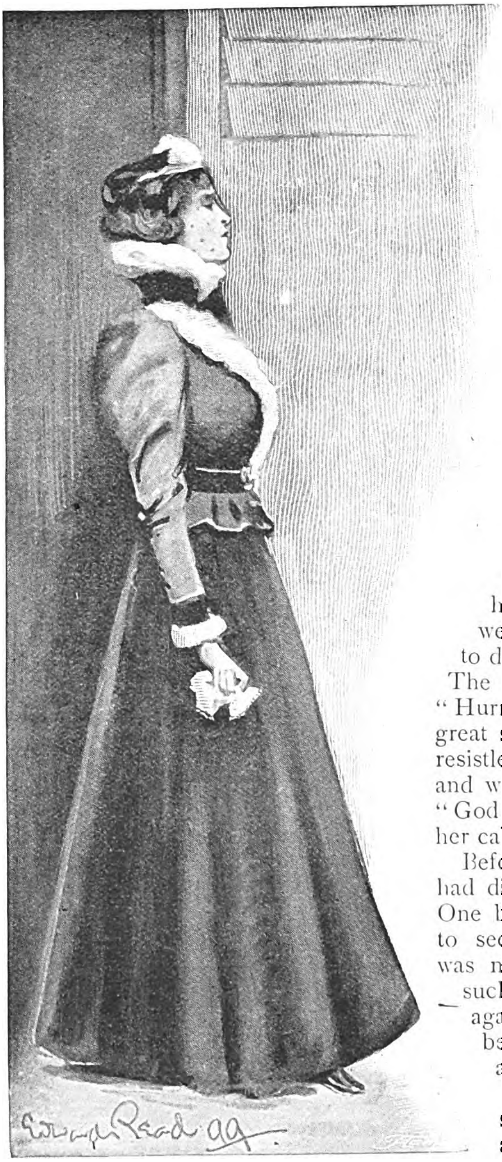
"Ready, Jackson!" and the wheels crunched on the gravel, and wife, children and servants all strained their ears to hear it as long as they might.

### GLIMPSE FOUR.

The great steamer with its three funnels lay alongside. The Smith's bookstall young man was marching up and down selling war-maps and novels, and his trade throve—especially in the former. The heavy cranes had gathered up, swung across, and slowly lowered the last of the two hundred war-horses, and were now busy catching up the big packing-cases of stores and baggage brought in by the last boat-train. A few minutes more and even that would be finished. The men of the regiment had already gone aboard for the last time, and answered through the roll-call.

The first bell! The second! By the third all friends must be off the ship. The last "Goodbyes" must be very short now. Two ladies and two gentlemen got up from the more or less sheltered corner where they had been spending those last precious moments with an officer of the corps—his father, mother, and brother—yes, and his young wife. The men took manly greeting of him and joked military jokes on the supposition that it cheered the women. The women tried to smile on the supposition that "it made it easier for Charlie"—and Charlie spoke with a great manner of assurance about "the war being soon over," and about being "at home again before Christmas" on the supposition that they believed it! Nobody succeeded in deceiving anybody, but everybody tried to! How universally and how forgiveably the most truth-loving of men and women become deceivers when they say "Good-byes!"

Then the warm mother-farewell—the strong man going back again to the simplicity and unself-consciousness of the good-bye of a little child. Then the shyer, tender "Good-bye" to the slight girlish figure who was trying so bravely to keep herself well in



**But the wife of the soldier gone to war still stood there gazing out to sea.**

hand. Then they went down the gangway and stood against the sheds to watch the ship start.

Another officer came down the gangway to bring another lady off. She would be alone when he went back, and he hated to leave her so!

"I can't bear to leave you alone in a place like this, dear one," he said, "I wish I had insisted on Reggie coming. Let me take you across and put you into a fly. They know I'm come off, and, besides, there's no fear of them starting yet.

"No, I am going to watch it out of sight. Please don't be uneasy, dear—I shall manage quite well. I didn't want anyone else here to-day. I wanted you alone. Good-bye, my husband!"

She put her hand in his, and looked for one second into his eyes—and her whole soul was in that look. It was only one second, then she looked out to sea. She dare not let herself loose, even for one last kiss, but he knew and he understood. He turned and went up the gangway again—they were waiting to draw it away even then.

The troops at their end of the ship shouted "Hurrahs," but they were drowned with the one great strain that, once started, swept the crowd with resistless force, gathering up the voice of every man and woman on the ship or on the shore, as they sang "God save the Queen," while the big ship slipped her cables.

Before the hymn was done the bulk of the crowd had dispersed, and only the relatives still remained. One by one they, too, dropped off, for the most part to seek a quieter place to cry in, now that there was no object in pretending that they were above such petty weakness. The officer's brother again and again drew the pretty, girlish wife to a better place for her husband to see her as long as eyes could reach.

Another officer was standing beside him, straining his eyes to see, too—not a lady among a group of caring friends, but a lady standing quite alone, leaning against the doorway of the great Custom House shed that runs the whole length of that platform.

But the afternoon mist was creeping up and covering everything with a cold, dreary drizzle. The brother-protector drew his sister-in-law away at last, saying, "Come away, dear, this mist is hiding everything now, and making you cold and wet—come along." And they turned again to the sore-hearted father and mother.

But the other woman, the other wife of a soldier gone to the war, still stood there gazing out to sea. Not that she could see his ship—the mist that lay over the sea enveloped it, and the mist that swam in her eyes concealed it. A policeman, who had eyes that saw, moved slowly up and down. She was so absolutely alone, so evidently a stranger, so mutely yet quiveringly sad, and from her dress and carriage so evidently of a race that is not well accustomed to "do for itself in a crowd," that it touched him.

"It's very damp, lady—won't you move further into the shed? You'll catch your death of cold there," he said at length.

"No, thank you. I think I had better go now," she answered, and moved away.

But Southampton Docks is a bad place to be in alone when there is a thick mist in your eyes and a lump in your throat. There are waters all round you, and lines and trucks everywhere. Police Constable No. 32 guessed she couldn't see, and he guessed right.

"Take care, lady; the trucks are up and down these lines every minute. This is the way to the outside gate where the cab stand is. But if you'll just stand still under this wall you'd be safe and sheltered, and I can whistle one inside for you."

"Yes, perhaps that would be best; please do." She was beginning to feel faint and spent, and very incoherent.

It wasn't more than a couple of minutes before the hansom drew up, and the policeman put her in. "Where shall I tell him to drive, lady?"

"The railway station, please—the London platform."

"You can't catch the 5.15, lady, and the next is 7.35. You've two hours to wait; better let him take you to the Terminus Hotel, and you could get a cup of tea. You'll be there already when it's time; you just step out of the hotel on to the platform when the train comes in. If you just tell the manager when your train is due, he'll send for you in plenty of time."

"Very well, perhaps so," she answered.

And as the cabman drove slowly away No. 32 said, "Please God, he'll come back to you safely, lady."

"Thank you. I shall tell him in my first letter how good you were to me—he was so unhappy at leaving me to find my way back alone. Good-night."

And she drove away, to scan the newspapers, to search the War Office lists, and to pray for the end of the war.

# THE POWER OF A WAVE.

THAT the sea has a terrific power when lashed into fury by a tempest is a fact known to all—both mariners and landsmen. But it is doubtful if many inhabitants of the United Kingdom, except those living upon storm-visited coasts, realise what gigantic damage can be done by the waves which break upon our own shores during a violent storm.

No better example of the truth of this statement has ever been afforded than the disaster which happened to Martello Tower No. 17, on the Kentish coast, near Hythe, in the hurricane of February, 1898. The sea-wall of the tower consists of masonry many feet in thickness, but so great was the power of the mountain-like waves which dashed upon it, that this massive structure was literally split, as shown in our photograph. A succession of gigantic waves weakened the masonry, and at last one sea, of even greater force than its predecessors, completed the destruction of the building.

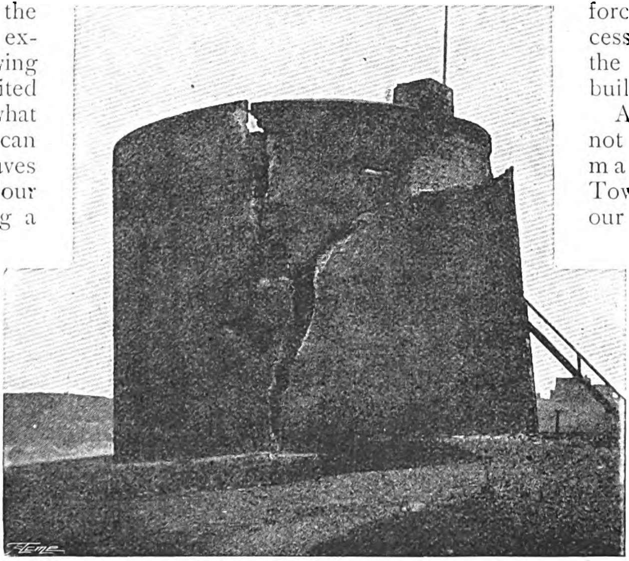


Photo by W. H. Jaco.

A Martello Tower Wrecked by a Wave.

All our readers may not be aware that the many Martello Towers to be seen on our southern and south-eastern coasts were erected at great expense during the panic caused by the threatened invasion of England by Napoleon Bonaparte. Each tower had mounted upon its summit a large gun, but neither the towers nor the guns were ever brought into service, and they are now quite obsolete. Some towers have been turned into dwelling-houses.

# STORIES OF SOME SUCCESSFUL SONGS

## HOW "THE SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN" WAS WRITTEN.

BY T. ROBERTS.

NOWADAYS, the man who writes a really popular song receives more outward and visible signs of his success than the most successful stateman or general. Let him go where he will, he cannot escape the evidence of his handiwork. In the streets the melody he created is constantly assailing his ears; in the theatre and concert-hall he meets his song face to face, and in the houses of his private friends; if the piano is not singing his praises, it is only because his song is taking a temporary rest in the recesses of the music stand.

Three years ago, except to the music loving public in Manchester, Leslie Stuart was almost unknown. But to-day, it may be said without the slightest exaggeration, that his songs are more widely known than those of any other living composer.

It was on the morning after the Jubilee day that Leslie Stuart woke and found himself famous. For all London was humming "The Soldiers of the Queen," and the reason for this ubiquitous humming was that they had heard the melody fifed and drummed by every military band that took part in the great pageant on the previous day. According to the newspaper reports, "The Soldiers of the Queen" was played no fewer than thirty times during the procession. The song having once taken root, grew like mustard seed in a warm soil. It spread to every part of the Empire, and is now regarded as a national song of Great Britain, judging from the fact that it was played by the Guards' band when they marched into Omdurman.

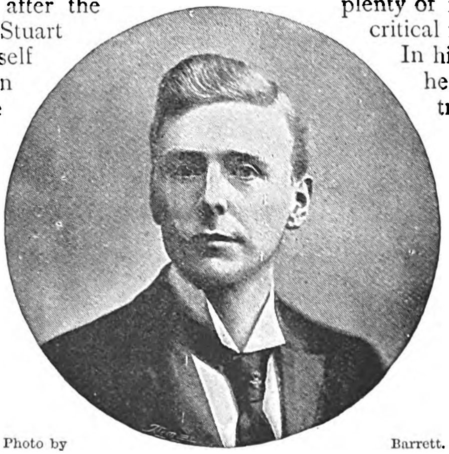


Photo by Barrett.

**The Latest Portrait of Mr. Leslie Stuart**

However, Leslie Stuart does not depend for his fame on "The Soldiers of the Queen." Three, at least of his other songs —"Little Dolly Daydream," "Louisiana Lou," and "The Lily of Laguna"—are almost as popular as that martial ditty. To achieve so many current successes is most exceptional.

There was nothing in Leslie Stuart's earlier career to suggest his subsequent success as a composer of ear-catching melodies. For seven years he was organist to Archbishop, now Cardinal, Vaughan, at Salford Cathedral. Then he turned his hand to organising concerts in Manchester and achieved remarkable success in his new venture. The Manchester public have the reputation of being the keenest judges of good music in the country, and Leslie Stuart provided them with plenty of material to exercise their critical faculties upon.

In his character of *impressario* he was responsible for introducing no less a star than Paderewski to the British public. The introduction came about in this way. An agent of Paderewski came to Leslie Stuart and asked him if he would give an engagement to the great pianist, whose fame at that time was, of course, purely local in Germany. Engaging great unknowns is always risky work; but Leslie Stuart was venturesome and then and there offered Paderewski an engagement to play at two concerts in Manchester. For the first concert the pianist was to receive the sum of £40, and the same sum for the second, provided that his first appearance proved successful. When

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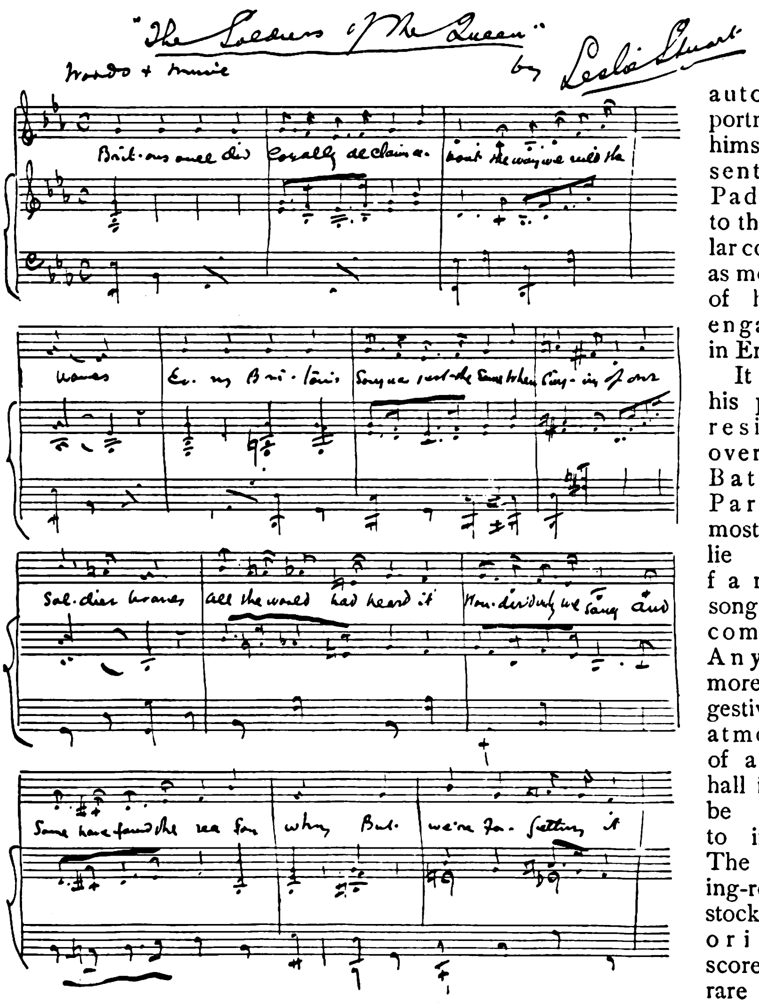
we know that now Paderewski will never appear for anything under a fee of three hundred guineas the doubt as to whether he was worth £40 seems amusing.

Anyhow, the doubt was soon satisfied. Paderewski, who was booked to appear in Manchester at Leslie Stuart's concert on a Saturday, arrived in England on the previous Tuesday. Then, as the penny novelist would say, a strange thing happened. Paderewski was captured by an enterprising musician and gave a pianoforte recital in London two days before his appearance in Manchester. The result of this concert was satisfactory to Leslie Stuart so far as it set his mind completely at rest on the question as to whether or not Paderewski would "draw."

The London musical public were taken by storm, and the day after his recital the papers all joined in a chorus of acclamation at the wonderful performance of the new star. Paderewski's appearance in Manchester on the Saturday was only a continuation of his London triumph. But by this time he had learned his true value from a financial point of view. It is interesting to note that when next Paderewski played in Manchester his fee had risen to £100, and at a subsequent visit to £150.


"The Soldiers of the Queen"
Words + music by Leslie Stuart
Brit-ons once did loyally declaim about the way we ruled the waves
Ev-'ry Bri-ton's song was just the same when sing-ing of our
Sol-diers brave, All the world had heard it Won-der'd why we sang and
Some have found the rea-son why But we're for-getting it

Reduced facsimile of a Portion of the Music of "The Soldiers of the Queen."

Though Leslie Stuart's first meeting with Paderewski was purely official, they soon became fast friends, and among a host of souvenirs from distinguished people to be found in Mr. Stuart's house at West Hampstead, two of the most interesting are an old silver match-box and an autograph portrait of himself presented by Paderewski to the popular composer as mementos of his first engagement in England.

It was in his previous residence overlooking Battersea Park that most of Leslie Stuart's famous songs were composed. Anything more unsuggestive of the atmosphere of a music-hall it would be difficult to imagine. The drawing-room is stocked with original scores and rare old editions of the great operas. Sundry mementoes from many of the famous singers and songstresses who sang at her husband's concerts in Manchester can be seen on Mrs. Stuart's treasure table. But the most valued of all Leslie Stuart's numerous gifts is a curiously wrought gold Maltese cross, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, presented to him when he was organist to Cardinal Vaughan, at Salford Cathedral.

The story of how "Little Dolly Daydream" was composed is interesting. "It is a roundabout story," the composer remarked, "but I will tell it to you as briefly as I can. About two years ago I wrote a song called 'De Baby am a-cryin',' which I played to Eugene Stratton. I shewed it to him and he liked it immensely, but I had no time to fix up definitely with him, as he was hurrying off to take a part in the pantomime at Birmingham. About six weeks afterwards I got a wire from him: 'Come up to Birmingham to-morrow to rehearse song. Have been studying it.' Now, this was distinctly awkward, for about a fortnight before I had disposed of the performing rights of 'De Baby am a-cryin'' to someone else, while Eugene was evidently under the impression that I had promised the song to him. Something had to be done, and done quickly too, and I spent the next two hours casting about for a way out of the difficulty. After much botheration and brain-splitting this was finally discovered.

"My little daughter Dolly had only just begun to go to school, and, like most children going to school for the first time, she seemed greatly distressed at being parted from her mother for five or six hours every day. On this particular evening she was more in the clouds than ever, and didn't speak a word during dinner. At last my wife said to her: 'Come, little Dolly Daydream, you must find your voice.' That gave me the cue I wanted. Here I had, ready-made, a taking title for a new coon-song, to take the place of 'Baby am a-crying.' Before dinner was over I had the song mapped out in my head, the words of it that is; the music was a different matter; but I set to work about eight o'clock that evening, and by four o'clock next morning had finished the song, words, music, and dance.

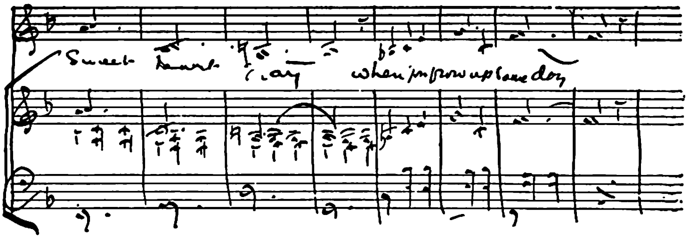
"Six hours afterwards I set off for Birmingham. Eugene met me at the station, full of the original song, but I told him I had something far better in my pocket. Luckily for me he was so taken with 'Dolly Daydream,' when I played it over for him, that he forgot all about 'De Baby am a-cryin'.' He had been singing 'Dolly Daydream' for some months, before I told him the fate of the other song."

Leslie Stuart's method of composing is almost as original as his music. His invariable plan is to think of a catching title, and then to write a song up to it. He has a large notebook, full of suggested titles, which he jots down as they occur to him from time to time. What a valuable possession this book would prove to a writer of short stories! As I glanced through it I saw enough titles to make excellent headlines for a library of novelettes.

Photo by Hana.

"Sweetheart May." The Eldest Daughter of Mr. Leslie Stuart.

Leslie Stuart does not belong to that school of musicians who make a point of composing



**Reduced Facsimile of the Music of "Sweetheart May."**

as far away as possible from a musical instrument of any sort. Having hit on his title, and written the words (he always writes his own words by the way), his next move is towards the organ, which, together with a small piano, forms the main portion of the furniture in his "composing" room.

There are psychological moments in popular songs as in other things. At least, this is the theory the composer of "Little Dolly Daydream" holds to account for the peculiar experiences he has had with some of his compositions. "The Soldiers of the Queen," for instance, was introduced some years ago in "The Artist's Model," and sung by Mr. Haydn Coffin, but for some reason or other it didn't catch on. It was only when it was played on Jubilee Day that it attained the tremendous popularity which brought fame and fortune to all concerned in it.

From a Photo.

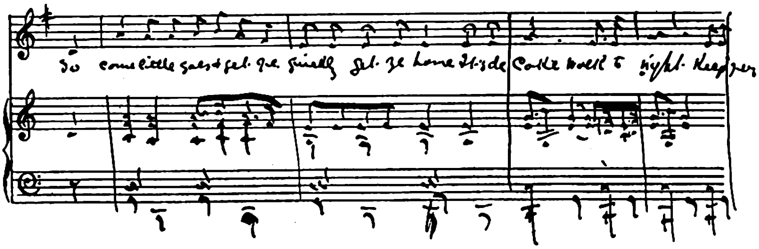
**Mr. Stuart writing one of His Popular Songs.**

Leslie Stuart had a directly contrary experience with "Louisiana Lou," which struck oil, so to speak, the first time it was heard In America, where they ought to know, it is regarded as the most characteristic coon song ever written. It aroused quite a controversy in New York as to whether a mere Britisher could have composed a song so thoroughly permeated with the spirit of Coon life. Only the other day a writer in a Philadelphian paper made the truly American discovery that Leslie Stuart is not a man at all, but the daughter of a well-known clergyman living in Philadelphia and a relation of President McKinley. This last part of the discovery is probably due to the fact that "Louisiana Lou" is the President's favourite song. He will go miles to hear it sung, and remarked lately that it ought to be America's National Anthem.

For the benefit of the writer from Philadelphia and all others whom it may concern, it is as well to state here that Leslie Stuart has never been in America, and that his coon melodies are entirely evolved from his own imagination. "Leslie Stuart," as may be supposed, is a *nom de theatre.* In private life the composer is J. A. Barrett. He is thirty-one years of age, and was born in Southport, his parents being West of Ireland people. That is his history in a nutshell.

In the public mind the name of Leslie Stuart is associated with Eugene Stratton in much the same way as Sir Arthur Sullivan is associated with W. S. Gilbert. How far the success of each depends on the other is much too knotty a question for the writer to attempt to decide, and has nothing to do with this article; but it is worth remarking that the composer's share of the work is not by any means confined to merely writing the words and music of the songs which Eugene Stratton sings.

Having satisfied his own artistic taste Leslie Stuart is absolutely impervious to newspaper criticism, hostile or otherwise,



**MSS. of a Portion of the Famous "Cake Walk Dance."**

though he confesses that he sometimes takes a hint from a remark he may hear in the audience. He only gives himself one opportunity of hearing such remarks, as, except on the first night of their production, he rarely hears any of his songs sung in public.

There is a romantic history attached to most of Leslie Stuart's compositions. Perhaps the prettiest story is in connection with "Sweetheart May." For many years the late Signor Foli, the great basso, had been a constant visitor at Mr. Stuart's house. He was a great favourite with the two little girls, and on one occasion when he came to say good-bye to them, previous to going on tour in America, little May, who was then a small mite of four years old, said that she was his little sweetheart and would marry him when he came back from America. There were circumstances in Mr. Foli's home at the time which made the incident particularly pathetic and suggested to Mr. Stuart the story which he subsequently worked up into the well-known song "Sweetheart May."

A curious tribute was paid to the popularity of the "Willow Pattern Plate." It received the usual homage paid to the composer's songs in being whistled and sung wherever whistlers or singers were to be found. But altogether apart from this it brought Leslie Stuart batches of letters from delf and china merchants all over the country telling him what a big boom in Willow pattern china his song had caused. And at one of the Covent Garden balls which took place during the rage for this song a great number of the costumes were exact reproductions of the dresses worn by the Sisters Hawthorne while singing the "Willow Pattern Plate."

Photo by Hana.

The Second Daughter of Mr. Leslie Stuart—the Original of "Little Dolly Daydream."

Leslie Stuart has reached a position in the theatre that might be regarded as unattainable by a composer associated with the variety halls. His new opera "Florodora," put on the boards at the Lyric Theatre, has achieved a success second to no other recent production. The entire music of this work was written in less than ten weeks. This is a rate of writing few would undertake to guarantee, and as Leslie Stuart is not a quick worker usually, the strain was enormous. But as arrangements for the engagement of the principal performers had been fixed, the theatre taken, and so on, delay was out of the question. Success meant the fulfilment of Leslie Stuart's highest ambition, and surely a stronger incentive to rapid work cannot be imagined. It would spur on the slowest composer in creation. Anyhow, in ten weeks, the opera was finished, and the result has proved an ample reward for the hard labour.

As I remarked at the commencement of this article success to a composer is much more intoxicating than success in any other profession—except the theatrical—and in England, at least, a composer who has once made a big "boom" is almost certain to remain popular to the end of his days. In France and Italy you may be a popular favourite one year and absolutely neglected the next. It is harder to achieve a success here, but once successful always successful.

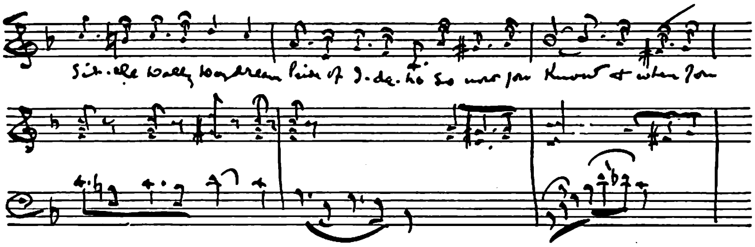
From a Photo.

**Mr. Stuart Composing at his Organ.**

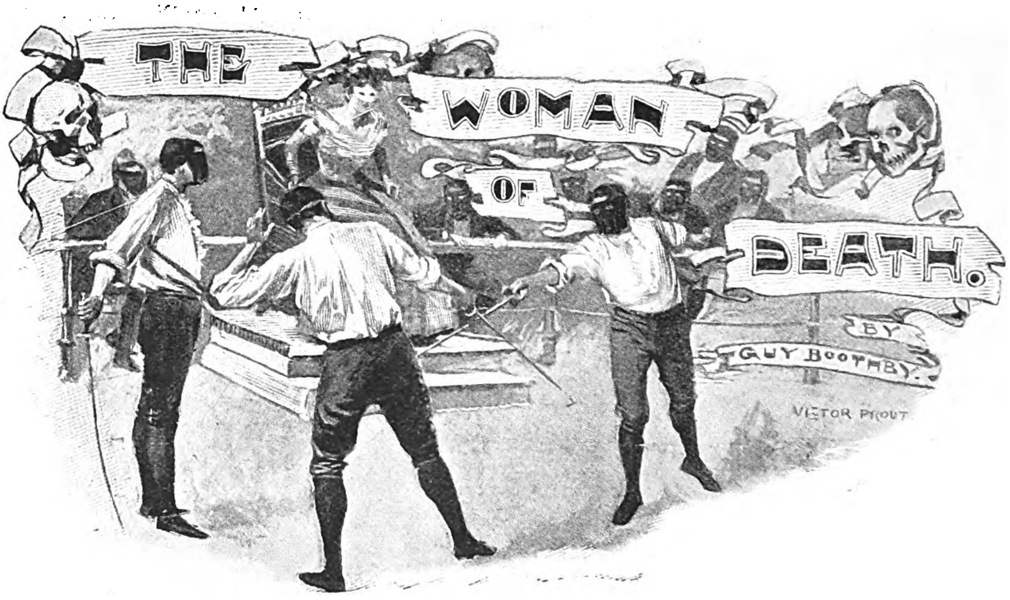
We English are faithful to our old friends, and it is safe to predict that Leslie Stuart's songs and operas will delight the public of 1950 as they delight the public of to-day.

But there is another and a higher aspect in connection with songs such as "The Soldiers of the Queen," an aspect which I should like to emphasize before closing this article. I think it is Tennyson who says that "the song that moves a nation's heart is in itself a deed"—I quote the words from memory. The poet wrote thus, I believe, in defence of his magnificent battle-song, "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," which some silly, sentimental folk had attacked as being a glorification of war. In any case, he never spoke a truer word, and Leslie Stuart's "The Soldiers of the Queen" is, in its way, as much a deed as the late General Symons' victory at Glencoe. For it has moved a people's heart if ever a song has done so, and there is nothing like stirring music of this nature for the awakening of national enthusiasm, and the inspiriting of our soldiers. A well-written pamphlet or an eloquent speech may cause a huge sensation, but the effect of a single song such as "The Soldiers of the Queen" is immeasurably stronger and more far-reaching.

I never felt the effect of music more intensely than at one of those enthusiastic "send-offs" at the commencement of the present war. I was at Waterloo Station, and the crowd had assembled to see a detachment of, I think, the Coldstream Guards, "board the cars" as they say across the Atlantic. The cheering as the soldiers filed past was sincere enough, but the thrill was absent until someone began to sing "The Soldiers of the Queen." I am a tolerably self-contained person, and, like most Englishmen, seldom and not easily moved, and rather ashamed of myself whenever this happens. I was moved on the present occasion as I have never been moved before, nor am I one jot ashamed of my enthusiasm. I yelled to the top of my voice, and waved my hat like a madman—such was the effect of Leslie Stuart's "The Soldiers of the Queen."


Lit-tle Dolly Daydream pride of I-da-ho So now you know it when you

**The Music of "Little Dolly Day Dream."**



## INTRODUCTION.

**Lord Middlesborough**, an Englishman suffering from boredom, becomes acquainted with a Madame D'Espère, who promises to find him an exciting pastime. The next day he is anonymously asked to a club, of which the amusement is a weekly duel to the death between two of its members. Everyone is masked, and the affair is presided over by a masked lady, whom Middlesborough suspects to be Madame D'Espère. He joins the club. Returning to England, shortly afterwards, he is visited by a strange Frenchman, who shews him the portrait of his daughter, in whom Middlesborough recognises a lady whose face greatly affected him one night at Monte Carlo.

## CHAPTER V. (*Continued.*)

"To put the case in a nutshell," said the stranger, addressing Middlesborough, "you are a bachelor, wealthy, and the owner of a good name. On the other hand, here is a young girl, beautiful, as you can see; accomplished; of birth equal to your own, and capable of conferring great happiness upon the man upon whom she bestows her hand. At any moment it may be necessary for me to leave England, and, if I am not to mince matters, Lord Middlesborough, I may add that I believe I go to my death. Once I am taken from her, she will be without a relation or a friend in the world. She will have no one to protect her, no one to think of her, no one to love her."

Middlesborough glanced at the miniature before he replied. The face appealed to him with its beautiful eyes.

"What you tell me is exceedingly sad," he said. "But I do not quite see how I am to remedy it."

The other leant a little towards him and almost held out his hand.

"I am here to propose that you should marry her," he said, slowly and distinctly.

Middlesborough uttered an exclamation of astonishment. He could scarcely believe that he had heard aright. Was this a joke that was being played upon him? or was his first supposition that the other had been dining a correct one after all? And yet the man appeared quite sober.

"My good sir," began Middlesborough, a moment later, "you surely don't mean to tell me that you have come here, at three o'clock in the morning, to propose that I should marry a woman of whom I know absolutely nothing? You surely cannot mean it?"

"Nevertheless, that is exactly what I *do* mean," the stranger replied, and as he said it, he rose from his chair. Then he repeated very slowly, "I am here to propose that you shall marry my daughter."

"In that case, all I can say is," Middlesborough continued, "that, to put it mildly, you must be either intoxicated or insane. I have never heard anything more preposterous in my life."

"In common fairness, then, you must confess that you are indebted to me for my visit

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to-night, inasmuch as I, for once, have helped you across the borders of the commonplace. But we are wasting time, and you are tired. Do not let us misunderstand each other. As I told you just now, I am standing face to face with death. It may only be a matter of a few days, it may possibly be only a few hours, before the summons comes. Then go I must, whether I will or no. My girl, however, must be placed in a strong man's keeping first. Believe me, I have not made this proposal haphazard. Before deciding upon you, I have considered the claims of half the great names of Europe, many of whom are connections of my own."

"You pay me a great compliment, no doubt, but I fear you do not know me, or you would scarcely do so."

"I know you better than you know yourself," the other replied. Middlesborough shook his head.

"I am afraid not," he said, "or you would scarcely have come to me with such a request. Come, my good friend, confess that you have been dining, and that your proposition has no foundation save in a superior vintage."

"Alas! I grieve to say that what I have said is only too true," he answered—"how true, you can have no idea. But can we not come to an understanding without further argument? Perhaps if you were to see my daughter you would be more amenable. What would you say to putting aside prejudice and accompanying me into the country? There is a train at five o'clock. It could do you no harm, and, if it were nothing else, it would, at least, be the beginning of an adventure."

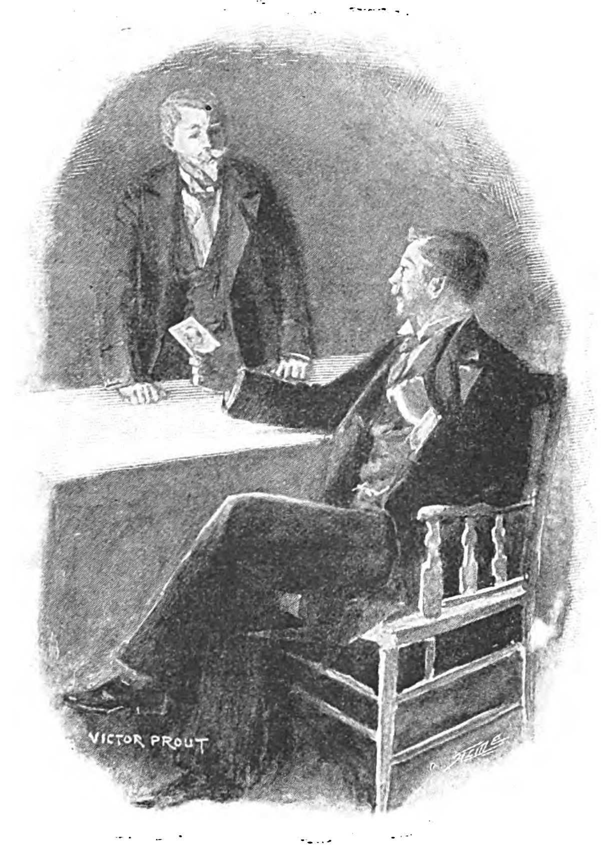
For a man who was always lamenting the monotony of his humdrum existence here was an opportunity indeed.

"Upon my word," said Middlesborough, in a bantering tone which was intended to conceal his desire to make the acquaintance of the owner of the glove he had picked up at Monte Carlo, "you are really a most agreeable man. You choose three o'clock in the morning to pay a call; then having induced me to let you in, you calmly propose that I shall marry a woman of whom I know nothing. Now you suggest that I should abandon what is left of my rest in order to accompany you into the country at such an unearthly hour as five o'clock."

Here his eyes returned to the miniature, which he still held in his hand. He was gradually coming to the conclusion that, after all, it might prove an amusement to see what the end of the adventure would be.

"To what part of the country is it you desire to conduct me?" he inquired. "I must know that before I promise to go with you."

"To the village of Todthorpe-by-the-Sea, on the Essex coast," the other replied. "It is a quiet little place, but just what I require.



**"I am here to propose that you should marry her," he said.**

No one knows me, and none of the inhabitants, when once they have settled down, ever seem to think of leaving it again. For that reason there can be no gossip in the outside world. There is a train from London Bridge at five o'clock, and if we catch it, I shall be able to give myself the pleasure of introducing you to my daughter. You can breakfast with us and be back in London by lunch time, if you please. Will you come with me or not?"

Middlesborough looked at the miniature again, as if to obtain inspiration from it. There could be no doubt of the relationship existing between the original and the man standing before him.

"The eyes have done it," he said to himself. "I'm going to see this adventure through, if only for their sake."

Then, turning to his visitor he said aloud: "For the humour of the thing I am willing to do as you ask, that is to say, so far as accompanying you to the place you mention goes. I don't pledge myself to anything further; please remember that."

"I will remember," said the other, gravely. "For some reason or other I did not think you would decline. Now let me wish you *au revoir*, until we meet upon the station platform at five o'clock."

"Until five o'clock then," said Middlesborough, and then, after a thousand apologies for having disturbed him at such an unseemly hour, the other took his departure.

When he had let him out, and had shut the door behind him, Middlesborough returned to his study and rang for his man. When the latter put in an appearance he informed him that he wished to catch a train at London Bridge at five o'clock.

"Very good, my lord," the man replied, and, without a trace of astonishment upon his face, departed to give the necessary instructions.

Middlesborough looked at his watch. It was now nearly a quarter to four.

"No use thinking of sleep," he said with a yawn. "When people arrange these sort of things for one's amusement, they should really have more respect for the time of day. I hope I shall be able to get a nap in the train, or I shall be fit for nothing when I get to Todthorpe-by-the-Sea."

Then he added as an afterthought, "I wonder what the end of this absurd business will be?"

## CHAPTER VI.

The hands of the clock stood at five minutes to five, when Middlesborough alighted from his brougham in the courtyard at London Bridge Station. He purchased his ticket and inquired of a sleepy porter where he was to find the platform from which the train for Todthorpe-by-the Sea would start. When the man had directed him he set off in search of it. At such an hour the station was well nigh deserted, and when he reached the platform in question, only one figure was to be seen upon it. In this individual, however, Middlesborough had no difficulty in recognising his visitor of two hours before.

"I feel that I owe you ten thousand apologies for bringing you out at such an unearthly hour," the latter said, when they had greeted each other; "but the urgency of the case must be my excuse."

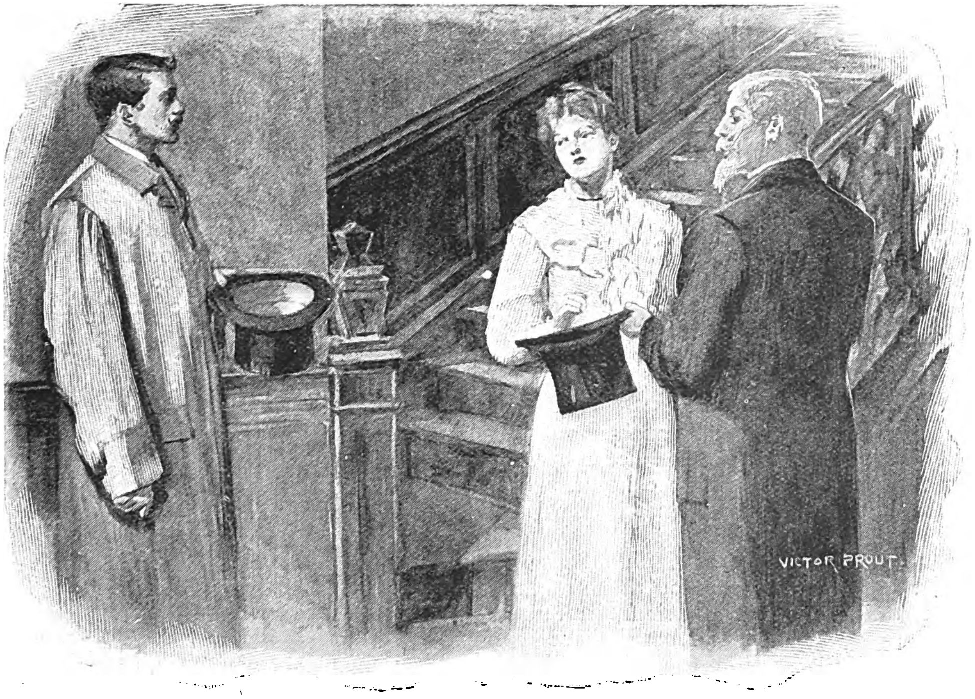
Middlesborough noticed that his companion had changed his clothes since he had last seen him, and that he now wore a long blue overcoat of fashionable shape. From this he gathered that he must be the possessor of rooms in town. One other point had also struck him long since, and that was the fact that the other had not yet told him his name. He said as much to him.

"I intentionally withheld it," the man replied. "It would have been detrimental to my interests had I declared my identity, and you had decided not to accede to my request. Now, however, I am at liberty to tell you. My name is De Tarvenac, and I believe it has the honour to be known in French history. As I have already told you, my daughter, Cécile, is the last of our race."

"So the name of the original of the miniature is Cécile," said Middlesborough to himself. It was a pretty name, and he found himself repeating it.

While they had been talking the train had crept into the station, and when they had made inquiries of the guard they entered a carriage, and took their seats. For the first hour they discussed a variety of subjects, but as the train rolled across the Essex Marshes, Middlesborough found himself smiling at the absurdity of his position. Had it been suggested to him twelve hours before that he would be accompanying an absolute stranger to a seaside village in Essex in order to inspect a girl for matrimonial purposes, of whom he had never even heard, he would have laughed the notion to scorn. As such, however, was the case, he was determined to get as much amusement out of the adventure as possible, and, having come to this conclusion, he settled down in his corner to sleep and to await further developments.

To his dismay, he found that it was a


VICTOR PROUT.

Then her eyes fell upon Middlesborough, and she gave a little cry of astonishment.

longer and more tedious journey than he had expected. An hour after leaving London, and in the chilliest of dawns, they changed and embarked upon the little branch line which was to carry them to their destination. It is just possible, but it will be in the very far future, that Todthorpe-by-the-Sea may develope into a fashionable watering place. At present, however, it possesses but few claims to popularity. The outlook when one leaves the railway station, is an eminently cheerless one. It consists for the most part of the grey green waters of the North Sea, a range of wind-tossed sand-hills and a few stunted trees, behind which a village, consisting of perhaps fifty tiny cottages, nestles, as if hiding from the cutting breezes that sweep over it at all times of the year from the continent of Europe; and last, but not least, there is one long white road, which begins on the edge of the Northern horizon and stretches across to the south. Half a day's journey distant is Harwich with its fleet of fishing vessels, and its much advertised Continental service. There is as great a difference, however, between the two places, as exists between that town and its Dutch *confrère* across the water.

"This is scarcely the sort of place in which you would care to settle down, is it, Lord Middlesborough?" De Tarvenac inquired, as they left the station behind and started to walk along the dusty road towards the village.

Middlesborough laughed and shook his head.

"I fear not," he answered. "I am of the world, worldly. But there—who knows what a man may do? It is just possible I might be able to settle down even here, if I possessed the proper incentive. There have been times when I have found the silence of the African forests and the gloom of the Rockies soothing beyond expression. After all, happiness and contentment in this world are only matters of environment. On the prairies I can eat and enjoy pemmican; in Paris I should in all probability turn up my nose at caviare."

"I wonder if you really believe that happiness depends upon environment," said De Tarvenac, almost as if he were speaking to himself. "For my part, I disagree with you. In my opinion it depends almost entirely upon the past. That which we sow in youth we shall reap in old age, and our sins are visited upon those who least deserve to be punished for them. But pardon me for talking in this fashion. I am offering you a sorry welcome to my house."

They passed through the village, and walked for upwards of half a mile on the other side of it. Then suddenly they found themselves confronted by a pair of large iron gates, on one side of which were to be seen all that remained of a building that had once been a lodge.

Seated on the doorstep of the latter was a small boy, who nursed a child almost as big as himself. Still side by side, Middlesborough and De Tarvenac passed up the drive, and approached a picturesque Elizabethan building they could see peeping through the trees.

"It is fortunate that my daughter is fond of a quiet life, is it not?" said her father, as they came face to face with the house itself. "I am afraid, however, she finds it very dull, poor girl."

"I should think so," Middlesborough replied with conviction. And as he said it, he thought instinctively of their first meeting at Monte Carlo. He remembered that when he had returned her glove to her he had been unable to reconcile her pale, sweet face with the roulette tables and the gambling crowd that surrounded them. He was still recalling that evening when they reached the house.

"Permit me to offer you a hearty welcome," said De Tarvenac, as they stood together on the threshold. Middlesborough thanked him.

Like most large dwellings of the period, this house was the possessor of a fine oak-panelled hall. From it a noble staircase ascended to the next floor, on the landing of which was a stained glass window, and through it a stream of colour descended to the hall below. Middlesborough was admiring the effect thus produced, when his ear caught the sound of a footstep on the polished steps of the stairs. A moment later he became conscious of a tall and graceful figure descending. The girl, for she was little more, was dressed from head to foot in white; she wore a white lace *fichu* round her neck, and long sleeves, which enveloped her arms above the elbow. As she stood before him, framed in the dark background of the staircase, with one tiny hand resting on the old oak balustrade, and the point of one tiny foot peeping beneath her white dress, Middlesborough thought he had never seen a fairer picture. Carolus Durand might have painted her; no one else would have done her justice. Her father met her at the foot of the stairs, and took her hands in his.

"How is it that you have returned so soon?" she asked, as she kissed him. "I did not expect you until this evening." Then her eyes fell upon Middlesborough, and she gave a little cry of astonishment. Her father noticed this and said,

"Can it be possible that you have met before?"

"We met at Monte Carlo," the young man replied. "Your daughter had dropped her glove, and I was fortunate enough to pick it up. That is all. I am glad to see, Mademoiselle, that you have done me the honour of remembering me."

"I remember you quite well, Monsieur," she replied, without a trace of embarrassment.

The formal ceremony of introduction having been accomplished, they passed into a room on the further side of the hall. It was a charming apartment, wide and lofty, with this advantage that, like the hall, the walls were panelled from floor to ceiling. The furniture of the house had been handed down from generation to generation intact. There were certain little French touches here and there, however, that Middlesborough instantly recognised and accounted for. Opposite the door were three large window-recesses with cushioned seats, and through the panes the morning sun streamed brightly in, falling upon the polished floor, and making the antique fender shine like so much gold. Outside, across the stretch of lawn and the fields beyond, the heavy foliage of a wood gave just the touch of coolness to the landscape that was wanting. There was an old-world air about it all, with which the tall, graceful figure in white harmonised very pleasantly.

"We left London at five o'clock this morning," said De Tarvenac by way of explanation. "We are consequently hungry. Do you think it would be possible to persuade your servants to push forward breakfast?"

"It shall be served as soon as possible," she replied.

With that she asked Middlesborough to excuse her, and departed from the room, and left the men alone together. After she had gone Middlesborough rose from his chair and strolled across the room to examine the handsomely carved mantelpiece. He considered himself a connoisseur of old oak, but he made this move more for the purpose of hiding his face from his companion for a few moments than for any other reason. De Tarvenac, who had noticed everything, said nothing. He had no desire to appear to be thrusting his daughter upon Middlesborough. Such a course would be fatal. He had managed to lure him down from London, and he was preparing to leave the rest to Cécile's own personal charms. He proposed that they should walk in the garden while breakfast was being prepared.

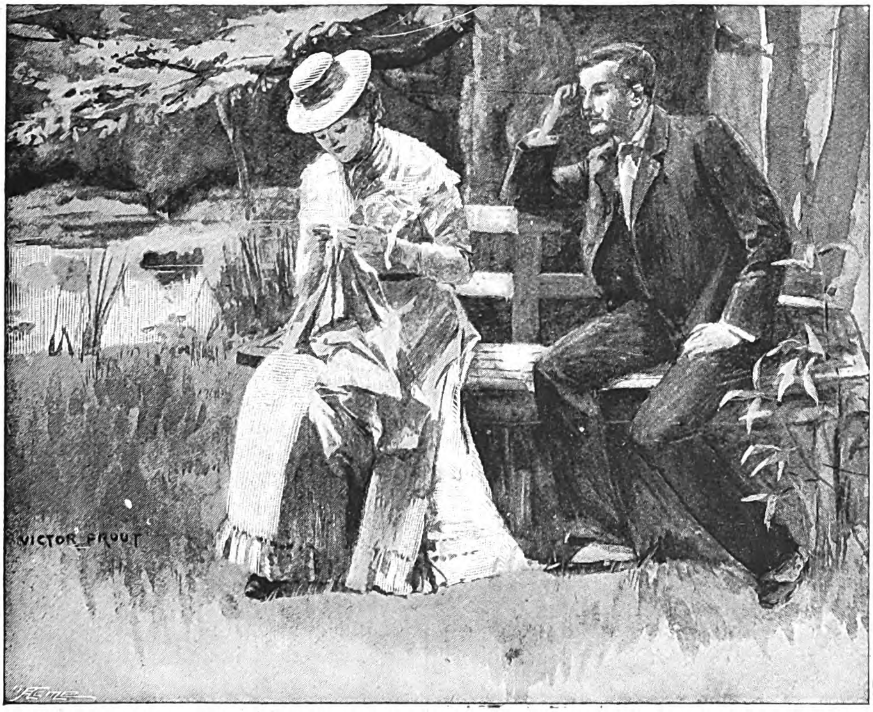
When they were out of earshot of the house, Middlesborough stopped and turned to his companion.

"I want you to answer one question," he said. "Does Mademoiselle De Tarvenac know the reason of my presence here?"

"She does not," said her father. "I will pledge you my word upon that. She knows nothing more than that you are, what I took the liberty of describing you as, a friend."

Middlesborough was glad to hear this. Before he had seen her he had had an idea that she might possibly have been acting in collusion with her father. But he was now quite satisfied that she was not. For upwards of half-an-hour they paraded the grounds. In days gone by, it had been a delightful old place; now, however, it had fallen grievously from its high estate. The Park was sadly neglected, while of the Lady's Rose Garden, once so trim and neat, only a straggling wilderness remained. In the stables, where in bye-gone days a dozen horses might have found comfortable quarters, rats scuttled before the intruder's foot, while the Orchard and fruit-garden were so overgrown that it was impossible to distinguish the places where once the boundaries had been.

"To my thinking there is nothing sadder," said De Tarvenac, as they leaned upon the ricketty gate of the latter enclosure, and surveyed the general desolation, "than an old house of this class. Let us try to realise what it means. That ruin to our right was probably the dairy; there are the remains of the stables. At this gate Will, the groom and Moll, the dairymaid, must have flirted two hundred years ago. In yonder garden my lady walked and dreamed her dreams of that long line of descendants, who were to carry on this place through years and years, as yet unborn. And here we have the result. My lady and her lord, and Moll and her husband, with generations of descendants, lie in yonder churchyard, with even their great grandchildrens' graves forgotten, and still the old house stands, looking towards the cold, grey sea, as in all probability it will continue to do long after you and I have passed away



**"I cannot say that I shall be sorry when we return to France," she said.**

and are forgotten, as they of whom I spoke just now!"

Middlesborough looked at him in surprise. He had not expected such a flow of sentiment from his companion. He was about to say something on the subject, when the flutter of a white dress in the shrubbery attracted his attention.

"It must be Cécile come to summon us to our *dejêuner*," said her father. "Let us go in."

They passed through the wicket gate, and crossed the lawn towards the house. Cécile met them on the threshold, and, putting her arm through her father's, led them to the dining-room.

It is very probable that if Middlesborough were asked to-day to describe the meal to which they then sat down, he would find it difficult to do so. He would probably remember that there was an omelette which was so light that he felt sure Cécile had prepared it with her own hands, and also that there was some coffee which she herself poured out, and which was, in consequence, like nectar for the gods. It is unlikely that he could tell you more, for the simple reason that he was too much absorbed in watching the girl seated opposite him to pay much attention to what he was eating.

The meal at an end, they returned to the garden. This time Cécile accompanied them. On the further side of the lawn there was an old pond, filled with water lilies; beyond this a rustic temple which the Comte de Tarvenac used as a writing room on warm days, and which, in consequence, had been placed in some sort of repair. They seated themselves under the shadow of the lime-trees and talked of Paris, of the sunny Mediterranean, and of the thousand and one other places with which they were familiar. The sunshine filtered through the leaves, and touched the white and gold of the lilies in the pond, upon the broad green leaves of which the dragon-flies poised themselves like creatures of a fairy world. Cécile had brought her needlework with her, and Middlesborough stole many a covert glance at her as she sewed. It was difficult to realise the grotesqueness of the situation. It cost Middlesborough, at least, an effort to believe that De Tarvenac had really called upon him at three o'clock that morning, and that he had only been introduced to Cécile two hours before.

It seemed to him that he had known her for years.

After a while De Tarvenac made an excuse and went into the house, leaving them alone together.

"I fear you must find Todthorpe very lonely, Mademoiselle," said Middlesborough, after the little pause that followed. "I really believe it is one of the quietest spots I have seen in all my wanderings."

"It is certainly a little quiet," Cécile replied, looking up from her work. "But when my father is with me, I do not mind that very much; I act as his secretary, and that keeps me well employed. I cannot say, however, that I shall be altogether sorry when we return to France."

"And have you any idea when that will be?" Middlesborough inquired.

"I have no notion," she answered. "As yet my father has said nothing to me about it. He is waiting for news, I think, and it may come at any moment."

The conversation then branched off into other channels. They talked of the theatres, few of which she visited, of music, of books, both French and English. The latter language, he discovered, she talked and read with ease. Then the conversation came somewhat nearer home.

"Lord Middlesborough," she said, "I hope you won't think me very rude, but I should so much like to ask you why you have never written a second book. Your first was so successful that surely it should have spurred you on to greater efforts."

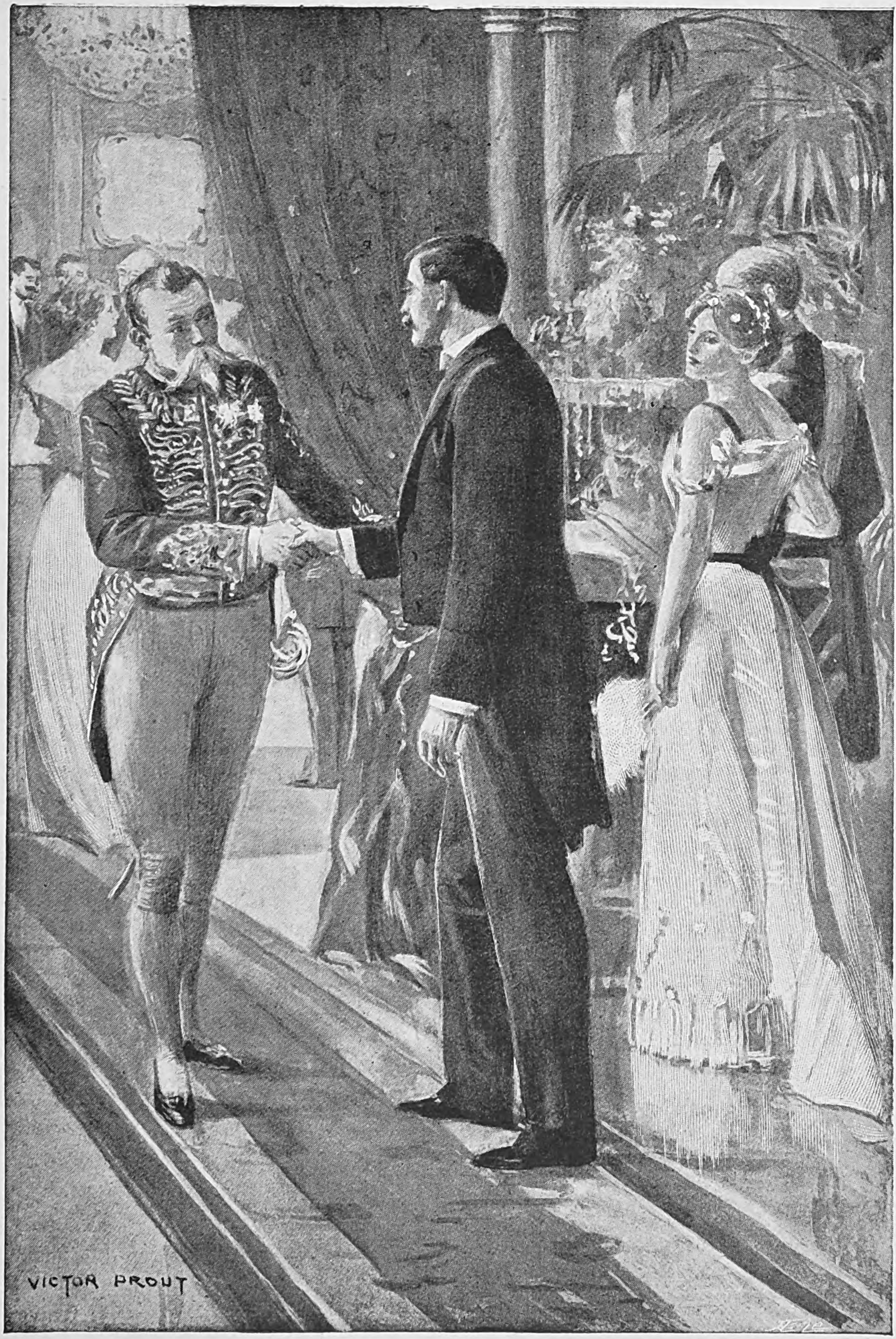
"I fear, Mademoiselle, you are not as yet aware of my failings," Middlesborough replied, idly stripping the bark from a willow twig as he spoke. "I am contrariness personified. Had my first effort been less successful I might have tried my luck again. But for the reason that it received such unqualified, and, to my mind, such unmerited praise, I tired of it, and resolved never to try my hand again. In those few words you have the story of my life."

She looked at him gravely.

"You scarçely do yourself, or your talents, justice," she said. "I have noticed, even in the short time I have known you, that you continually belittle yourself in the eyes of other people."

"It may be so," he answered. "But you on your side must not err upon the other side. Let me assure you that I am neither humble nor modest. Far from it, as I fear you may presently find out. If the truth must be told, I am a riddle even to myself. As the Turkish proverb says, 'Man is a bundle of contradictions, tied together with fancies.'"

"Is it not a Persian saying?" she asked, without any pretence of appearing learned.


VICTOR PROUT

That evening Middlesborough went to a reception at the French Ambassador's.

"Of course it is," he answered. "You are quite right. It was foolish of me to make the mistake."

For some reason her correction pleased him. More than once he had noticed the extent of her learning, and now he could not refrain, rude as it might seem, from commenting upon the fact.

"I owe it all to my father," she said gravely. "He is a great scholar, and has directed my studies since I was a child."

"You are fortunate in possessing such a parent," Middlesborough continued. "Few people have such an opportunity."

When De Tarvenac returned, Middlesborough looked at him with a new interest. Clever man as he had hitherto supposed him to be, he had no idea that he had employed his learning to so much advantage. They talked for a while, after which Middlesborough looked at his watch, and was surprised to find that the greater portion of the morning had slipped away. If he desired to return to town, it was little more than a hour before his train would start. As ill-luck would have it, there was not another until late in the afternoon.

"I fear I really *must* go," he answered reluctantly in reply to De Tarvenac's cordial invitation to remain. "I have an appointment this afternoon which it is most important I should keep. May I ask, Mademoiselle," he added with a humility that was by no means customary with him, "if you will permit me to pay you another visit?"

"We shall be very glad to see you," the girl replied.

"If you will allow me I will walk with you as far as the station," said De Tarvenac. "Perhaps, since you must catch this train, we had better be starting."

Middlesborough bade Cécile goodbye, and a few minutes later, they were strolling along the high road in the direction of the railway station. It was not until they had reached the platform, that De Tarvenac returned to the object of his guest's visit.

"I am going to ask you, point blank, Lord Middlesborough," he said "whether, now that you have seen Cécile, you are prepared to accept my offer or not?"

"I scarcely know what to say," the other replied, drawing patterns in the gravel with his stick. "It is all so sudden—so unexpected, that I am unable to weigh the matter carefully. You must give me more time. When may I see your daughter again?"

"Whenever you like," De Tarvenac replied. "The sooner the better. As I have already pointed out to you, there is no time to lose. It is impossible to say when I may leave England. For all I know to the contrary, it may be this week."

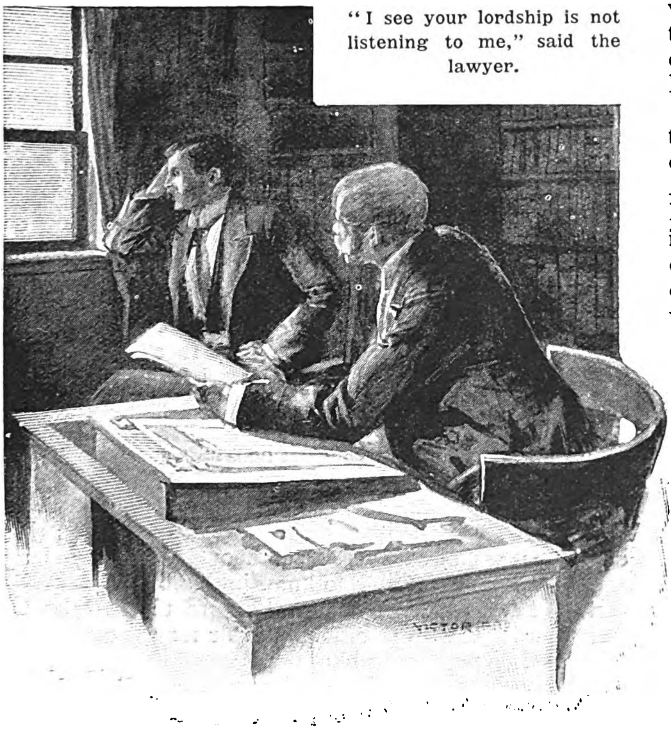
"In that case, if you will allow me, I will come down to-morrow. I will not disguise from you, sir, that I am extremely interested in your daughter. When you placed your offer before me this morning, I treated it in the light of an adventure, and resolved to see it through in that light. Since I *have* seen her, however, I have become more serious in my attentions. I pay you the compliment of saying that I have never met anyone who I would so willingly make my wife."

"I am glad to hear that," replied the Count, gravely. "Come down to-morrow by all means. Afterwards you may be able to give me a more definite answer."

A few minutes later, Middlesborough took his place in the carriage, the whistle sounded, the train started, and he was on his way back to London. When he reached town, he drove direct to his club, lunched, and then went on to his lawyers' offices. For upwards of two hours he was compelled to give his attention to business, which appeared to his solicitors of paramount importance, but bored him consumedly. From where he sat he could look through the wire blinds into a dingy little courtyard, black with the soot and dirt of London. In his mind's eye, he was picturing a garden with a pond in which the water lilies grew. Beside it was a summer-house, before which sat a girl dressed in white, hemming a cambric handkerchief. He had been thinking of that girl a good deal since he had left her, and was gradually coming to the conclusion that, after all, his loss of rest on the previous night had been well repaid by his visit to the seaside. He could not remember ever having seen a face so fair, or to have heard a voice so sweet.

"The computed rent of the three farms, therefore, at that reckoning, would be eleven hundred pounds," his lawyer was saying; "while the sum offered by the company in question would be—but I see your lordship is not listening to me. If I might suggest a little—"

"My dear Bennett, I must beg your pardon," said Middlesborough with great suavity, "I confess for the moment my thoughts were elsewhere. Your arguments are, of course, irrefutable and I beg you will act in the matter as you may think best for my benefit. I know I can leave myself in your hands."



"I see your lordship is not listening to me," said the lawyer.

"I thank your lordship for the compliment you pay me," Bennett replied, "but, as you are aware, the responsibility is a very great one, and it is not of yourself alone I have to think. We must bear the fact in mind that, in all probability, you will some day marry. In that case, if all goes well, as I trust it may, you will probably have a son, whose interests as your heir, must, of course, be considered. That is why I am endeavouring to prove to you the advisibility of adopting the course I suggest."

Middlesborough started. He had not looked at the matter in this light. It was a new idea, and for some reason it was not altogether distasteful to him. The question of marriage had, of course, come before him on many different occasions, but hitherto it had always been distasteful to him. He argued that he had never yet discovered the woman he would care to make his wife. A fashionable lady, who attended Drawing Rooms, and who would be as willing to live in Greenland for six months, as out of London for three, would be unbearable; the daughters of country squires, who wore thick boots, could tell the weight of a pig at a glance, and whose talk was redolent of the stables and the kennels, disgusted him; while the literary woman, the blue stockings, or the artless child of nature, were out of the question altogether. How different was Cécile!

That evening he dined with the Home Secretary, and went on to a reception at the French Ambassador's afterwards. When he left Todhorpe he had no intention of going, but for a certain reason he had suddenly changed his mind. The truth was he wanted to ask a question of the Ambassador, a question which had suddenly come to be of paramount importance to him. To find the opportunity, however, when he got there was somewhat more difficult. The crush of people was so great, and the Ambassador was kept so constantly engaged, that it was not until late in the evening that Middlesborough obtained the chance he wanted.

"By the way, Baron," he said, when they were standing alone together for a few moments, "I have a question to ask you. If there is any man who can answer it, you are he."

"I'll answer half a hundred, with pleasure, if you like," replied the polite representative of La Belle France. "What is the particular question?"

"I want you to tell me whether, by any chance, you happen to be acquainted with an individual named De Tarvenac?" Middlesborough answered almost nervously. "If so, I am anxious to hear all you can tell me about him."

"That is very easily done," the other replied. "I have known the man you refer to for many years. He is of good family, and was at one time the possessor of considerable wealth. The greater portion of his fortune, however, has, I believe, since been lost. He is an inveterate gambler. If what I have lately heard of him is correct, he is at present on the verge of ruin. The case is the sadder for the reason that I understand he possesses a beautiful daughter."

The Ambassador glanced at Middlesborough's face as he said this.

"Ah, my young friend," he said to himself, "I think I can understand the reason of these inquiries. It would seem as if the *blasé* Middlesborough has been caught at last. Well, well, I always said it would be so." Then he added aloud: "Pray, how do you happen to have met the man we are discussing?"

"I made his acquaintance for the first time this morning," the other replied. "He struck me as being a particularly interesting man."

"He is," the Ambassador replied, "a most interesting man. At one time it was thought that, like yourself, he would have come to the front in the political world. But fate was against him. He lacked the one necessary quality—patience. Now, if you will excuse me, I must return to my duties. If I can help you in any other way, you have only to command me."

Having no further reason for remaining, Middlesborough left the Ambassador's residence. There were several other houses open to him, but he did not avail himself of his privilege. When his footman inquired in which direction he desired to be driven, he replied, "Home," and settled himself down in the corner of the brougham to think. It seemed to him that in the last twenty-four hours the whole current of his life had been changed. Never before had a woman obtained such an influence over him. Combat it as he would, argue with himself as diplomatically as he might, the fact remained that he had at last met the one woman of all others he would care to make his wife.

Reaching his house, he went into the study and lit a cigar. As the fragrant smoke rose into the air, strange thoughts thronged the young man's brain. At last he rang the bell for his valet.

"Perkins," he said to that staid individual, "I am leaving London to-morrow morning. Have my things ready by eight o'clock, will you?"

"For Paris, sir?" the man inquired.

"No," his master replied, "not for Paris. I am going down to a little village on the Essex coast, called Todthorpe-by-the-Sea. It is not a very lively sort of place, I believe, but such as it is, you must make the best of it. I don't know how long we shall be away, but you had better prepare for at least a week."

The man bowed and left the room. He wou'd have packed for Spitzbergen with as few words.

"I wonder what he's up to now?" he said to himself as he made his way upstairs. "Todthorpe-by-the-Sea, who ever heard of such a place? Well, well, I suppose I shall find out what it's all about before very long. I always get to know in the long run."

A man may be no hero to his valet, but there are times when he may become a big mystery to him.

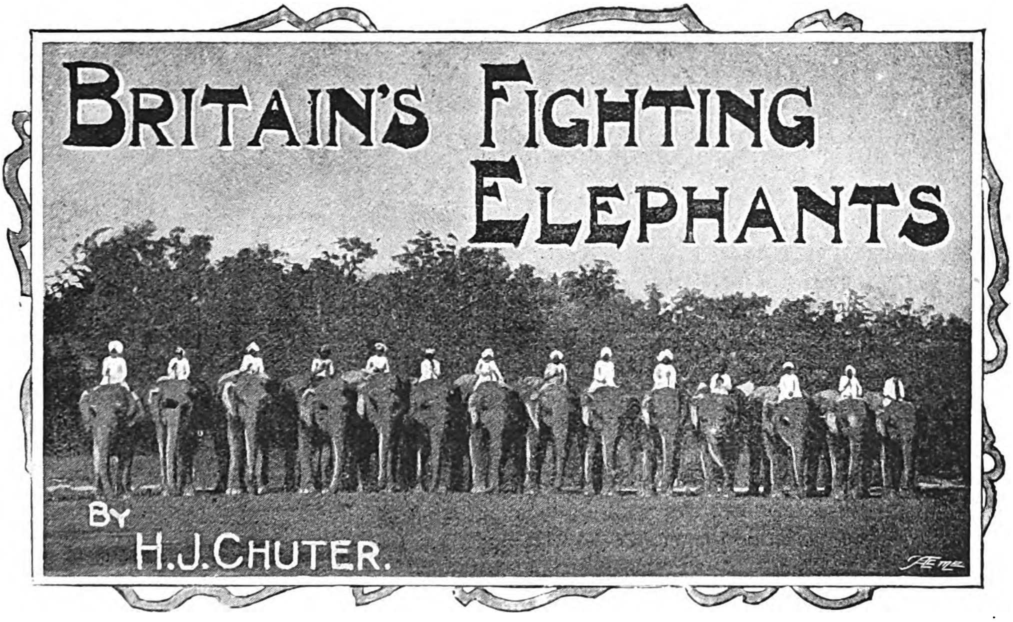
When Middlesborough got into bed he reviewed the situation for the hundredth time. There was only one thing which caused him any uneasiness. Remembering the unquestioning obedience that French daughters are accustomed to render their parents in such matters, he had every reason to suppose that, should he do as De Tarvenac desired, he would be successful in his suit; in that case, what would Madame d'Espere say when he heard of his marriage?

(*To be continued.*)

ARNOLD SHEARIM. 99

# BRITAIN'S FIGHTING ELEPHANTS

### BY H. J. CHUTER.



PERHAPS the most curious corps in the Indian Army is what is officially known as the Heavy Battery, in other words, the elephant artillery—a corps of heavy men, heavy elephants, heavy bullocks, and heavy guns and ammunition. It is very doubtful whether this remarkable brigade would be of much use anywhere except on the plains of India, although the guns, which have a very long range, are just the kind that would have proved invaluable in a campaign such as is at present being waged in South Africa. Unfortunately, however, the elephants, bullocks, and guns are too conspicuous and unwieldy for such warfare, and would prove absolutely useless among the hills of Natal or on the rugged, undulating plains of Cape Colony. In case, however, of a rebellion in Central India, the heavy brigade would doubtless do good service, but as it has as yet never had a chance of distinguishing itself, I will not hazard any rash prophecy. I must content myself here with chronicling the life and doings of the military elephant in times of peace.

And truly these leviathans are a most interesting study. It is said that the eye is the window of the soul, and if this be true, the elephantine eye is the exception that proves the rule. Compare it with the bullock's eye; the latter is large, soft brown, and full of pathos, yet the animal itself is perhaps more utterly devoid of intelligence and feeling than even the idiotic sheep. On the other hand, the small pig-like orb of the elephant seems directly to contradict his large, affectionate, reasonable nature. But the military authorities know him and treat him as he deserves, his life being ordered and regulated almost as though he were a human soldier. He is subject to stringent military discipline; he has his kit and accoutrement; he parades for his rations; goes on route-marches, salutes the officers, and does fatigue duties, such as carrying luggage or trampling down the mud tennis-courts in lieu of a steam-roller. Each elephant is, moreover, provided with a record of service, age, height, character, and so on, and their defaulter sheets are kept like a soldier's. For punishment awaits any breach of regulations, and this means depriving him (it would be little short of disrespectful to use

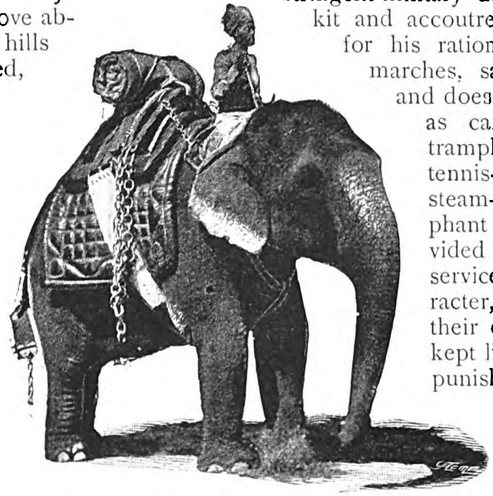


Photo by H. J. Chuter.

An Elephant in War Paint.

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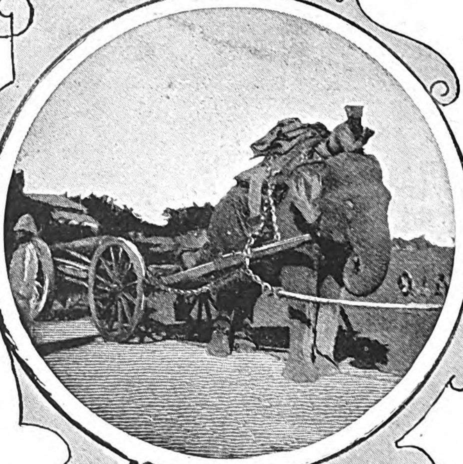
A military elephant saluting by raising his trunk.

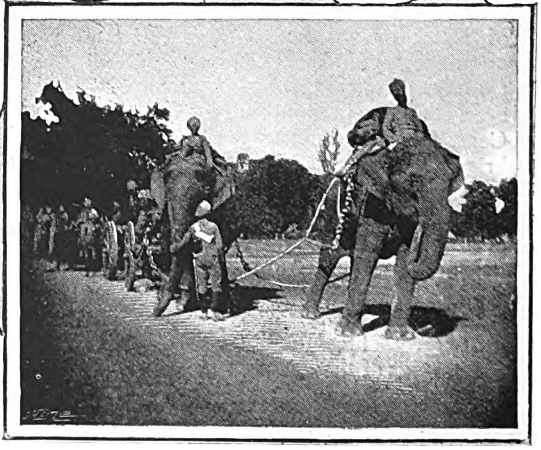
the neuter pronoun when speaking of the elephant) of special dainties, such as cakes and sugar-cane, in case of slight offences, while graver sins merit a severe thrashing, administered by a fellow elephant with a heavy iron chain.

Casually viewed, the elephant's home resembles nothing so much as a long row of giant railway tunnel openings, their stable being built with high arches to each stall. In front of the stable is a broad, square space, known as the Elephant Lines, and here the animals are picketed in two rows, each unit being fastened to his allotted place by an ankle-chain. That this fastening business is a mere matter of form is proved by the fact that the elephants themselves place the rings on their feet. Appearances must be kept up, and they are the first to recognise this. It is in the Elephant Lines that they take their green fodder, the serving out of which is a lengthy but amusing proceeding. Two and two, the elephants go up to the ration-stand, and when the fodder has been secured with ropes to their backs, the drivers mount on the top of the pile, and off swing our friends, the pleasures of anticipation giving an extra spring to their usual leisurely gait. When they have reached their places in the lines, the fodder is unloaded, and after fastening themselves up according to regulations, they proceed to demolish the bundles—an operation which lasts for the rest of the day.

But even more interesting than the parade for green fodder is the parade for chuppatis—chuppatis being the peculiar kind of cake which forms the elephant's other meal. Ranged in a long line, the solemn animals wait patiently until each driver has unrolled his bundle and placed a share of the cakes close beside the trunk of his special elephant. The little eyes twinkle, the large ears flap; and the animals edge each other, shuffle about with their feet, and wave their trunks hither and thither, now playfully flicking a neighbour's ear, now sniffing at a neighbour's chuppatis. When at length the word has gone to start feeding it



A famous member of the Indian Army.



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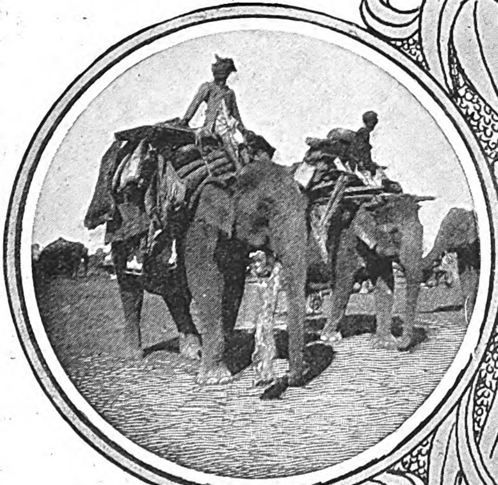
An Elephant Battery on Parade.

is highly comic to watch the various antics and mannerisms. The men roll up the cakes and hand them to the elephants, who take them daintily in the curve of the trunk and dispose of them, each according to his special fancy. One will tear his chuppatis in two, and gloat some time over it before putting it away; another will toss his share piecemeal into his capacious mouth; a third will slyly watch his opportunity to filch a bit from his neighbour, and thus draw on his head a sound scolding from the driver, who makes him return the spoil. They say that the elephants know the exact weight and number of chuppatis they should have, and absolutely refuse to take anything less than their due.

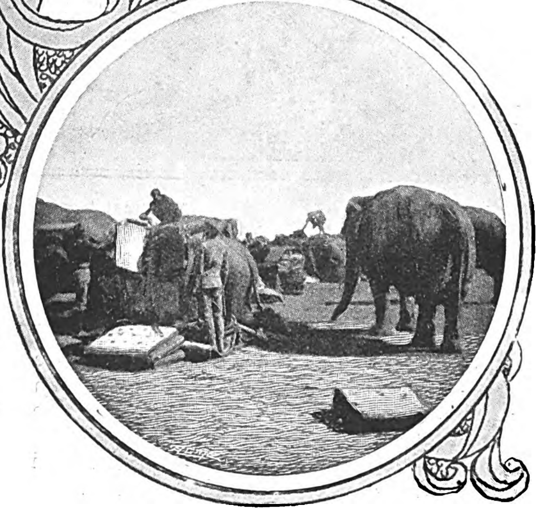


**Military Elephants bringing in their Driver's Firewood.**

When the meal is over the drivers stand at attention and await the jemadar's, or head man's, command. "Prepare to mount!"—at the word all trunks are thrust out, as footholds, and the men jump upon them holding on to the huge ears. "Mount!"—and up the drivers scramble, using the wrinkles of the trunk like the rungs of a ladder. In a twinkling they are all seated in their accustomed places on the animals' necks, and slowly the procession files in front of an orderly officer, each elephant saluting him as he passes.

**The Ammunition Train for an Elephant Battery.**

Another important ceremony is the daily watering and scrubbing. With diminutive buckets dangling at their mouths, the elephants trot in twos and threes down to the watering-place, often stopping to pick up casual acquaintances of the drivers, who clamber aloft by whatever promontories seem to offer the best foothold. Once at the watering place, the elephants paddle about the wet stones, taking an occasional sip of water—that



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**Unloading.**

is to say, an occasional bucketful—while the drivers scrub their leathery hides with a good-sized brick. The energetic sluicing and scrubbing is accompanied by a running fire of endearments, abuse, and directions; and it is wonderful to see the unwieldy monsters sidling about so as to bring various parts of their anatomy before the driver as he directs.

I am not aware who was responsible for the christening of our military elephants; the man, however, must have been a wag in his way, for the names are quite delightfully incongruous. One venerable lady elephant (they are all past their first youth, being mostly on the wrong side of sixty) rejoices in the sounding title of Virginia, and then among others there are Venus and Madonna. Poor Venus! to-day she is better known by the undignified name of Bobtail; for some while since one of her sisters-in-arms, tempted by an evil spirit, bit off the tip of her tail.

**Elephant Drill: "Drivers, prepare to mount!"**

Photos by H. J. Chuter.

**"Mount!"**

As a justification of her name, Madonna, in her innocent youth, may have displayed various saint-like qualities. If so, they have long since been worn away by contact with this wicked world; for Madonna, I regret to say, has a very naughty and unaccountable temper; she is full of freaks and fancies, and can never be relied upon. On one of her bad days she was delegated to take a set of officers to a shooting party. The driver, who had previously had some trouble with her, warned the men to look out for danger. Sure enough Madonna soon began her antics. She did her best to dislodge the seat fastened on to her back, but failing to achieve immediate success, waited until half way across a river, and then shook her hide with such vigour and determination that the whole party were pitched into the water, after which performance she coolly trotted home again.

On another occasion Madonna turned nasty at the battery sports. The principal event of the day was to be a tug-of-war, elephant *versus* man—one elephant against as many men as could hold on to the rope, the driver directing operations from his seat on the elephant's neck. Well, Madonna and her antagonists were posted, and the contest began. At the first try the rope broke; at the second and third the same thing happened, greatly to the amusement of the onlookers. But evidently Madonna failed to see the joke; in fact, she was distinctly offended, holding doubtless such an exhibition to be quite beneath her dignity. At the fourth pull she gave a tug or two, then, with indignant trumpeting, turned tail, still holding on to the rope (which, it is needless to say, the soldiers had to drop), and made a dash through the line of spectators, frightening horses, trampling down tents, and scattering everything before her. She did not stop in her headlong career until she had covered some fifteen miles or so, when, her

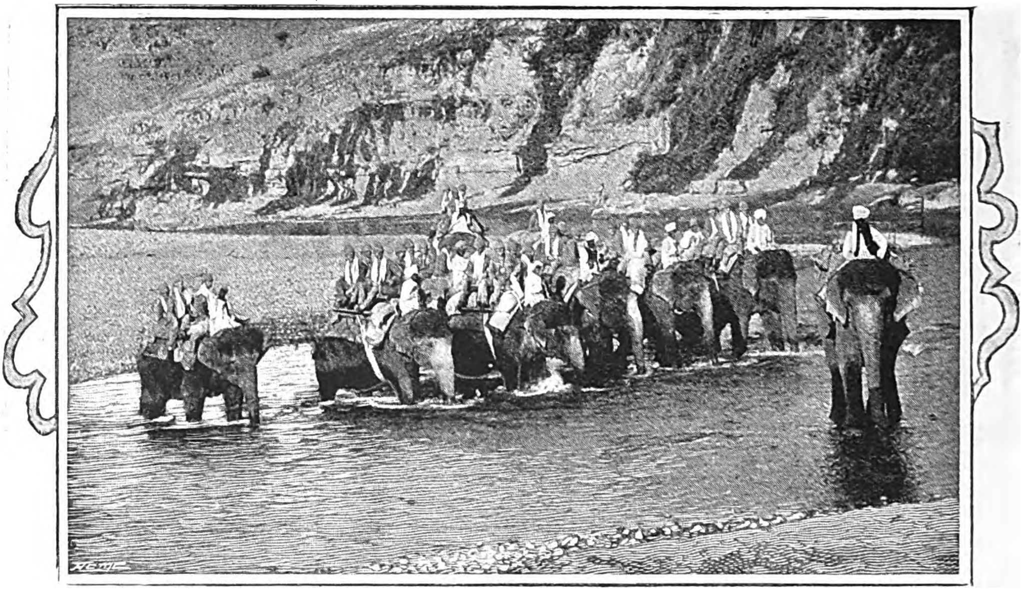


Photo by H. J. Chuter.

An Elephant Battery Returning from Bathing, with Soldiers upon their backs.

tossing the water over each other like so many children. Indeed, their fondness for water not infrequently leads to awkward results. One hot summer's day the Heavy Battery was out route-marching when, as they were crossing a river, the elephants with one accord (they seemed to have settled the matter between themselves beforehand) stopped in the middle of the water and refused to budge an inch. The drivers tried persuasion, threats, whacks—all in vain. For three whole days the rebels wallowed in the river, and returned home only at the imperative call of hunger.

It is queer that so pachydermatous an animal as the elephant should suffer in the feet, but such is the case. If not carefully tended, and occasionally pared and rasped, the cuticle gives the beasts much suffering. Docile and wise, they seem to know that the tedious operation of rasping and paring is for their good. Without offering a single objection they will, at a word from the driver, get into the required position, and lie patiently while being operated upon.

Should an elephant die, or become incapacitated, its place is filled up by another from the ranks of the commissariat elephants, six of which are kept as a reserve and made use of for transport purposes. I hear it said that the Heavy Battery may at any time be broken up—a great pity; but I suppose its usefulness is hardly sufficient to justify the enormous cost of its maintenance.

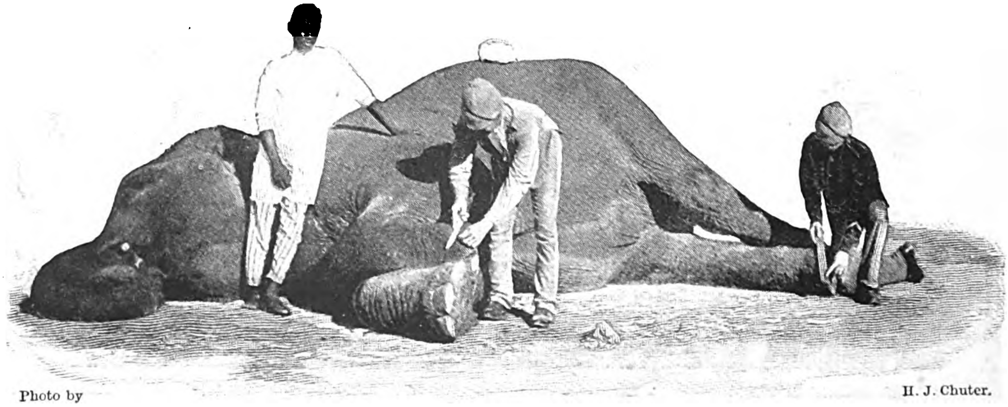
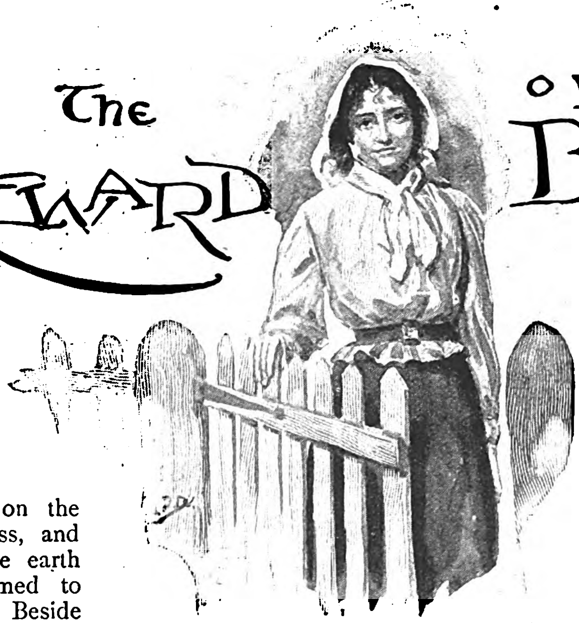


Photo by H. J. Chuter.

A Delicate Operation—Cutting an Elephant's Toe-Nails.

# The Reward of Battle



By John Le Breton.

It was a Sunday afternoon in midsummer, and beyond the shade of the trees, the sun burned on the air and grass, and sucked at the earth until it seemed to gape for rain. Beside the old mulberry tree in Farmer Dewney's homefield, Ben and Adam faced each other in open enmity. A cow stood near, looking on with the placid interest of a bystander having no prejudice in favour of each party. The farm was blocked out of sight by the great ricks in the yard, and the blackberry hedge shut off the lads from the lane beneath. Few passed that way on a Sunday afternoon, for lovers went to the woodlands, and the other villagers spent their rest in talking over the affairs of Europe and Ashcrane.

Ben was a fine, strong fellow, with a broad, honest face. It was he who had won the prizes for wrestling, hurling, and weight-lifting at the Whitsun sports of Ashcrane, Stonehurst, and Craneston-cum-Cowley. Adam was shorter by two inches and of slighter build, but smart and lithe, a man whom a cavalry officer would have picked out as the making of an ideal hussar.

Suddenly Ben advanced a foot nearer to his adversary, who stood his ground resolutely.

"I tell ee tha shaant speak to Lu," he said.

"And I tell ee I shall," retorted Adam.

"Then we'll see. If ee be a better man nor me—show it."

Adam slowly took off his coat. Ben followed the example quickly, grinning angrily as he did so.

"Jest ter show Lu 'oo's the better man," he said.

"Ef 'ee whops me now t'won't mak 'ee tha better man. I won't give 'er up nohow."

"I'm mak' 'ee sing a different toon pretty soon, ma lad;" and he launched a heavy fist at the other's head. Adam escaped it by jumping backward, and pursued by Ben, he half-circled the tree, the few blows that fell, only bruising his fending arms.

Ben put his great, brown hand down.

"Be this yeer a foot-match or what?" he enquired.

"Wait a whoile, and maybe I'll show 'ee."

"Stand up loike a man ef 'ee be one!" cried Ben, and striking out again, he just managed to get through his opponent's guard and hit him on the breast. Adam staggered back, and Ben swung round his right fist so that it came like a sledge-hammer on Adam's left ear and sent him down with a crash.

For a moment he lay on the grass, dazed. Then springing up he abandoned his defensive tactics, hitting out at his foe with such fury that in turn he drove him back, the blood spurting from Ben's nose as a sound thwack alighted on it. Then the heavier man rallied and by his weight bore Adam down.

The old cow in a fright had retreated some twenty yards, but now she returned step by step and watched them inquisitively. The fight went on; Adam continually falling and becoming weaker and weaker. His shirt was stained with blood, his eyes were closing, and his good-looking face was rapidly taking on the appearance of a hideous mask. Ben was marked too, but he was fresh and active.

"Ave 'ee 'ad enough?" he asked as he delivered a knock-down blow.

"No, an' I never shall," gasped Adam,

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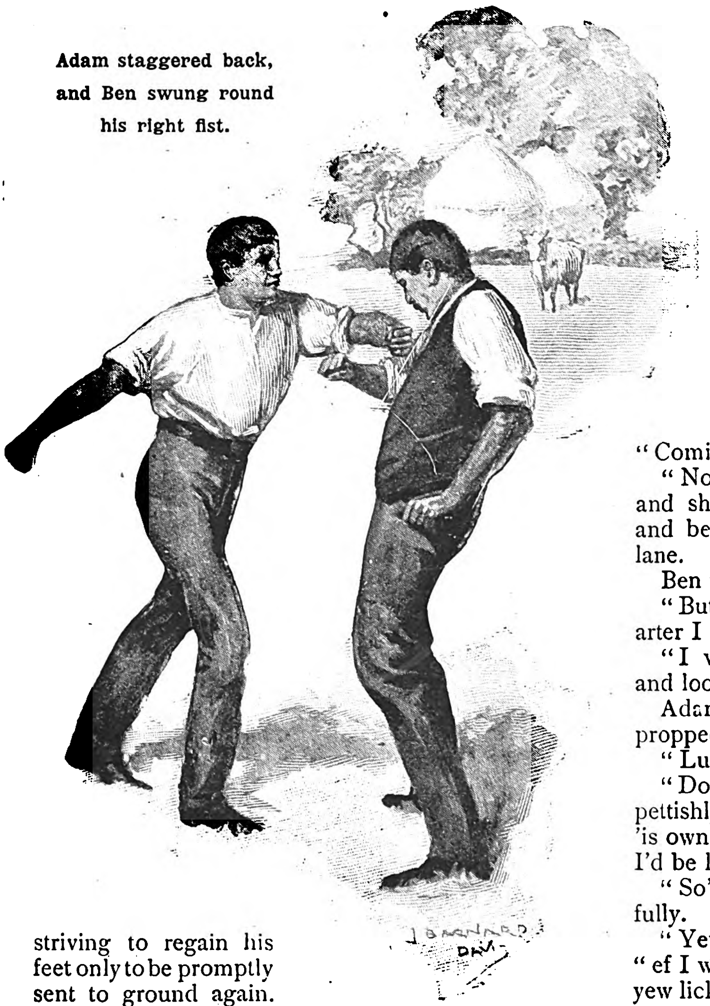


**Adam staggered back, and Ben swung round his right fist.**

striving to regain his feet only to be promptly sent to ground again.

"You'll kill 'im, Ben! 'A' done now," cried a girlish voice authoritatively.

Ben looked up and became aware of a dark-eyed rose-hued face peeping over the hedge.

"Dan'l me ef it ain't Lu!" he muttered sheepishly.

Lu squeezed herself through a gap and came toward them.

"Let 'im saay I'm t' better man then," said Ben sturdily.

"Anyone can see that," said Lu, looking with disgust at the misused face of the vanquished one.

"He's not," panted Adam, trying to struggle up again; but Ben merely pushed him down with open hand.

"It be a shaame an' a disgrace a-foightin' loike this, an' on a Sunday aarternoon too," observed Lu indignantly. "What'll folk saay?"

"That I've gi'n 'im a blaamed good 'iding," replied Ben with surly glee.

"Yew be no better man. I'll fight 'ee agen termorrer," wheezed Adam.

"Ef there be any more foightin', I'll never speak to 'ee more," announced Lu. Apparently, she had no sympathy with either combatant, yet she was curiously annoyed.

"'E won't waant no more," observed Ben; and then, "Comin' fer a walk, Lu?"

"No! I be ashamed of 'ee both," and she walked back to the hedge, and began to make her way into the lane.

Ben watched her, shamefaced.

"But I reckon 'ee won't say that arter I cleaned meself," he called out.

"I will!" she answered, turning, and looking at him defiantly.

Adam crawled up to the tree, and propped himself against it.

"Lu!" he cried.

"Don't 'ee speak ter me," she said pettishly, "I hate a man as can't take 'is own part, that I do. I'd die afore I'd be licked!"

"So'd I, Lu," agreed Ben cheerfully.

"Yew," she said contemptuously, "ef I was a man, I'd lick 'ee same as yew licked 'im, jest so's yew shouldn't crow!"

"'Twas all for 'ee, Lu," he answered, humbly.

"For me! I wouldn't ha' the best of 'ee for a gift!"

She slipped through the hedge lithely and disappeared. Ben offered his foe assistance, and, being refused, he strode away holding his handkerchief to his face. As for Adam, he waited until darkness set in, and then limped home and up to his room, but not before his young brothers, Isaac and John, had caught sight of him.

"Look at our Adam!" Isaac shouted.

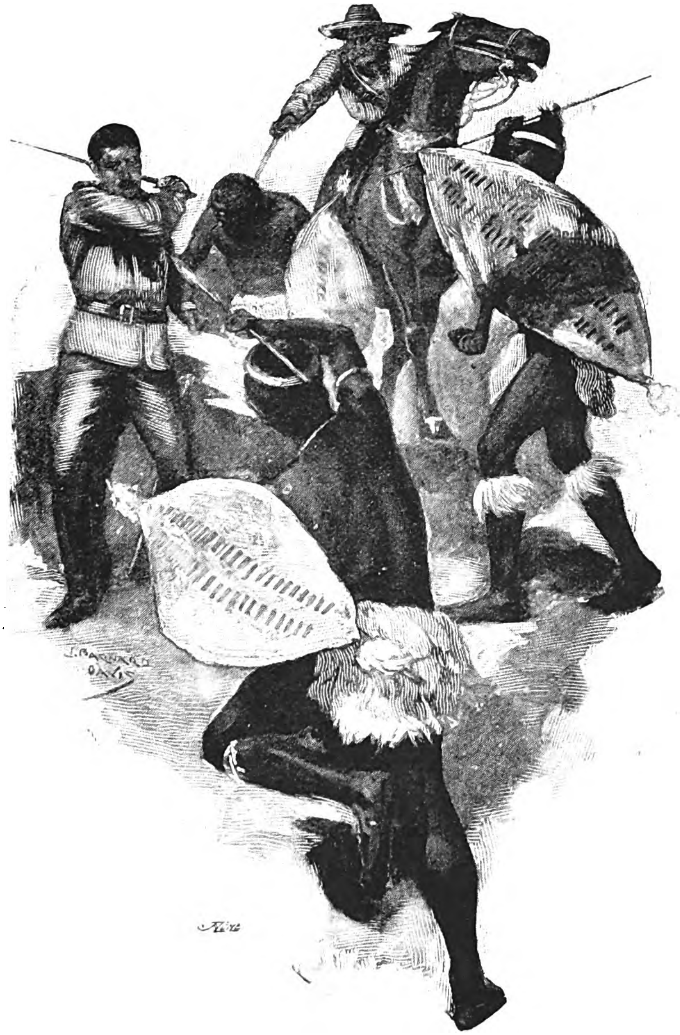
"'E've bin foightin'," came from the observant John.

"'Ere, mother, see 'is face, it's wuss nor jorache. Goo! Adam, 'ee be a fair sickenin' soight, so 'ee be!"

"Faather, some'un's bin givin' 'oor Adam a whoppin'. 'Oo is't Adam?"

"Ben, 'e's giv' Oliver's Adam a great whoppin'," was rumoured all through the village; and Ben was courted as victors are, and took liberties with his fame, and contradicted everyone on every subject under the sun.

"I'll wed Lu insoide o' six months," he would prophesy, "and what be more, I'll foight any man in the three villages for 'er."



Three of the Zulus were attacking his friend.

Adam met Lu by the lower turnpike gate about ten days after the fight. His face had almost regained its natural shape, but his eyes were yet shadowed with brown and green bruises. He barred her way, and she stood before him without speaking.

"I ain't done with 'im yet, Lu," he said at last, "I'll win 'ee ef I foight for 'ee every week."

"Oh! will 'ee now?"

"Ess," he said, "ef I've every limb broke over the job, I'll win 'ee. Ef I had to stoomp on me knees wi' both legs off, I'll win 'ee."

"Then 'ee won't, Adam Oliver! Now I've seen ye wi' yer black eyes, and yer ugly faace, I want no truck with 'ee. And ef 'ee legs was off, I'd laugh at 'ee, I would."

Next day Ben came to the ten-acre barley field where Adam was having his dinner.

"Dan'l that theer Lu," he said, morosely.

Adam jumped up and prepared to renew hostilities.

"Yew speak more respeckful loike of her," he exclaimed.

"Stop it, Adam," Ben said, "we be both in t' same boat. She won't 'ave me, and when I taanted 'er as she'd 'ave yew, she up and said she fair 'ated the two on us. I be gooin' abroad. 'Bout 'ereabouts is no plaace for us wi' er' ere. I be goin' to the Cape o' Good 'Ope, and I coom to ask 'ee ter go with me."

Adam stared. "What be 'ee going to do theer?" he demanded.

"Pick an' choose. I heerd as they want workin' lads, and I've got that hunder poonds me grandfer left me, so ef 'ee'll coom, too, I'll pay tha passage for 'ee."

Adam pondered over the invitation for a while, and then he said:

"It be koindly meant, Ben, and I think I'll coom."

"Don't ee think, man; say coom. I writ for me hunder poonds and there be a steamer gooing every fortnit."

"I'll give ee the answer termorrer," Adam said.

"I'll see ee termorrer," and the conqueror departed.

If Adam consented to go, well and good; but Ben did not intend to leave his rival behind him. In the evening, Adam went to see Lu. Her mother came to the door, a little, shrivelled, old woman, whose mocking speeches had aroused many a dull-witted villager to a feeling of injury.

"Lu in, Mum?" he asked.

"Come to ask 'er ef she see any green in yer eye?" enquired the old woman, laughing in her unmerry way.

"No, I ain't, mum," he answered sturdily.

"'Ere, Lu," she called up the stairs, "Oliver's Adam be coom to see 'ee. 'E waants ee ter keep Ben off'n 'im, lest he gets another whoppin'."

Lu came down, and out on to the red-tiled path that divided the narrow cottage gardens. She flushed as her mother jeered at the lad.

"Well?" she asked, without looking at him.

"I be coom ter say 'good-bye,' Lu."

"Good-bye."

"'E dunno wheer I be goin' to."

"And I don' care," she answered impatiently.

"I be goin' ter Cape o' Good 'Ope for good."

"Better'n stayin' 'ere for bad."

"Do 'ee waant me ter go?" he asked.

"I don' waant 'ee ter stay," she said.

He left her without another word, and went down the garden path, the old woman's shrill laugh pursuing him. One week later, he was in London with Ben, and a week after that they were both on their way to the Cape.

At the time when they landed, war with the Zulus was imminent, and without waiting to pick and choose peaceful labour as they had intended, Ben and Adam joined Weatherley's Horse and went to the front. In three months, they were used to fighting when falling was the end, for the black warriors gave no quarter; and Adam came to know what it meant to wait, silent and quivering, while hidden beyond were the hordes of foemen who must soon be met in the clash of war. Yet when the action began and death was rampart among them, he, like the rest who had waited in agony, gloried in the wild rush upon the enemy, the firing, hewing and cutting, with never a thought of self-preservation, and possessed only of the one desire—to kill.

On March 28, 1879, Weatherley's Horse with other troops, and Colonel Buller in command, was ordered to ascend the Zlobane Mountains, for scouts had brought news of a large quantity of cattle there. In the night, with the great gloom of the mountains louring in the darkness before them, the ascent was commenced over a difficult path. Exulting they neared the summit just as dawn burst magnificently upon the dusky heavens. Then the copper-hued edge of the sun, peered up and shone on the accoutrements of the men, flashing upon sword-hilts and glittering upon the metal of the harness.

"Seems a'most loike stealing, Ben," said Adam as they rode together.

"Caan't steal from them blacks," said Ben, "loike enough they stole the beasties first, and stolen goods never do profit the thief."

"What ef them Zulus coomed down Ashcrane and stole Faarmer Dewney's caddle?"

"That be diff'rent. I'm main sorry there won't be no fightin'. My sword-arm be achin' for 't."

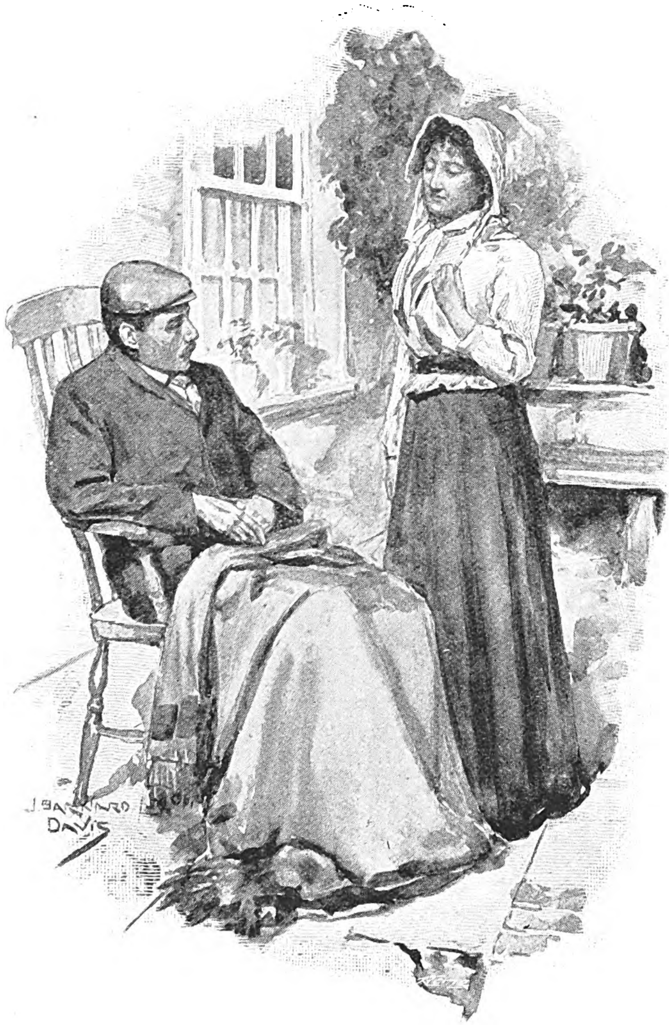
There was a call from the front, and then the sharp rattle of horses hoofs, a few puffs of smoke from behind the boulders ahead, a closing-up from the rear and a falling-back from the van, so that men massed in momentary confusion. The shots came faster and horses reared and fell, and men dropped while still the puffs of smoke bloomed out like great evanescent blue-white flowers among the rocks, high and low, from one side and then another; a very garden of sudden death.

"Forward;" came the word of command; and the line loosened and rode on until the Zulus left ambush and barred the road, and pouring down the mountain sides, threatened to envelope the column and cut off its retreat.

The British had been surprised by an entire impi, headed by Dubalmanzi, one of the most noted of their chiefs. Meeting the advance in body, the Zulus charged down, assegai in hand. Then came the order to return, but almost before it was given, the soldiers were in full retreat, for the Zulus were among our men, thrusting and hacking, pulling them from their horses and despatching them upon the ground. The whites fought desperately, while their frantic steeds reared and bit, and struggled for dear life; and each man, almost unconsciously, strove to gain the plain below. In all the raging of blood and horror gallant deeds were done. Many a soldier gave up his life to save a comrade, and there was many a turning back to the rescue when to turn meant death.

It was the horses now that sought the safety of the plain beneath, for their riders thought no more of escape. Side by side Adam and Ben fought on, missing death by miracles they never knew. Once, when an assegai had almost reached Ben's throat, a thrust of Adam's sword had driven impotence to the assailant's arms. As the Zulus closed up, Ben was wounded in the bridle-arm, but, clinging to the saddle by his knees, he forced his way on until Adam cried to him from the rear. Turning his horse with his sword-hilt pressed against its neck, he leapt back to where three of the Zulus were attacking his friend. "Slash" went his sword into one of them, and the broad chest of his horse sent the others down. With a mighty effort he dragged Adam into the saddle before him, and, turning again, fled.

Somehow they reached the plain where already a few of their comrades had assembled, and were forming up and firing into the enemy, who now held off. Those of the British who had fallen were long since dead, and sadly and savagely the survivors rode away, Adam fainting, almost dying upon a led horse. Only forty out of 250 soldiers who had climbed the mountain answered the roll-call; and men wept and cursed because they had been spared, and longed to return and die battling that they might avenge their slaughtered comrades. Vain fury was rife among them as name after name was called to a terrible silence; and the remnant of the regiment had to be marched back to safe country lest it should be wasted upon the assegais of the enemy.



"Caan't I make up for that now?" she asked."

Then came a time of utter gloom and despondency when they were haunted by the remembrance of that hell of slaughter through which they had ridden; and at night men raved in their sleep and fought in their dreams, wept like girls and swore like ruffians. In the hospital Adam was delirious, and his life wavered in him; and Ben, whose arm was badly wounded, tended him as well as he could. By-and-bye reinforcements arrived, and the wounded, including the Ashcrane men, were sent to the south. They saw nothing of the victories that followed this defeat, for they were invalided home, Adam a wreck, and Ben weak and ill. Half-way on the voyage, one of Adam's legs had to be amputated at the knee, and he reached England a cripple. Ben, although he still carried his arm in a sling, soon recovered his health, and devoted himself to his comrade. Adam told everyone of Ben's heroism, and worshipped his stalwart friend as weakness always worships strength; and Ben would stand by and listen with a gratified smile on his face until the tale was all told, and then he would protest—

"'A' done now, Adam! You'd 'a' done jest the same for me, I reckon."

At Ashcrane Adam hid himself in the old home, and his people heard how his life had been saved and spread the news near and far, and Ben was invited to all the farmhouses, and was feasted and admired and was as happy as the day was long. Lu listened, with tears in her eyes, to the telling of the brave deed, and was pleased to see Ben, so pleased that he repeated the story to her a score of times, and each time she said that he was a hero. Then one day he asked her outright—

"Yew won't say no to me now, Lu?"

She looked at him, pale-faced and anxious.

"I allers said as 'ow I'd 'ave ee, Lu, and I've fought 'ard for 'ee. 'Tain't every man as 'ud fought Zulus as I did for yew, Lu. What say ter 'avin' our names called next Sunday?"

"You be a brave man, Ben," she said, "a very brave man. I hope we'll be allers friends, but I ain't inclined o' marryin' yew."

"What? Yew won't 'ave me, Lu—nohow?"

"Nohow, Ben. I don't mean it unkind, but don't ee ask me agen."

"'Tain't no matter, Lu," he said hotly, "there's lots o' gals as will. 'Tain't every chap 'as fought agen Zulus!"

That evening, Adam sat as usual in the garden where he could watch the crimson and gold of the sunset fade into the purple of the coming night. The shadows of the great elms spread in the dusk, while the hush that comes with the darkness was heralded by the twittering of the sparrows, the cawing of the rooks above, and the hum of the insects as they buzzed home.

Presently the gate clicked and a slim girl came up the path to him, and a well-remembered voice faltered.

"Are ee any better, Adam?"

"As well as I'm loike to be, Lu."

"Why don't ee come and see Mother and me?"

"I caan't get about well, Lu. Ain't ee heerd?"

"Yes, Adam, and I be main sorry. I coom to tell ee how sorry."

There was a pause, and then he said—

"Do ee call to mind, Lu—ee said ef I coom to me stoomps ee'd laff at me."

"Caan't I make up for that now?" she asked, timidly; and he thought he heard a stifled sob after the words. He did not answer. He could not bring himself to say no.

"I tole Ben I'd never marry 'im," she said, softly; again he would not speak. The cricket in the cottage wall chirped until it awoke echoes.

"Adam!" she said, appealingly.

"What can I say, Lu? I be done for now."

"No, no! Don't 'ee say that. Yew'll be brave and 'earty when yew be nussed up a bit. And—and—I do love 'ee, Adam," she cried, desperately.

She was so near that he caught her hand and kissed and fondled it; and she bent over him, and then their lips met.

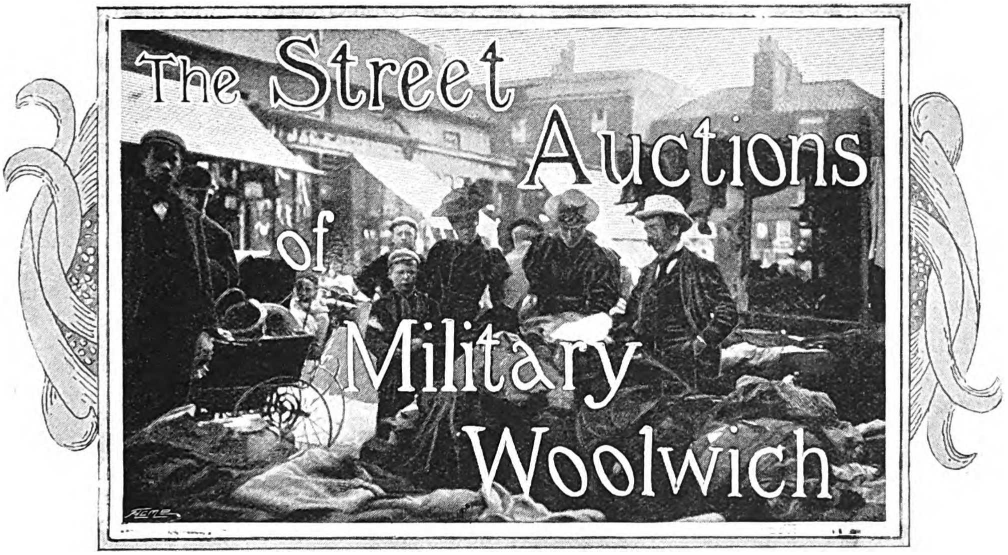
The folk wondered at Lu! but the wooing was done.

**Author's Note.**—The story of this fight on the Zlobane was told me by one of the survivors.

Photo by E. V. Ward.

A Military Camp.

# The Street Auctions of Military Woolwich



### By Arthur Goodrich.

*Illustrated with Photographs taken specially by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.*

In most towns there is a disposition to eye askance open-air stalls. They are tolerated because they afford poor people an opportunity of purchasing cheaply, but they are not regarded with the pride we bestow on institutions which add to our dignity and importance.

Woolwich and its neighbourhood, on the contrary, are not only proud of their market in Beresford Square, but love it with a constancy which has lasted since 1610, the year in which that sage and learned monarch, James I., legalised its existence by charter. Like many other institutions which have contrived to survive the vicissitudes of time, the market in Beresford Square has had a most chequered career. The two families in whom were vested the rights of levying tolls shewed as little mercy as the local authorities, with whom it was a tradition that they would be failing in their duty did they spare it any indignity. It was in vain that the shopkeepers of Woolwich filled their windows with goods of the latest fashion; the public preferred their market.

Then a new era set in. As the Empire extended, so did the Arsenal increase. At last the workers employed therein became so numerous that some of the dealers, with a view to securing their patronage, deserted the market, and on Saturdays erected stalls in the large open space outside the Arsenal gates, which, in 1837, was christened Beresford Square, in honour of the Master General, the Marquis of Beresford.

As the artizans left by way of the square, good pitches were so highly prized that the night before market was invariably devoted to battle, the fighting to secure coigns of vantage being frequently of the most desperate description. At last matters became so alarming that in 1888 the local authorities, after buying out the family, to whom had descended the right of levying tolls, for £800, obtained an Act of Parliament which allowed them to extend the old market to Beresford Square, and entering on possession, they announced their determination to levy tolls on all stands.

This high-handed proceeding naturally aroused the greatest indignation. The Woolwich land-grabbers, by a process of reasoning not unknown in these days, had, from long immunity, so come to regard the place as their own that a system of letting and subletting stands had grown up quite in the manner of landlord and tenant. It was hard to have these valuable rights extinguished at one blow, still as refusal to pay meant eviction and loss of livelihood, the malcontents capitulated. They were wise, for a rich harvest awaited them. Woolwich and neighbourhood, to the extent of some 60,000 of the population, soon intimated that they would deal with them, buy clothes, good jewellery, crockery,

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and what not, providing not only that a good article was vended, but that the sales were conducted in a manner which would rob commercialism of its prosaic character.

Let me illustrate this.

On the day of our visit, a dealer close to where I was standing was selling crockery.

Did he, as is the custom, hold the cups and saucers up to the light and then expatiate on their transparency? Certainly not. His customers could and would do that before purchase. What he did was to enliven the transaction by humorous allusions and fantastic sallies, and this is how he delivered himself:—

The auctioneers amuse the crowd with bantering remarks.

There is always a ready sale for trousers.

"Fancy asking a lady and gentleman calling on you to have a cup of tea or drink your health out of gallipots and egg cups when you have the opportunity of purchasing Dresden china and lovely wine-glasses like these!"

It may be safely averred that the dealers of Beresford Square are the very cream of the profession. Their suavity is so great, their politeness so winning, their geniality so overwhelming, that they win your confidence at a glance; that is, if you happen to be of the male persuasion. The gentlemen of Woolwich feel at home with the dealers and the dealers with them, but with the ladies it is different.

The Arsenal gates are, as I have said, in Beresford Square, and when the market migrated thither, the dealers used to greet the workers on leaving work on Saturday with such studious politeness and studied courtesy that their victims found it quite impossible to leave the market without purchasing something or other, and at a price, too, which was certain to kindle the ire of the partner at home.

This resulted in a custom which soon hardened into finality. The workpeople leave the Arsenal on Saturday mid-day by way of the market as of yore, but the wives are there to meet them. So if they want to take a stroll through the market before dinner, "just to see how things is agoin' on like," it must be in the company of the "missus."

Said a dealer when reprobating this custom:

"I used to think nothing of selling a couple of dozen carbon diamond studs before dinner. But those days are gone. Watch this party."

A lady and gentleman approached. Said the dealer to his footman in livery: "John, hand round some diamond studs."

The man did so, and whilst they were being examined, on a velvet escutcheon, the dealer expatiated on their beauty. "Look at them," he cried, "although only 2d. each, blazin' with the light of a thousand internal fires."

Complete outfits may be obtained.

The gentleman admired, but the lady said: "Yes, but how long do they shine like that?"

As this conversation took place in the forenoon when cold reason and calculation reign supreme, I was not surprised, after a dealer had declared that the one green spot in the oasis of life was a tablecloth for 5*s.* 6*d.*, to hear a lady sternly command her spouse to wait till the price had sunk to 2*s.* 6*d.* From this it will be inferred that in Beresford Square prices are not, like the laws of the Medes, fixed and unalterable. They are as changeful as the surface of the ocean.

A dealer in umbrellas was selling his goods by auction. There had been no rain for six weeks, which was good for the dealer, as it enabled him to solemnly assure his auditors that were one drop, only one drop, of rain to fall at that moment, up would go the price to 3*s.* 6*d.*

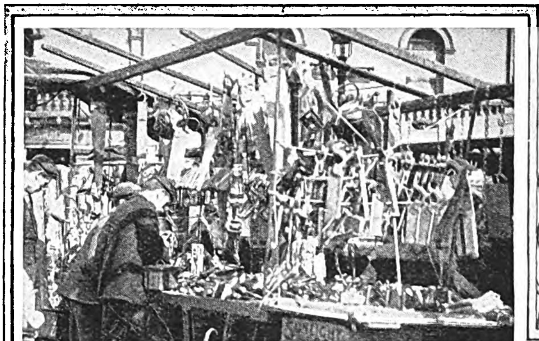
Ladies' umbrellas were being sold of a slimness so extreme that they were warranted to go through the eye of a needle, provided the eye were only large enough. Although offered at 10*s.* 6*d.*, the price slowly dropped till they reached 2*s.* 6*d.*, below which Woolwich thinks excellence is not to be expected.

Some of the auctioneers are quite aged men.

Excellence it will have, but it is not averse to appearance. Consequently, when the "Pride of Woolwich" was submitted for purchase, a sudden coldness immediately pervaded the meeting. The "Pride" rejoiced in one of the most lavishly ornamented handles ever attached to an umbrella. The silver which encased the handle may not have weighed, as the auctioneer asserted that it did, quite half a ton, but its appearance was much more dazzling than that to be met with in more distinguished districts.

Still the "Pride" hung fire. It was in vain that the dealer, with an air of great consternation, withdrew one on the plea that he had discovered a flaw in the frame, and that he would sooner give them away than sell an imperfect

The female element is very much to the fore, and lady traders attract many customers by their charms.



Many workmen needing tools purchase their kits in the open air market.

article. He declared that the price he was asking was so small that he lost on every "Pride" sold, though he did make a small profit by selling a big quantity — in vain: there were still no bids. It wasn't a question of price, at least not yet. Something was wanting in its appearance. Suddenly the look of perplexity faded from the dealer's face. There were no tassels.

Forthwith a pair (silk) of such astounding proportions that they would not have looked out of place on a pair of window curtains, were added. Still buyers were coy. When a case was added, and the auctioneer had expressed a willingness to accept three shillings, business relations were renewed.

But the volume of trade is not large till evening on Saturdays. An afternoon nap and a cup of tea put the worthy folks of Woolwich on such good terms with themselves that when they go to the Market, the entire family, baby and all, frequently accompany them. They may not have much to spend. But what of that? Compare the joyless lives of rich people with the blissful destinies of those who do not tremble when thrones rock, and to whom a fall in the funds does not bring swift and sudden destruction. What are shares and gold to these folk?

It is astonishing how fond the people are of birds.

Here comes a burly artisan and his household. The only gold-mine of which they know anything is the savings of the last two months, which are now to be expended in a new dress for Maria, boots for Tommy, and a complete rig out for Albert Edward. The "old 'un" may of late have been nourishing secret longings of his own not unconnected with the distinction begotten by a new suit of clothes, and the dealer owning a stall close by, where Tommy is trying on his boots, noting a certain wistfulness of expression, may take advantage of the "missus's" attention being concentrated on the aforesaid boots to whisper that he has a suit which would fit him like wall-paper—but the temptation is repelled.

In the market at Beresford Square the belief that the welfare of the family is superior to that of the individual is accorded such homage that father quietly commences to extinguish all unholy ambitions for sartorial display, and mindful of the proprieties, does his best to shield Maria from the gaze of an inquisitive world whilst she tries on a new frock.

By the time Tommy has informed him that he is so delighted with the boots that he does not mean to take them off on going to bed, the "old 'un" has grown quite fond of his old clothes again.

Lady auctioneers, when fair to gaze on, are extremely popular at Beresford Square. Wit is not indispensable, but the ladies are expected to impart a lively and piquant flavour to their addresses. This they do—and more.

There is no article, however, humble, which the lady auctioneer of the market cannot invest with interest. The wit of one fair saleswoman is highly relished by the public.

"I have here a roll," she will say, brandishing an enormous pile of floorcloth aloft, "very suitable for a single young man and his wife. (Laughter.) Observe the pattern. Flowers may be dear in Covent Garden, but they are cheap enough on this oil cloth. (Laughter.) The pattern is what you might call a general one, and suits a dining-room, reception-room, sitting-room, boudoir, or drawing-room, as well as it does a bedroom, kitchen, library, attic, or hall. (Laughter.)

"It's what you might also call a matrimonial pattern. I've known heaps of young people, after looking at it, to rush off and get married. (Laughter.) Will anyone buy this roll? If you can't afford to pay for it all at once, I will take instalments, but not less than a farthing a week. (Laughter.)

"If you don't pay up, I shall wait on you at your private residence with my persuader." (Produces bludgeon and waves it about—laughter.)

Warming with her subject, the oratory of the fair speaker grows impassioned. "You cannot gaze on this pattern without blinking, for it contains all the tints of the far-famed rainbow. Also lay your 'ands on your 'earts and asservate, if you dare, that any person missing this chance of turnin' the 'owling wilderness he calls 'is 'ome into a smilin' garding is not a bloomin' lunatic." In Beresford Square it is not considered good form to chaff the lady auctioneer, but her colleagues of the other sex have frequently to endure a bad quarter of an hour, unless they are unusually well equipped.

I am listening to a vendor of lozenges, who is explaining that he has two sorts of lozenges, one of the yellow variety, which, if taken just before sitting down to dinner at the house of a friend, will enable you to polish off three plates of meat without turning a hair, whilst the administration of its companion (pink in colour) to a friend who is dining with you will take away his appetite altogether.

On hearing this one of the audience, a lady, intervenes.

Surveying the speaker with lofty scorn, she asks, in tones of mocking incredulity, whether the vendor has any temper lozenges to dispose of, because she would like to buy a couple of tons for her old man, who was always "contrary" at tea-time.

Here is a fair damsel trying on a cape which has taken her fancy.

There is a ready market for pigeons, ducks, and fowls.

As almost every description of merchandise is sold in the market, book stalls are not wanting. Believing that the tastes and habits of communities are largely influenced, if not entirely moulded, by their surroundings, I questioned a bookseller on this point.

REAT NORTHERN RAIL
NORTH of ENGLAND
SCOTLAND
BOOT SALE

The umbrella-seller does a flourishing trade in wet weather.

Some of the jackets sold are quite stylish.

The dealer had no particular views on environment, but he was certain that Woolwich was unlike other places. Superior towns like Croydon, for instance, have a weakness, it seems, for ghost-stories, and back numbers of Dickens in the immortal green cover.

Portsmouth likes sea-stories flavoured with piracy, shipwreck and mutiny, whilst Woolwich — and the dealer sighed, shook his head, and stopped despondently. And no wonder, for the literary tastes of Woolwich are not as elevated as they might be. Philosophy and theology are so little esteemed that more than one dealer assured me that if he was to offer his patrons "free gratis for nothink a work by Spencer, Bain, Bishop Butler or Farrar, it would be declined.

"Give them something in the blood, thunder and sudden death line, and they are on it.

"Old folk I provide with Wellington in the Peninsular, middle age finds comfort in the Franco-German, and all wars conducted scientifically by clever generals.

It is a common sight to see people trying on boots in the open air.

"Young ladies like narratives of personal heroism. 'Deeds of Daring Englishmen,' and 'Britain's Heroes' they dote on.

"Their sweethearts prefer the French

Revolution, the Commune of Paris and all up-to-date wars and revolutions, whilst the juveniles ain't got no particular tastes as long as the English soldier comes out on top."

I have said that almost everything can be purchased in Beresford Square, and everything can, save furniture and poultry. Furniture may not be suitable for out-of-door sales, but poultry is. Unfortunately, Woolwich ladies, although content to purchase their jewellery, dresses, bonnets, underclothing, meat, boots, hosiery, grocery, etc., etc., regard any poultry which may be exhibited for sale in the Square with much distrust. Wild cab-horses could not induce a Woolwich matron to purchase, say, a goose, in Beresford Square.

For this hostility several reasons are given, the most credited being a story which relates that on a certain memorable Christmas several years ago a dealer entered the market with a large van-load of geese, which, as far as appearances were concerned, looked so tempting that the whole lot were soon disposed of. Now, however great may be the veneration inspired in the human breast by old age, the tribute is generally withheld where poultry is concerned. When the diners next day found that even cooking, extending over several hours, had failed to soften the adamantine qualities of these aged birds, they waxed exceeding wroth, and with one voice declared that they would never, no never, purchase poultry in Beresford Square again. And they have kept their word, greatly to the joy of Tower Street and Hare Street.

After reading thus far many readers will probably pause to consider whether the profit of shops would be increased were the assistants to cultivate a little of the humour which makes a visit to Beresford Square so enjoyable. I think not. For a time I believe the dealers found a little wit greatly enhanced prices, but the cold-blooded sagacity with which the British lady conducts her marketing having resumed its sway, profits now sink so low that one wonders how some of the dealers, especially the auctioneers, clear sufficient to pay the tolls, which at Beresford Square are pretty stiff.

These range from 2*s.* for a barrow and to board occupying a space of 8ft. by 4ft., a 10*s.* for a pitch on which a mock or real auction has licence to sell.

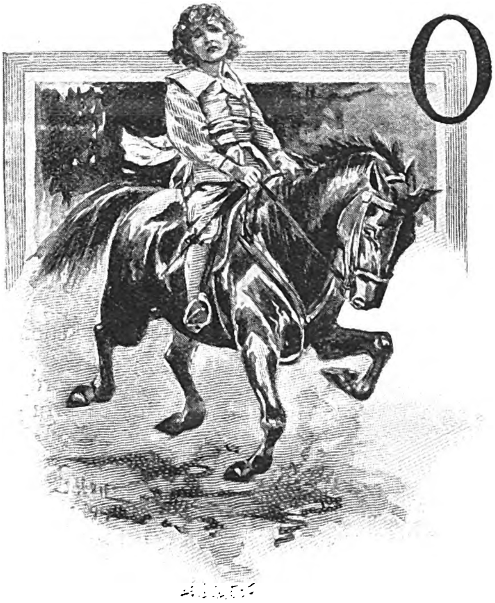
Notwithstanding the bantering and wordy warfare that goes on, the greatest cheerfulness prevails.

At first I was inclined to view with awe the great physical resources of the Market Inspector, a personage of great height and Herculean proportions. But I soon discovered that kindness and not force were the means relied on by this officer for the preservation of peace.

All dealers are expected to pay for their stalls when they engage them, but owing to competition, and other causes, they are sometimes without the money. What is to be done?

The suppliant looks up at the Inspector, and the Inspector, stern and commanding, looks down on his visitor. Presently the rigidity of his features relaxes, and the glimmer of a smile is seen to hover about his mouth. Then the huge hand wanders in the direction of the pocket and the money is slipped into the applicant's hand.

It is the settled conviction of Beresford Square Market that their Inspector has a heart of gold.



# O Absalom, My Son!

By W. C. Morrow.

Colonel MacDonald felt an icicle strike through his heart when an orderly dashed up with a command from the general to charge the ditch. It was not that the smallest drop of cowardly blood had a place in his veins. Indeed, he was possessed of that cool and dogged order of courage which cuts the deepest havoc in a long and stubborn battle, and which fights gravely on after the volcanic fires of more impetuous natures have expended their forces in spectacular slaughter or gone down in glorious extinction. To send such a man as Colonel MacDonald into such a charge as this was one of those grotesque blunders to which the madness of battle gives birth. Far better would it have been to send a dashing hot-head, a man with blazing eyes and a wild shout in his throat, into that awful quiet mælstrom of reserved lead, where the noise and flame of courage, not the cool and relentless terror of it, would sweep the field.

It was not that Colonel MacDonald feared for his life; but he knew the quality and temper of his regiment, which were his own infused. In the famous corps to which it belonged, his regiment was accounted the mainstay, the rock against which furious charges dashed themselves to pieces, the pivot upon which rout was swung round to victory. It was a wall, not a hurricane; an immovable iceberg, not a boiling torrent. How would it behave in this new and strange emergency? A stayer of the panic of others, how would it handle a possible panic of its own? A dam to restrain the flood, what incoherency and disorganisation might it develop as the flood itself?

The odds against Colonel MacDonald were tremendous. The enemy, securely intrenched, outnumbered him fearfully; but it would still have been many times stronger had it had but a fourth of his numbers. Between his position in the trees and the yellow line of new earth marking the enemy's ditch a mile away was a perfectly level field, recently planted—a pasty soil deeply plowed, and made soft by rain. It was an infantry regiment that had been ordered to charge the ditch across that field. The necessary slowness of the progress, the exhausting labour of it as the men would sink nearly to their knees at every step, the total impossibility of making a dash, the deadly aim that the enemy could take as it waited in perfect security until the whites of the charging men's eyes could be plainly seen—the whole ghastly picture swept through the Colonel's mind.

And there was another thing. . . . The complexity of the human heart is unaccountable. The bravest soldier may at one time face death with the resignation of a Stoic or the recklessness of a battle-drunk madman, and at another quail when the shadowy picture of a loved and suffering one thrusts itself between him and his leaden destiny. At times there are causes vastly more potent than the fear of death to cool the hot iron in a soldier's heart; there are transitory moments of suffocating, honest, manly doubt whether it be nobler to die for one's country or live for the sake of cherished hearts whom one's death would rob of life without satisfying the grave. . . . Not an hour ago Colonel MacDonald had held in his arms his wife and his one child, and he felt their sacred tears where he had permitted them to dry upon his cheek. They were so near yet—these two loved ones—and how unthinkable it was that they should see him . . . either an impotent heap of breathing flesh, or riddled into——

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In spite of his masterly composure, the colonel stared in dumb astonishment at the orderly.

"Is the general aware of the character of the ground over which I am to charge?" he inquired, with a strange hesitation.

The orderly looked surprised. "He said nothing about it, colonel," he answered.

"I suppose," resumed the colonel, speaking with great slowness and calmness, as though unconscious of his words, "I suppose the general has ordered meanwhile a flank attack on the ditch — round through the woods, there to the right—to send an enfilading fire into the enemy while I charge."

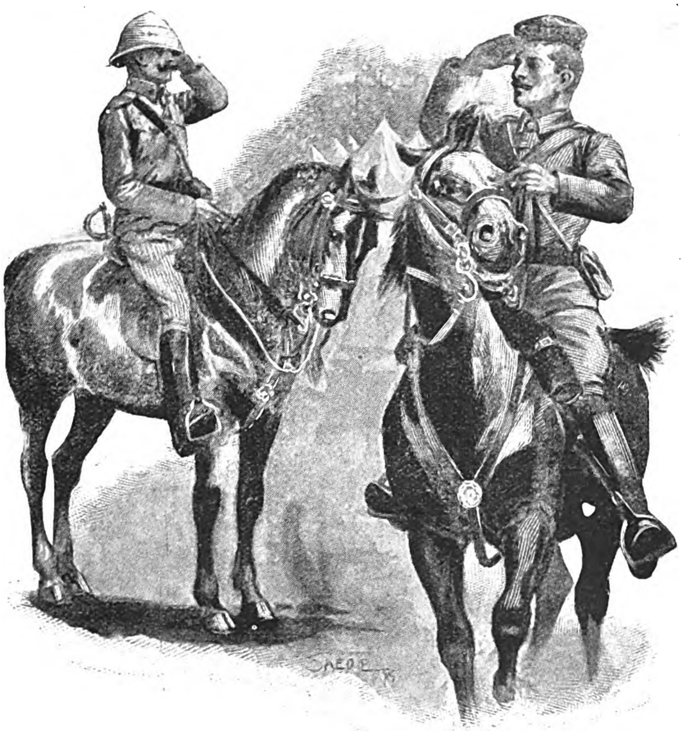
"That is impossible, colonel; there are no troops nor batteries for the purpose."

The colonel stared so strangely at the orderly that the brisk young man wondered. An embarrassment that he felt without understanding caused him to lower his glance, as though he too shared the unconscious guilt of the blunder! Then, wheeling his impatient horse, he asked:

"I shall tell the general——?"

"That I will charge," answered the colonel quietly.

The orderly saluted and galloped away.



The orderly saluted and galloped away.

The scene had been witnessed by the whole regiment, lying on its guns and idly listening to the shells that tore screaming and bursting through the woods, and by something akin to unanimous intuition, it divined the purport of the order, though it had been heard only by the colonel and his aids. The men were veterans, seasoned, cool, self-contained; but their glances met all down the lines in a kind of dismay that had no words for its expression.

Orders were at once swiftly bearing the message of death, and the musical notes of the bugle sounded clear and round above the diapason of the singing shells in the trees. The colonel, with drawn sword, galloped to the front, turned, faced his men, and without a word raised his sword aloft, wheeled about, and headed slowly for the ditch. In that brief moment his men saw a deep pallor that they had never found there before, but behind it the familiar quiet gleam of the eye that meant steadfastness to the end. That was what they wanted, what they had never failed to find when the crisis came; and, taking it into their hearts, they sprang forth from the sheltering trees into the open.

They took the soft earth bravely at first, going at a double-quick; but the colonel checked them, and passed the order down the line that they should move slowly. His purpose was to reserve their strength until the glinting barrels of the enemy's rifles and the cautious upraised hats above the earthworks showed that a deadly aim was being taken; and there was time enough for that. Far to the left the battle roared, and Colonel MacDonald, holding the extreme right, knew that a heavy responsibility rested upon him. Should his regiment be swept away, his general's right would be turned, for concealed in the woods beyond the enemy's trench, were batteries awaiting the opportunity that the entrenched regiments would open.

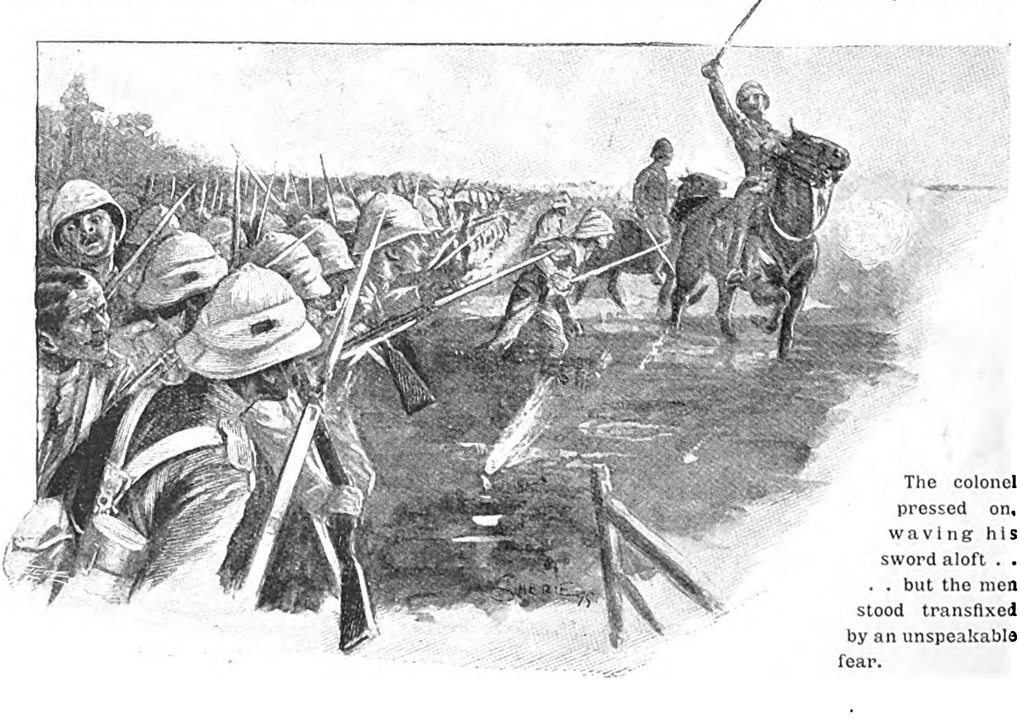
Half the distance across the field had been covered, and as yet not a single puff of smoke had risen from the earthworks. Even the batteries in the woods were silent. Colonel MacDonald's men trudged slowly forward, in perfect order, their glinting rifles showing lines as straight and firm as on a holiday parade.

Another quarter of a mile had been covered, when all along the line of earthworks rifle-barrels began to slip over the top, and here and there a hat was uplifted above the yellow crest. The colonel faced his men—a splendid target for the enemy, but sitting in massive, nonchalant disregard of the fact. Gathering up the reins after calling a momentary halt, he galloped down the line, and in a few words sent the iron of his soul into the souls of his men. Then came the dash, the men crouching low as they floundered on through the mud.

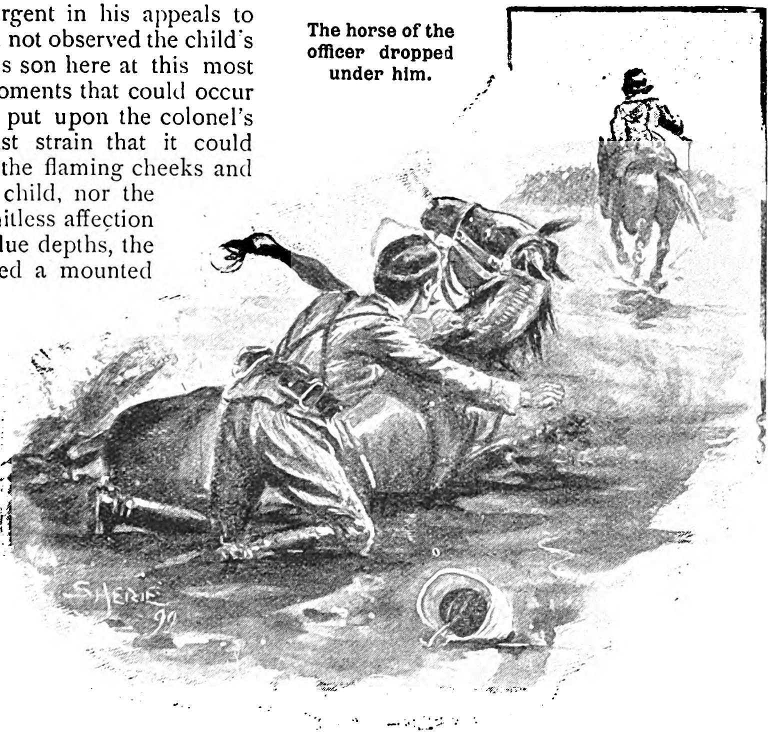
First came a solitary greeting shot from the works, then another, then a blazing, tearing crash that sent forth a flying wall of lead. Men dropped by the score, but there came not a groan from the hurt and the dying, not a shout nor a shot from the living. The colonel pressed on, waving his sword aloft. The officers of the line followed his example; but the men stood weighted in their tracks, transfixed by an unspeakable fear, staring in terror at the invisible death lying in wait to throttle them after the short lull from the enemy's reloading had ended. Thus had the glory of the famous regiment gone down in disgrace in a new and awful situation. Shouts and imploring from the officers failed to move the men. Stinging reproaches for their cowardice brought no quickening of their pride. They stood gazing helplessly at the yellow dam over which the river of death was pouring. Then came a wavering, a shiver, from end to end of the line. Glances were turned backward toward the sheltering trees, a few rifles were dropped, and the beginning of what would have been the most shameful rout in the history of the war was at hand.

But a wonderful thing occurred. Those looking backward toward the sheltering forest saw a small child tearing toward them from the rear, galloping furiously on a small nimble pony; and they recognised in the oncomer the colonel's little son, Robert, whom he and the men of the regiment called Tod. In what manner he had escaped from his mother, how he had followed and found his father—these are not things to discuss while the hearts of seven hundred surviving men are turning to water in dread of another winged wall of lead.

Dashing through the wavering ranks, the child drew up at the side of his father, who was so maddened by the failure



The colonel pressed on, waving his sword aloft . . . . but the men stood transfixed by an unspeakable fear.



**The horse of the officer dropped under him.**

of his men and so urgent in his appeals to their fealty that he had not observed the child's approach. To see his son here at this most wretched of all the moments that could occur in ten thousand lives put upon the colonel's strength the very last strain that it could bear. Not heeding the flaming cheeks and dancing eyes of the child, nor the exaltation and the limitless affection that filled their wide blue depths, the colonel harshly ordered a mounted officer to take the boy to the rear; nor would he permit his agonised heart to comprehend the look of mortification and grief that dimmed the glowing lustre of the childish face upturned to his.

"Papa!" pleaded the little man; "don't send me back—I want to go where de men has de bees dat sings in de air. Dey was singin' all awound me when I was widin' froo de fiel'. Please, papa!"

At that moment a second flying wall of lead swept the open. The horse of the officer who had seized the pony's bridle dropped under him. The little man, seizing the moment of freedom, sent his whip into the pony's flank, and the nimble beast leaped ahead toward the yellow line. The colonel dashed after him, and the other officers who were mounted; and the paralyzed soldiers, seeing the child leading the charge and swinging his whip and shouting in his childish, piping voice to come on, felt the old fire boiling in their blood, the old iron in their souls. With a mighty shout they stormed the works, and the glory of the carnage of their bayonets in the ditch surpassed all reckoning. On they swept over the choked ditches filled with the regiments they had crushed, on to the battery in the woods, which they captured; and that is the story of the wonderful charge that turned the enemy's left that day.

After the din had ceased, while yet the air reeked with the grime of burnt powder, a white-faced man galloped along the line, searching through the haze with a frenzied eagerness for something—something infinitely precious. What saving of a paltry nation's cheap honour could compensate for one overwhelming, unthinkable loss?

The gleaming eager eyes at last found what they sought. The childish bare curly head was pillowed on the dead pony's neck, and a childish arm was caressingly thrown over the dead pony's head. The flaming roses were gone from the velvet cheeks, and the wide blue eyes whose last look upon him had been one of bitter disappointment and reproof, were closed. The wretched man, mastering a choking sob, approached his boy and took him gently in his arms. The blue eyes opened, stared vacantly a moment, and then lighted up with a happy recognition when their glance fell on the colonel's face. A turbulent joy bound the strong man's tongue in chains.

"Papa!" cried a childish voice; "is dat you? I'm so glad! I'm tired, papa. Can't you get yo' Toddy boy some water? Oh, dere was so many, many bees, and dey singed and singed, an' one' o' dem naughty bees, he bit yo' Toddy boy wight here"—indicating a small blood-soaked shoulder, from which a small arm dangled helpless—"an' it hurted, but yo' Toddy boy didn' cwy!"

# THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY GEO. BEST.

*Illustrated from photographs by Arthur Ullyett, Leigh-on-Sea.*

## INTRODUCTION.

Leslie Gordon is borne in a balloon to the home of Santa Claus. The Patron Saint of Children tells the story of his life, and then carries Leslie on his back to the town of living toys—Santa Clauberg—where he sees many marvels, and a house, Gordon Hall, which is being erected for his use.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DEPARTURE OF SANTA CLAUS.

No less than three hundred doll bricklayers were required to build up the Great Gordon Hall, and they worked so heartily and with such goodwill, that the building was finished in exactly twelve hours from the time the foundation stone was laid by the Lady Mayoress of Santa Clauberg. The big house was composed of many thousands of ordinary wooden building bricks; every horse and cart in the town having been employed in bringing these from the brickyards to the summit of the Mountain of Mirth, while whole trainloads of gelatine lozenges were carried to the same spot to cement the bricks together on the inside walls. All through the long night the work went merrily on, and long before morning dawned the builders had retired to their tiny cottages for a few hours' sleep, leaving a great army of doll painters, paperhangers, glaziers, and plumbers to decorate the house and make it habitable.

The foundation-stone of Gordon Hall was laid by the Lady Mayoress.

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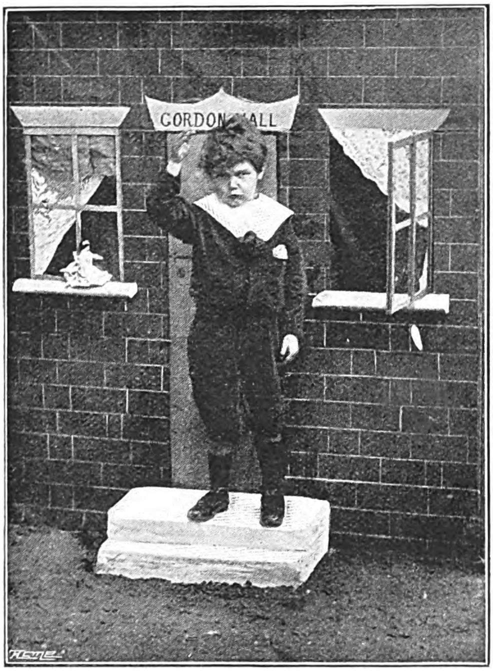
Then the Hall was rapidly furnished with tiny tables and chairs, carpets and hearthrugs, pictures and overmantels, lace curtains and blinds, specially manufactured by the largest firm of house-furnishers in Santa Clauberg. The sleeping-room contained a bed which exactly fitted Leslie, with nothing to spare, besides a chest of drawers, washstand and dressing-table, all of which had been built to the correct scale from stock models of dolls' furniture.

And when, at ten o'clock on the morning of the first day of October, Santa Claus brought Leslie down the mountain to his new home, everything was finished, and a large staff of doll servants was already at work in the kitchen of the Gordon Hall, which was the only room of the building too small for the new tenant to enter.



Leslie made a very loving speech from the front door of his new house.

A general holiday had been declared for that day, and at twelve o'clock all the brass cannon in the forts along the river were fired at the same time; the cathedral bells were rung merrily; and a great procession of soldiers, sailors, and townspeople wended its way towards the new building to hold a grand gala on the Mountain of Mirth, where toy roundabouts and shooting galleries had been erected, and to give a hearty welcome to the popular tenant of the Hall.

And Leslie made a very loving, but shockingly ungrammatical, speech from the front door of his new home, a speech which was received with tremendous cheers by the five thousand mixed dolls to whom it was addressed, and which was fully reported by four automatic penmen from the *Santa Clauberg Times*.

"My dear Dollies!" began Leslie turning very red in the face before the gaze of such a multitude of glass eyes. "My dear little Dollies, it is kind of you to build me such a nice building as you have builded, and it is very funny that dolls can build anything at all. Dead dolls, like my sister plays with, are stupid things, but you have got far more sense than the cleverest dog or cat in the world! I know that shop dolls have no brains, because I once opened the head of Ethel's with a can-opener, and then I melted her face at the fire and stuck the top of her head on, back to front, and thought Ethel wouldn't notice it. But she did, and we buried her doll in the garden, and Ethel cried for nearly half-an-hour by the kitchen clock. Then we dug it up again for our new puppy to play with. But I wouldn't open the head of a live doll any more than I'd pull a cat's tail, or kill a jumping frog.

"It's very jolly to have a house like this all to one's self, but I'm sorry dear old Santa Claus is going away for such a long time. He is the nicest old gentleman I ever met, even nicer than Uncle Sam who used to give me sixpence an hour for keeping the flies off his bald head. Any time one of you is passing, come in and see me when I aren't out. If I'm not in, call again when I am."

Leslie's speech was replied to by the Mayor of Santa Clauberg, a very brave citizen, who had once slain a fierce doll-eating frog with no other weapon than a lead-pencil lance, and was much respected for his courage, and his kindness to all the poor dolls of the town. And when the Mayor's kindly address was concluded, the great crowd gave three hearty cheers for Leslie Gordon, and three more for Santa Claus, after which they patronised the roundabouts and swings until the hour fixed for the departure of Father Christmas drew near.

"Good bye, Leslie boy, I am going now," said the brave old traveller appearing at the door of the Gordon Hall just as the last rays of the setting sun were flooding the mountain summit, and converting the Home of Santa Claus into a palace of gold.

"Won't you come inside, Santa Claus, and say good-bye properly?" gasped Leslie brokenly, while two great tears rolled down his cheeks. "There's room in the dining-hall if you double yourself up, though I can't ask you to sit down, 'cos none of the chairs will fit you."

"I must kiss you through the window, Les.," said Santa Claus. "The North Wind is already working himself up into a terrible rage because I am several minutes late in starting, and I have many towns in the South to visit before midnight."

The Mayor had once slain a fierce, doll-eating frog.

Leslie threw open the window of his tiny parlour, and kissed Santa Claus warmly on both cheeks.

"Give my love to dear old England," he murmured, with dim eyes and quivering lips. "I shall miss you awfully—you, and the servant mannikins, and the beautiful frost pictures. What can I do for the little doll people while you are away, Santa Claus?"

"Try to keep them from going to war with the mannikins, Leslie," said Santa Claus earnestly. "They are spending large sums of money on new ironclads, and forts, and cannon. They want to fight with the dear little people who were once their best friends. And all because the mannikins have claimed a piece of land no larger than a hearth-rug!"

The kitchen of Gordon Hall.

"And are the mannikins ready for 'em?" asked Leslie excitedly, with a very warlike twinkle in his eye.

"The little people of Sweetchester are also increasing their army and navy," was the answer, "and the fight will be terrible if it takes place. Santa Clauberg may be in ruins before I return."

"Why don't you forbid it, Santa Claus?"

"Emperors and kings cannot prevent wars in these days, Leslie. They can only advise their subjects as to the best course to pursue, and although such advice is always treated with respect, it is not always acted upon. I have already warned the inhabitants of both cities against plunging into a horrible war, yet, although to-day is a general holiday, the workers in the gun-factory are busy even at this moment. I saw a number of soldiers wheeling a new spring-cannon into the eastern fort scarcely half an hour ago."

"I will try to hold the dolls back, Santa Claus, for your sake," said Leslie; "but I should dearly like to see a real battle, with wounded mannikins lying on the field, and dolls' houses on fire, and ironclads sinking, and toy forts being blown to pieces while the band played the great war-song that I used to sing in the nursery at home when my toy soldiers were supposed to be fighting on the table cloth."

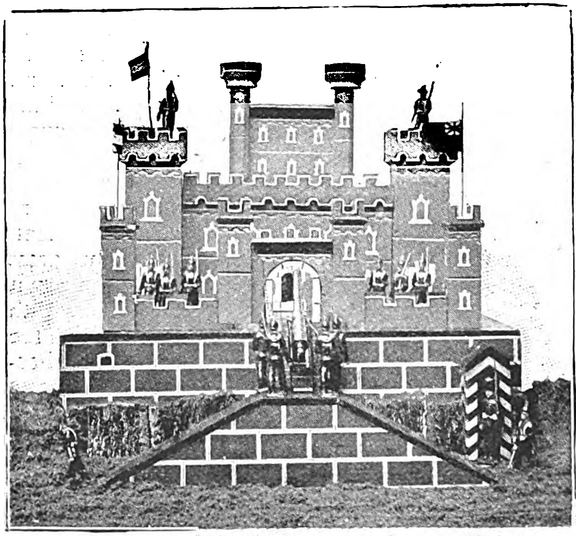
"What song is that, Leslie?"

"Rule, Britannia; God Save the Queen!
Hard times, hard times, very often seen—
Hokey-pokey a penny a lump, and best vanilla cream—
O! what a happy land is England!"

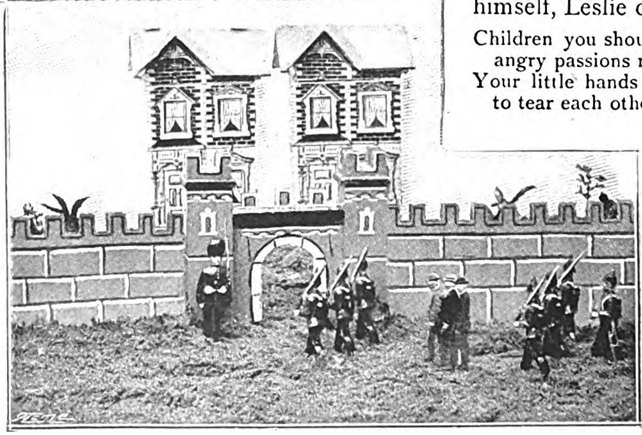
sang Leslie. "Isn't it beautiful?" he asked.

While Santa Claus was telling Leslie that he did not think much of a war-song with hokey-pokey in it, the heavily-laden flying machine, which had been lying at anchor at

tenant of Gordon Hall had his own way, and three chosen mannikins were despatched from Sweetchester to Santa Clauberg in answer to an invitation which had been written in the War Office of the Town of Toys. Being quite as eager for war as were their doll neighbours, the mannikin Parliament readily agreed to allow Leslie Gordon to act as judge, and on the tenth day following the departure of Santa Claus, the chosen three entered the City gates, and, after being blindfolded to prevent any note being taken of the position of the Santa Clauberg forts, they were escorted to the great Hall by a strong detachment of doll soldiers, where Leslie, attired in a judge's wig, and wearing a pair of spectacles which he couldn't possibly see through, was waiting to receive them.



A number of soldiers wheeling a new spring cannon into the fort.



The chosen mannikins entered the city gates, escorted by a detachment of doll soldiers.

"I will hear only one doll and one mannikin!'' exclaimed the judge, as all the representatives of each party began to speak at once. "Silence! all of you, or else get outside! You make my head ache."

And he rang a table bell so violently that the clapper flew out and struck the Admiral of the Santa Clauberg navy on his forehead, stunning him on the spot.

When the fainting Admiral had been revived by having a thimbleful of cold water dashed over his uniform, order was immediately restored, and the Mayors of Santa Clauberg and Sweetchester stood together on the table before Leslie.

"Now," said the judge briskly, looking over his spectacles at the pair of little people before him, "what is it all about?"

The rival Mayors scowled furiously at one another, but neither answered the question.

"Land which they've no right to!" shouted a number of dolls at the back of the court. "Down with the mannikins!"

"It's ours, and we mean to keep it!" cried the three mannikins in chorus. "Death to the dolls!"

"Silence!" shouted Leslie angrily, "If you don't behave I shall clear the court!"

The rival Mayors, who had been making ugly faces at each other for some seconds, hereupon attacked one another with great fury, fighting savagely around the table cloth in a most disgraceful way.

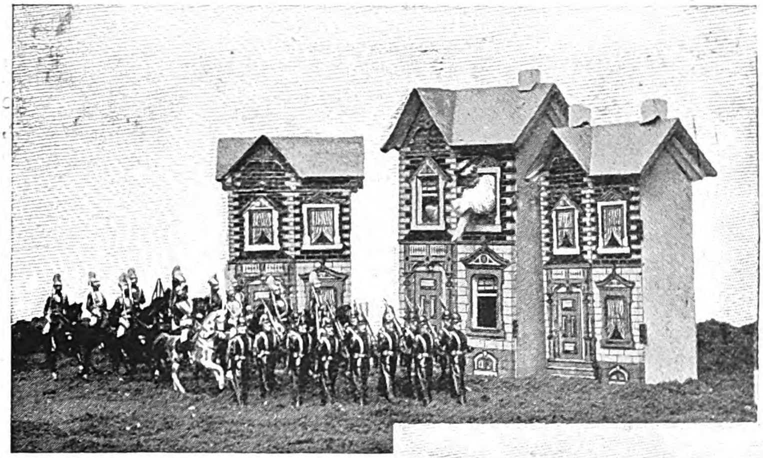
Leslie separated the combatants (with great reluctance), and held them, panting and gasping, as far apart as possible.

"That's very naughty of you both!" he exclaimed reprovingly. "Don't you know what Doctor Whats-his-name said about fighting?" And, forgetting that he was addressing men about forty years older than himself, Leslie quoted:—

Children you should never let such angry passions rise,
Your little hands were never made to tear each other's eyes!

''Now shake hands,'' he continued. ''If you don't, I shall make you kiss and be friends before the whole meeting!"

The Mayors sullenly



The streets were crowded with soldiers.

WAR
PECIAL
DITION
WAR
MANNIKINS
ADVANCE
WAR
MAYOR'S
SPEECH
DECISION

Newsboys were selling their papers as quickly a they coud hand them out.

shook hands, amidst loud hisses from the back of the court.

"Now, what about this land?" asked Leslie again. "Who had it first?"

"We had!" exclaimed the doll Mayor.

"We had!" cried the mannikin.

"One of you is telling wicked stories!" said Leslie gravely. "How could you *both* have it first?"

"All mannikins are story tellers," answered the doll Mayor, stamping his foot angrily.

"And all dolls are thieves as well," retorted the Sweetchester man folding his arms defiantly.

"Tut, tut," said the judge indulgently. "Don't call each other names, it's low and common. Why don't you tear the land in two and have half each?"

"Because it contains a gold mine, a coal mine, and a butterfly forest," said the mannikin mayor. "And both of the mines are on the one half."

"We refuse the half with the butterfly forest on," said the doll mayor.

"And we mean to stick to the gold mine," added the other jeeringly. "They can't take it away from us, even it they bring every stupid doll soldier in the place there! It is surrounded by forts, each fort containing twelve heavy brass cannon and a thousand men."

"Our warships will knock your forts to splinters in ten minutes!" cried the doll mayor mockingly. "And we can place twenty thousand wooden soldiers on the field at an hour's notice."

"The ironclads of Sweetchester will make firewood of every doll's house in Santa Clauberg before your slow clockwork boats can get near them," hissed the mannikin, white with passion.

Leslie was now in a very excited state of mind. He plucked off his spectacles, and leaned eagerly forward. The dolls at the back of the court were mad with the war-fever, shouting and cheering in a frantic way. The mannikins were singing the Sweetchester war-anthem with uncovered heads.

"You don't think you can settle it without going to war?" shouted Leslie, rising to his feet amidst the deafening uproar.

"No! no! no!" screamed his hearers in chorus. "We want nothing but war! WAR! WAR!"

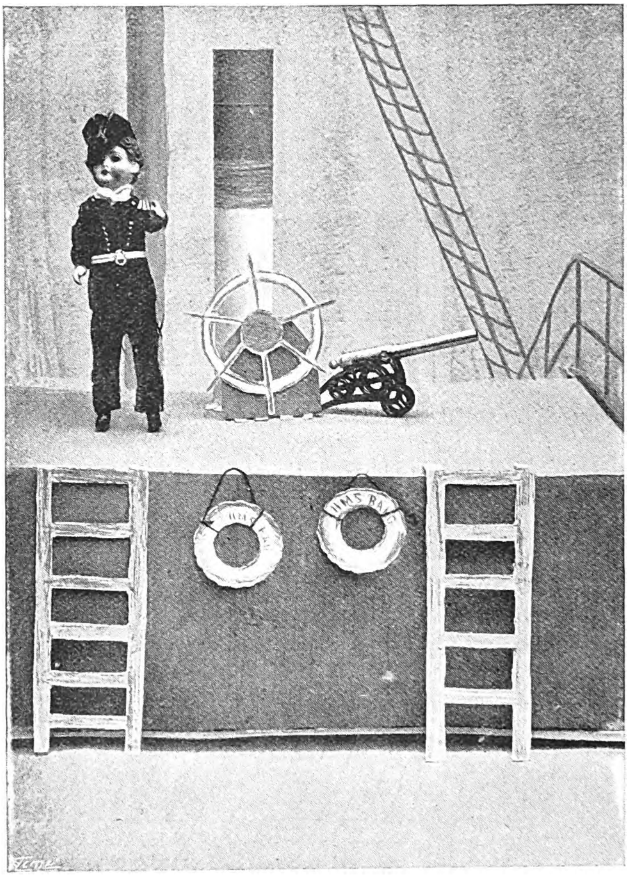
"Then fight it out!" cried the judge, bringing his little fist down on the table with so much force that the Mayor cf Santa Clauberg was thrown on his back; and in that position commenced his great war speech, the first part of which was printed in the newspapers long before the speaker had brought his thrilling address to a conclusion.

The news reached the Town of Toys in less than five minutes from the time of Leslie's decision, and newsboys on every hand waved placards bearing the awful word

"War!" in large type; and sold their papers as quickly as they could hand them out to the great crowds which surrounded them.

And on the River of Carols dozen of ironclads lay at anchor, fully wound up, while little unbreakable officers paced their decks in restless excitement, awaiting the Admiral's signal to advance.

The sun went down, and before even the tiniest dolls of Santa Clauberg were tucked into their toy cribs by their anxious mothers on that memorable evening, a great fleet of real steam ironclads was advancing silently up the River of Carols, led by a beautiful model war-ship, nearly three feet in length, which carried eight large brass cannon, and hundreds of destructive shells manufactured from the heads of explosive matches.


Awaiting the Admiral's signal to advance.

It was not until the mannikin warships had approached close enough to fire a shell, which exploded with a loud crack on the roof of the cathedral, that the dolls knew the siege of Santa Clauberg had begun. In another moment the streets were full of bursting shells, and when Leslie, hearing the awful uproar, ran quickly to the door of the Gordon Hall, a doll's house was already in flames, and the cathedral lay in ruins upon the mound at the top of the main street.

The baby dolls were tucked into their toy cribs by anxious mothers on that memorable evening.

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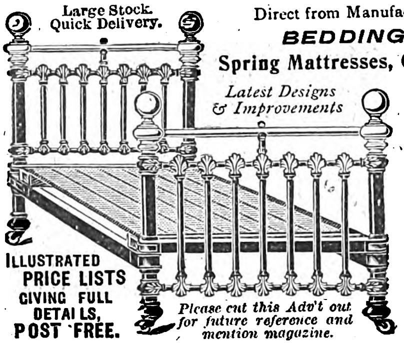

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**Hairdressers' Shops Fitted. Estimates free.**

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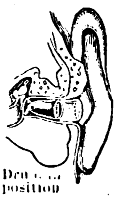
**and Head Noises relieved by using WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR DRUMS.**



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A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.

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D. H. WILSON, 11, Newington Road, EDINBURGH

# MILK

is one of the

# Most Dangerous Foods!

**THIS opinion was expressed by the late SIR RICHARD THORNE THORNE (The CHIEF INSPECTOR of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD), in a lecture to the Royal British Nurses' Association, on the 2nd of December, 1899. He also stated that "34 out of 40 of the Queen's Cows had been slaughtered, as they were found to be suffering from Tuberculosis," that is to say their milk contained the germs of consumption, and that "90 out of every 100 milch cows in the country were diseased!!!"**

Milk is also particularly liable to contamination from other sources, and often contains—

1. **GERMS OF SCARLET FEVER.**
2. **GERMS OF DIPHTHERIA.**
3. **GERMS OF TYPHOID FEVER.**
4. **GERMS OF FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.**

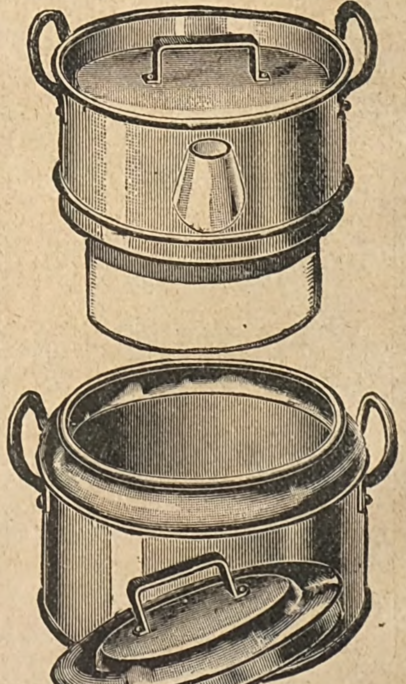
**A recent Royal Commission, the entire Medical Profession, the War Office, the Local Government Board, etc., etc., recommend that all milk should be sterilized.**

# THE AYMARD

. . . PATENT . . .

# MILK STERILIZER

**is a simple and perfect Apparatus, and should be in every kitchen. If used once daily for a few minutes, the whole of the milk required for the next 24 hours will be freed from germs, and the whole of the cream and albumin—which forms into scum when milk is boiled—will be retained. Milk that has not been properly sterilized is such a dangerous food, that those who allow it to be served to their families take a great responsibility.**



***MILK STERILIZED IN AYMARD'S STERILIZER***

**CONTAINS NO GERM OF DISEASE,**
**HAS NONE OF THE NASTY TASTE OF BOILED MILK,**
**HAS NO SCUM UPON IT,**
**IS MORE EASILY DIGESTED THAN RAW OR BOILED MILK.**

**If in doubt ask your Medical Man.**

***Aymard's Patent Milk Sterilizer*** *can be obtained from or through any of the Stores, Chemists, Ironmongers, &c., at prices as below; but in the event of would-be purchasers finding the slightest difficulty in getting their wants supplied, they are requested to remit with their orders direct to the factory, where full stocks are kept. Address :—*

**The Aymard Patent Milk Sterilizer Co.,**
**St. Matthew's Works, Ipswich.**

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| Sizes. | 1 *pnt.* | 2 *pnts.* | 3 *pnts.* | 4 *pnts.* | 1 *gal.* | 2 *gals.* |
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| Prices. | | | | | | |
| With Enamelled Iron Milk Chamber. | 5/6 | 7/6 | 10/6 | 14/6 | 23/6 | 33/6 |
| With Tin Milk Chamber. | 3/6 | 5/6 | 7/6 | 10/6 | 18/6 | 27/6 |

LARGER SIZES, up to 36 gallons, are suitable for large Institutions, Military Depots, Hospitals, Hydropathic Establishments, Asylums, and large Schools. Particulars on application.

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Still Touches the Spot,

and heals **All Sore Places.**

For **Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Piles, Sores, Swellings, Headaches, Rheumatism, etc.**

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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Samples Post Free.

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Children's ... 1/3 per doz.
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HEMSTITCHED.

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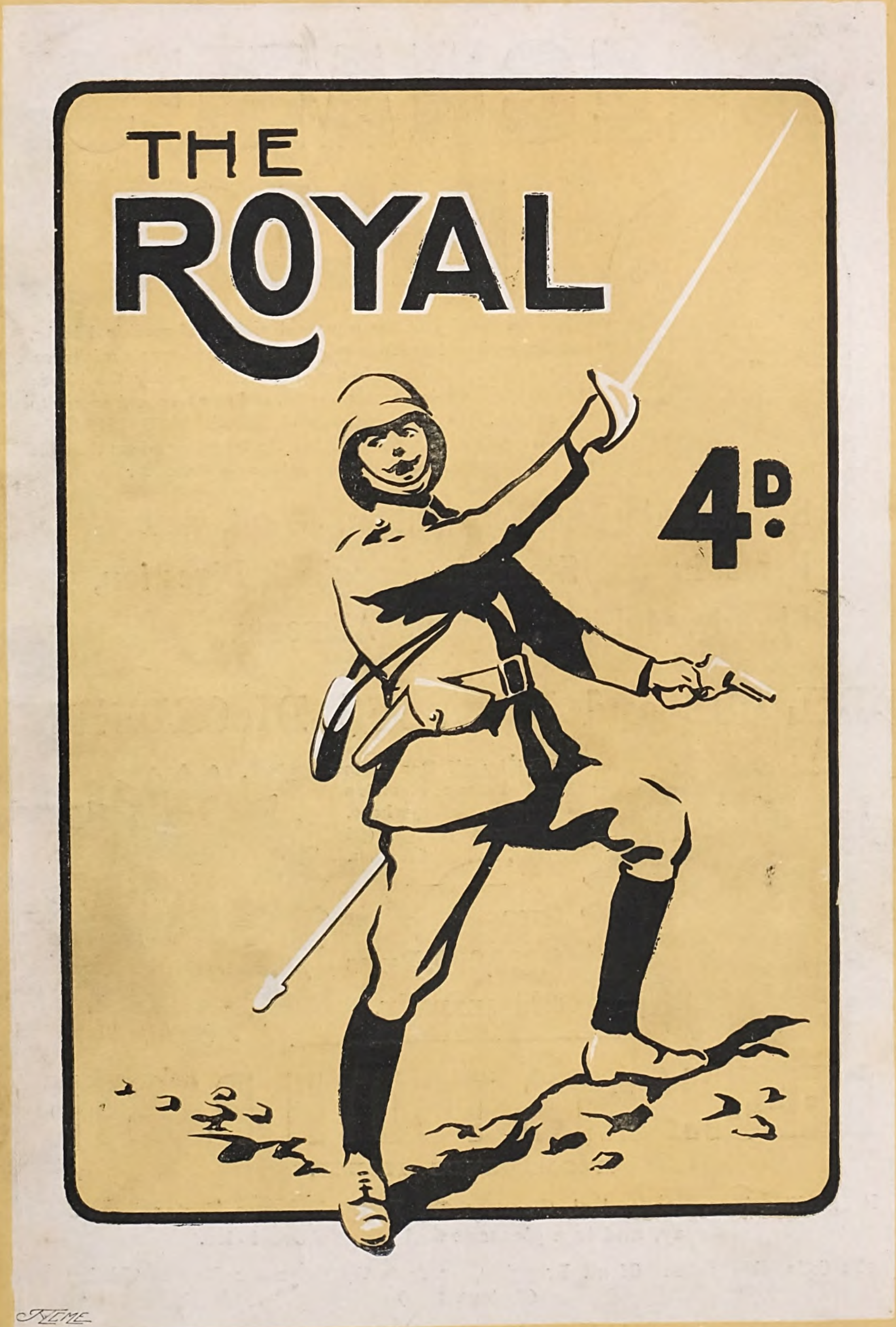
*(See page 503.)*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No. 18, Vol. III.—April, 1900.

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**RECOMMENDS ITSELF.**

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TEACH DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL; make ITS PRACTICE PLEASURABLE, and you create for the World A DESTINY MORE SUBLIME than EVER ISSUED from the brain of the WILDEST DREAMER. A SUNNY HOLIDAY—WISDOM, HEALTH, LONGEVITY, and PROSPERITY. WITHOUT these you have the GREATEST of ALL EVILS that can befall man, AN EARLY EXIT, which, like the brittle glass that measures time, is often broke, ere half its sands are run.

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A SAPPER SERVING AT THE FRONT writes:—'I am in the best of health, thanks to ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It is grand! The best in the World, especially for hot and changeable climates. It is very dear out here, but even if it cost 10s. per bottle I must have it, as I cannot do without it.

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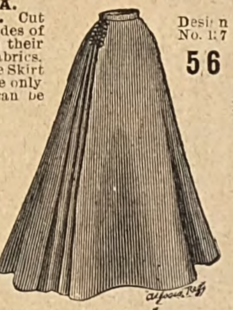

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To well sprinkle the floor near the fireplace and kitchen cupboard last thing at night with

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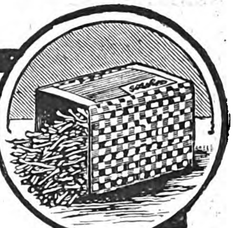
Manager—HY. MYERS.



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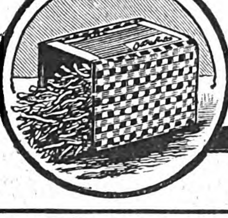

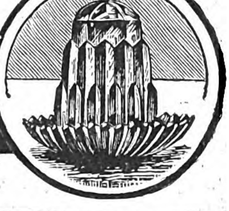

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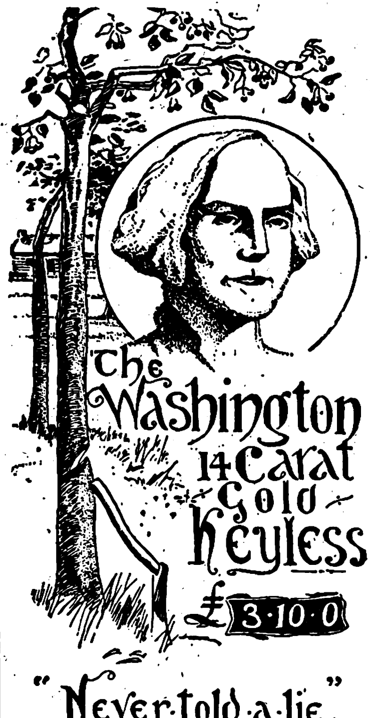
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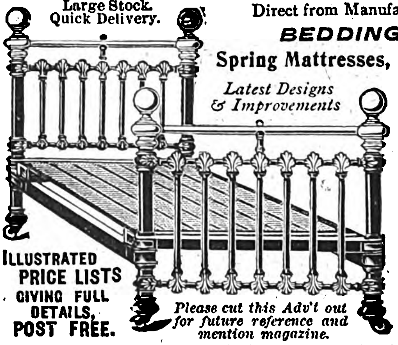

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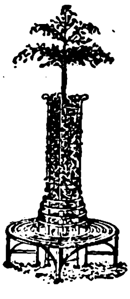

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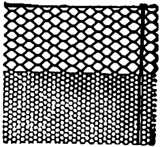

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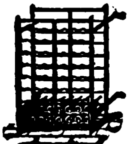

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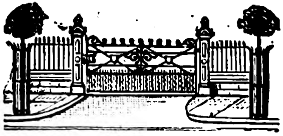

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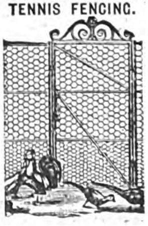

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# ALL FAT PEOPLE

## Can be CURED by taking

# TRILENE TABLETS

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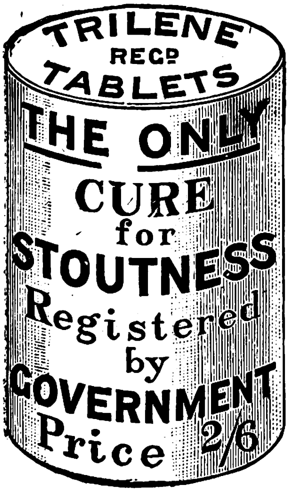

**for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.**

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
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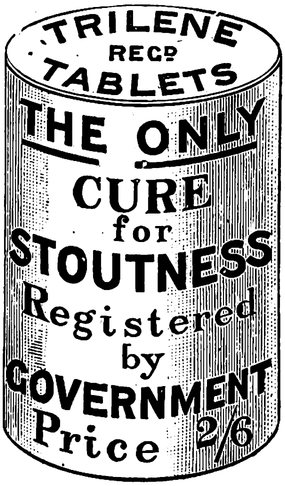
**An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.**



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**Miss Northledge,** The Laurels, Riseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

**Colour-Sergeant Whittle,** of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

**Mrs. Darnley Smith,** of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

**Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg,** Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

**Lady Constance Conrad** writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

**Countess Furstenberg** writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

**Extract from "The Lady,"** 3rd Sept. 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

**Mrs. T. Boston,** Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

**Mr. William Usher** says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 21lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.

"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

**Mrs. Weaver,** of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

**Mr. Butler,** Surgeon (M.R.C.V.S.), of Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient has lost 1st. through your Tablets."

**Father T. M. Byrne,** of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

**Mrs. Alexander,** of 102, Dixon Street, New Swindon, says: "They have reduced me 2st.; in fact I am quite cured."

**Mrs. Mary Williams,** of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

**Miss Patient,** of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

**Mrs. James Smith,** of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

**Mrs. Crossley,** of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

**Miss B. McKenzie,** of Greenhall, High Blantyre, N.B., says: "Am completely cured, being reduced 2st."

**Mrs. W. A. Radford,** High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

**THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.**

*Over 70 Years' Established Reputation.*
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST INFANTS' FOOD.

NEAVE'S FOOD
FOR
INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

**SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D.,**
**Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.**

"This is an excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."

**If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.**

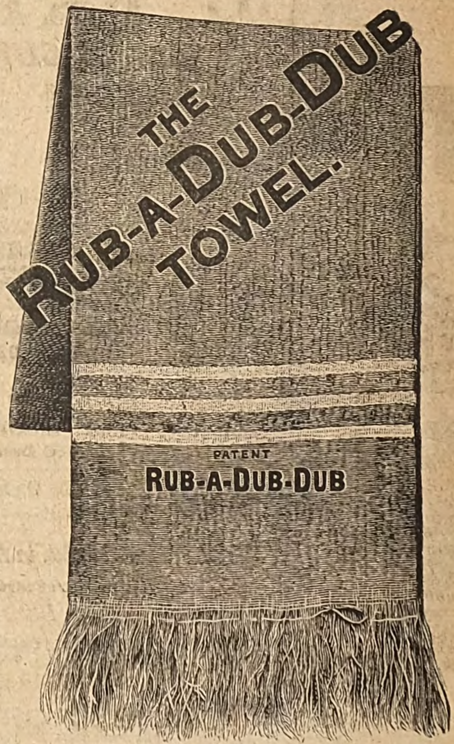
A MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD FOR NURSING MOTHERS.

DON'T BE MISLED!
PATERSONS'
"CAMP" COFFEE
IS THE BEST.

PRODUCING A CUP OF DELICIOUS COFFEE AT A MOMENTS NOTICE.

MACKINTOSH'S
EXTRA CREAM
TOFFEE
INCOMPARABLE FOR FLAVOUR.

IS "MOREISH"
More you eat, more you want.
Suits Everybody's taste. *For trade terms apply—*
J. MACKINTOSH LTD., The Toffee Kings, HALIFAX.



*GUARANTEED*
PURE LINEN.
*16/- to 18/- a Dozen.*

THIS Towel is of quite new structure, woven out of good Two-fold Irish Linen Thread, the natural Magnetic and Electric Induction of the Flax being intensified, so that when used it at once helps to produce the healthy glow and warmth so desirable to everybody.

Its Coiled Meshes permit the air to circulate, and yield with thorough elasticity to the surface of the skin.

This Towel is neither clumsy nor flimsy, but is easy to wash and easy to dry, and for a long period actually improves with use.

After any special exertion, to the Athlete, the Cyclist or the Yachtsman, it is most refreshing to have a rub down with one or two of these Towels.

SOLD BY ALL DRAPERS, STORES, &c.

*Sole Manufacturers:—*
JAMES STUTTARD & SONS, MANCHESTER,
also 35, Milk Street, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.

SPECIALLY SELECTED
SPECIALLY SELECTED
E. J. RILEY'S DOUBLE SPRING
E. J. RILEY ACCRINGTON

*Actual Photograph from Bat.*

**CRICKET,**
**TENNIS,**
**CROQUET,**
and all Outdoor Games.

**50,000**
**Cricket Bats**
IN STOCK (all seasoned).

*We warrant our Cricket Bats, and give a New Bat FREE in case of defect.*
*ALL GOODS on APPROVAL or RETURN.*

**MEN'S ALL-CANE BATS, 3/11 *to* 21/-**
**YOUTHS' ALL-CANE BATS, 2/6 *to* 12/6**
**SPRING-HANDLED BATS, CANE and RUBBER, 7/6 *to* 21/-**

EVERY CRICKETER,
EVERY CLUB, and
EVERY YOUTH,
*should send for*
***CATALOGUE No. 1,***
*containing 250 Illustrations of CRICKET, TENNIS, CROQUET, &c.*

**CATALOGUE No. 1 contains full SCORE of WORLD'S RECORD MATCH, recently played in Australia.**

***1,094 RUNS***
**made in ONE INNINGS from**
**RILEY'S CATGUT MATCH BALL.**
**Photo of Ball after play shown.**

**E. J. RILEY, LIMITED,**
**Willow Mills,**
*ACCRINGTON,*
*ENGLAND.*
**The Largest Makers of Cricket Bats in the World.**

**HAMILTON'S**
**IRISH HOMESPUNS**
**BEAT THE WORLD FOR HARD WEAR.**

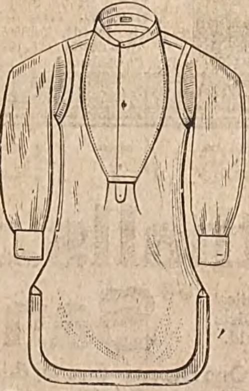
Guaranteed hand-spun and hand-woven from pure wool only. The only perfect material for Cycling, Golfing, Shooting, and sport and country wear generally. Beautifully soft, light, and warm. Equally suitable for Ladies or Gentlemen. Prices from 21d. per yard. All goods carriage paid. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns free on application. Address DESK 9.

**THE WHITE HOUSE,**
Depot for Irish Peasant Industries,
PORTRUSH, IRELAND.

**MARTIN-SILENT**
**Tool Bag**
*Always Neat and Tidy.*

**MARTIN-SILENT SADDLES**
**LADIES & GENTS.**
2 YEARS GUARANTEE.
*Of all Agents or direct. Send for Price List.*
**MARTINS—BIRMINGHAM, LTD.**
*Martin's Silent Pump Carrier will not scratch the enamel,* 6d. *per pair*

**GRANT'S** PERFECT-FITTING
**SHIRTS**



Made on the latest scientific principles; every part being carefully proportioned so as to secure the maximum of ease and comfort along with a perfect fit. They are a revelation to every wearer who has experienced the evils of a bad fitting shirt. **Manufactured only in the very best materials; finest Linen Fronts and Cuffs. In three qualities:—**

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A quality, | 3/6 each; | ¼ | doz., | 10/3; | ½ doz., | 20/- |
| B ,, | 4/6 | ,, ¼ | ,, | 13/-; | ½ ,, | 25/6 |
| C ,, | 5/6 | ,, ¼ | ,, | 16/-; | ½ ,, | 31/6 |

*Post Free. When ordering, please mention size of collar.*

**D. H. GRANT, SHIRT SPECIALIST, LIME ST., LIVERPOOL.**

**PRESERVE YOUR TEETH**

AND TEACH YOUR CHILDREN TO DO SO, BY USING

**CALVERT'S**

**CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER**

**6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 1lb. 5s. Tins, or**

**CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE**

**6d., 1s. and 1s. 6d. Pots.**

Each is prepared with CALVERT'S purest Carbolic—the best dental preservative. They sweeten the breath and prevent infection by inhalation.

**HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY DENTIFRICES.**

Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.

*At Chemists, &c., or Sample* **1s.** *Pot or Tin post free for value*

F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER.

**Going on a Sea Voyage?**
**Going across the Channel? Is 1/6**

**too great an outlay to prevent your being SEA SICK or at any rate reduce your probable suffering to a minimum?**

Send us this sum, and you will receive *post free*, by return,

**A TIN OF 10 VALIDOL PRALINES**

with instructions. We return money if you tell us that **VALIDOL** (an absolutely harmless chemical combination of menthol and valerianic acid) proved unsuccessful.

The makers are the well-known manufacturers of Quinine,

MESSRS. ZIMMER & CO., Ltd.

*Apply to London Agency:*

33, LIME STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TO COLOUR | TRY ALEXANDRE'S

**GREY HAIR | SHADEINE**

TRIAL BOTTLE
6d.
Per post, 7d.

SHADEINE colours grey or faded hair BLONDE, LIGHT or DARK BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN, and GOLDEN. It contains neither lead, silver, mercury, sulphur, nor anything injurious. *Guaranteed not to burn the hair, produce an unnatural tint, but to be permanent, washable, free from grease or stickiness and*

**ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.**

A Medical Certificate with every Bottle.

Large Bottle, 3/6; post free, 3/9. Trial Bottle (Secretly packed), *Est.* 1861 6d.; post free, 7d.

(PARIS DEPOT: 28, Rue de Chabrol.)

N.M. ALEXANDRE, 30, WESTBOURNE GROVE LONDON, W.

HENDERSON'S
Peralia
REGD

BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION INSTANTLY

For clearing the skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, Freckles, Tan, &c., leaving it spotless, smooth, and natural. By using Henderson's Peralia regularly, the skin is brought into a proper normal condition, Healthy, soft, beautiful, transparent. Gives the hands, arms, face, and neck a healthy white appearance. Beautifies the skin instantly. Used by ladies and gentlemen of all classes. Procurable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, or send for it direct. **1/-, 1/6, and 2/6.** Postage in each case **3d.** extra.

**Use Henderson's Peralia for RED NOSES**

**CRIMPOLINE HAIR CURLING FLUID.**

Curls the hair naturally in a few days The hair will always remain curly. Note.—Crimpoline curls the hair permanently. No tongs needed. Other curling fluids only keep the hair in curl. Crimpoline is not greasy or sticky. See that you get Crimpoline. Have no other, or you will be disappointed.

Procurable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, or send for it direct. **1/9** and **2/6** per bottle. **3d.** extra for postage.

Makers of Machines for Altering Ugly Noses, price **10/-**. Elevators for increasing the height, making little people tall, **5/6** pair.

**PERALIA PERFUMERY CO., 72 & 73, Camden St. (R.M.), North Shields, England.** Foreign orders punctually attended to. PRICE LIST POST FREE.

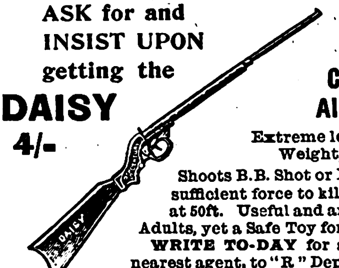
**FOR CERTAIN SATISFACTION**

ASK for and INSIST UPON getting the

**DAISY**

**4/-**

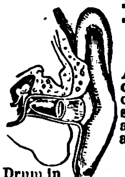
**20TH CENTURY AIR RIFLE.**



Extreme length 30in., Weight, 2 lbs.

Shoots B.B. Shot or Darts with sufficient force to kill Rats, &c. at 50ft. Useful and amusing for Adults, yet a Safe Toy for Children. **WRITE TO-DAY** for address of nearest agent, to "R" Dept.,

**WM. E. PECK & CO., 8, Bradford Avenue, LONDON.**



Drum in position.

**DEAFNESS**

**and Head Noises relieved by using**

**WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR DRUMS.**

A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.

*Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Magazine.*

**WILSON EAR-DRUM CO.**

D. H. WILSON, 11, Newington Road, EDINBURGH.

**LADIES AT HOME OR ON TOUR.**

**Southalls'** (*Patented*). **Absorbent, Antiseptic.**

SAMPLES free on application to the LADY MANAGER, 17, BULL ST., BIRMINGHAM.

Sold by Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters, and Chemists throughout the world.

**"Sanitary Towels"**

In Packets of One Dozen:—Size O, 6d.; Size 1, 1/-; Size 2, 1/6; Size 3, 2/-; Size 4, 2/-; Size X, 2/9. Size 1 can also be had in Packets of Six Towels at 6d.

**Sample Packets** (marked Size S), at 6d., containing three Size O, one each 1, 2 & 4, post free, eight stamps.

**SOUTHALLS' SANITARY SHEETS for ACCOUCHEMENT,**

In three sizes, 1/-, 2/- and 2/6 each.

## LAST GRAND

# PRIZE-WINNERS' COMPETITION

OPEN TO ALL PRIZE-WINNERS TAKING UP THEIR MACHINES IN THIS COMPETITION.

***£100 Diamond Bracelet, £100 Motor Car, £100 Sailing Yacht, £100 Grand Piano, £100 Musical Clock, £100 Horse & Carriage, £100 Billiard Table, £100 Electric Launch, £100 Freehold Plot, or £100 in Cash or Bank Notes.***

**£50 MOTOR CYCLE,**
**£50 MUSICAL BOX,**
**£50 GOLD CHRONOMETER,**
**£50 WRITING DESK,**
**£50 DRESSING CASE,**
**£50 PONY AND TRAP,**
**£50 ROWING BOAT,**
**£50 BUSINESS,**
**£50 FURNITURE,**
**£50 TRICHORD PIANO,**
**£50 PLOT OF LAND,**
**£50 HOLIDAY TOUR,**
**£50 VENTRILOQUIST'S FIGURES,**
**£50 JUGGLER'S OUTFIT,**
**£50 GREENHOUSE,**
**£50 SHOP,**
**£50 WAGONETTE,**
**£50 THEATRICAL OUTFIT,**
**£50 GAS ENGINE, or**
**£50 CASH or BANK NOTES.**

**£25 TANDEM CYCLE,**
**£25 GOLD CARD CASE,**
**£25 MARBLE STATUE,**
**£25 BAGATELLE TABLE,**
**£25 GOLD WATCH,**
**£25 ELECTRO WARE,**
**£25 AMERICAN ORGAN,**
**£25 SET OF CUTLERY,**
**£25 RIFLE AND OUTFIT,**
**£25 DIAMOND LINKS,**
**£25 PONY and HARNESS,**
**£25 DOLL'S HOUSE,**
**£25 SECRETAIRE,**
**£25 DOG CART,**
**£25 DRESSING CASE,**
**£25 OIL PAINTING,**
**£25 LADY'S FUR COAT,**
**£25 BRASS BEDSTEAD,**
**£25 ROULETTE TABLE,**
**£25 BALL DRESS,**
**£25 ELECTRIC LIGHT APPARATUS,**
**£25 SILVER CANDELABRA,**
**£25 DRESDEN CHINA,**
**£25 GARDEN IMPLEMENTS,**
**£25 BATH AND GEYSER,**
**£25 SCARF PIN,**
**£25 COTTAGE PIANO,**
**£25 ENGAGEMENT RING, or**
**£25 IN BANK NOTES.**

**£15 Cycle,**
**£15 Diamond Brooch,**
**£15 Mahogany Sideboard,**
**£15 Silver Card Case,**
**£15 Fur Overcoat,**
**£15 Lawn Tennis Set,**
**£15 Gold Chain,**
**£15 Cornet and Music,**
**£15 Croquet Set,**
**£15 Summer House,**
**£15 Ivory & Ebony Chess,**
**£15 Case of Champagne,**
**£15 Canadian Canoe,**
**£15 Fishing Tackle,**
**£15 Drawing Room Clock,**
**£15 Tea Service,**
**£15 Box of Tools,**
**£15 Silver Cigar Cabinet,**
**£15 Spirit Tantalus,**
**£15 Proof Engraving,**
**£15 Golf Set,**
**£15 Cricket Set,**
**£15 Violin and Music,**
**£15 Mandoline and Music,**
**£15 Harmonium,**
**£15 Kitchen Utensils,**
**£15 River Punt,**
**£15 Inlaid Card Table,**
**£15 Model Steam Yacht,**
**£15 Typewriter,**
**£15 Saddlebag Chair,**
**£15 Library of New Books,**
**£15 Phonograph,**
**£15 House Telephone,**
**£15 Model Engine,**
**£15 Conjuring Tricks,**
**£15 Marquee Tent,**
**£15 Fire Proof Safe, or**
**£15 Cash or Bank Notes.**

*The above is only a PARTIAL LIST of the Free Prizes now offered. We have now awarded considerably over* ***£8,200*** *value in Prizes. Full Particulars of Prizes, Competitions, &c., will be sent to each one entitled to compete.*

## RESULT OF COMPETITION JUST CLOSED.

**£100 in CASH.** WILLIAM SILL, 12, Winstanley Place, Bouston, near Kendal, Westmoreland. **£30 in CASH.** VALENTINE GAMBRILL, Monks Horton, Kent. **£15 in CASH.** OWEN OWENS, Maldwyn Stores, Llandegfan, Menai Bridge. **£10 in CASH.** H. L'ESTRANGE BURGESS, Bayham House, Sevenoaks.

**40 PERSONS HAVE WON £23 CYCLES FREE OF ALL COST. THERE WERE OVER 90 MORE CASH PRIZES THAN THERE WERE COMPETITORS.**

In this the last Free Prize Competition that will be promoted, it is a matter of utter impossibility for any competitor not to receive an award without having to pay anything at all save the two penny stamps enclosed for postage. The only instance where any payment is made to us is when a competitor has been successful in gaining a Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, or Consolation Prize in one of our ordinary competitions. A nominal sum has then to be paid according to this advertisement for a Cycle which 18 of the World's Greatest Critics, 12 Cycling Papers, 249 Newspapers, and 5,845 Riders have pronounced, and pronounced emphatically, to be well worth £15 cash in the ordinary market. We send you absolute proof of all these statements when forwarding results of competition. We have never received an adverse Press notice, or heard of a Prize-winner being dissatisfied after taking up his or her machine. All Prize machines (which are exactly the same as those which cost £15, £16, £17, £18, or £19 in the ordinary way) are sent out strictly on approval; and the full amount paid us, together with carriage, is willingly refunded if the cycles are not fully worth, not merely what is paid for them, but our usual selling price.

**WHAT TO DO.—SEND IN REPLIES EARLY.**—Make up the best sentence you can out of eight words, each word commencing with a letter of B. T. H. S. S. O. R. W. in proper order. Thus, for example, "Better Than Humber's, Singer's, Swifts, Or Rudge-Whitworth." This is what the Right Rev. Canon C——, B.D., M.A., &c., writes. Enclose two penny stamps for postage of result, with Catalogue, Testimonials, &c.

## FIRST PRIZE: £23 A.B. SAFETY.

SECOND CLASS (9 Prizes) similar Cycle for £9.
THIRD CLASS (12 Prizes) similar Cycle for £10.
FOURTH CLASS (15 Prizes) similar Cycle for £11.
FIFTH CLASS (18 Prizes) similar Cycle for £12.
SIXTH CLASS (20 Prizes) similar Cycle for £13.
CONSOLATION (25 Prizes) similar Cycle for £14.

☛ ***Take Particular Notice.—Competition is now open, and CLOSES on MONDAY, APRIL 16th, 1900.***

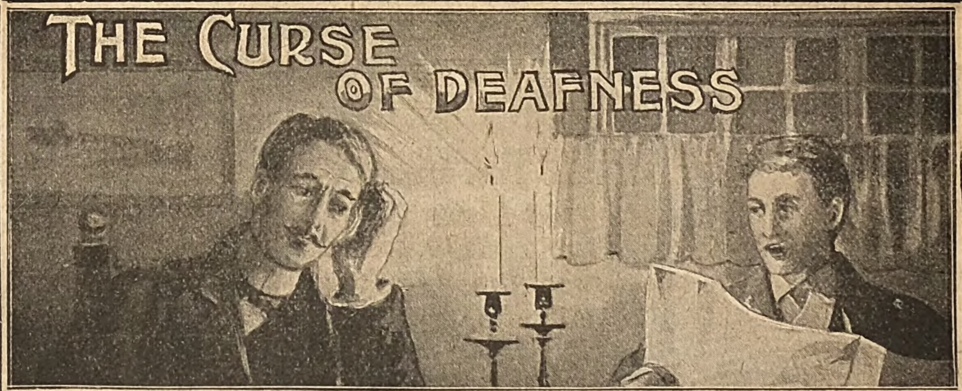
Enclose two penny stamps for postage of result of Competition. As so few are able to call and inspect the machines, WE GUARANTEE TO REFUND THE FULL AMOUNT PAID FOR ANY PRIZE IF THE OWNER IS NOT PERFECTLY SATISFIED with it on arrival. We desire it to be distinctly understood that we reserve to ourselves the right of increasing the number of prizes in the competition set in this magazine. Results will be declared as soon as possible. Prizes unclaimed in a week or ten days are forfeited.

**£100** If you can purchase our cheapest machine, brand new, from us, or an agent, dealer, shipper, or factor can buy one, for less than Fifteen Sovereigns, we will promptly hand you a Hundred Pound Bank of England Note.

**85 COMPETITORS WERE DISQUALIFIED LAST TIME BY BEING TOO LATE.**

Send your reply immediately to the Managing Director, marking your envelope "ROYAL."

**A.B. CYCLE Co., Ld., 59, 60, 67, 68 & 69, Chancery Lane, Holborn, W.C.**



## Deafness & Defects of Hearing.

That deafness is a very common ailment is a fact that needs no demonstrating. Many of our readers are subject to it, and there are few but can recall the case of some relative or friend who suffers from that affliction. But it will be a matter of surprise to many to learn that statistics show that the hearing of a fifth of the population of this country is more or less defective, or, in other words, the hearing of 20 per cent. of the inhabitants is affected.

The publication of a "Newspaper for the Deaf" must therefore supply a public want. A scientific review, bearing this name, is issued by the Drouet Institute, 72, Regent's Park Road, London, N.W., and a copy may be had free on application to the Editor. This review deals with Diseases of the Ear, the Nose, and the Throat, and thoroughly explains the treatment which is so successfully applied at the Drouet Institute for the cure of such complaints.

For those of our readers unacquainted with the Drouet Treatment, let us say that, as far as Deafness, and, general speaking, Ear diseases are concerned, the treatment is based upon the "external" application of a specific medicine, which acts, by gradual impregnation, on the mid-ear—that portion of the organs of hearing which contains the delicate agencies most needful for the due working of the whole. The application of this specific is perfected in action by the aid of treatment varying in each case, for it must not be forgotten that deafness is brought about by an endless number of causes, which often lead to the extension of the local treatment to neighbouring organs, as the nose, the pharynx, and the larynx—and which also frequently give reason for the use of internal treatment, when the auricular ailment is caused or is aggravated by a constitutional tendency or by any other general disorder.

Let us also add that the Drouet Institute gives free advice, by means of a special report form, to patients unable to leave home, or patients can attend for consultations, any day from 2 to 4.

**"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39s.**

Equal in size and quality to any machine. Works by hand or treadle. Four years' guarantee.

To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid **5s. MONTHLY.** Write for designs and samples of work—**The Atlas Sewing Machine Co.,** 182E, High St., Camden Town London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd.; and 14, High Rd., Kilburn. Mention this Magazine.

**To ASTHMA Sufferers.**

Immediate relief in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough is gained by the use of

**POTTER'S DATURA ASTHMA CURE.**

Sold by all Chemists and Herbalists in Tins at **1/-** each. Free Samples sent on receipt of Post Card to POTTER & CLARKE, Wholesale Druggists, London, E.

## £250 TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

***NO PRIZE LESS THAN TEN SHILLINGS.***

WE WISH TO ADVERTISE OUR NAME AND SELL OUR GOODS EXTENSIVELY among the Readers of this magazine, and to introduce ourselves quickly we are prepared to be even more generous than some of our competitors. We have therefore decided to make the above handsome prize offer, which, however, we can only keep open for a very short time. This is what you have to do:—

HERE IS A PUZZLE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | | |
| | 5 | |
| | | |

Every person who solves it will be entitled to participate in our Grand Money Distribution Scheme, in which we are offering £250 in Cash Prizes, and we Guarantee that NO PRIZE will be LESS THAN TEN SHILLINGS. Even if you do not care to compete for a money prize you will find the puzzle interesting enough to form a valuable addition to your home circle. It is not necessary to use our printed diagram. The diagram can be roughly made out, and the figures filled in on a sheet of note paper.

The diagram shows nine squares, with the figure 5 occupying the centre square. The puzzle is to place a different figure in each of the remaining eight squares so that on the columns being added the result will be 15 each way. That is to say, each column will add 15 up and down, across each row, and diagonally from corner to corner. You can use the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and can place them exactly as you choose in order to obtain this result, but the figure 5 must not be removed from the centre of the square.

At first sight you may think the puzzle is much simpler than it really is. As a matter of fact, you will find it necessary to think hard and experiment a good deal before you get it correct. But it is very interesting, and is surely well worth trying.

If you succeed in getting the correct answer, send on your solution to us, enclosing at the same time Postal Order for 1*s.* 6*d.* (and two penny stamps to pay the postage) for one of our beautiful Zambesi Diamond Brooches and Gent's Scarf Pins, on which we make a slight profit, which will help to pay the cost of this advertisement. The Brooches or Pins are fitted with lovely Zambesi Diamonds. These Diamonds are not Nature's production, but are chemically made by a secret process lately discovered, which you have probably read of in the newspapers, and which, at present, are all the rage in the West End of London.

Send your answer at once, together with your Postal Order for one shilling and sixpence, and two penny stamps for postage. In writing state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. State also how you wish your prize money sent—whether Bank Cheque, Postal Orders, or in cash in a registered envelope. We will send it in any way you desire. All prizes will be promptly awarded.

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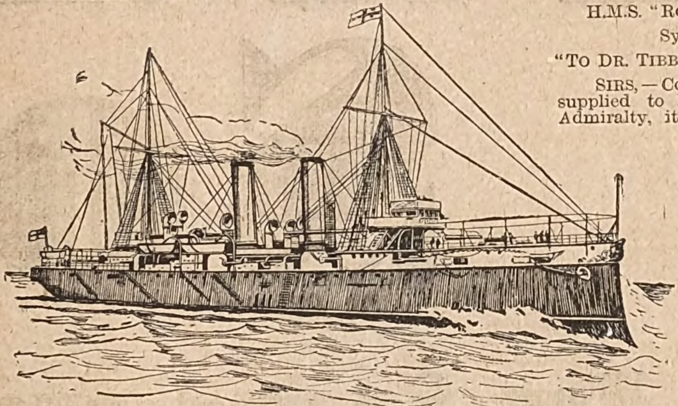

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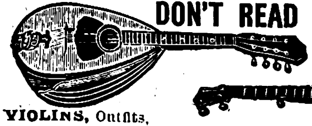

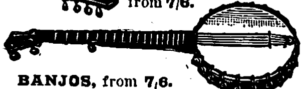

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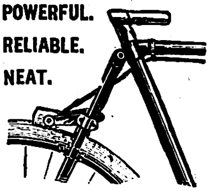

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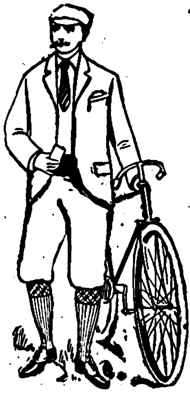

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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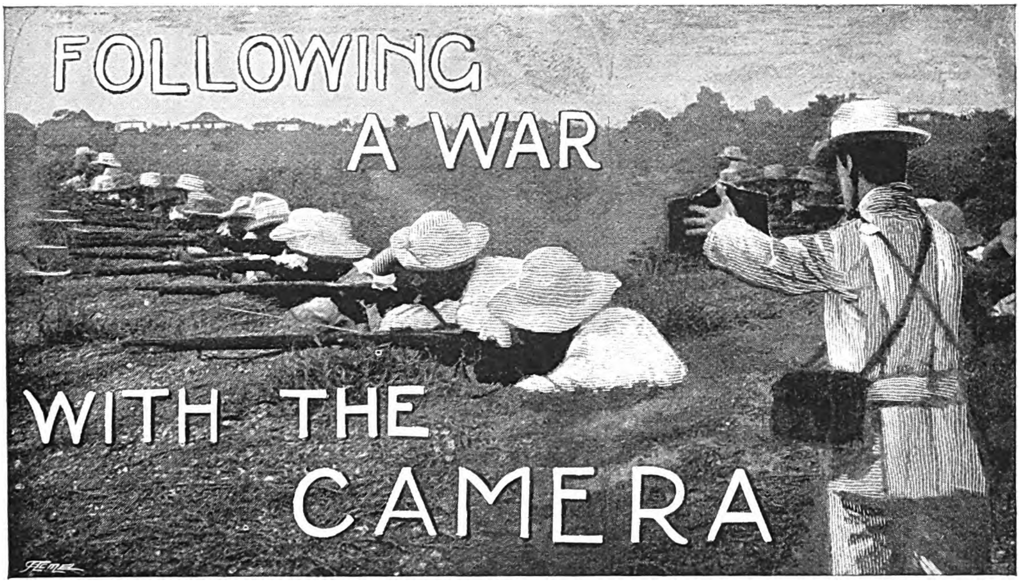
# FOLLOWING A WAR WITH THE CAMERA

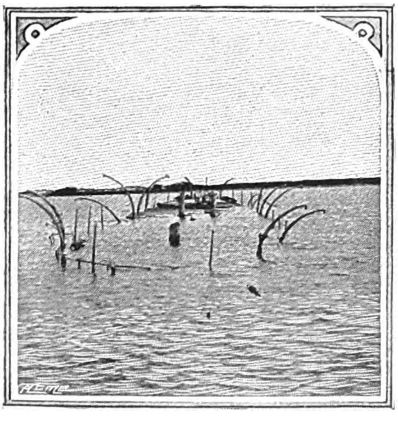


### By Charles Ray.

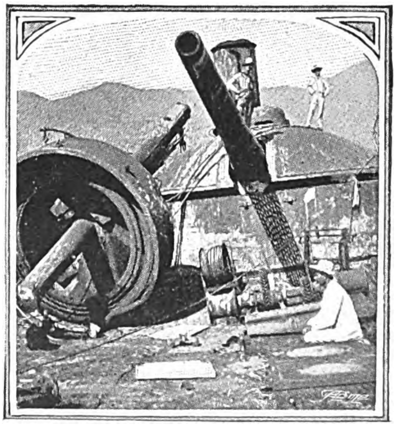
*Illustrated throughout from Copyright Stereo-photos of Underwood & Underwood.*

What is war? This is a question that has been asked over and over again and answered in many different ways. Some people look upon war as the most glorious of all incidents in human life; others regard it as the greatest of horrors, and others again as a mere timely diversion to relieve the monotony of peace. But, after all, very few people other than those who have been engaged in warfare, have any real idea of what war means. The newspapers give long detailed accounts of engagements and especially mention those soldiers and officers who have distinguished themselves in valour and daring. Little, however, is said of the dark side of warfare—of those who have lost their lives, or been maimed or wounded for the flag under which they are fighting. The numbers of killed, wounded, and prisoners, are, of course, cabled and later a full list of names, as near as possible, is published. But, after all, we may read and read again of war, of battles, of skirmishes, and of night attacks, and be very little nearer to a proper understanding of what war is than when we started.

It is this fact which has led to the extraordinary multiplication of illustrated journals, some published specially during a war for the sole purpose of presenting to their subscribers more



After "Dewey" morning in Manila Bay. All that could be seen of the Spanish warship "Don Antonio de Ulloa."



Another of the Spanish warships after the battle. The big gun is dismantled, and a fighting top has crashed down upon the deck.

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Vol III.—April, 1900.—No. 18.

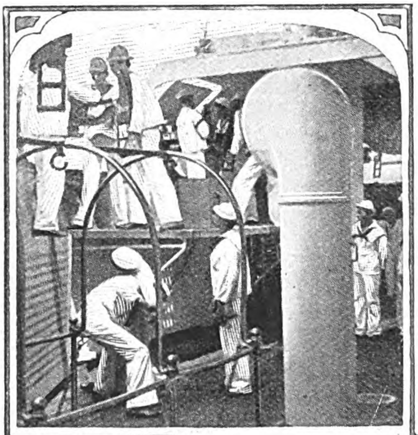
or less realistic pictures of the fighting in which their friends and comrades are engaged. Of course, illustrated newspapers as such, are of comparatively modern date, but it is a remarkable fact bearing out what has already been stated, that amongst the earliest records of man found among the ruins of Nineveh and Egypt are rough pictures of battle-scenes carved in stone and impressed in clay. Evidently it has always been understood that something more is needed to convey a real idea of warfare than mere written description.

A picket on duty at Calorcan.

For instance, many readers of this article who have been to the Assyrian Department of the British Museum, will remember a bas-relief from the walls of the Palace of Assur-nasir-pal, King of Assyria, discovered at Calah, showing the siege of a city in the year 885 B.C. It is vastly different to a modern siege with long range guns and howitzers and lyddite shells, worked by a specially drilled siege train. The men of the ancient city are simply defending themselves with bows and arrows, and some, for no reason at all, are tumbling over the walls into the enemy's trenches. Two Assyrian soldiers are undermining the foundations, and have already dislodged nineteen bricks with little shovels. In another part of the bas-relief a battering ram, almost as large as the city itself, has been skilfully manœuvered so as to form a breach.

Many similar scenes will be found among the sculptures of ancient Egypt, and so on right down through history, the Harleian and Cotton manuscripts and the Bayeux tapestry being particularly interesting as shewing how our own ancestors endeavoured to portray to their contemporaries and to posterity the fierce conflicts in which they engaged.

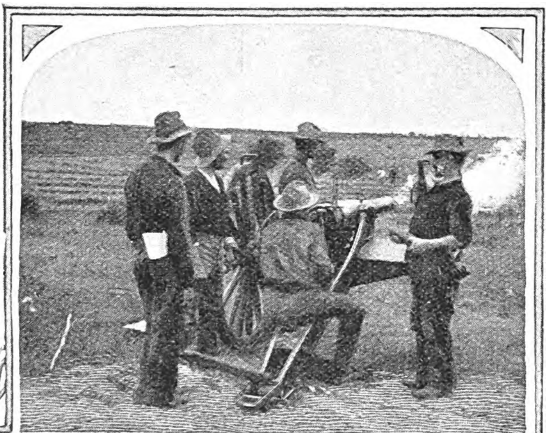
But all this is by the way. The object of this article is to show how wonderfully this old idea of illustrating warfare by pictures has been developed and brought almost to perfection in our days. It was in the Crimean War, I think, that the first photographer made his appearance on active service. I do not know his name, nor do I know if he obtained any pictures—probably not—but I distinctly remember seeing somewhere a picture of the curious caravan which he carted about with him in the Crimea. He was the first of a large army of photographers who have at different times since endeavoured to snapshot soldiers (and also sailors, for the matter of that) actually engaged in fighting an enemy. No doubt many readers of this article have seen reproductions of such photographs in the weekly illustrated journals. These correspondents have often



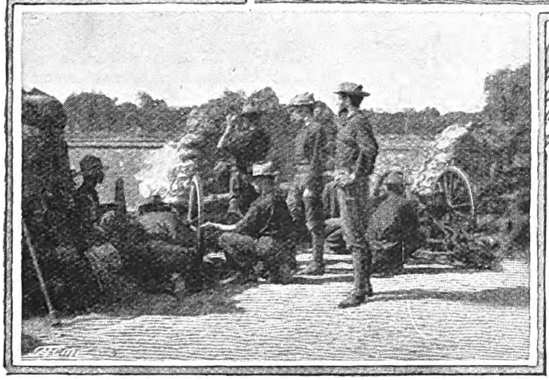
These are the men of the battleship "Oregon" using one of their quick-firing guns with deadly effect upon the Filipino insurgents. The ship is in Manila Bay.

Similar work is being here done by the "Raleigh," which was the ship that fired the first shot in the war between Spain and the United States.

A United States battery attacking an insurgent position near San Pedro, Macati. The Filipinos were driven out and the position taken by the Americans.

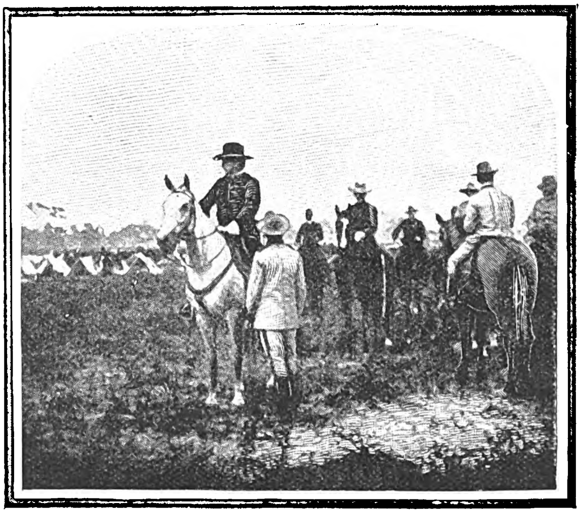


This photograph shows the 6th battery of American artillery at the actual work of clearing the woods, near Pasay, of Filipino insurgents.



shewn marvellous ingenuity in securing their pictures, but for real enterprise, combined with systematic persistence amongst photographers the firm of Messrs. Underwood take first place. Their idea is to secure stereoscopic photographs of battles and skirmishes and warfare in all its branches, so that by using these in a stereoscope, a civilian at home shall no longer be left to imagine what war is like, but shall have it "right there in front of him." When the Græco-Turkish war broke out, a photographer was sent to the front at a few hours' notice, and he obtained some really wonderful pictures of the Greek troops in action. One, which I have seen, shows a skirmish at Tyrnavo on the Turkish frontier. The men are seen crouching beneath heaps of stones which they have erected as protection from the fire of their opponents. The photographer necessarily underwent great risks, and sustained several narrow escapes, but the success of the enterprise was sufficient to make it worth while to follow a campaign throughout with the camera. This has been done in a thoroughly effective manner in the Philippine Islands, and from the complete set of photographs taken by the photographers at various points in the islands, the ROYAL MAGAZINE is able to present its readers with a series of photographs certainly unique. Here are photographs, not mere sketches by war-artists, but actual fac-similes of real scenes in the field and camp and trenches.

The first photograph shows the destroyed Spanish war ship, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, on the morning after the battle in Manila Bay when Admiral Dewey won his great victory. The *Don Antonio de Ulloa* was one of the worst sufferers in this fight, and was struck in many places below the water line, so that she settled down fairly and squarely without turning to one side or the other. All that could be seen when daylight dawned, were the funnels, the foreward barbette and the davits. The masts had been shot away with their fighting tops, and, as an eye-witness



**A general and his staff watching a battle.**

Washington troops at Taquig Church, just before they charged the Filipinos. The sentinels on top are watching the enemy.

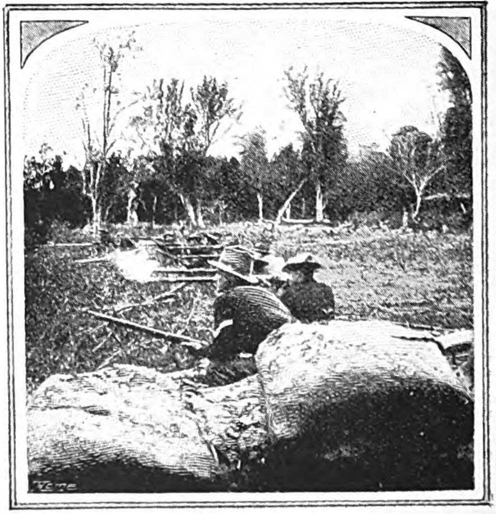
The interior of Santa Ana Church during a fight with the Filipinos. It was temporarily transformed into a field hospital.

remarked, the sunken ship looked very much like the skeleton of a whale. The photograph was taken from the deck of one of the American cruisers, by special permission of the officer in command, as was also the other photograph of a wrecked Spanish warship.

The two next photographs show the United States blue-jackets at the serious work of bombarding an insurgent position after the terms of peace had been arranged between Madrid and Washington. The men do not appear very much concerned, but this is easily explicable by the fact that the enemy were unable to reply and the guns were only being fired to dislodge the enemy from their position so that the American troops on land might advance.

In the fifth photograph, we get a volunteer of the United States army on picket duty. The enemy were actually within a mile or so of the American lines and the photographer was able to snapshot the picket while the latter was quite unconscious of the photographer's presence. This says a good deal for the attention to his duty which the soldier was exhibiting.

American soldiers entrenched at Pasay firing upon the enemy.



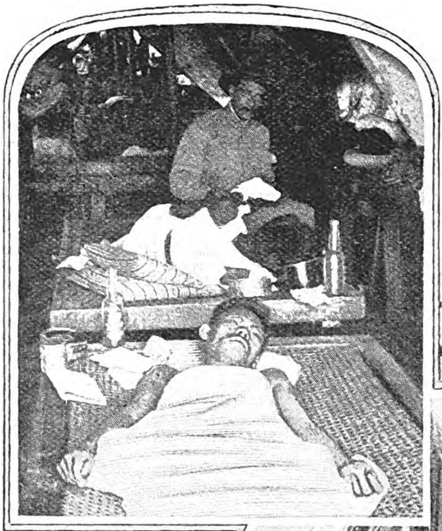
Driving the insurgents through the jungle near Pasig.

to see exactly how troops appear under rifle fire. In the first case, a Volunteer regiment is seen skirmishing. The enemy was not then formidable, and the men do not seem very much concerned. The photograph was taken at great risk by the correspondent who stood at one end of the line and slightly in advance of it, sheltered behind a small hillock.

The next picture shows a particularly respectable contingent of the insurgents lying sheltered in a trench, awaiting the advance of their enemies. The photographer had special permission from their chief to photograph the position just before firing commenced.

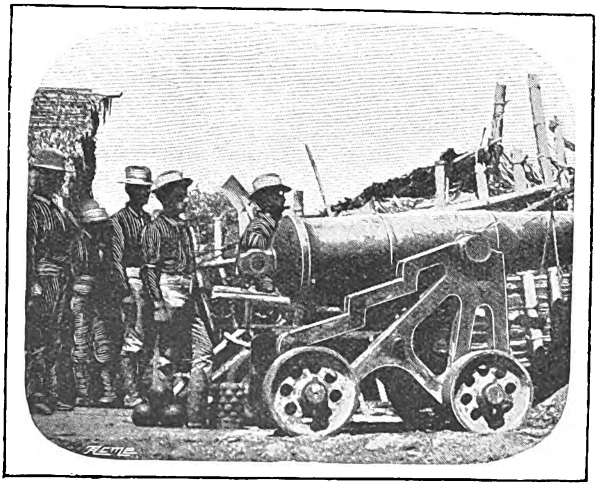
The other two pictures are of a more important skirmish than that previously referred to. In this case the enemy were in considerable force, and the Americans found it necessary to exercise more caution and strategy. They prepared for the enemy by digging rifle pits in which they lay at full length, resting their rifles on the earth, which was removed from the pits and piled up in little mounds before the men. Another photograph shows the enemy's fortifications at Las Pinas within a few minutes after the Americans had captured them. The big gun looks very formidable, and its report on being fired was even more so, but, as a matter of fact, it did not do a single cent's worth of damage. Its range was slight, and it fired nothing but old fashioned cannon balls unloaded with explosives. It is amusing to think that the insurgents considered this antiquated weapon as their finest instrument for attacking that victorious American Fleet which had sunk the Spanish squadron.

Two photographs are given of a temporary field hospital erected during an engagement. In both cases the wounded are insurgents, who are receiving just as careful attention from the American doctors and surgeons as if they had belonged to the United States Army.



A photograph inside a field hospital during a battle. The wounded Filipinos were treated by the American doctors as tenderly as the United States soldiers themselves.

Here is another field hospital of the Americans. It is curious that nine-tenths of the cases treated in such hospitals were not Americans, but Filipinos, whose medical arrangements were very crude indeed.

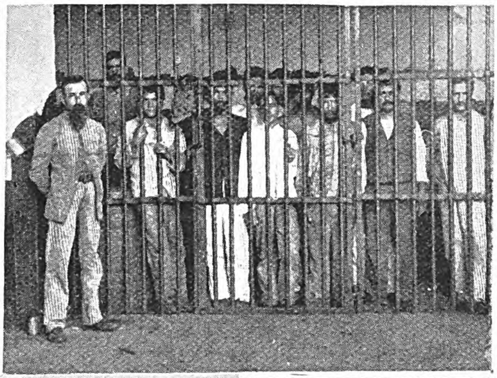


Noisy but harmless. An old cannon at Las Palmas used against the United States fleet by the insurgents.

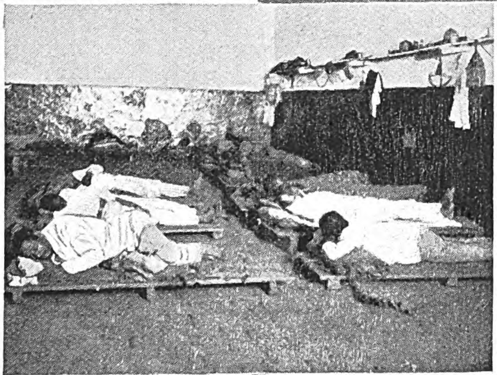
Lack of space prevents the publication of more than three other photographs, with which the present series must be brought to a close. These are of prisoners of war, the last picture showing how the Filipinos treat recalcitrant prisoners. Certainly it will be agreed that these men stand little chance of escaping.

Later on we hope to publish a similar series of photographs of real warfare taken by the same photographers, shewing the progress of the campaign in South Africa.

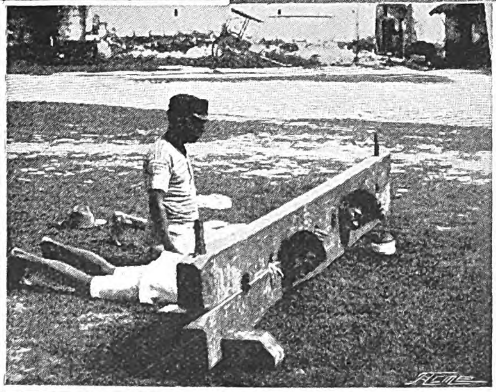
Of course, the difficulties which beset the man who carries a camera in the present war against the Transvaal and Orange Free State are infinitely greater than those which confront the photographer in the Philippines. In the latter case the foe which our American cousins are warring with is, to say the least, beneath contempt. They have no modern arms, no engineering skill worth speaking of, and their courage and cunning are of no extraordinary character. On the other hand, look at the Boers. They are armed with the finest rifles, the most modern guns of position, and can move the latter from place to place with even greater ease than our men can move their big guns. Then the Boers understand most thoroughly the work of throwing up trenches, the sighting of their weapons, and all the various mechanical devices which go to make war nowadays so great a test of engineering skill.



Prisoners of war detained behind iron bars.



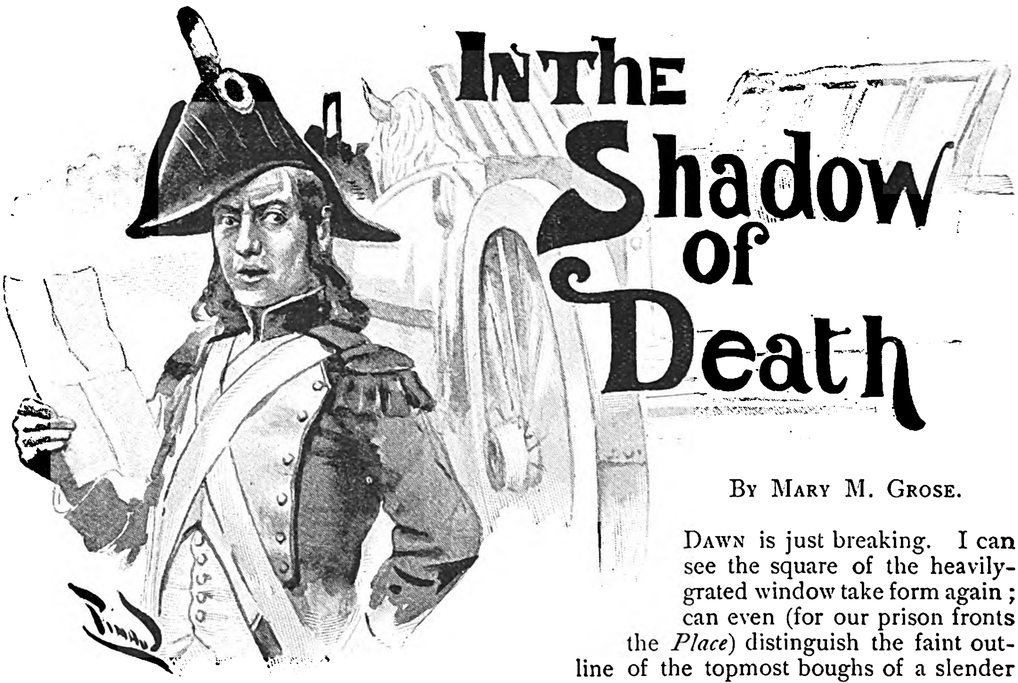
Prisoners of war asleep in their prison.



This is how the Filipinos treat such of their own people as they suspect of leaning towards the Americans. The photograph was taken at Pasig.

The Filipinos have only obsolete cannon like that shown in one of our photographs. The mysteries of modern shells loaded with lyddite, shrapnel, etc., are quite unknown to them, except in so far as they have suffered from these death-dealing devices. Hence the photographer is able to accompany the American troops right into the lines, and the danger he runs of being shot or having his instruments smashed, or, at any rate, damaged, is small compared with the terrible risk of his brother photographer in the Transvaal. It is, indeed, marvellous that any photographs at all are taken on the field of battle in South Africa, but the photographer has his full share of daring and courage, and, like his journalistic brother, will stick at nothing to fulfil his duty, which is to get the very latest incidents. Quite a number of cameras are said to have been lost and damaged during the campaign against the Boers, but the photographer does not know the meaning of the word failure, and there are few but have taken two or three instruments with them on their dangerous trip.

# In The Shadow of Death



By Mary M. Grose.

Dawn is just breaking. I can see the square of the heavily-grated window take form again; can even (for our prison fronts the *Place*) distinguish the faint outline of the topmost boughs of a slender poplar, planted—not many months since, as men reckon time—there in the market-square for all to see, with song and dance and waving of the Tricolour, with cries of "*Liberté!*" "*Egalité!*" "*Fraternité!*" Ah, poor Tree of Liberty, standing there to-day, a bitter commentary on those cries—serving now but to darken yet more our gloomy cell! You were happier out in the country, with the cheerful murmur of the brook coming to you across quiet green meadows—with the wide white high road running at your feet. There is a road here also—which you watch, I sometimes dream, unwillingly—a road much traversed in these days, albeit allowing of no halt, no return. For it leads—it is but a few steps—from the prison to the guillotine.

*That* stands, ever ready, close at hand. When the sun rises, its gaunt shadow—the shadow of Death incarnate—will fall athwart the market square, across the poplar, and pass slowly, slowly, like a grim menacing finger, along the prison sill. I have watched that creeping shadow for many weary days. I shall watch it but once more.

And the poor Tree of Liberty, it too sickens under that baleful shadow, I have fancied, and (used only to the murmur of its brook), shrinks also from the hoarse shouts, "*A bas les ci-devants, suspect, suspect! A la guillotine!*"—from the clicking needles of "les tricoteuses"—the rattle of the falling knife. The waters of the stream it used to know were white and clear—the river here runs red.

It is almost daylight now. My poor friends still sleep—better so. Friends, I say, for though we have known one another only a few days—one makes (and loses) friends quickly in prison. How many I have seen come and go from this narrow cell—strange irony that I, I, should have been spared so long. Marie de Veiullac's head rests on my knee, and her small fingers still clasp my hand. Madame d'Armières slumbers too, but there are no traces of tears on her proud courageous face. "I have lived to see my home wrecked, my property confiscated, my husband shot, my son guillotined. After that—what would you? One feels no more," she said to me last night. When her sentence was pronounced, "In the name of the Republic, death!" she faced her judges, calm as ever. "My thanks, citizens, for your grant of liberty," she said.

Yes, they sleep, but I—I could not rest. As the light faded, and the squalid chamber grew dim, what pictures thronged my brain! Instead of the miserable room, furnished but with one wretched pallet, a couple of stools, and a coarse bowl and pitcher—I saw again an old, many-turreted castle in the Limousin, with its broad terraces and wide chestnut

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avenue, and the straggling village street lying at the foot of the low hill. The Château d'Argentan was my home for some two years —would that I had never seen it!

Its walls received me when, accompanied only by my faithful servant Margaret, I, Lucie Elliott, journeyed from England to my only surviving relative, Madame la Comtesse d'Argentan. She welcomed me with a gracious hospitality that should have won my gratitude, at least—she and her daughter Hélène.

But my passionate, rebellious nature blinded me to all gentle influences. Always wild and undisciplined, only my father's dying command had prevailed with me to come, penniless and friendless, to seek madame's protection. And having come—I hated my new life, despised the luxury that surrounded me, thought madame's stately ways intolerable, Hélène's grace mere artificiality, her patient practice of her religion but superstition. Because she was calm I thought her cold, and her gentleness I disdained as weakness.

I little knew to what depths of hate and jealousy it would lead me—such depths that if little Marie here, or Madame d'Armières, knew my story, they would shrink from, and despise, me. Nay, so low have I fallen that I have no right to shudder back even from the butchers of the Revolutionary Tribunals—I also am of their accursed brotherhood. I too must bear the brand of Cain when I shall stand before the Eternal Bar. Though other hands than mine struck the fatal blow, I, in the eyes of God, am Hélène's murderess. For I spoke the lies that sent her to her doom.

I can see now how my first feelings of envy towards her grew and deepened, unchecked, until after the coming of M. de St. Christophe, they blazed suddenly into a fierce and cruel hatred.

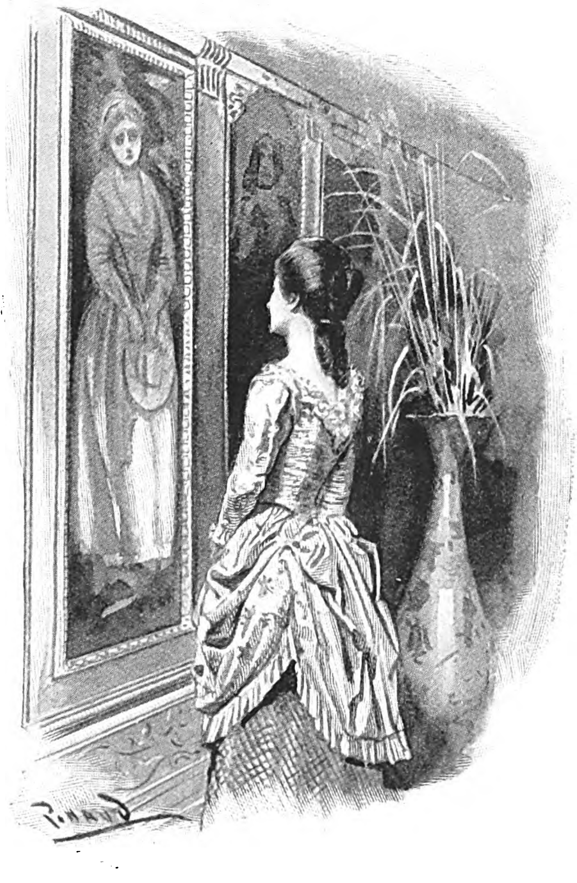
At the time of my arrival, he had been absent in Paris, but after his return, we met often. His lands marched with those of Argentan, and madame, bewildered by the troubles that seemed gathering on every hand, often sought his help and counsel.

Tall, dark, resolute, of a commanding presence — Eugène de St. Christophe was one who naturally inspired confidence. His courage was beyond question, his courtesy perfect. He was a man to win the heart of any girl. I admired, I trusted, finally, I loved him—and for a brief space (blind, blind that I was!) I fancied my love returned. I was possessed of beauty and of wit; I had put forth all my attractions—it did not seem strange to me that he should be captivated.

So, for a while, I dreamed my dream of coming happiness for the future, of sweet hopes for the present. I never saw that, though his first word might be for me, his first glance was ever for Hélène; that he gave me admiration, indeed, but admiration only—she had his heart.

A chance word of his one day enlightened me—— Was I mad that afternoon—mad, then and afterwards, until that night in madame's boudoir——? Sometimes I have thought so.

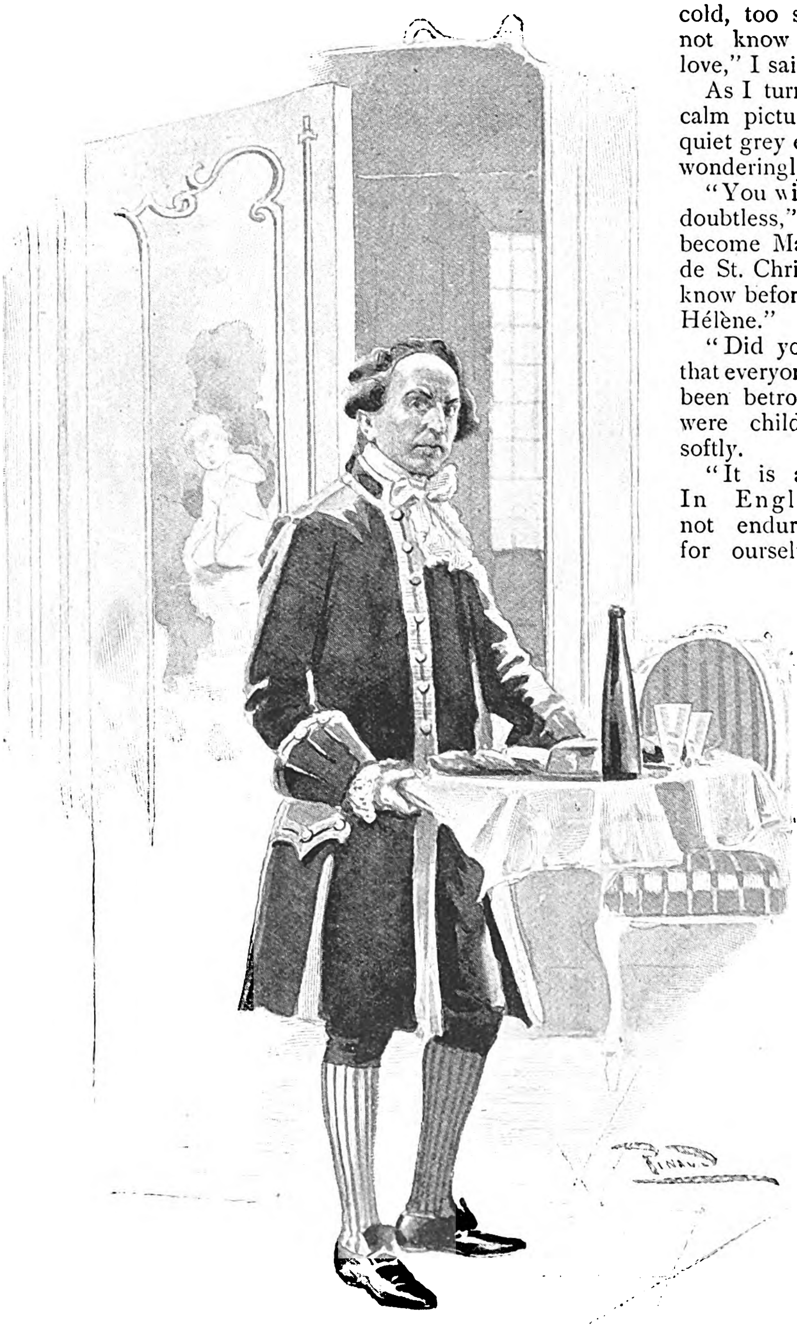
I learnt then, too, for the first time, that he and Hélène had been betrothed from infancy.



I stood looking at the full-length Portrait of Hélène.

It had been the favourite project of the old Comte d'Argentan.

I stood that evening in the great salon, looking long at a full-length portrait of Hélène that hung there. How came it that that slight girlish figure, that fair but colourless face, had such a charm for St. Christophe?



He glanced sharply round the room and looked both surprised and suspicious.

"She can never make him happy—never understand him—she is too cold, too shallow. She does not know the meaning of love," I said to myself.

As I turned away from the calm pictured face, Hélène's quiet grey eyes met mine half-wonderingly.

"You will be painted again, doubtless," I said, "when you become Madame la Comtesse de St. Christophe? I did not know before of your contract, Hélène."

"Did you not? I fancied that everyone knew. We have been betrothed ever since we were children," she replied softly.

"It is a strange custom. In England we would not endure it; we choose for ourselves."

"Even in France marriage may be of the heart," she rejoined smiling.

"May be," I repeated—"it is possible. But suppose such a contract as yours arranged, and that the lady should fail to win Monsieur's heart? For him—what escape? *Noblesse oblige.* And yet—I pity Madame most. To be married in mere obedience to the sense of honour, with no love to gild the bargain—with the bargain made, perhaps, still more hateful as being a barrier to the heart's desire — what a fate! Monsieur might play his part well—would, were he truly courteous —but some day she would learn the truth. I would rather die than live to know it!"

I saw her delicate face flush and pale, her white hands tremble, saw a startled piteous questioning in her troubled eyes.

"There might be means of escape for her if she were sure that she was not—could not be—beloved," she returned, a tremor in her voice.

"Ah, in that case it would be well to be assured—in time," I said.

"Yes, it would be well."

Thus I planted the first seed of distrust in her heart. No need now to recall how pitilessly I pursued my first advantage—to what means I stooped to gain my ends. Only let her believe his heart another's, and I could trust her pride to do the rest, I thought

And slowly but surely I succeeded in convincing her as I wished. She was proud—she made pretence of carelessness, she affected to disregard my words. But I knew that I was conquering. She was not always gentle now—she would sometimes shrink from me, sometimes seem cold and scornful. But I only smiled. I knew of the secret tears, the litanies, the wakeful nights.

As time went on, and troubles grew darker. St. Christophe was less and less at home, and his absence favoured my purpose. For I had tried to influence him too, and had failed absolutely. There was a certain simple directness about him that baffled all my hints and suggestions.

When the storm began to break, Madame would, I think, have followed the example set by the Polignacs, and emigrated — but Hélène was firm.

"We have nothing to fear, here in Argentan. We have done our people no wrong—they love us, I trust them, and we will not fly."

Then, later, flight became impossible.

Month by month the news from Paris grew more alarming, and the provinces became more disturbed. Terrible rumours of pillage, revenge, and murder began to reach us. Still, all was quiet in our immediate neighbourhood, and we thought ourselves safe, trusting our peasants as St. Christophe, (working now in Paris in the Royalist interest), trusted his.

But at length—it was the 10th of April, 1790—we watched for the first time a strange red glow in the sky, a baleful light that was to appear again and again as the weeks rolled by. Hélène saw it first as she sat by Madame's bedside—she was often ailing now, and we had been waiting with her, till at last she had sunk into a restless slumber—and at her low cry, "That light, Lucie, see! What can it be?" I turned, and marvelled too.

Next morning she came to me, white to the lips. "The glare we saw—it was the Château d'Epines. The peasants have sacked and burnt it—and murdered the steward."

Such a tale soon grew a commonplace.

There came a night when we stood, hour after hour, watching in helpless silence flames that rose and fell—how near us! We could hear, borne in snatches on the night-wind, horrible hoarse cries and shrieks: could see, as the devouring glare rose higher, lurid against the dark woods and quiet heaven, the familiar outline of the towers and turrets of the Château de St. Christophe, and knew that we saw them for the last time—that the morning sun would show instead but a pile of blackened ruins.

"*Précisément, mademoiselle,*" old Grégoire replied, in answer to my question next day, (only he and my faithful Margaret still remained with us, of all Madame's great establishment). "The castle exists no longer."

Hélène shuddered, but she spoke firmly. "You will contrive, without attracting notice, Grégoire, to discover whether (as I hope) poor Jacques and Margot have escaped. If so, let it be conveyed to them that I offer them shelter here. They are faithful servants of M. le Comte, and what aid I can give them is theirs."

"It would be unwise ——"

"It is my order."

"It is also, if mademoiselle will pardon me, unnecessary. The château is burnt, and (mademoiselle insists on explanations), Jacques also—though later. He refused information."

A sickening horror thrilled us at the fearful significance of his look and tone. "And poor Margot?" Hélène questioned faintly.

"She would not take advice. She was troublesome. She died too — and not quickly. It is unwise to provoke the people, mademoiselle will perceive. If she will listen to her servant, she herself will not go down to the village again. Even here, in Argentan, they are restless, excited."

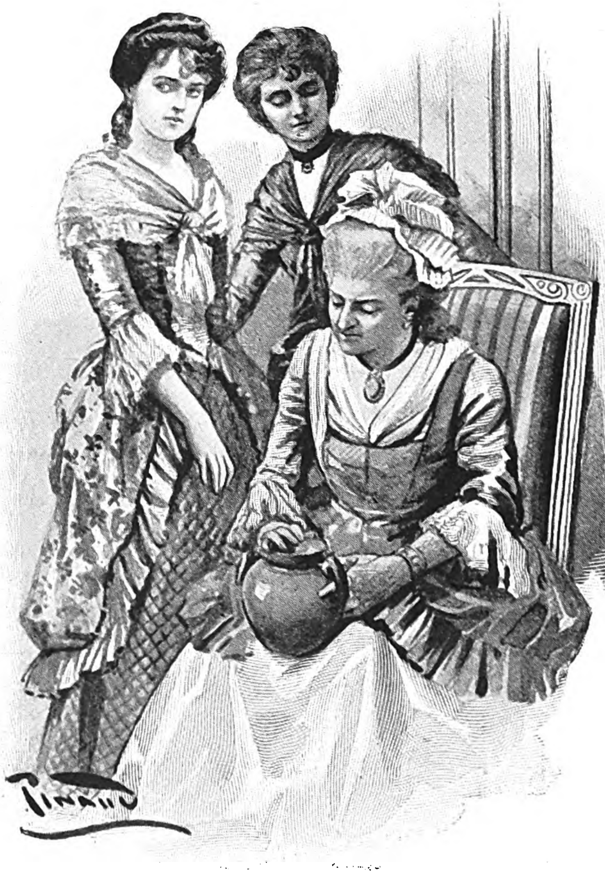
Yet Grégoire went often to the village.

If escape had still been open to us, we should have attempted it then, I think; but it was not. Madame had become worse, to move her was impossible. She grew rapidly weaker, and, mercifully perhaps, was far past realisation of our dangers and perplexities.

For the first time, during those hours of ever-deepening peril, I began to see Hélène as she was, to feel a grudging admiration for her. Patience and resignation I despised—courage, I could value at its worth—and instead of the tears and prayers and weakness I expected, she displayed a quiet fortitude that amazed me. She even, in spite of old Grégoire's warning, still went down to the village from time to time.

"Marie Dubois is dying," she said when I remonstrated. "I cannot refuse to go to her.

One afternoon, all seeming quiet, she set out on her errand of mercy; but the hour of her expected return passed, and still she did not come. So long was she delayed that I grew anxious, and began to wander restlessly from one window of Madame's boudoir to another, looking vainly for her approach.



"Draw then, children," she said.

A sudden sound behind me made me turn with a start—just in time to see one of the Watteau-painted panels that decorated the room slide back, and Hélène step out from the opening. "Not a word—Grégoire—I hear his step." She crossed the room, and throwing herself into a chair, picked up a fan, and began to wave it languidly to and fro.

A few minutes later the old man entered with the evening meal. He glanced sharply round the room as he came in, and looked, I thought, both surprised and suspicious when his eyes fell on Hélène. But if she noticed his scrutiny, she gave no sign of doing so, and rose to take her place with perfect composure.

It seemed to me that the nightmare meal would never end, and that Grégoire made use of every device to prolong it.

When at last he was departing a new interruption occurred. A strange fancy of Madame's half-wandering brain prompted her to rise from her sick bed—she was well, quite well, she said—and take her place amongst us again. No, there should be no invalid *déshabillé*, she was tired of it. Where was her yellow brocade? and her hair must be dressed and powdered—Margaret must do it if Zélie were not at hand. She would not be gainsaid; and when at last she was ready, and seated in the boudoir—she complained that all was dim and gloomy. Grégoire must be sent for, and all the candles lit.

When her orders had been obeyed, and the room, with its pale pink draperies, its exquisite paintings and priceless china, its silks and satins and costly *bibelots*, was a blaze of light—nothing would serve but that Hélène should sing—Grégoire the while, on one pretence and another still contriving to linger. That song—its pathetic refrain still lingers in my ears:

> *"Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,*
> *Jamais je ne t'oublierai."*

When the last notes died away, she glanced round—yes, Grégoire had quitted us at last.

"He will return," she whispered hurriedly. "He is doubtful, suspicious. You were right, Lucie—he is a traitor. He tried to follow me to-day, and set Dubois on my track—but I evaded him. Yes, there is a secret passage from this room, it leads out beyond the château, into the woods. You must escape by it to-night—you and my mother and Margaret—for Marie warned me. It is for to-night—they are coming—Argentan is to share the fate of St. Christophe!"

"But Grégoire—does he not know ——"

"None knows the secret of that door save my mother and myself. Suspect? He may, perhaps—at least, one can see he is determined to keep a watch on us. At ten, under pretence of barring the doors, he is to open them and admit the mob. Till then we can do nothing."

"But Madame, how to move her?"

"Lucie, it is the only hope. It *must* be done; and she seems stronger to-night."

"But you, Hélène—you speak only of us?"

"I must remain here. For the panel can be opened from within—*but not closed.* If one does not remain, all must perish. Therefore ——"

"But why should it be you who ——"

"You are the guest of our house, Lucie. And—I have reasons."

I would not listen to this.

"We must draw lots," I said, "and abide by the decision."

In the end she was forced to yield, and hastily folding two narrow strips of paper, tossed them into a Sèvres vase. "She who draws the longer—goes," she said.

Madame's voice interrupted us. "What are you doing there? Is it some secret, then, that is to be hidden from me?"

"No, Madame. We are about to draw lots for a forfeit," I returned.

"Ah—forfeits—excellent. How many I used to know. Place the bowl here that I may see. There, I will shake it—and now, draw your lots."

It was a strange scene—the stately old lady in brocade and powder, seated in her great chair, the blazing wax-lights, the luxuriously beautiful room with its costly adornments and heavily perfumed air—while outside—surely one could hear ——? Yes, it came clearer now—the maddened peasants were already assembling—an ominous stir rose from the village—snatches of a wild revolutionary song came to our ears.

"Draw then, children," she said.

"Quick! Do not lose time!" Hélène breathed. Her lips quivered, her breath came thick and fast. Her courage had broken down at last, I thought, watching her with scarcely veiled contempt.

Then we drew. What was the stake? Life? No! I staked more. Love.

We drew.

I clutched my scrap of paper—looked at it—and laughed bitterly. My hopes were ended. "You have won," I said, "and I have lost ——"

"Make—make sure," Hélène gasped. I saw her delicate fingers twitch nervously as they closed round the strip they had drawn. "We—must measure." And she held hers out.

For one second of torturing suspense, I was in doubt—then I knew that it was she, not I, who must pay the forfeit that night. She saw it too, and stood silent, with set lips.

"You have won," she said then.

"Yes." I shrank from looking at her. "Why did you make them so nearly of a length, Hélène? I fancied there had been more difference than this—and how you have twisted yours——"

"What matter? Throw them away—they have served their turn. Listen. Grégoire will be here directly, and there are directions you must hear, but first promise me, Lucie, that you will be true to Eugène. Make him happy! I know you divined long ago that I loved him, and, I think, if you had not come, all might have been well between us. At first I found it hard to forgive, but—no, I do not blame you now. You did not know of the contract—and who could help caring for him? The good God has comforted me, and —well, all is over now. Only—ah, Lucie, promise me!"

Her clear eyes were raised to mine, her voice shook with passionate entreaty, her little, trembling hands caught at my arm. "Lucie, promise!"

And I promised. True to him? Yes, that at least I was, and am—but for the rest, that vow was unfulfilled, though I would have given my heart's blood to keep it.

"The secret passage," I said then. "You have not told me——"

She gave the necessary directions, rapidly,

clearly—her agitation had vanished now. She had just ended when Grégoire rushed in.

"Ah! *les scélérats*! Madame hears? They are even now at the grand entrance."

Hélène and I were already drawing the heavy curtains closer across the windows.

"The great doors are barred, of course?" Hélène said, her lip curling as she spoke. "Go quickly, Grégoire, see if you can strengthen them at all."

He hastened away, Margaret following silently to lock the doors of the long suite behind him, when he should have passed on to work his deed of treachery. It would give us a few seconds more. And Hélène and I turned to Madame, trying to explain to her the need of instant flight. But our utmost urging could not convince her fevered brain.

"Our good peasants—there is nothing to fear. I will speak to them."

And suddenly, before we could stop her, she sprang to her feet and threw back the curtain from one window. There was a second's silence, and then came a perfect tempest of shrieks and yells, and a shower of stones from the furious mob below. The stones fell short, but there were other weapons in the crowd. One bullet shattered the glass, and missing Hélène by a hair's breadth, crashed into Madame's little golden clock, as the hands marked five minutes to the hour. Another—

We drew the curtain back once more, and laid Madame gently down. A dreadful stain spread rapidly over the yellow folds of her gown—the rich brocade was wet and soaked with the crimson stream. Hélène stooped over her for a moment, kissed the still lips, and rose dry-eyed.

"She is at rest. She died bravely, and she did not suffer. Thank God that she is dead."

"And now, there is but a moment—Lucie, go! Margaret, help her."

For I stood (I was on the threshold of the secret door), as though dazed, my eyes fixed on the spot where Hélène had been when she drew her lot. For there lay—*a tiny scrap of twisted paper*.

Margaret's strong arms urged me forward, and she had drawn me into the passage-way before I could find voice to speak. Hélène put out one hand to touch the spring—with the other she gently drew me down to her, and would have kissed me, but I shrank back.

"Stop!" I cried hoarsely. "I will not go. That bit of paper; I understand it all, Hélène. You drew the longer strip—you should be the one to live—and you tore it; you made me think—— You shall not give your life for me! If you knew——"

Her grey eyes met mine with a proud pathetic steadfastness, her pale face lit up. "Not for you, Lucie. For Eugène. You must live, because he loves you."

I would have told her all then, I swear it, all! My hopes, my jealousy, my cruel words, the undelivered message, the intercepted letters—all! But there came a loud crash, a thunder of feet — Margaret flung herself upon me, and forced me back, Hélène touched the spring, and drew the panel to with swift, firm, unfaltering hand, and I knew no more.

When I came to myself again, Margaret had dragged me beyond hearing of what happened in Madame's boudoir. It was too late then for repentance. All was over.

But, weeks afterwards I learnt how Hélène faced that hellish mob, and heard, too, how she died. And I had called her cold and shallow—said she could not love.

That was more than two years ago.

The memory of what has passed since then seems dim and blurred. We escaped, though it seemed well nigh impossible; we followed St. Christophe to Paris—to find him gone to La Vendée, whither we finally made our way. Our life was one of constant perils, of desperate schemes—they are ended now. Margaret died a month ago. I follow her to-day.

And Eugène de St. Christophe? I think when at last we met, Hélène was avenged. For,—how the tale reached him I cannot tell, but he knew what had happened—he knew! And when he saw me — will even death blot out the memory of his scorn, his utter loathing? I think not.

Little Marie stirs in her sleep; does she hear as I do, a voice, low and clear, singing, singing:—

*Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,*
*Jamais je ne t'oublierai,*
*Jamais—Jamais—je ne t'oublierai—*

It seems a long time since that summer evening when Hélène sang those words—a long time since we two stood together in Madame's boudoir, and I heard her say, "You have won," and answered, "Yes." Does she know now, I wonder, what I won that night? A few months more of life—yes. And also—shame, bitter remorse, and Eugène's hatred!

Yet—ah, Eugène! Hélène, whom you love, gave her life for you! But I, whom you despise—have I not given my soul?

Instantaneous
War
Pictures

By Frank Foulsham.

*Photographs by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.*

Of all the places in the world, the Music Hall, one would imagine, affords the least attractive field for the genuine artist. What with the glare and glitter, the noisy and not over-refined audience, those supposed delicate sensibilities of the artistic nature might well be thought to rise in indignant revolt. The artist has, moreover, to adopt a peculiar style; to work at a breathless pace; and not merely to draw well and accurately, but make everyone of his drawings startling, and give to each and all the touch of sensationalism, without which no work, however good, has any hope of "catching on" at the Music Halls. Could surroundings, could work more uncongenial be imagined?

Is it not strange then, that so prominent an artist as Mr. Rossi Ashton should have succeeded in making quite a Music Hall reputation? When, moreover, a short while since, I interviewed him, through the kindness of Mr. Dundas Slater, at the Alhambra as he waited for his turn to come on, his tone was anything rather than that of the artist forced against his will and inclination to amuse Music Hall audiences. He seemed, on the contrary, quite enthusiastic concerning his work and occupation, and informed me, among other interesting facts, that sketching on the stage was not only the hardest labour of his hard and laborious career, but that one might say without exaggeration, that the work and experience of a lifetime went to produce each one of those drawings which he executes before the footlights at the rate of sixty seconds a-piece. Now, a little reflection will make it clear to everybody that Mr. Ashton was not overstating his case, and also how extraordinarily difficult is the work, he seems to polish it off with the utmost ease. Just examine the accompanying reproduction of one of his celebrated cartoons—that which depicts a Highlander bayonetting a Boer. In sixty seconds, position, expression, proportion (which is really wonderfully accurate) must be thought out. The least little slip would spoil the whole picture; a line too much, a line too little, would render the performance a ridiculous failure. What ready determination then, what *sangfroid*, what absolute self-confidence, and finally, what consummate skill an artist must possess to have the courage to venture on a performance so hazardous and difficult!

But now a word as to Mr. Rossi Ashton's life. Many years ago he started his artistic career in *The Graphic* office, and has been working for newspapers ever since, having held contracts for no less than forty journals in different parts of the world. In 1877, he went to the Cape with correspondent's letters from *The Illustrated London News*. Shortly afterwards

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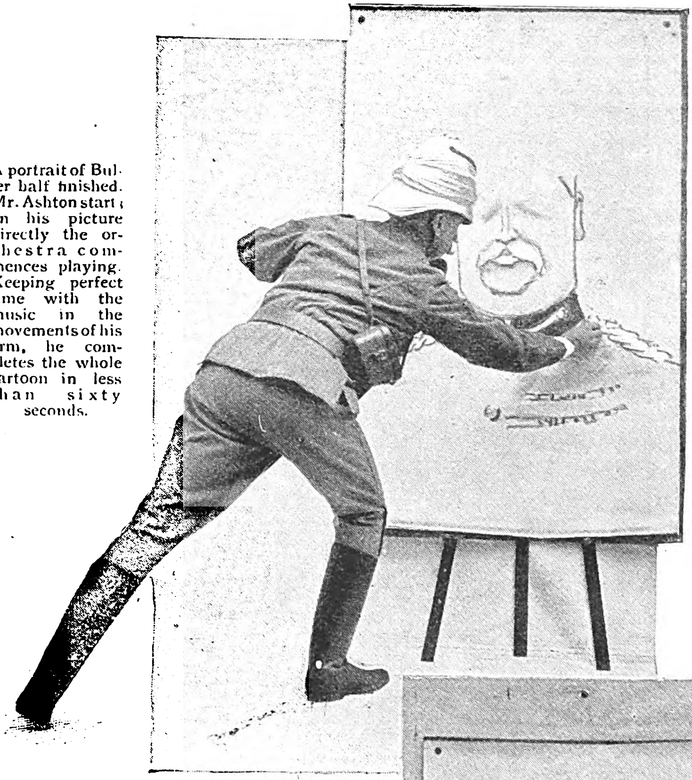


A portrait of Buller half finished. Mr. Ashton starts on his picture directly the orchestra commences playing. Keeping perfect time with the music in the movements of his arm, he completes the whole cartoon in less than sixty seconds.

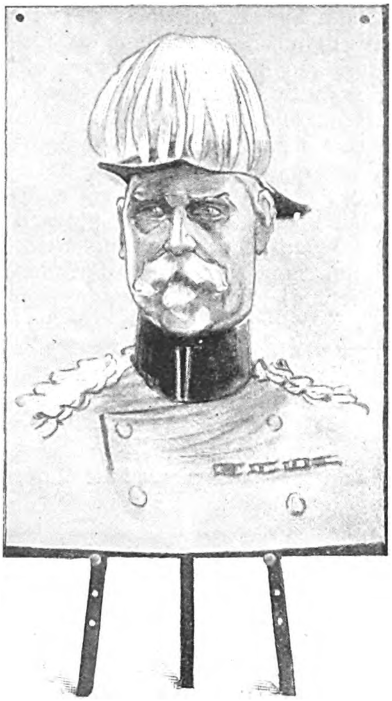
he joined the Cape police, and became a fighting man, participating in the last Kaffir war, and, strangely enough, under General, then Colonel, Buller. After years of South Africa, he turned his attention to other British Colonies, lived a few years in Australia, from whence he corresponded with various English journals, and finally, about six years ago, returned to his native land, where he is at the present time engaged on no less than four newspapers, on two books, on as many Music Halls as you have fingers on your hands, and in private entertaining.

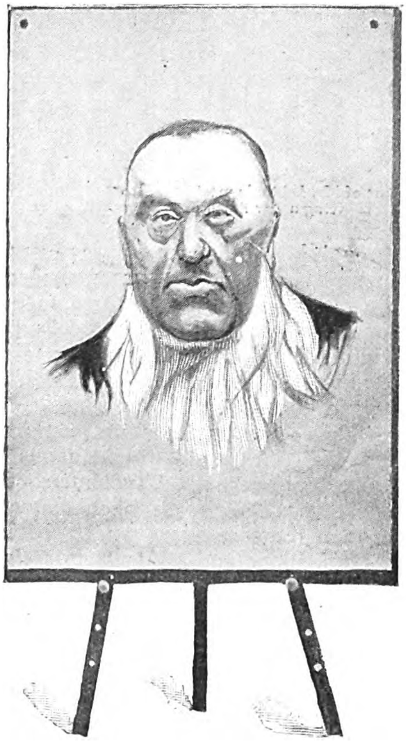
Mr. Ashton, when I saw him last, gave me a very interesting account of his fighting days in South Africa, and I think a short recapitulation of his experiences ought to prove of especial interest at the present moment. It was in 1879, during the outbreak of the Kaffir War, when Kreli and Sandilli were in rebellion, that Mr. Ashton became attached to the frontier police, having previously gone through the whole routine of barrack life. He determined to act as War Correspondent as well as warrior, imagining that the two occupations, so far from clashing, went very well together. "News," said Mr. Rossi, "had come that as many men as possible were to be sent to the front, news that was hardly reassuring, since at a recent encounter at the very place whither we were bound a band of police had been annihilated and their bodies horribly mutilated. The start for the front was an experience I shall never forget. Most of the men were too young and inexperienced

A portrait of General Buller complete.

for the work before them, a fault which the authorities are continually making. At the very commencement there was a most extraordinary struggle merely to "climb the beesties," as the Dutch say. A few of the men were old hands at the job—they managed well enough; but for a new man to mount a new horse with a new saddle, harness, and saddle-bags, full of everything else more or less new, was a very different matter. The inexpert efforts of these freshmen were more than African horse-flesh-and-blood could stand, and an extraordinary *melée* was the result. It was a sight for the gods to watch the beasts go off like Chinese crackers in a mad endeavour to kick the clouds out of the sky. At every convulsion some strap or other gave way, until the whole ground became strewn with portable household gods, and the language was something terrible. We had to leave two or three of the men behind when, at last, we made a start.

"My first shot I shall never forget. The order to cease fire had gone, just as I was levelling my rifle at a group of Kaffirs, who were straining every nerve to get over some immense boulders, back to their Kraal, about a mile away. Dropping on one knee, I moved the sight of my bran new Snider to eight hundred yards, pressed the trigger, and down went as fine a Kaffir as ever breathed. After the poor wretch had fallen I felt as silly as a girl, and scarcely knew whether I was proud or miserable.

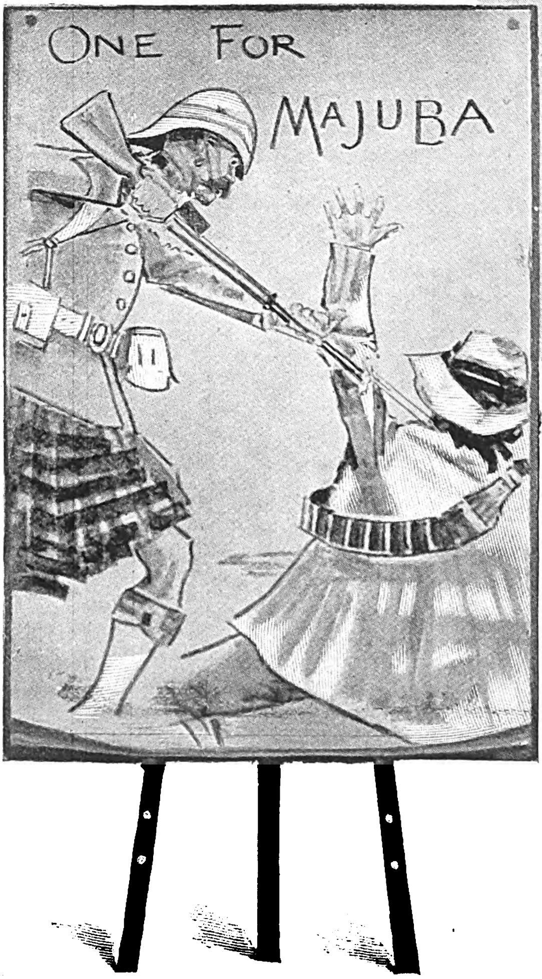

This portrait of Lord Roberts is a great favourite at present.


his picture of Kruger is a favourite for derision.

"On the following day, however, the Kaffirs had their revenge. Our column was on the move again, and it was not long before we saw our scouts on the left front dismount and commence firing. In columns of two and two we went up the hill at a smart gallop, and suddenly found that we had charged right into a body of some 800 natives. The order to extend was given too late, for the Kaffirs were already on us, their freshly-oiled skins shining in the sun. Some of our men in front, having lost their heads, dismounted, and we soon saw them running back towards us, leading their horses, and closely followed by bands of the enemy.

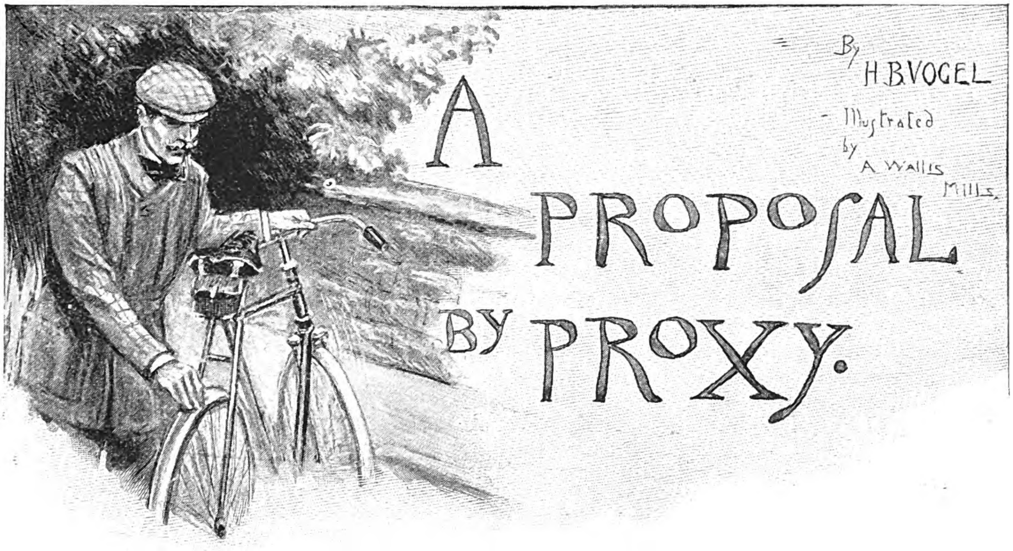
"I saw one go over like a ninepin, and three others close at his heels were in eminent danger. One of these particularly rivetted my attention; I knew the man well, and hated the idea of seeing him stabbed before my very eyes, so I flung my reins over my left arm, and started off to the rescue. But the end approached, only too soon. His assailants gathered round him, stabbing at him from all directions, and his efforts to ward off their blows with his carbine were futile. Our sergeant and Major M—— came to my assistance and his, but all three of us had as much as we could do to defend our own skins. I never saw a worse shot than the Major, he plugged about at hazard, and it is a wonder that he did not shoot one of us. But what a sight it was! Poor Geesey, the man we had originally attempted to save, had fallen, and the horse bearing the Major was prancing about his body, with two natives persistently manœuvring at the Major's back and perpetually stabbing at him. At last, one of these managed to get a fair thrust, and pierced the Major through his bridle arm. It was just then that rescue came, and we managed to draw off the poorer by three men. I may add, that the Major received the Victoria Cross for endeavouring to save the life of Private Geesey, whilst I, who helped him—well, didn't."

One of Mr. Ashton's most popular war pictures. He is giving a few finishing touches to the Boer.



"One for Majuba" is always completed amid howls of enthusiasm.

The accompanying reproductions of Mr. Rossi Ashton's instantaneous war pictures are very good specimens of his art. I have already spoken about the cartoon representing a combat between a Highlander and a Boer. For vigour and action it would be hard to beat. But I think his portraits of Lord Roberts and Sir Redvers Buller are really more wonderful than anything Mr. Ashton has done, especially that of Lord Roberts. The artist has managed to catch the grand old warrior's exact expression; observe, moreover, how detailed the portrait is, and all finished in less than sixty seconds!



# A PROPOSAL BY PROXY.

By H. B. VOGEL

Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills.

It was when I was about fourteen that misfortune after misfortune suddenly befell our family and overwhelmed it.

Father had inherited a fine business and had always been a rich man. We had a lovely house and carriages and horses, and there was nothing in the world within reason that I wanted and did not get. You see I was an only child, and the wonder is I was not utterly spoiled; perhaps I was.

Then suddenly everything fell to pieces. Father had taken a gentleman into partnership, and he proved to be a bad man of business and a bad man in every way. He speculated and lost his own money, and then robbed the firm, until one day father came home and told mother as gently as he could that he was ruined.

Somehow for days father had looked worried and we feared trouble. But we never guessed how bad it would be. It killed father; and his death killed my mother, and so I was left quite poor and with but one single relation in the whole world.

Auntie Emma was father's sister. She was much, much younger than he was. She came to me when mother died, and after the funeral she took me away to live with her.

Her money had been in the business and was nearly all lost. She had, however, just a little invested outside, and she was able to take a small cottage in a little village called Amhurst, with a nice garden and a big field, where we started a dairy and poultry farm.

Auntie Emma was the dearest sweetest aunt a girl ever had. She was pretty, too; far more beautiful than she would admit. Perhaps it was because of me that she always tried to make herself out much more ancient than she was. After all she was only thirteen years older than I, so that when I came of age she was just thirty-four. But you would have taken her for fifty-four by her manner. She was so quiet, so gentle, so very wise and thoughtful for others. Everybody in the village seemed to come to Auntie when they were in trouble.

She had brown hair which she tried to keep quite flat and prim. Yet it would straggle out so that, when the sun caught it, thousands of little ends and unruly hairs gleamed like threads of gold. She had lovely, dark blue eyes, and a mouth that—oh, even I, a girl, loved kissing that mouth.

She was just like an old maid in her ways, or pretended to be, so that I never thought of Auntie as anything else but an old maid. She tried, you see, to think it herself, and taught me to think it. The greatest object of her life was to provide for me and make me happy. I was not half appreciative enough. Perhaps that was impossible seeing that she loved me so.

One thing troubled her, and that was that I had no prospect of getting married. Auntie was not a bit of a matchmaker, but she said often and often that she wanted to see me happily wedded in case she died.

"But you won't die, Auntie. You're not to think of such a thing, you're not to talk of such a thing."

"I'm growing old, Katie. Oh, I am, dear;

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and there's no one here I should like to see fall in love with you."

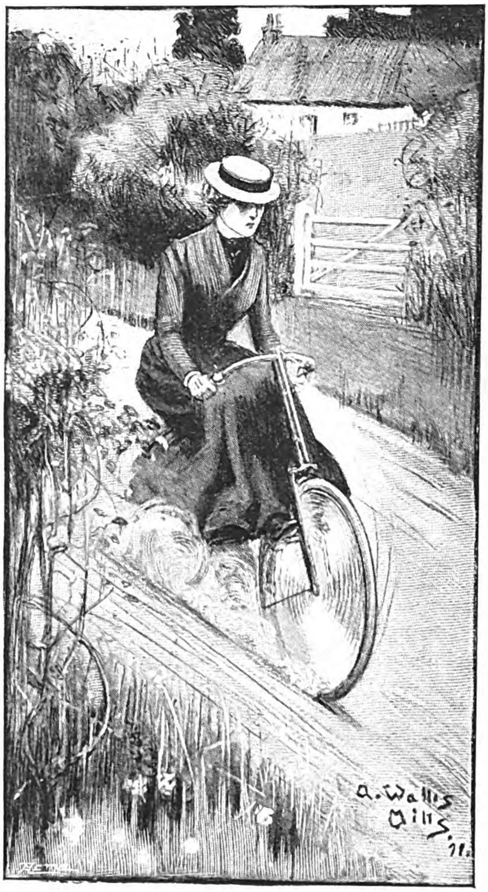
"And if there were he'd fall in love with you, Auntie. You're much wiser, and better, and prettier than I am."

She looked quite scared when I said this.

"With me! Oh, Katie, you mustn't say such things. Men don't fall in love with an old maid when there's a sweet young girl like you at hand."

It was quite true about our knowing no one. In a way we knew everyone in the village. That was because Auntie was always going about amongst the cottages. I often used to tease her because of the eggs which ought according to business to have gone to London, but which went in her big basket for old Peter, or kind old Mrs. McTosh, or the little girl over by the bridge who was dying of consumption.

But we had no social friends. I do not think we were stuck-up or proud, but you see we had been used to knowing such nice people that we could not take an interest in the village shop people; and the big people around took no interest in us. I knew the Squire's wife and daughters by sight, and the Langdons, and the Martyns, and the Fletchers. But they never knew me when by chance they rode over on their bicycles or drove over. Mrs. Blassant, the vicar's wife, was too friendly with the grand folks to have much time to do more than give Auntie or me a sort of nod when she saw us—which was not always.



Down Clayfield Hill I actually coasted, but I guessed no one would be likely to see me.

The biggest landowner in the district—the whole village belonged to him—was Lord Selwern. He had a lovely house about six miles off, and hundreds and hundreds of acres of land.

He was the lord of the manor and a tremendous swell. He hardly ever came near the Hall. He had other places in different parts of England which he preferred. Besides, he lived a great deal abroad. Of course I had heard of him, though I had never seen him. I only knew that he was no longer young, and was still unmarried. That was why, whenever he did come to the Hall, all the big houses round filled, and there were dances and dinners that Lord Selwern was expected to attend.

I owned a bicycle, or rather Auntie and I owned it between us. It took us a long time to save up for it. We put by so much each week and at last had collected sufficient. Then we started to save up for a second one.

At the very outset I tried to learn all about our machine. I made the man in the shop show me how to take off the tyres, and how to mend them, and I made him tell me the meaning of every bolt and nut until what with his telling and my practice, I became quite an expert. It was necessary to learn this because we could not afford to be always paying to have little things done to the machine which I could easily do myself. Yet it was all through my having had these lessons that the greatest event of our lives came to happen.

It was in the summer towards the end of June. It was a most exquisite morning. I was out for a ride on the bicycle. The roads were just lovely, for during the night there had been a shower. Down Clayfield Hill I actually coasted, but I guessed no one would be likely to see me. It was a narrow escape, however, for someone very nearly did.

I had reached the bottom, and had commenced pedalling again when on rounding the bend, I saw a man standing by the side of the road with his bicycle leaning against a milestone (it was four miles to Salford and five to Amhurst).

As I came closer I could see that he was a tall man, with a big moustache that looked a little grey, whilst his face was brown and tanned. He was wearing a brown knickerbocker suit with a Norfolk jacket. I went really quite slowly because he was clearly a stranger and a gentleman, and besides, I had to peep at him in bits so that he could not perceive that I was looking at him. I could quite well see, however, that the front tyre had punctured and that he had, moreover, no idea of how to mend it.

Then I did a thing I don't think I should have done unless I had seen that the moustache was quite grey and that the stranger was obviously a gentleman. I pulled up just as I passed him and I spoke to him. He did seem so helpless.

"Can I help you?" I asked.

There was a quick look of surprise on his face, which his good manners at once hid, and he drew himself up. He looked so tall and big that the idea of a girl making such an offer seemed to me for the moment so ridiculous and so forward that I grew crimson. I could feel myself blushing. Then, at almost the same moment, came the thought that he was a gentleman, and that I was quite right to offer because he could not do the mend and I could. At the same moment, too (you see it all took place in a few seconds, whilst I was asking my question and he was looking at me and getting ready to reply), a look of amusement came into his eyes, and under the great moustache I saw the glimmer of a smile. Then he spoke, and his voice was so deep and gruff that I almost started.

"Help me, eh? Well, now, 'pon my word, it's—it's ridiculous my thinking of troubling you; but this infer——I—er——this front tyre has collapsed and I—er—I—er——well, really, you know, I can't think of troubling a lady."

"Oh, it won't take five minutes. It's only a thorn I expect."

"Ah—er—yes, possibly. But—I—er—I don't understand the—er—art of mending the wretched thing. I'll learn this afternoon; 'pon my word, I'll make my man explain it this afternoon."

"Meanwhile shall I——?"

"No—no. But—er—I'm helpless. I—er—suppose you tell me what must be done, and I—er—I will carry out the instructions. That's to say, if you can spare the time."

"Oh, yes, I'm quite sure, and it won't take five minutes."

"Well—er—what must I do by way of a start."

"Turn the machine upside down."

"Ah—er—certainly," he said, and he gripped the machine. I could see he was going to make a mess of it, but I said nothing. I knew it was going to be fussy, and—well, I was enjoying the superior knowledge I had over this fine gentlemen. I thought his manner of talking was affected, and I wanted him to come down off his high horse.

He did make a mess of turning his bicycle over. The front wheel swerved and the handle-bar hit him on the head. Then the hind wheel grazed the milestone, and the crank spun round and hit him on the shin. He was all dusty and hot in a moment. And suddenly the bicycle flopped down, luckily on to the soft grass of the ditch.

At last, however, he had it resting on the saddle and the handle-bar.

"Now unscrew the valve — see just there."

This he did, and then I tried to tell him how to take off the tyre. It was a wired-on one, and he pinched his fingers, and nearly bent the rim before he would admit himself beaten or let me try. At last he consented.

It was a nasty tyre, but I got it off, and then we set to work to find the puncture.

"Blow it up," I said, or, rather, I commanded, for, by now, I had taken entire charge. "Screw up the valve. That's it."

"Er—how does this wretched affair come to pieces?" he asked, tugging at the pump.

I told him. It was obvious he knew nothing but how to ride. It was a lovely machine, too; I had never seen so fine a one. It was kept well—nearly as well as Auntie's and my machine.

At last we found the hole, and I got my mending outfit, and put on a patch. He would help.

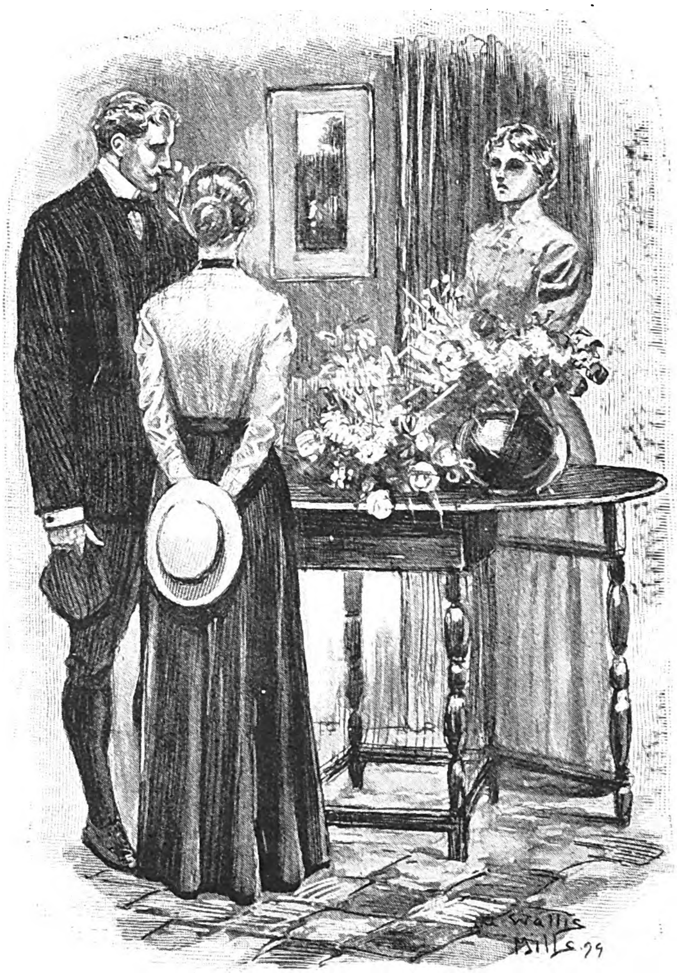
"I'll do the sticky part. 'Pon my word, it's too good of you—the trouble you have taken. I'm not going to let you mess yourself."

I could have stuck it much better and quicker myself, and he wasted a dreadful lot of my tube. But I had to give in. Considering that he was a great big man, and I a bit of a girl, I thought he had been very obedient.

It was a proud moment when I had got the inner tube back, and the tyre once more in place and blown up. It held without a sign of leakage.

"'Pon my word, marvellous! I—er—I can never thank you enough. Now I must set the affair on its legs, so to speak."

He was frightened of the machine, like a boy of a kicking horse. I could not help laughing as he struggled with it. It was rude and I apologised, but he laughed himself.



"I—er—fancy I shall turn over a new leaf," he said, glancing down.

I picked up my machine whilst he was trying to dust himself (he ran to assist me) and I turned to go.

"I—er——" he commenced, and I realised that the affectation was just as much a sort of nervousness as anything else, "I—er—are you, er—going—er—?"

"I'm going to Amhurst," I said.

"I—er—may I—er, accompany you? I—er, was just taking a spin more or less—er—in that direction."

Of course I had to say yes, and presently as we rode along—it seemed too hot now to go fast—we began chatting as if we had known each other for ever so long, instead of still being ignorant of each other's names. He knew my name, however, and all about me and Auntie before we reached Amhurst, and somehow without telling me a bit about himself.

As we reached the cottage I wondered if I ought to ask him in. Of course, if he had helped me out of an awkward predicament I might have had reason; but his case was exactly the opposite. However, he never gave me much chance of deciding for myself. He seemed quite at ease, and years and years older than me, and he quite took charge.

"I—er. I'm coming in if—er—you will permit. I—er—a glass of milk. Would you mind?"

So he came in; and in the passage we met Auntie. I suppose she ought to have had an apron on, and a sun-bonnet, and all that sort of thing, but she had not. She had been in the garden, and held a few flowers in her hand. She blushed as she saw my companion. Tall gentlemen were unusual visitors. She did not know it, either, but she just looked sweet.

"I—er—owe your niece a debt of gratitude for—er—mending my bicycle for me; and I—er—have called to beg a glass of milk."

"Won't you come into the drawing-room ——" Auntie paused suddenly for she was ignorant of my friend's name.

"I'm—I'm Lord Selwern," he said. "I—er—I'm a great culprit, being so seldom in these parts. I—er—fancy I shall turn over a new leaf," he said glancing at me, and tugging at his moustache.

I was red, oh, I know I was, not merely because he glanced at me as though I was the reason of his new determination, but for sheer astonishment at his identity. It was Lord Selwern whom I had been ordering about! And here he was going to drink milk in our cottage which was much too humble a spot for his snobby neighbours to visit!

I ran and fetched the milk, and when I came in Auntie and he were laughing and talking together, and he was telling her all about the tyre.

When he went he was very nice in all he said, though we never expected to see him again. But we did. He came often and made Auntie and me play on our guitars and sing. We could not afford a piano but we had rescued the dear old guitars, and often we had spent the evening singing to them.

I liked him very much, but gradually I began to grow frightened. Something Auntie said made me realise that perhaps I was the reason of his coming. It frightened me because I knew I could never love him, and because I believed, though I did not dare even to hint at it, that Auntie Emma had grown to care for our tall handsome visitor. It seemed to me that she was fighting with herself as though she had made up her mind that he cared for me, and because she held my happiness far and away before hers.

It made me hate myself and it almost made me hate him. Why should he care for me when Auntie Emma loved him? She was a million times sweeter and better than I, and she would make him much, much more happy than ever I would.

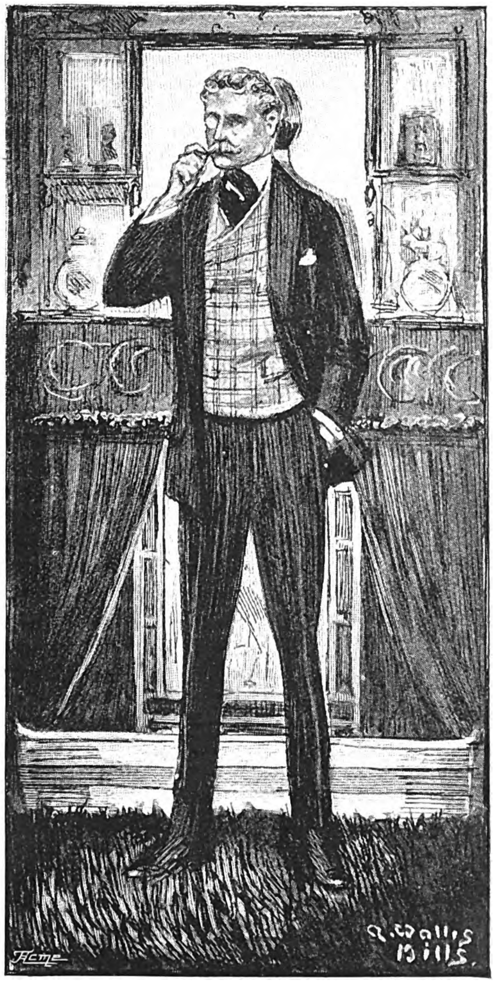
Yet what could I do? He kept coming; and was so kind and nice to us both; and the thought of my good fortune made Auntie so happy. Yet all the time it was not my good fortune, for it made me miserable; and deep in her heart, though she was too good and unselfish to show it, it made her miserable.

Then late one afternoon the whole truth was revealed to me. It was like a great cloud passing away from the sun. Everything became clear and bright and beautiful to behold.

We were having some tea and suddenly a silence had come upon us. I was feeling dreadfully miserable for the Earl had been hinting that he was perhaps going away, but that his departure depended on someone else. I dreaded what that meant. It was a fear of his telling it to me that had kept me, when he visited us, close at Auntie's side.

Suddenly I looked up. Auntie was staring down into the empty fire-place dreaming. He was gazing at her. I understood the truth then. I saw it in his look. There was such a gentleness in it, such a yearning. He loved her! Oh, it was plain to me, quite plain.

Something must have startled him. Perhaps it was the joyous thump, thump, of my heart. He suddenly glanced at me, and met my look; and he saw that I had seen his, and that I knew. Our eyes met,



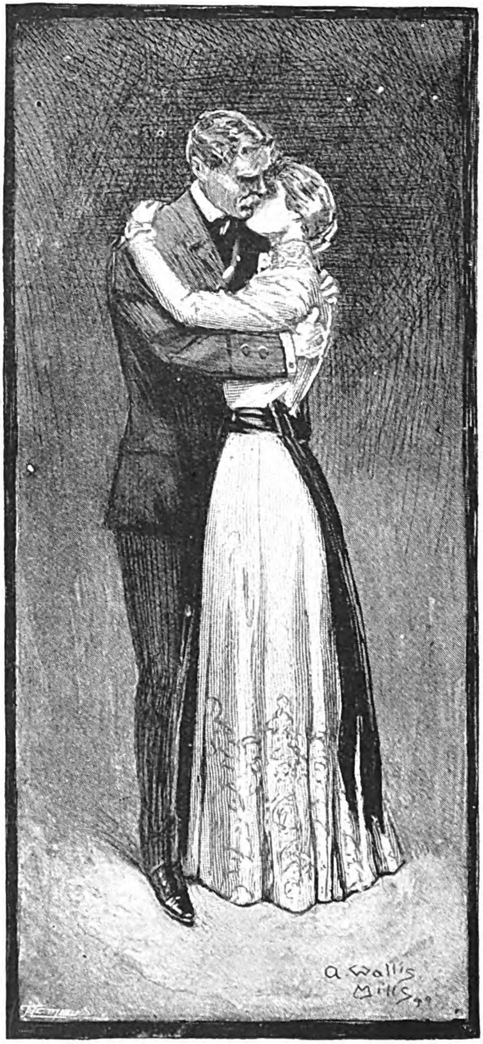
**Lord Selwern tugged at his moustache.**

and he flushed such a dark-tanned flush, and I sort of blurted out in a whisper:

"I understand. Oh, I'm so glad."

He gave a smile—I almost loved him for that smile—just as Auntie looked up. She had caught my whisper, though it was only a breath.

"Glad, Katie! Why, darling, what——?" She stopped. I think there must have been a sudden guilty look on our two faces, for she came to a silence, and jumped to a wrong conclusion.



He had his arms round her.

I could not help it. I slipped from my chair and knelt by her and pulled down her face and kissed her; and Lord Selwern stood upon the hearthrug and tugged at his moustache. You see, I knew all the happiness that was coming to her, and she did not.

Then I looked at him.

"I think I'll go and—and see how the milking is going on," I said.

"No, no, no—ah—er——" he said rapidly, and his "er's" and "ah's" came quickly. "I—er — ah — it's — it's another tyre wants mending. 'Pon my word."

"What does he mean?" asked Auntie, softly. "Oh, I think I can guess," she went on. "But I'm in the way," she added, kissing me.

"No, no, you are not; and—you don't understand, Auntie. I—oh, I must go." I was just trying to rise, when he laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Ah—er—tell her. I-er—I—ah, it's a bad break."

"He means, Auntie," I said gently, "that he hasn't come here just to drink milk and eat strawberries and cream because he likes them, but because he—he likes someone."

"Yes, yes, my darling," whispered Auntie Emma, and I could see she still was making the big mistake she had been making all the time.

"He thinks her the nicest——" I glanced up at him and he nodded (very violently for him) and said, "Yes, yes," quickly. "And the best——" he said, "Yes, yes," and nodded after each word—"And the sweetest, and the dearest person in the world."

"My pet! I'm so glad, Katie," whispered Auntie, though I saw tears in her eyes.

"And," I went on, looking up at him at almost each word, whilst he went nod, nod, nod, like the old cracked mandarin on the mantelpiece when we tapped it, "and he wants her to—to ——. What does he want?" I asked suddenly.

The nodding stopped and he grew dreadfully red, and tugged and tugged at his moustache. It was cruel of me, but—well, I thought he might tell Auntie the rest himself. I thought he might take her in his arms, and let me rush away and kiss old Hannah in the kitchen, or pull Tatters' tail, or do something. But he didn't.

"What does he want?" I repeated.

"Ah—er—he wants—ah—her—to—to do him the honour to—er—marry him."

"Katie, Katie!" whispered Auntie, and she kissed me before I could stop her.

"She hasn't answered him yet," I said slowly.

Auntie looked at me.

"Not answered him! But you——"

"It—it—doesn't depend on me. There's only one sweetest, and dearest, and best person on earth and——and that's—that's not me."

"Not you, Katie? I—I don't understand."

"It's—it's you, Auntie Emma. It's what I think; and—and it's what he thinks."

"Katie—" whispered Auntie. There was a strange hush in her voice.

"It's what he thinks and it's what he wanted to tell you all along" (more and most emphatic nodding) "and—and what—" I said scrambling to my feet, "he ought to tell you himself." Tell her yourself," I said to him. I was getting angry then at his doing nothing.

Auntie had risen. She made a movement. I think—I know now as a matter of fact—she wanted to escape because it was all so sudden and unexpected. But she hadn't a chance. He stepped forward and I ran to the door. There was a mirror on the wall, and in it I just caught a glimpse of them both. He had his arms round her and was kissing her.

* * * * *

It seems so strange now to look back upon it all. For I, too, am a Countess. It was not long after Auntie Emma gave me my first little cousin that Carfield married me. He had always been Selwern's great friend though much younger.

Only hubby and Auntie and Selwern know about my acting proxy for Selwern when he proposed. Auntie always says I did it splendidly, but—I can sympathise with men who say it is very nervous work proposing to a girl. And yet—oh, well, all's turned out very happily, but I wouldn't be a man for worlds.

# CAMP AND CRUISER.

## PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S VISIT TO HIS ARMY AND NAVY.

SOVEREIGNS, and more especially Continental sovereigns, are associated far more intimately with their armies and navies than the heads of Republican States such as France and America. The German Emperor, the Czar, and the Emperor of Austria are, indeed, seldom to be seen, either in life or the windows of photographers' shops, dressed in civil costume, and pictures and photographs of them in gorgeous uniforms reviewing troops and in discussion with generals and admirals are to be met with at every time and place. It is just *vice versâ* with the Presidents, and that gives a peculiar interest to the accompanying snapshots, the one shewing President McKinley on a visit to his troops, the other to his navy. It is an entire mistake to suppose that because the President never wears a uniform, and is scarcely ever photographed at the head of troops, that he is indifferent to the men who won such glory for America in Cuba and in Manila Bay. Of course, the President is, above all things, the civic head of the United States; but it is a well-known fact, and one which has made him, perhaps, the most popular president since Garfield, that Mr. McKinley's interest in military and naval affairs, and especially naval, is only equalled by his detailed and profound knowledge concerning them.

**President McKinley visiting the Army.**

**The President on board a Cruiser.**

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Photo by Count Lingui Primoli.

AN IDYLL OF THE SUNNY SOUTH.

# ROYALTY ON ACTIVE SERVICE

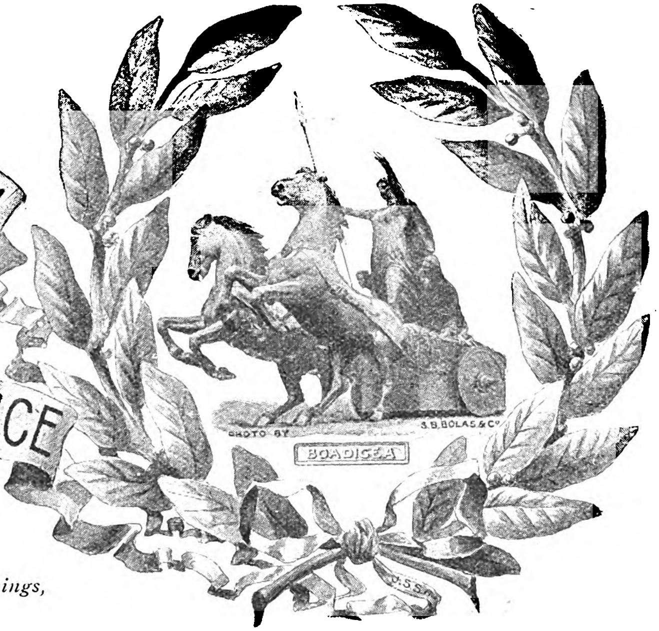
PHOTO BY S.B. BOLAS & Co
BOADICEA
D.S.S.

By Reginald Maingay.

*Illustrated with Photographs, Drawings, and Maps.*

Not the first, but certainly the first famous royalty who went out in person at the head of her troops to fight England's battles, is Queen Boadicea. Hence her place of honour at the head of this article.

To-day kings and queens have practically ceased from leading their armies into the fray, the last of the fighting sovereigns being the great Napoleon. Of course, the Emperor William I. of Germany, and Napoleon III. accompanied their respective armies in the Franco-Prussian war, but less as commanders than mere spectators; and equally, of course, the present Emperor William may do the same thing, should Germany go to war again, though I very much doubt whether he would be content to remain a mere spectator—a role that scarcely seems to fit his character.

But if the supreme head of the state is no longer a fighting man, the royal families of Europe, and especially the royal family of England, have all through the present century given their countries brave and capable warriors.

It was in the wars directly following on the French Revolution, and before the rise of Buonaparte, that the Duke of York, the Queen's uncle, especially distinguished himself. The Republican armies were already superbly successful in all parts of Europe. But at the Troisville Redoubts, near Cambray, on the Belgian frontier, they met one of their severest repulses, the opposing hosts being commanded by the Duke of York, who, during the engagement, showed remarkable personal bravery.

The Duke of Kent, the Queen's father, and brother to the Duke of York, was a famous warrior in his day, courageous to a degree, and noted for the severity with which he maintained military discipline. He saw active service on more than one occasion, but especially distinguished himself in the expedition, under Sir Charles Grey, against the French in the West India Islands. The impetuous bravery with which he led the flank division against certain important posts, in Martinique, became a by-word in the army.

The Crimean war saw no less than three members of royal houses at the front—the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and Prince Napoleon Buonaparte. The first success of that terrible and misguided war—the Battle of Alma—saw all three actively engaged. The Duke of Cambridge did splendid work in the famous storming of the great redoubt. At a critical stage of the battle he and Sir Colin Campbell received orders to take this difficult position. Success meant victory; failure spelt defeat. The Guards and Highlanders advanced in splendid order, and, cheered by their commanders, dashed up the slopes reckless of shot and shell. They encountered the Russians, muzzle to muzzle; scaled the redoubt; and, driving all before them, won for England one of the most splendid of her victories. Prince Napoleon

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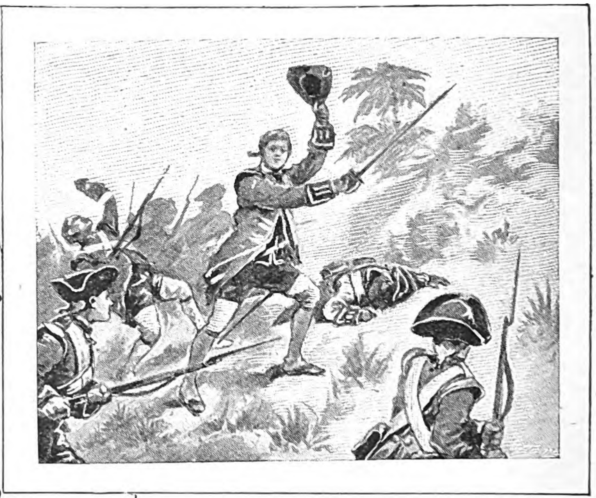
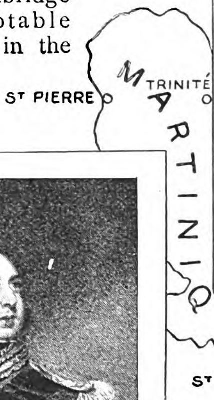
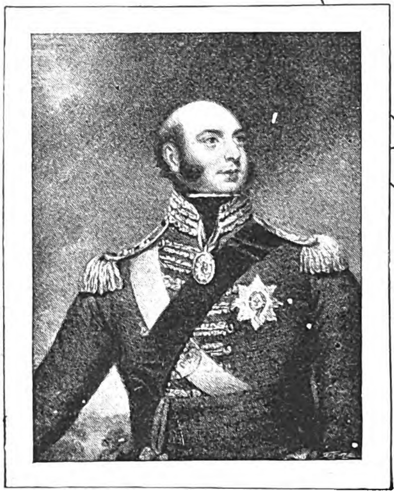
also carried out an important and perilous movement of the battle; that of obtaining possession of the heights between the enemy and the sea.



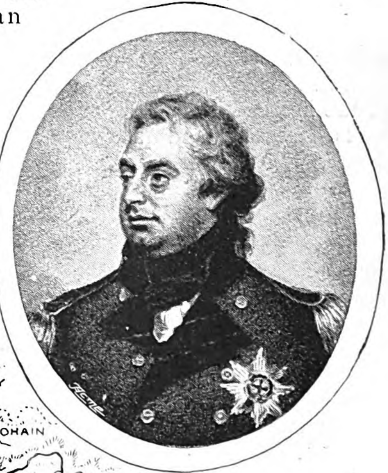
The Duke of Kent gallantly leading the troops at Martinique.



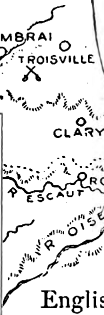
At Inkermann all three princes were again in the thick of the fight. The Duke of Cambridge and his redoubtable Guards were ever in the hottest part of the battle, and it was largely due to them that the small English force was not completely annihilated by the overwhelming Russian columns, before the French succeeded in coming to the rescue. The casualties were appalling, and the Duke himself was severely wounded, and had his horse shot under him.

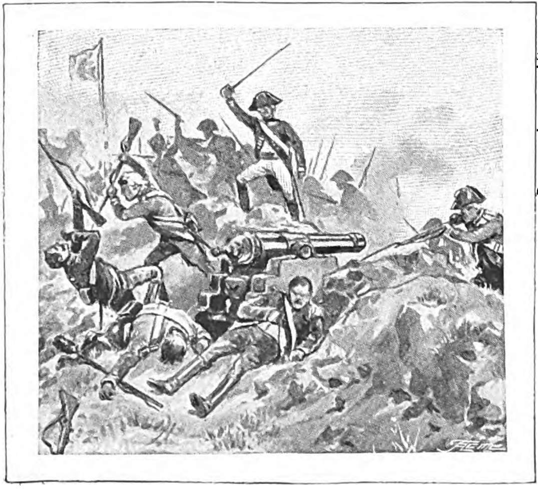


**H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, Father of Queen Victoria.**



**H.R.H. the Duke of York, Uncle of the Queen.**

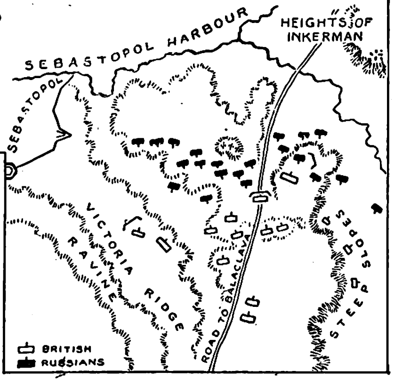




**The Duke of York at the Troisville redoubts.**

The Duke of Connaught is another English prince of the present century who has gone out with his countrymen against the foe. It was rather at variance with the wishes of his family that he determined to accompany Sir Garnet, now Lord, Wolseley on the expedition which came to so triumphant a close at Tel-el-Kebir. Though present at that brilliant engagement, the Duke was offered no chance of peculiarly distinguishing himself. Stationed with the rear-guard, he was forced to watch the battle from afar. At the commencement of the present war it was widely believed that an important command in South Africa would be given to the Duke. It was not to be; but when Lord Roberts was ordered to the seat of war, the commandership of the forces in Ireland was offered, and accepted by the Duke.

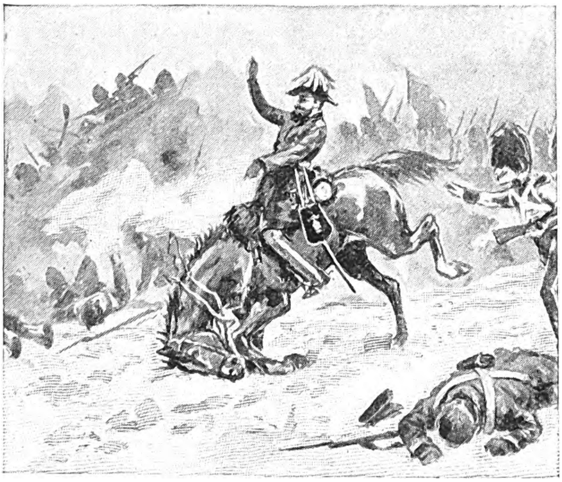
The story of Prince Louis Napoleon is too well-known to need a detailed recapitulation here. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out he accompanied his father to the frontier, and, at the first engagement, the skirmish at Saarbrück, received his famous baptism of fire. "Lulu," as the impertinent Parisians styled their heir-apparent, watched the conflict from the heights over-looking the battle-field, and when the Prussians, after a sharp resistance, retired, he passed in solemn procession, together with his father—that adept in theatrical *coups*—and the imperial *cortège,* before the French troops. Shortly afterwards arrived in Paris Napoleon's celebrated dispatch, which set all Europe laughing: "Louis has undergone his baptism of fire," or words to that effect.


SEBASTOPOL HARBOUR
HEIGHTS OF INKERMAN
SEBASTOPOL
VICTORIA RAVINE
VICTORIA RIDGE
ROAD TO BALACLAVA
STEEP SLOPES
BRITISH
RUSSIANS

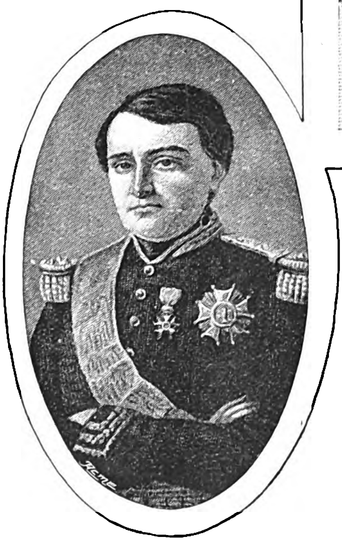
Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimer.

YAILA
DAGH
LIVADIA

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge (at the time of the Crimean War).

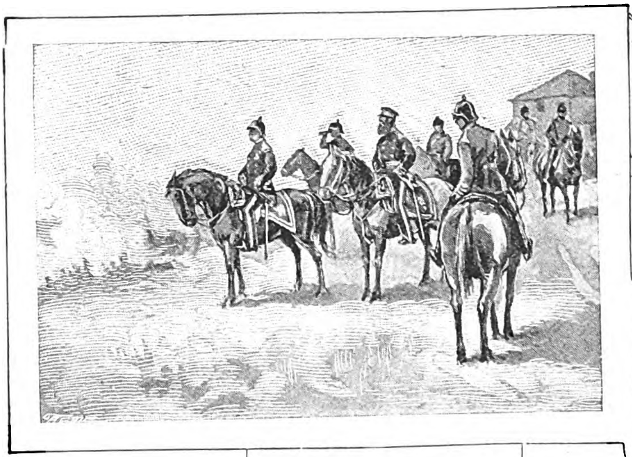


The Duke of Cambridge wounded at Inkermann.

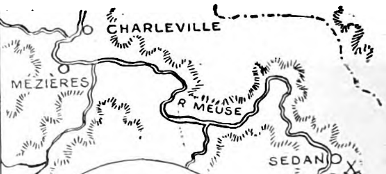


Prince Napoleon Buonaparte.

In 1879, when the Empire had fallen to pieces, and the Emperor and Empress taken up their abode in England,



The Emperor William and the Crown Prince of Prussia watching the battle of Sedan.



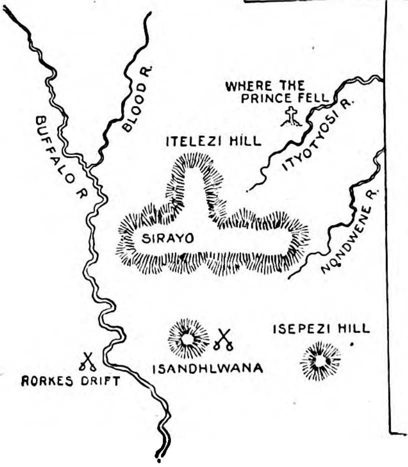
CHARLEVILLE
MÉZIÈRES
R. MEUSE
SEDAN
R. MEUSE

The Crown Prince of Prussia (afterwards the Emperor Frederick of Germany).

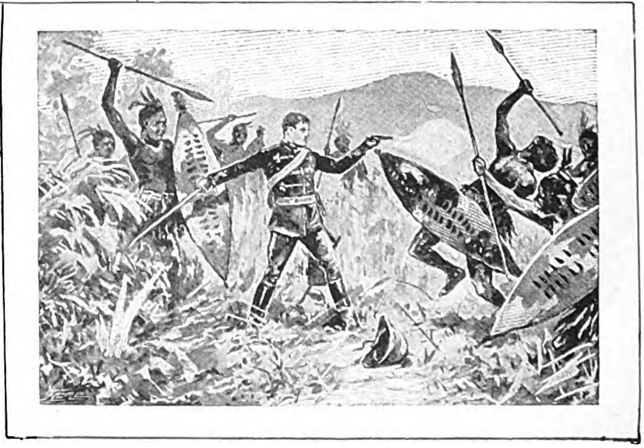
The Prince Imperial.

(Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.)

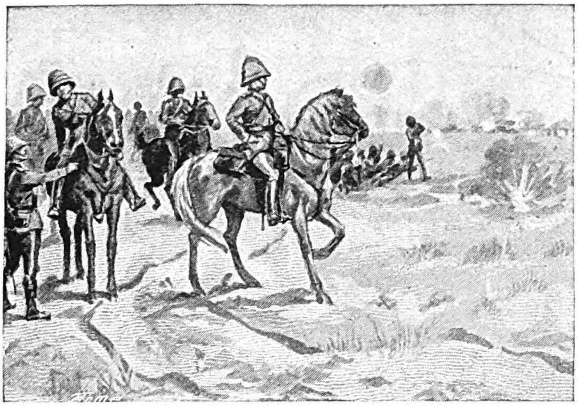
the Prince Imperial, as his adherents called him, asked leave to serve with the British Army in Zululand. It was an awkward request to accede to, and yet, considering the friendly relations between the English Court and the exiled Buonapartes, impossible to refuse. The Prince proved a great burden to Lord Chelmsford and his officers, who had stringent injunctions to restrict his movements as much as possible, and never to allow him out of camp, except under a strong escort. Then came the catastrophe. The Prince somehow got permission to make a reconnaissance unaccompanied by any superior officer. He foolishly disobeyed the instructions given him at the outset, and, as a consequence, fell into an ambush of Zulus, and was speared to death before rescue could arrive. The affair caused great consternation in England,

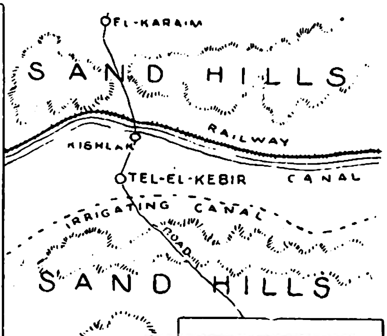


BUFFALO R.
BLOOD R.
WHERE THE PRINCE FELL
ITYOTYOSI R.
ITELEZI HILL
SIRAYO
NONDWENE R.
ISEPEZI HILL
RORKES DRIFT
ISANDHLWANA



The Death of the Prince Imperial in Zululand.




EL-KARAIM
SAND HILLS
RAILWAY
KISHLAK
TEL-EL-KEBIR
CANAL
IRRIGATING CANAL
ROAD
SAND HILLS

The Duke of Connaught at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

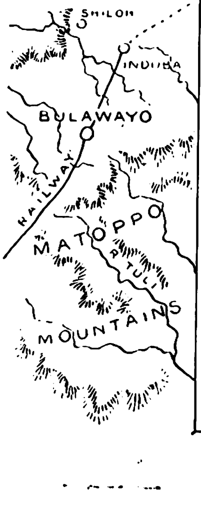
Prince Alexander of Teck.

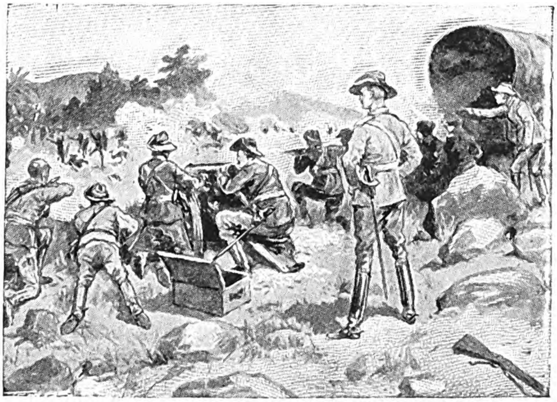
The Duke of Connaught at the time of the Egyptian Campaign.

(Photo by R. Milne.)

and the British officer in command of the detachment was court-martialled—a mere matter of form, as everyone knew that the responsibility for his own death lay with the victim.

The melancholy death of Prince Henry of Battenburg is still fresh in the minds of most people in this country. When King Prempeh of Ashanti became refractory, and an expedition was about to be sent out for the purpose of bringing him to order, Prince Henry and Prince Christian Victor volunteered their services, and in due course arrived at Cape Coast Castle. The march into the interior began, and soon the vicious, enervating climate began to tell on the Prince's constitution. The expedition was successful, without the loss of a drop of blood; but Prince Henry's health had been fatally undermined. From Coomassie he was borne slowly back to Cape Coast Castle, and arriving


SHILOH
INDUBA
BULAWAYO
RAILWAY
MATOPPO
TULI
MOUNTAINS



Prince Alexander of Teck in the Matabele War.

Queen's nephew, has had sterner experience. Under Lord Methuen, he was present at the early victories which attended that general's rather too impetuous march to the relief of Kimberley, and at the battle of the Modder River he received a nasty wound on the neck, from which, however, he soon recovered.

The Princes Adolphus, Alexander, and Francis of Teck are all in South Africa, and somewhere or other at the front, but up to the moment of writing nothing of importance concerning their doings has been reported in England. From all we know of the princes, however, we may rest assured that they will do something for the honour of their country.

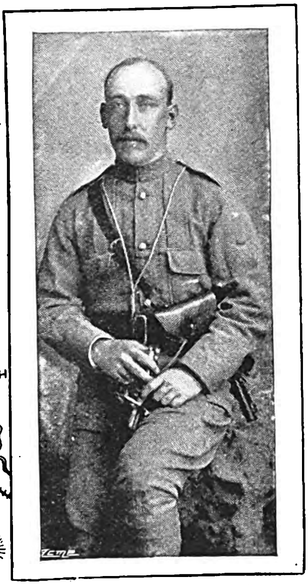
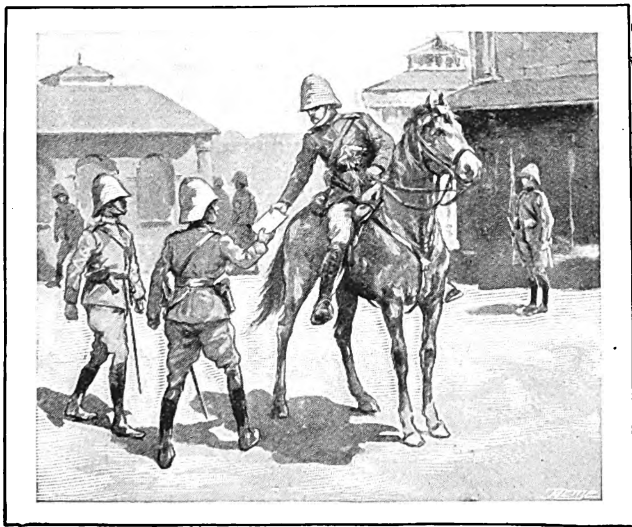
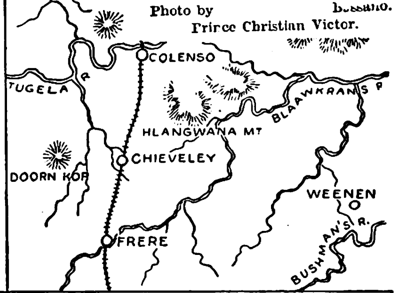


Photo by Bassano.
Prince Christian Victor.



Prince Christian Victor arriving at Durban with dispatches from the Mooi River.



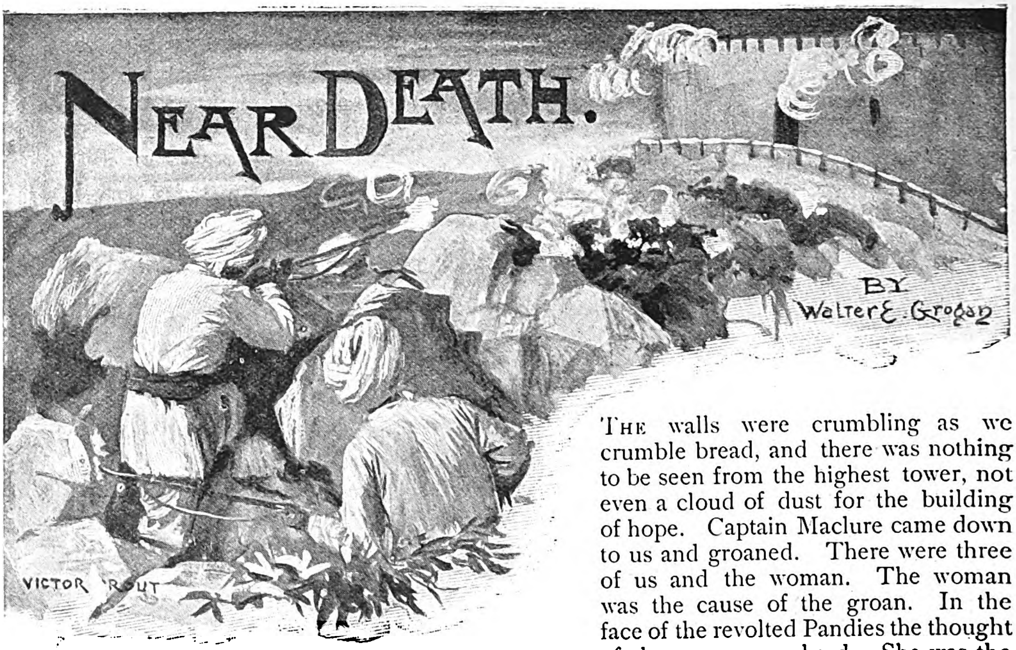
These are democratic times, and perhaps it is, on the whole, a matter for congratulation that the supreme heads of the states have ceased to lead their armies into the field as in the good old days. For to-day, a commander who has had the misfortune to lose a battle is almost sure to receive a certain amount of odium from his countrymen, and we fear that were he the sovereign that odium would be trebly intensified. Such is the spirit of the times; and imagine how awkward it would be if public opinion demanded the peremptory recall of its Emperor or King!

But by all means let our princes take their part in England's wars. We may be more or less democratic, but I think very few of us really imagine that this country would be better off were it to emulate the systems of France and America. Our princes are no longer given high positions in the army merely because of their birth; they have to work their way up as much as any commoner, and every gallant deed they may do at the front tends to preserve the loyalty of the country to the reigning house.

Photo by Gunn & Stuart.
Princes Adolphus and Francis of Teck.

# NEAR DEATH.

BY Walter E. Grogan



The walls were crumbling as we crumble bread, and there was nothing to be seen from the highest tower, not even a cloud of dust for the building of hope. Captain Maclure came down to us and groaned. There were three of us and the woman. The woman was the cause of the groan. In the face of the revolted Pandies the thought of the woman was hard. She was the sister of young Sennington. He was in another room with a sheet over him, death having found him on the walls. We would have buried him, only men can't fight all day and night too, and find time for digging graves.

"The world is empty," Maclure said. "The old fort must be our grave unless—" and his eyes sought Sennington's sister.

"Unless?" she questioned. She was a frail woman, pale, yellow-haired, blue-eyed, pretty to look at, but too slight for strength.

"They have offered us terms," he said moodily. "They don't know that we are three only—and a woman. When our men decamped they went west, and these have come from the east. We have bitten them, and they are afraid."

"What are the terms?"

"They swear that no harm shall come to you."

"And to you?"

"And to us? We shall die if we hold out. The next rush will do it. It's all a dream now to me. Nothing seems real. I load and fire, and am longing to sleep through it all. What does it matter what comes to us?"

"I will not have it so," she said.

Maclure looked at her wearily.

"What does it matter? I'd rather have an end to it. It must come sooner or later. Let it come now if it means safety for you."

"Are those the exact terms?" I asked.

"Two men to go with her," he said shortly.

"We must toss," Bretton said.

"I am in command," Maclure answered. "I shall die. No, boys, don't say anything. I know all you would say, but it is useless. If you get through life will hold things you care for. I messed my life up five years ago. It's best as it is."

The next morning we surrendered. When we walked out the Pandies marvelled. Four days we had kept them out of the Fort. That was no small work for six men—and three of them went under the second day.

Maclure had worked like a nigger through it all. None of us had had much sleep and he least of all. In the cold glare of the early day he reeled and swore.

"They will think it's funk, Barrington," he said to me. "I wish I could have seen death on the prick of a bayonet. It's rough going out like a snuffed candle."

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I was with him when the firing party came. They were spirit-maddened, but his calmness quieted them.

"Five years ago I made a mess of my life with a woman and this is the end," he said. "Barrington, if you get back into the world out there forget me, for God's sake. There are old stories which are best left in the dust. They will be unsavoury if raked up now."

They wanted to bandage his eyes, but he would not have it.

"I have looked down the muzzles of rifles before," he said.

When they were ready he took off his forage cap.

"God save the Queen!" he shouted, and the next moment he was twitching on the ground.

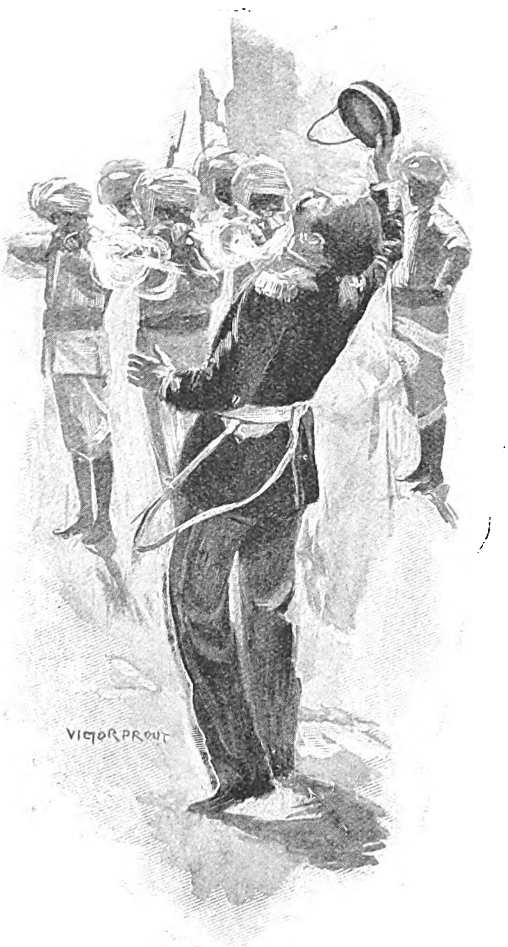
All that day we slept. Not even the peril of our position could keep us awake. In the evening three Sepoys came and kicked us into remembrance, and we were taken before the man in command, an old havildar.

"We have sworn that we will not kill you, nor harm you," he said. "You are infidels, but for the sake of our oaths we will not touch you."

"For us we care not," I answered, "but for the sake of the Mem Sahib we have trusted. Let us go: give us horses so that we can come to our friends."

"You shall be sent to your friends," he replied, and signed to three attendants who came and led us away. Outside in the moonlight they bound us, and carried us to the old Fort. When they first touched me I struck out and knocked one Sepoy down, but they were too many and they bound us.

In the Fort they took us down to the arsenal. It was a stone paved cellar, and in it was a keg of powder with the lid off. Round this they placed three chairs, near it, yet far enough away that a man could not touch it with his stretched hand, bound by the elbows as we were to the chairs. On the powder they put two inches of lighted candle. Around the candle they put a circular piece of glass that we might not blow it out.



"God save the Queen!" he shouted, and the next moment he was twitching on the ground.

"We swore that we would not kill you. We leave you alive. If the candle goes out you will go to your friends, as our chief said." So said the Sepoys, and left us, grinning at our threats and prayers.

The cellar was dark except for the dim light of the candle. All the other kegs of powder had been removed, and the cellar looked bare and strange with the flickering shadows coming and going upon the walls. So still was the air that the flame, at which we gazed steadfastly with hungry, despairing eyes, moved but languidly.

We were each bound to our chairs stoutly, the ropes holding our bodies and legs and our arms by the elbows.

That our hands were free was nothing to us, for as we stretched them out hungrily to the candle they clawed the air some six inches short. We could have undone our bonds only the knots were at our backs.

For some moments we stared at the flame, devouring it with starting eyes, marking the terribly slow process of burning. Our pockets had been emptied, so that we could hope for no knife.

The very fact of our arms being free to the elbows was but the refinement of cruelty, giving us a seeming boon with no substance.

The chairs were heavy and high, so that our bound legs did not touch the paved floor of the cellar. Thus we sat, waiting for the flame to reach the powder, and scatter us as sand is scattered before the wind.

"It would have been better to have died as Maclure died," Bretton said.

"He kept a bullet for me," the woman muttered. "I would that he had killed me. This is horrible!"

"Death will be sure, there will be no lingering pain," I said, for it seemed to me that I, as eldest, should meet death with as brave a front as I could. "In a short while there will be the end. We have seen death before, Bretton. It might have come to us at any time during the last week."

"I would to God it had!" he cried. "To die like this—it is terrible! The candle grows shorter. I have not flinched when death came in a form a man might meet, but this is dying like a rat in a hole!"

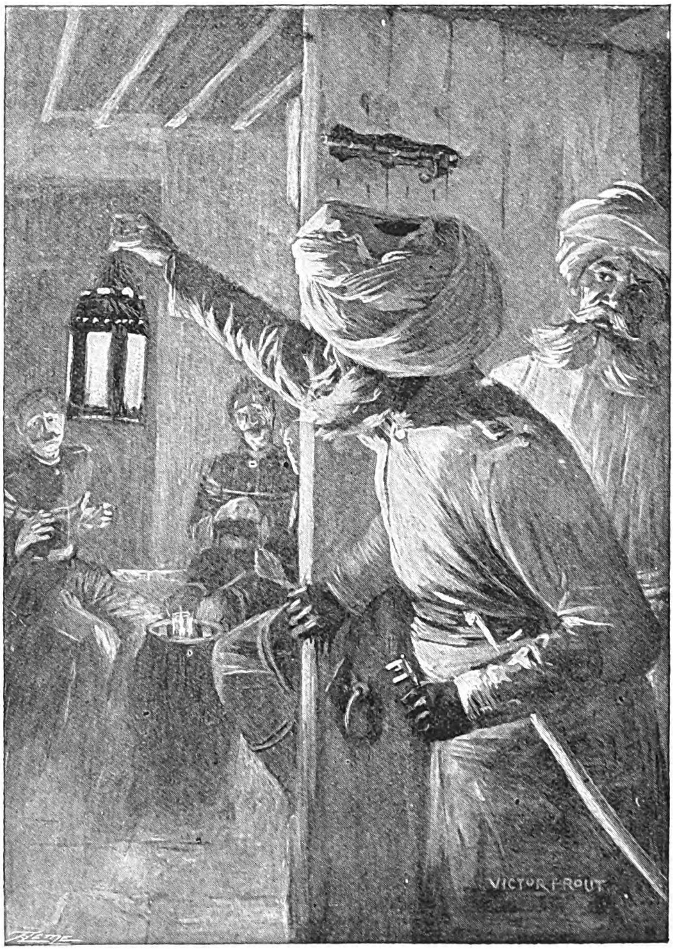
After that we were silent for a while. The light struck upon the woman's face. It was grey and drawn with fear. Her eyes started in their sockets, and there was a tense look that dragged her mouth awry as she gazed hungrily at the flame growing nearer, and ever nearer. Underneath the light the black grains glistened, and above, through a narrow grating, I could see the stars. Afar came the cry of an animal. Yet we were silent, breathlessly silent.

"I have not tasted much of the joy of life," said the woman. "The cup was at my lips, but now it is to be taken away," and she shuddered quickly as she marked that the candle was less by an eighth of an inch.

"The explosion will lift the roof," I said musingly. "When they see they will think a stray shot fired the magazine."

"What does it matter what they think? Oh, to sit here and watch, watch, and see death crawling hideously at you! It is maddening!" Bretton groaned, and his mouth dribbled, yet his eyes were fast on the light.

After that we were silent again. I looked at the stars through the square of the stone. One star was making its orbit. I thought when it sank below the edge Time would end for us. On the walls was a slimy exudation. It had troubled us in the old days for the sake of the powder. The flame caught it and played fantastically over its surface. A little higher up I saw Maclure's initials, and remembered the day when he scratched them with



The Sepoys left us, grinning at our threats and prayers.

an old penknife. Poor Maclure! I found myself grieving for him in the intervals of watching the light.

"Can we do nothing?" asked the woman.

"Nothing—what is there to do?" Bretton stared stonily, and his mouth still dribbled. "There is little left now—they might have given us a longer agony. Oh, that some accident would end it!"

I began to calculate the length of time the candle would burn. The calculation had all the fascination of an abstruse problem. It seemed in no way a matter in which I had a personal interest beyond the desire to be exact.

So anxious was I that I unconsciously strained more eagerly towards the keg, and hardly noticed the cutting of my bonds. I strained more and more, and then something happened which stopped my heart for a moment, and then sent it pulsing violently.

The chair moved! I strained again, consciously this time. Again it moved. The heavy chair was short in one leg—was considerably short. In straining I had shifted my weight the merest fraction towards the short leg, and it had tilted a little.

I looked at my companions. They were still staring at the flame which crept downward so imperceptibly and yet so surely. The smell of the damp patch on the wall came to me. The black grains of powder with the yellow, thick light upon them dazzled my eyes. For a moment my senses reeled in the effort to think.

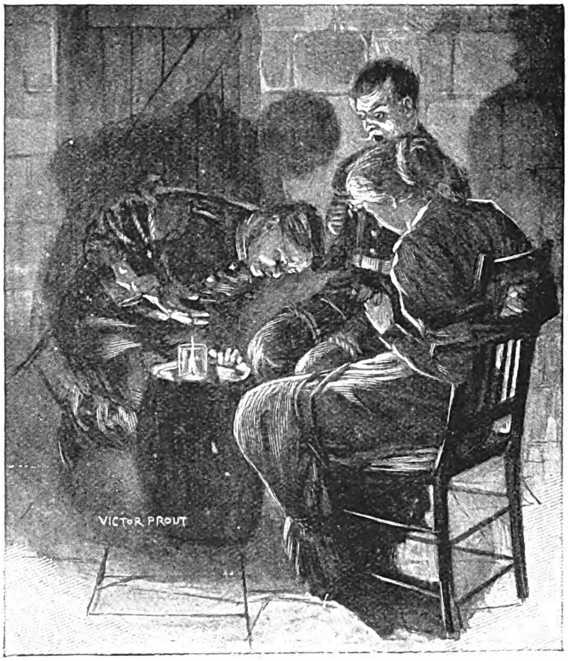
"It will not be long," Bretton said. "There was a summer house beside the stream in my place in Dorset. I should like to have seen it again."

"It is curious," the woman whispered, in a dry, high voice, "that there will be a morning to-morrow. It is very curious."

I raised my right hand to my mouth and tore at the flesh with eager teeth. I was conscious of no feeling of pain then. In the crowd of thoughts pressing upon my brain there was possibly no room for it. The blood ran profusely and dabbled my mouth, and I smiled. They gazed at the light fixedly, and saw nothing. Then I shifted all the weight of my body that the ropes permitted on to that part of the chair over the short leg, straining at the bonds until the muscles and veins stood out on my face. For a moment I feared for the balance wavered and seemed beyond me to upset. Then slowly I fell forward, helpless except in my hands and forearms, against the keg of powder. The light had grown near the grains of powder, and the grease from its guttering had caked them together round its base. In falling I managed to catch the rim of the keg with my left hand, holding myself so from falling altogether.

Then I stretched my bleeding hand out over the glass screen. The flame shot up and licked my hand. Bretton told me afterwards that I screamed and that he thought me mad, but I can myself remember no sound. The blood from my mangled hand dropped on the flame. It spurted and crackled, and it seemed to me hours fighting against the drops. As the flame flickered it seemed almost lapping the powder. The veins in my head grew thick almost to bursting, but I kept my hand over the flame, and the blood dropped steadily on the wick.

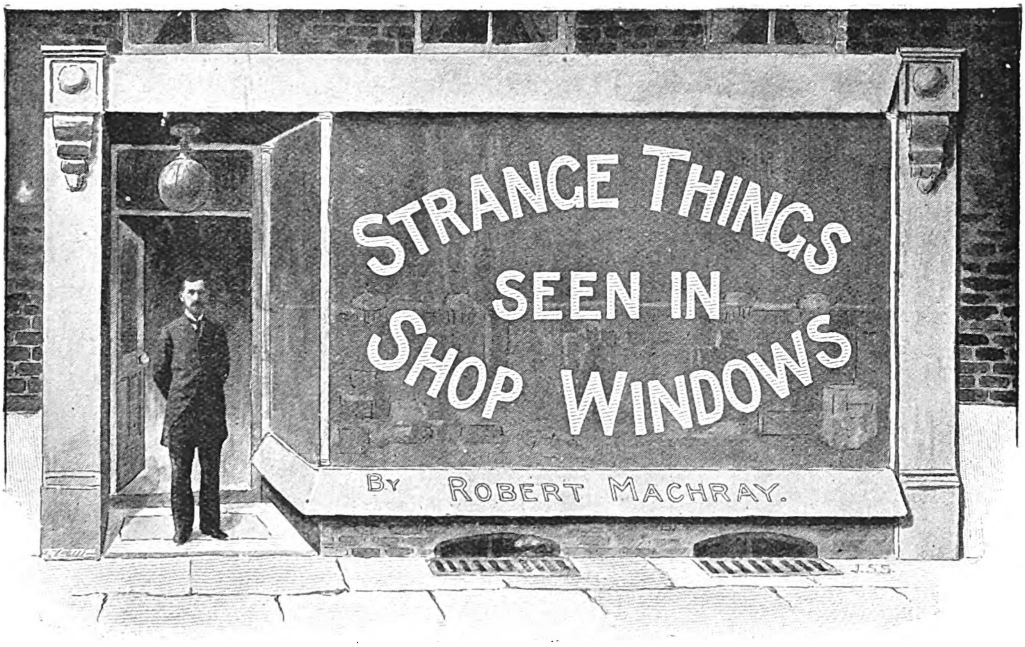
At last there was a feeble flicker and then darkness. After that I remember nothing until a regimental surgeon forced a flask between my teeth, and I awoke to stare at a blazing sun and wonder at the scarlet coats grouped around me.



I kept my hand over the flame, and the blood dropped steadily on the wick.

Photo by Talma.

THE ROSE MAIDEN.



# STRANGE THINGS SEEN IN SHOP WINDOWS

By ROBERT MACHRAY.

*Photographs specially taken by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.*

We are often told that the present time is beyond all others the Age of Advertising, and, certainly, we have before our eyes many examples of large fortunes which, to our own knowledge, have been acquired chiefly by the help of intelligent and persistent advertising.

Advertisements of one sort or another meet us at every turn, many of them showing no little skill and ingenuity. Here, a well-known picture by a great artist informs us that such and such a soap is unrivalled for the complexion; there, a larger than life-sized figure in a barrister's wig and gown, placed in close proximity to a box of so and so's whisky, smilingly assures us that *this* is the best whisky he has ever tasted.

The bald, old-fashioned statements and announcements of certain Things for Sale have been replaced by posters, gorgeous with all the colours of the rainbow, and by other designs and devices cunningly calculated to charm the money out of our pockets. And just as the painter tricks us and casts a glamour over our eyes, so the cleverness of the coiner of phrases tickles our ears to our undoing. Such a sentence as "You press the button, and we do the rest," is one you cannot forget, and one which has, I fancy, become as immortal as any line that Shakspere ever wrote.

What has so far been said rather refers to advertising by great manufacturers and merchants than to that done by the large majority of the people who desire our custom for the commodities they have to offer us, and who make their appeal to our purses by exhibiting the actual articles they wish us to buy. In countries favoured with constant sunshine shop-keepers,

Dressing Hair on a Barber's Block.

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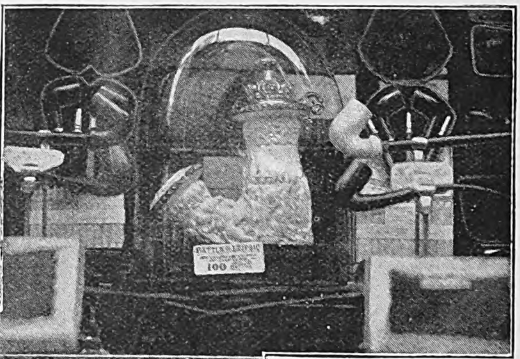
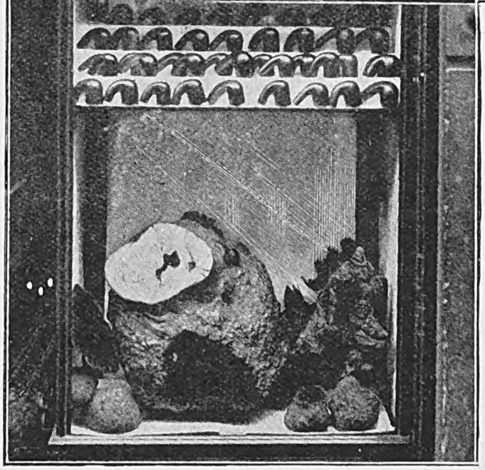


This huge meerschaum pipe-bowl, in the window of a Fleet Street tobacconist, is marvellously carved to represent the battle of Leipsic. Its price is one hundred pounds.



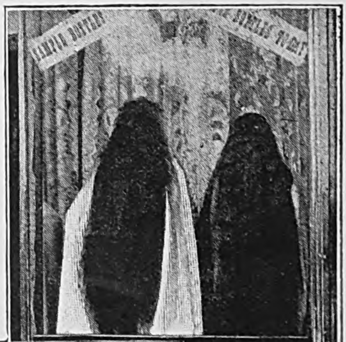
In another shop in Fleet Street may be seen the largest specimens of amber and briar-root ever discovered.

naturally enough, display their goods as much as possible in the open air; in our own more variable climate the shop window is the place selected for making known the nature of the wares which can be purchased within. And success depends in no small degree on the attractiveness—the drawing power — of the shop window.

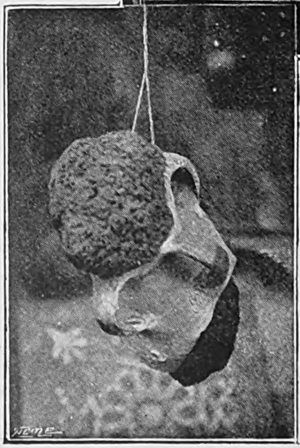
Some cynic has said that most men spend their lives in getting money in order that women may pass theirs in spending it. The ill-natured epigram has its basis of truth in the fact that women, as a general rule, do the shopping of the world, and it surely is an excellent thing—a wise dispensation of Providence, I can imagine the cynic aforesaid remarking—that they appear to take very kindly to it. At any rate, it is principally for them that shop windows are "dressed" and rendered enticing.

To the mind of a mere male creature like myself the windows which have the greatest fascination for the fair—those of modistes, milliners, mantua-makers, ladies' tailors, linen-drapers, and the like—do not seem usually to exhibit much inventiveness or originality. At Christmas, however, attempts are made to increase their alluringness by the introduction of figures, tableaux, and other advertising devices. One of the best was to be seen in Swan and Edgar's famous shop at the corner of Piccadilly and Regent Street last year. It consisted of a representation of Windsor Castle, the whole being built of *huckaback towels*. It was sold as it stood to go to Germany—which serves to show that it was an effective "ad."

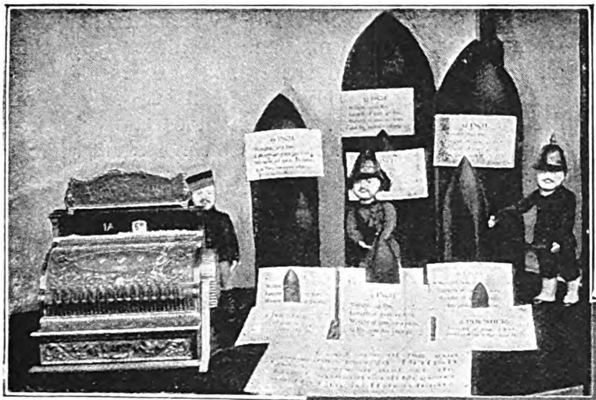
Besides those appealing to women who, though apparently well clothed (again I speak as a mere male), are, perhaps, a little given to asserting that they have "nothing to wear," a large class of shop windows indulge in revelations of the mysteries of the toilet, and this form of advertising has been marked by a good deal of daring. We have now grown familiar with the sight in the windows of certain shops of young women, standing or sitting, down whose backs there pour cataracts of hair, golden or otherwise, to the floor. At first one felt almost as if one



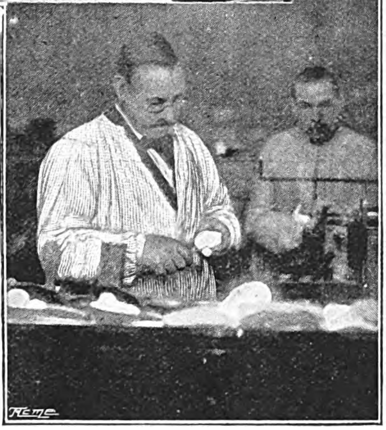
These young ladies with their beautiful tresses of hair, are very familiar sights in Regent Street. They sit in the window of a famous hair-restorer company.



This curiosity was found at the bottom of the sea. It consists of a sponge, healthy and well-formed, growing out of the top and bottom of a broken jug.



Full-size models of the projectiles fired by the big guns in the war in South Africa.



Making Pipes.

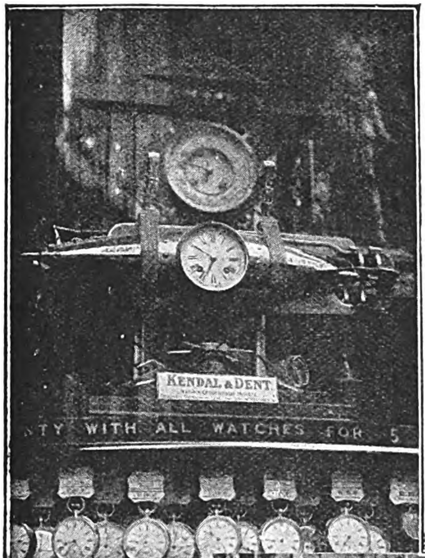
were guilty of an indiscretion in looking at them. Instead of such living pictures as these, a group in wax, actuated by machinery, was shewn by a firm in Holborn, anxious to draw attention to their preparations. In these wax-works, which were as large as life, the scalp of a bald-headed man was gently sponged with the rejuvenating mixture by the ministering hand of a long-haired lady. The use of a special comb for keeping up a woman's hair is in daily illustration on a wax figure in a shop window near St. Paul's.

Perhaps no advertising has been so universal or so striking as of that most necessary of toilet requisites—soap. Messrs. Pears have always some attractive design in their place in New Oxford Street; at the present time they have an excellent clock-work miniature of the Great Wheel at Earl's Court, lighted up each evening by a multitude of the tiniest electric lamps no larger than sixpenny bits. There are very few people who have not seen some presentment of the celebrated piece of statuary called "You Dirty Boy,"—the original of it may be viewed in the window of the parent establishment of Messrs. Pears in Great Russell Street.

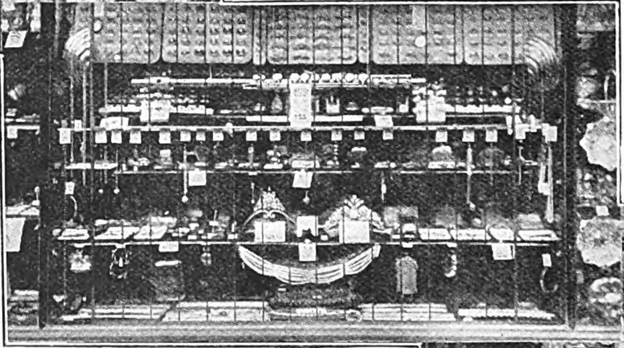
You will generally see a crowd before the windows of jewellers' shops looking with longing admiration at their sparkling contents, but it is not often that there is anything very odd or curious to be noticed. I have seen, however, some remarkable jewels in the form of almost microscopic animals, insects and birds, the principal parts being indicated by precious stones of different colours, on exhibition in Piccadilly and elsewhere. Quite recently there was shewn in a shop window in the Strand a flute made of 22-carat gold, of which the value was £120. A perfect model of an ancient galleon, armed with cannon, the whole being of solid silver, adorned a shop window in the vicinity of Albert Gate, but not a few models of a similar description have come under my observation in other localities. I fancy I have seen a miniature vessel in gold somewhere, but I cannot recall in whose window it was.

There is considerable scope for ingenuity in the designing of clocks, and some strange old timepieces may be found in the windows of dealers in curios. One of the most interesting clocks—of course, it was of modern construction, as is evident from the idea associated with it—was displayed in a Cheapside shop window, the works being set in the centre of a steel torpedo swinging from davits of brass.

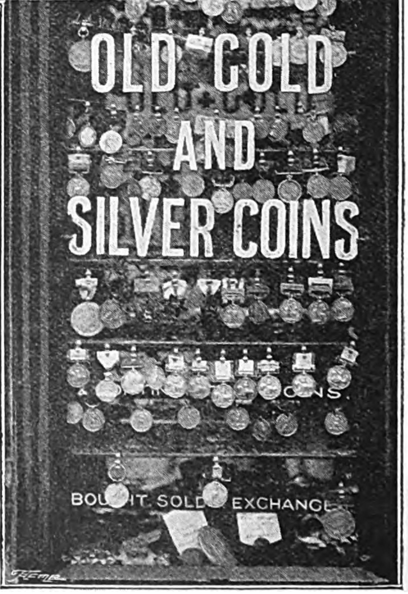
Full-length model of a man in the costume of the First Empire.



This clock of steel in the form of a torpedo will particularly appeal to readers at this time, when we hear so much of wars and rumours of wars.



In this jeweller's window a flute may be seen which is made entirely of 22-carat gold. The valuable and unique instrument costs only £120.



A window containing Victoria Crosses and War Medals of many campaigns.

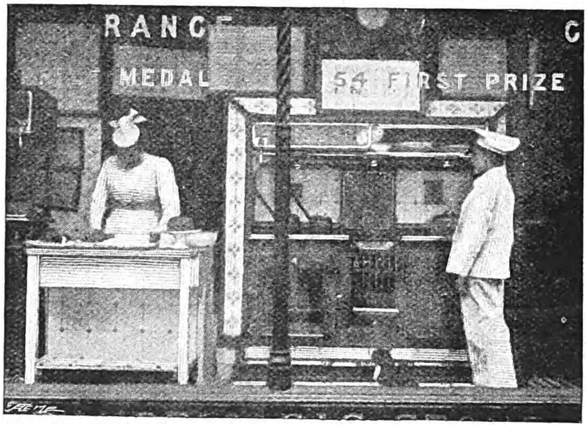
In London and in every city and big town throughout the country there is always one window before which you are pretty certain to behold a little gathering, and that is the window of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, who generally contrive to make it a good "draw" by the use of mechanical figures. Perhaps they show you a placid grey-haired woman manipulating a sewing-machine, while a child watches her at work; or, it may be, a group of little girls at a tea party, if you please, with a machine in their midst as a particular treat.

From sewing-machines to wedding cakes seems rather a jump, but if their order were reversed their juxtaposition might probably appear more natural. Ladies, at least, may be presumed to take an interest in both, and I should like to show them the window of a certain confectioner and pastry cook in Earl's Court Road, where may be seen a model villa, with a tower, which consists entirely—so far as one can judge—of wedding cake materials! And this reminds me of another model I saw some two or three years ago in the window of a Liverpool sweet-stuff shop—it was a representation of the original Everton toffee-shop. When you remember that Everton toffee is a national institution, you can guess how good an advertisement that was.

Among other shop windows, noteworthy from the domestic point of view, must certainly be included that of Hearson and Co., in Regent Street, where several specimens of chicken-incubators, with large families of little chicks, in various stages of development, in and about them, give a good deal of pleasure and amusement to many spectators.

Perhaps no class of shop windows exhibits a keener appreciation of what is likely to bring business than that of tobacconists.

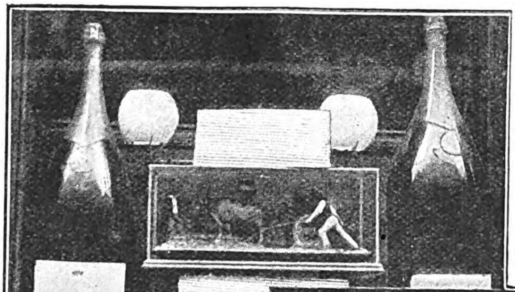
Do you smoke a briar? The largest piece of briar-root in the world is in a Fleet Street window, as is also the largest bit of amber; both are in Weingot's. Do you affect a meerschaum? There is a window in Tottenham Court Road where you can see a workman making and shaping bowl and stem out of the native block of mineral "while you wait." Or, better still, if you care to know how magnificent a meerschaum pipe can be, there is a bowl in Skinner's window in Fleet Street which is well worth looking at, as it is a matchless example of carving, the subject being the Battle of Leipsic. It is, no doubt, rather too large for comfortable smoking, and the price of it may be beyond you unless you are a millionaire, for it is valued at £100, but you cannot help admiring and coveting it.

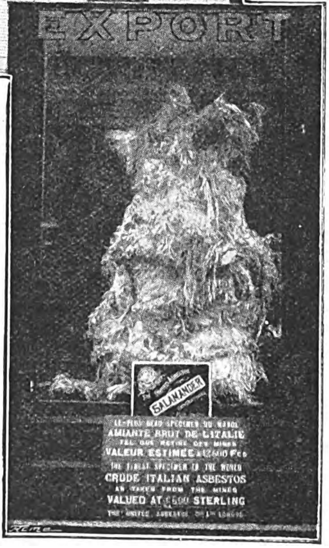


Making and cooking pastry in a shop window.

It may be that you are old-fashioned and take your nicotine in the form of snuff. Well, there is a collection of rare and beautiful snuff-boxes in a Wardour Street shop window that will make your eyes glisten and your mouth water—I suppose I should have said that will tickle your nostrils with delicious titillation. Elsewhere you will find snuff-boxes of another sort, such as the snuff "mull" of horn, or a veritable ram's head shining with cairngorms, and bright with silver, or the more humble imitation ram's head of carved wood. There is a first-class sample of the last in a Praed Street tobacconist's window.

Of a somewhat different character is an advertisement in the window of Everard's tobacco shop in Oxford Street; it is sufficiently curious to deserve a paragraph all to itself. At first sight it does not appear to have any connection with the trade at all, for it seems to be a temple of some sort. And, in fact, an examination of it supports this notion. It turns out to be an Indian pagoda in miniature, about two feet in length by a foot in height, exquisitely carved out of the pith of trees. You may see finer specimens of this extraordinary kind of work in the South Kensington Indian museum, but the point about that in Everard's window is that this pagoda is the representation of the trade mark of Oakes and Co., the well-known Indian cigar manufacturers, and as such is a quite unique "ad." The weight of the pagoda is about a pound only.

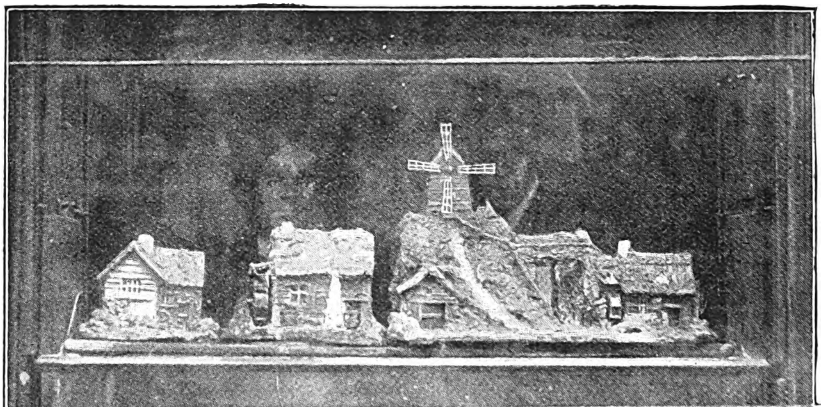

A model of a Spanish ox-cart, laden with wine.



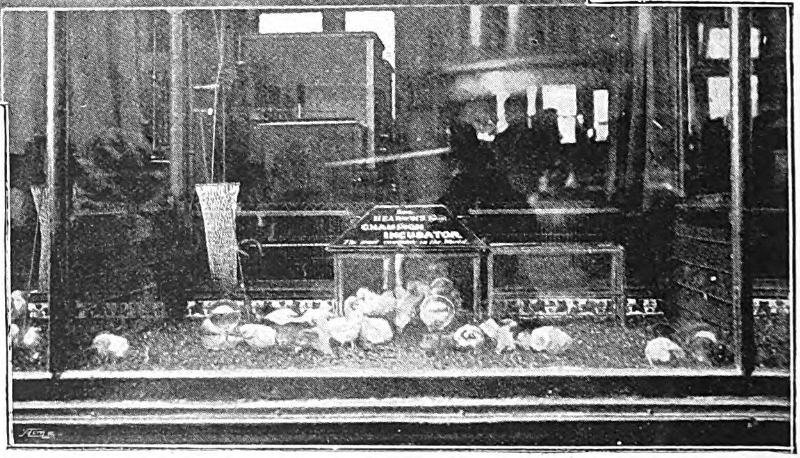
The largest piece of asbestos in the world—value, £500.

To pass, like a Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Budget speech, from tobacco to wines—you will see very beautiful models in the windows of Taylor's, in Cheapside, of a Douro wine-boat and a Spanish ox-cart laden with barrels of the produce of the grape. But as a general thing, wine merchants either have nothing in their windows, or are content with a liberal display of battalions of bottles—one way, it may be, of saying "Good wine needs no bush."

From wines we come by an inevitable transition to cups and drinking vessels. Everyone has observed cups both of gold and of silver, the trophies of some athletic or other contest, in shop-windows, but I wonder how many have seen drinking-vessels in the form of ships made out of leather? There used to be a splendid example—a three-masted ship in full sail—on exhibition in a shop window in Endell Street. Of course, leather in the good old days was often used for the making of bottles in this country, just as skins are still employed by the water-carriers of the East at the present time. Specimens of the leathern "Jack" and of the much rarer "pilgrim bottle," also of leather, stand side by side with modern vessels in the window of a jeweller not far from Lincoln's Inn.



Working model of a windmill and water-mill.

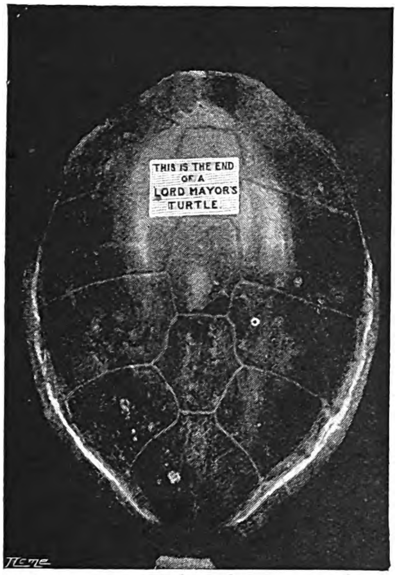


One of the most interesting sights in London shop windows. A chicken incubator and its offspring.

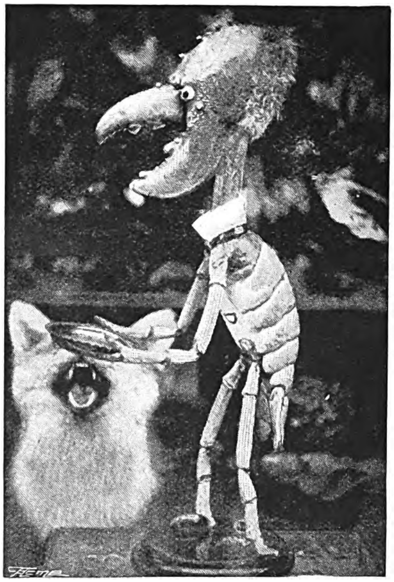
One of the most interesting windows in London to my mind is that of the exchange office in front of Charing Cross Station. Here are, in addition to money of all kinds and stars and crosses of every Order under the sun, a £1 Bank of England note and also a *forged* £5 note of the same financial institution. I have frequently tried to guess what is the story behind that counterfeit bank note, but I have never asked because I like to keep on guessing. Another thing in this window which I like to speculate about is the star of rough unpolished metal given by Gordon to his soldiers at Khartoum.

You may notice in a shop window in New Oxford Street a row of what are termed "Trick Pennies," a decidedly strange kind of coin which has the remarkable property of vanishing or of doubling itself according to the wish of the conjurer who handles it. No wonder one finds the shop called the Palace of Magic! Not very far from it, in Shaftsbury Avenue, you should be sure, particularly if you are a philatelist, to look at a window containing what is said to be the stamp of largest value ever issued. It is a South American stamp, and its original price was two thousand dollars or £400.

Strange and unusual natural, or unnatural, objects are frequently put out in shop windows. The Italian Asbestos Company exhibits the larges piece of asbestos in the world; its value is stated to be £500. In Houndsditch I noticed a vase, and in Wardour Street a jug, both having sponges growing out of them, and similar objects are tolerably common. You have perhaps seen all manner of quaint figures of people or animals cut out of



An enormous turtle-shell in the window of a furniture dealer.



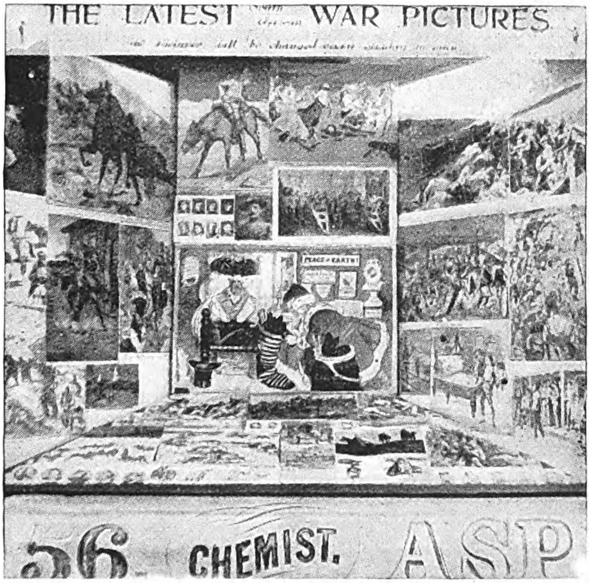
A large lobster arranged as a grotesque human being.

sponges — there used to be a collection of them in a shop window in Southampton Row. In Houndsditch, too, I saw a superb specimen of the Japanese crab mounted on a great piece of cardboard. The legs of the creature are four or five feet long. There's a "nipper" for you! One of the most extraordinary advertisements I have observed in a window is that in Rosenberg, the naturalist's, in Charing Cross Road. It consists of hundreds upon hundreds of beetles of all sizes arranged within a frame so as to form a highly elaborate design of serpentine pattern. In Ludgate Circus is a window where a crowd often stands gazing at wonderful phrenological casts, mixed with readings and characterisations of the heads of celebrities, to say nothing of pictures showing the meaning of the shape of your skull and mine.

A dog-fancier's shop window in Seven Dials is decorated with a model of a windmill (jocularly differentiated from the ordinary thing by the use in this case of water as the motive power) and a water-wheel slowly going round above a shoal of shining gold fish.

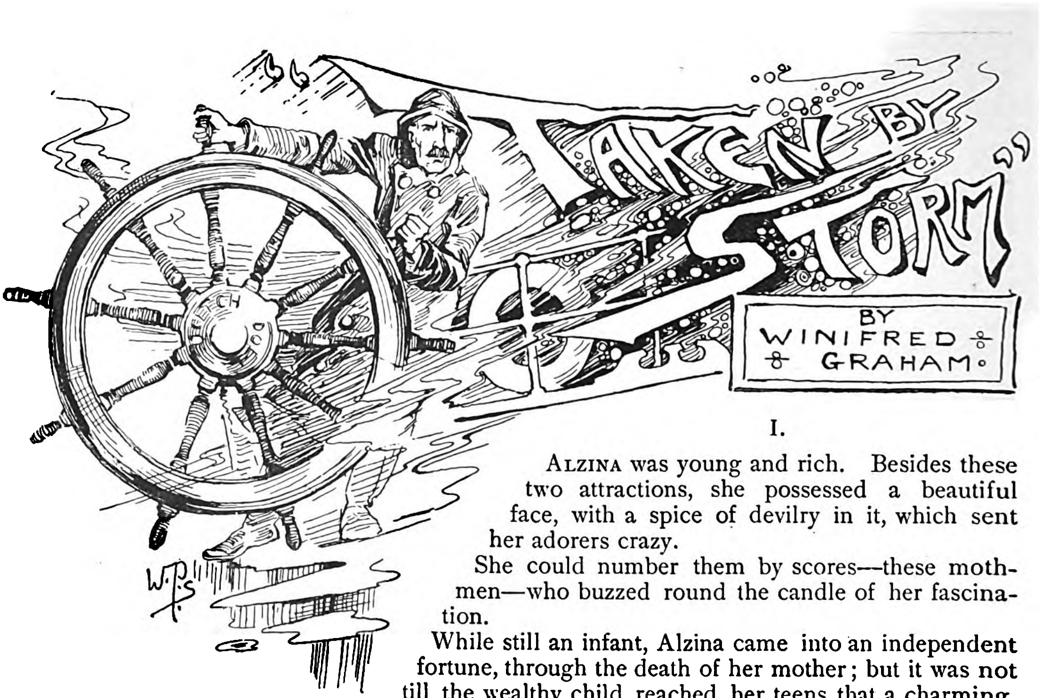
Of large figures seen in shop windows I may mention the carved figure of a man in the costume of the First Empire exhibited in Salviati's in Regent Street, and the representation in waxwork of the picture, "Rock of Ages," in Louis Tussaud's in Edgware Road. An artist's lay figure, holding an umbrella and a paint box, makes a bid for custom in Kensington High Street.

In conclusion, I should like to say that one of the most amusing things I have seen in a shop window appears written on a card to which a sixpence and a penny are attached, as follows:—



A shop window lined with pictures and cartoons of the war.

Why spend a 6d. in mixtures and pills,
When a 1d. will purchase a box of our squills?



# "TAKEN BY STORM"

### BY WINIFRED GRAHAM

## I.

ALZINA was young and rich. Besides these two attractions, she possessed a beautiful face, with a spice of devilry in it, which sent her adorers crazy.

She could number them by scores—these moth-men—who buzzed round the candle of her fascination.

While still an infant, Alzina came into an independent fortune, through the death of her mother; but it was not till the wealthy child reached her teens that a charming, gentle, little stepmother appeared on the scene. Alzina looked upon the newcomer with much admiration, and unlimited respect.

"You may call me Sylvia," the dear little woman had said, seeing that the word "Mother" came strangely to Alzina's tongue.

So Sylvia she had remained from the first day of her entry into Mr. Sutherland's home.

Alzina's lot seemed strangely fortunate. She could indulge her every whim, and nobody restrained her.

With her father's permission, she purchased a steam yacht—*The Dutch Doll*—on which her happiest days were spent, surrounded by friends of her own selection.

"The Captain says we are going to have dirty weather," Alzina informed her step-mother, who was seated in a low chair, watching the distant rocks of rugged Norway. "It can be pretty nasty in the North Sea. You are not afraid?"

The girl looked down anxiously at the fair-haired woman, who in manner and appearance involuntarily suggested the calm of a summer sea, so placid were her blue eyes.

"Oh! no, dear."

"Well, I asked, because of course we could turn back. Naturally, the men don't mind, and we can please ourselves, being the only ladies on board."

Sylvia laughed. "We must keep up our reputation for pluck," she said. "It has been a delightful trip."

"Yes," answered Alzina a trifle doubtfully, looking down into the dark water.

"And yet," added Sylvia, "You are not quite satisfied?"

"Oh! with the scenery, yes. I was thinking of the people—our passengers on board. They have all been nice, except ——"

She paused, looking round for fear of listening ears.

"Except," lowering her voice, "Evelyn Langley." She indicated, with a slight movement of her head, the figure of a tall man pacing up and down the deck, conversing with her father.

"My dear child, what has he done to offend you?"

"Nothing that I can explain, but you must know how it is! Everyone has been so tremendously kind to me, and he looks on as if they were fools to waste a second thought on such a worthless person as myself. I know instinctively that he does not approve of me. He watches my actions with supercilious eyes. One morning (it was such fun) he came up on deck at about four o'clock and found me there without shoes, wrapt in a long rug, with

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curl-pins on my forehead. He looked awfully shocked, and disappeared like a flash of lightning. I was talking to the captain! I suppose you know, Sylvia, he thinks no end of you, and never tires of singing your praises. You are his ideal of a perfect woman. Yet I can't see that we are so very different. Certainly you are fair and pale, while I am dark with lots of colour; still, we're just about the same height, our features are rather alike, and our—"

"Natures?" queried Mrs. Sutherland. Alzina smiled.

"As far removed as Pole from Pole," she cried. "I could never attain to your holy calm, my blood is too hot, and moves like quicksilver. I suppose Evelyn Langley is right, and you are superior in every way." A little sigh escaped Alzina, as she flitted across the deck.

"We always want what we cannot get," thought Mrs. Sutherland; "nobody receives more attention than Alzina, but the man who withholds his favour is the one who could win her if he tried!"

## II.

The captain had prophesied rightly, and the angry sea fulfilled his expectations. A great storm came the second day, the seething waters rose mountains high in foaming breakers over *The Dutch Doll*. The brave little boat had weathered many a gale before, but now the fierce ocean seemed treating her like a piece of match-wood in its fury.

Night was upon them, but no one thought of sleeping.

"I can't go to bed,'' Mrs. Sutherland declared, as she watched the storm from the cabin window. "It feels every minute as if we should be plunged into eternity." She raised her blue eyes to Evelyn Langley's. She had known him in her girlhood, but not until John Sutherland came into her life did she realise this quiet reserved man, Evelyn Langley, also loved her.

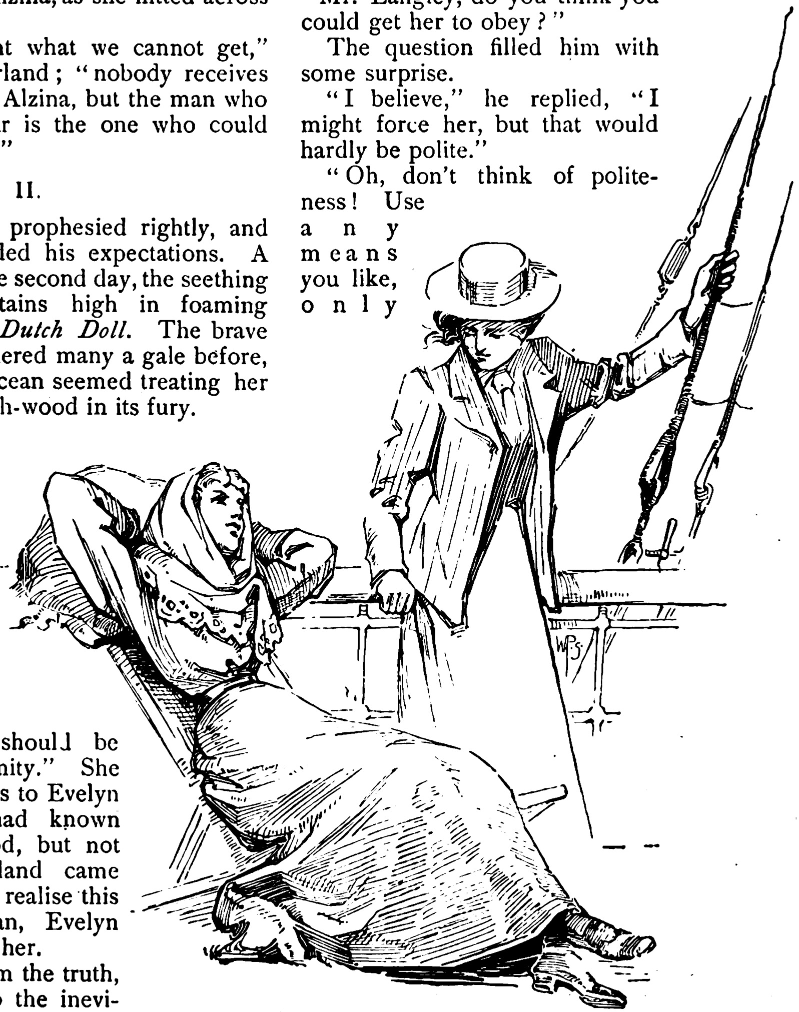
Then she told him the truth, and he, resigned to the inevitable after five years absence abroad, accepted the consolation of their mutual friendship. "Where is Alzina?" she asked. "Has anyone seen her? She is not below." As Sylvia spoke her husband stumbled into the cabin, a rush of fierce wind accompanying his entrance, "Alzina," he gasped, "is on the bridge with the Captain and the mate, no power will move her! She has absolutely defied my authority. I can do nothing more. The men are entreating her to leave them, for she is in a position of extreme danger. The waves sweep over her but she is entirely fearless, and declares if the yacht goes under she will stick to the bridge to the last. Any moment she may be carried off her feet. It is nothing but child's folly and bravado."

Mrs. Sutherland turned to their guest, "Mr. Langley, do you think you could get her to obey?"

The question filled him with some surprise.

"I believe," he replied, "I might force her, but that would hardly be polite."

"Oh, don't think of politeness! Use any means you like, only

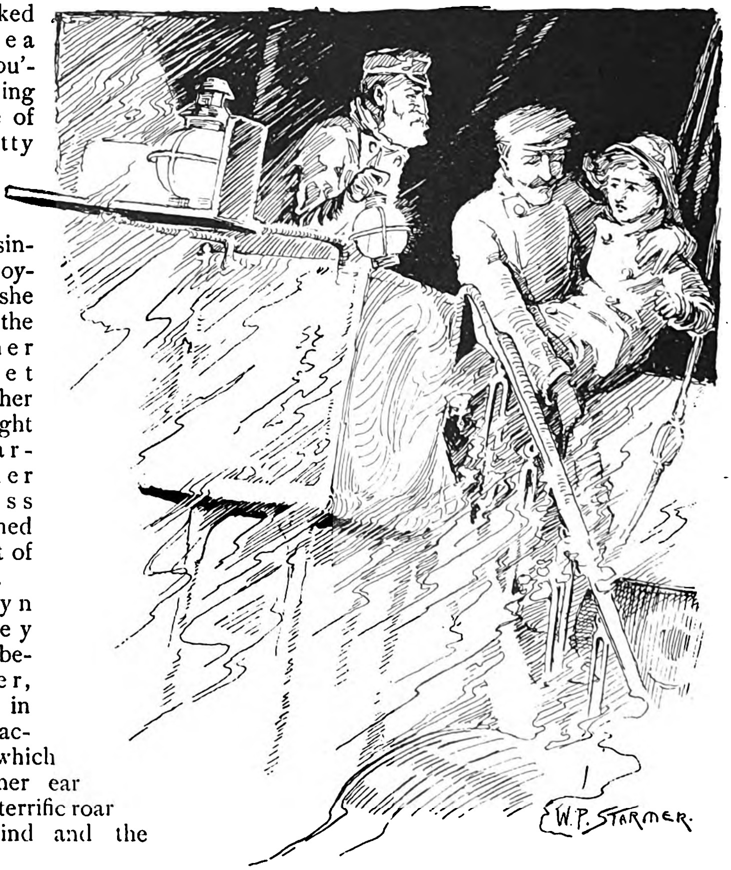


"The Captain says we are going to have dirty weather."

bring her down if you can," said the distracted father.

Evelyn Langley went out to meet the raging tempest. He was not thinking of personal danger, nor yet of Mr. Sutherland's anxiety for his child. He could only remember that Sylvia had appealed to him, as having some influence over the wild, spoilt girl. He must not disappoint Sylvia.

With difficulty he reached the bridge, swept by the salt foam. There stood Alzina, her long overcoat soaked with sea water, a sou'-wester hiding the shape of her pretty dark head. She looked singularly boyish as she clung to the rails, her lips set firmly, her eyes bright and fearless. Her reckless spirit seemed to be part of the storm.



She found herself lifted off her feet.

Evelyn Langley came up behind her, speaking in decided accents, which reached her ear above the terrific roar of the wind and the waves.

"Pardon me, Miss Sutherland," she heard him say, "but you must come below at once; it isn't safe for you to be here."

She turned to him with a scornful expression, and shook her head.

"It's no good; I am going to stay!'

"But you can't," he replied, "because I promised to bring you down."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It is my yacht," she said, "and I can't see what you have to do with it. I don't want to quarrel, for we may all be at the bottom of the sea before long. Look out!"

As she spoke *The Dutch Doll* plunged head foremost into an abyss of seething waters, and a monster wave swept over them as side by side they clung to the rail. Involuntarily he clasped her in his arms.

"Let go of me," she said, as they emerged from the perilous plunge. But Evelyn Langley was holding her tightly, nor had he any intention of loosing his grasp.

Before she realised her helplessness, she found herself lifted off her feet, while Langley proceeded to carry her below, in spite of the tossing and rolling of the barque.

"How dare you! How dare you!" she shrieked, struggling to free herself. "I'll never forgive you, you——!"

As she hissed out the words, she dug her teeth into his hand, maddened to desperation by his masterful action.

But he heeded her not, as he battled against the storm, and it is doubtful even if he felt the sharp grip of those ivory weapons.

He was absolutely exhausted by the time he reached the cabin, depositing his infuriated burden on the sofa by Mrs. Sutherland.

"I'll never forgive you!" gasped Alzina again, springing to her feet and making a rush for the door. He watched her helplessly, he had done his best—Sylvia would know that.

Before Alzina could escape, a violent shock flung her to the ground, the rushing of water on the window panes making it seem as if the ill-fated *Dutch Doll* had taken her last dive into the merciless deep.

Up she came again to the face of the light, but a thrill of some dread fatality instinctively rushed to the hearts of those on board.

"What has happened?" said Alzina in a strange. altered tone, her face blanching for the first time, her large eyes dilating with unspeakable fear. She pushed open the door, and looked out, holding the handle tightly, while her whole body trembled.

Mr. Sutherland and Evelyn Langley pressed forward, but she staggered back against them with a cry.

"The bridge!" she gasped. "It's gone—*gone!* Do you hear? My God!" She sank on her knees at the feet of the two men, sobbing pitifully.

## III.

THE bridgeless *Dutch Doll* still floated, steered by the second quartermaster from the wheel at the stern, when morning dawned. The storm was abating, and Alzina, a little picture of misery, watched the wild sky lighten over the cruel sea.

Someone came and stood beside her—a tall figure, with an ugly red scar near the joint of his thumb.

She looked up at him.

"I was just thinking," she said, "that you saved my life. A moment later, and I should have been swept into the sea with the Captain and the quartermaster. They were such good fellows too. I loved them both; I love all my crew — they seem to belong to me especially."

As she spoke, her eye fell on Evelyn Langley's scar.

"You have hurt your hand," she added. "How did that happen?"

He hid the wound quickly.

"It's nothing—merely a knock."

Before the words escaped his lips, the truth flashed over her, and a wave of shamed colour flooded Alzina's cheeks.

"Oh, I know, I know!" she broke out, in a sudden agony of remorse. "It was my doing. I remember now. I was mad, and I bit you! By all the laws of nature you should get hydrophobia, for I was nothing but a wild beast at the moment, yet you troubled to save me! Why did you? Why were you so good as to care whether I lived or died? What made you come just at that moment and rescue me from my perilous post? I hated you for it in my folly, and now from the bottom of my heart I thank you. I want to live a great many years. Oh! to have died, to have died."

She covered her face and shuddered. Her young soul rebelled at the very idea of death.

A moment's pause, in which Alzina awaited his answer with throbbing pulses. She asked herself "Why?—why had he done it? Why had he troubled?" a thousand times during the long wakeful night.

Evelyn Langley answered truthfully shortly.

"Mrs. Sutherland was anxious; she asked me."

The words came like a douche of cold water.

"Oh!" Alzina said, and her voice sounded strangled. "Sylvia asked you. I see."

* * * * *

When they were safely landed, and Evelyn Langley went his way, he left several strong impressions upon Alzina's mind.

His will had conquered hers; the masterful action which saved her life had also won her heart, and yet they parted, with just a formal good-bye.

Sylvia guessed how matters stood, but tactfully refrained from questioning Alzina; in fact, it was not till some months later Mrs. Sutherland ventured to bring up the subject of Evelyn Langley.

"I suppose," she said, "you know your bold deliverer is coming to see us."

Alzina looked up, a strange light flitted into her eyes.

"Mr. Langley?" she queried, trying to appear unconcerned.

"Yes."

"He will indeed be glad to meet you again" (a touch of bitterness in her tone). Then seeing an expression of hurt disapproval sadden Mrs. Sutherland's face, Alzina added hastily: "Oh! no, no; I won't be jealous of you, dear; you cannot help winning his admiration. I only wish I were more like you, that he might also admire me a little!"

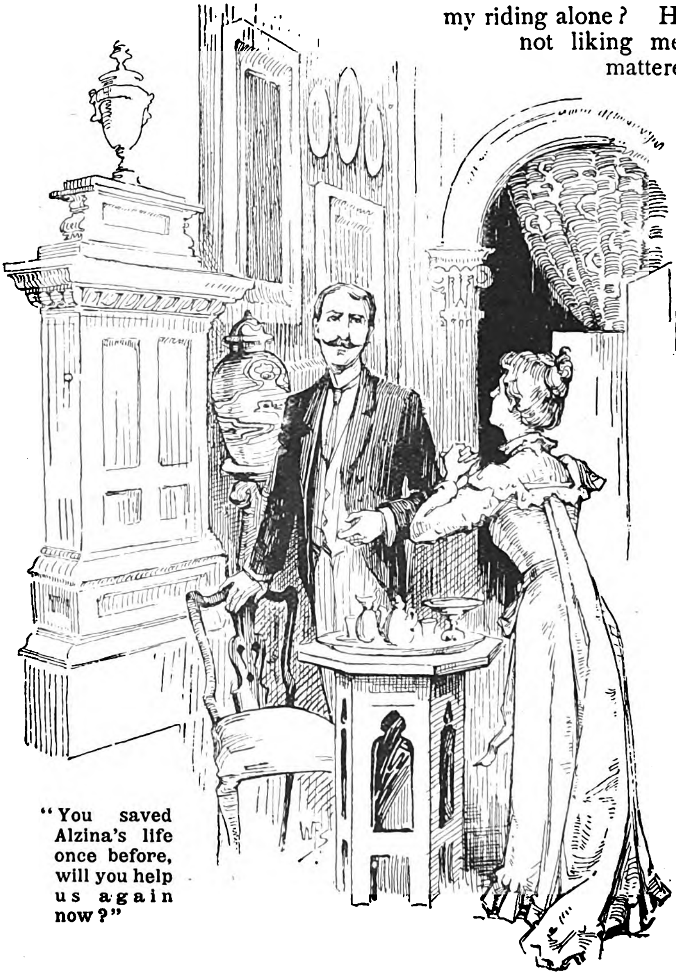
Sylvia sighed. She had no desire to keep Evelyn Langley's affection.

"Your father met him in town yesterday," she said, "and he asked if he might run down for the night. He could not let us know the train, as his movements are rather uncertain. He said he would walk up from the station, so we can send down for his luggage when he arrives."

Alzina listened silently. Just for a moment she had thrilled at the thought of seeing him, my riding alone? He talked a lot of nonsense about not liking me to go out unattended, as if it mattered in the country! But I got round him at last, after declaring that I hated riding with groom. One does not feel the least free with a booted and liveried companion somewhere in the background. 'If you insist on George coming,' I said, 'I shall make him ride beside me, and tell him funny stories.' So I am still allowed complete liberty."

"I hope you keep well away from the village!" said Mrs. Sutherland with a shudder.

Alzina did not answer; she was busily arranging flowers in a vase.



"You saved Alzina's life once before, will you help us again now?"

### IV.

Evelyn Langley looked handsomer than ever, as he sprang from the train, finding himself the only passenger to alight at the little country station.

He was fond of walking, and started off at a brisk pace to Lansdown Hall. He knew the way well, which led through the picturesque village, up a winding hill, to where the grand old mansion stood, which for years had sheltered the Sutherland family.

On his way he met a broad-chested, square-shouldered man, with florid face and carrot coloured beard—Farmer Kenny by name—who touching his hat respectfully, bade Mr. Langley welcome.

"Be you going up to Lansdown Hall, Sir?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And by way of the village?"

"Yes."

"Then take my advice, Mr. Langley, and don't! Nobody goes that way these times. There's an epidemic broke out of diphtheria, and the people are dying like flies. The doctors and nurses are run off their feet; it's made a regular scare. Let me show you the path through the woods. It's a bit further, but I'm going that way myself."

Evelyn Langley thanked him, and expressed his regret at hearing the news.

"Yes," added the talkative farmer, "it's a bad thing for the place; but there, we've

but now as she grew calmer the idea became distasteful.

Instinctively she knew that he despised her. For all those weeks upon the yacht he had treated her as a spoilt, ungoverned child, requiring snubbing. Inwardly she determined to avoid him as much as possible, to leave him with the gentle Sylvia, that perfect type of a sweet and pliable woman.

"When do you think he will come?" Alzina asked.

"Some time in the afternoon."

"Then I shan't ride this morning, it will be an excuse to get out later on. I shall be in my habit, and directly he comes I'll order Mascotte to be brought round. Mr. Langley will be perfectly happy with you."

"Won't it look a little rude, Alzina?"

"I don't think I mind if it does," replied the girl. "Oh, by the way, Sylvia, did I tell you father attacked me last night on the subject of been wonderful healthy round these parts for a score of years, and the cattle are all fine—fine! Don't know what some of them poor creatures (pointing backwards towards the village) would have done without the good lady from the Hall. She's startlin' generous with her money, she is, and ain't got an atom of fear in her—that's true. I wonder the master allows it, for she's in and out of them infectious houses every day of 'er life—it's a marvel to see her. A real good plucked 'un—one of the best." He rubbed his hands together, as if to signify appreciation, while Evelyn Langley felt his heart quicken at the words.

"How like Sylvia! To forget herself, scorn danger, and go fearlessly, like the good angel that she was, into these stricken homes.

So he continued to think of Sylvia, as he wended his way to the Hall. He found her daintily gowned, seated in a low chair with a novel in her hands and cushions behind her head. She looked like a delicate flower, while Alzina, the strong young tree, upright and alert, stood beside her in a trim riding habit.

Tea was ready—a mass of silver and choice china—over which Mrs. Sutherland's thin white fingers strayed lazily as she talked.

"Oh!" she murmured, in reply to a remark from Evelyn Langley, "so you have heard of this dreadful disease in our village. But don't be afraid, we are quite safe up here on the hill."

He smiled.

"I am amused that you should tell me not to be afraid. I have not only heard that, but Farmer Kenny could not praise you enough for the noble way in which you have visited the infected houses."

Sylvia turned her blue eyes upon him in wondering surprise.

"Really, I think Farmer Kenny must have been drinking again! Neither Alzina nor myself are allowed to go near the village."

Evelyn Langley was looking at Alzina, for he felt as he spoke that she instinctively started forward with an effort to prevent him from pursuing the subject.

An awkward pause fell upon them, evidently he had said something unwise.

The clatter of hoofs on the gravel outside gave the girl her opportunity to escape.

Hastily excusing herself, she hurried from the room, but her look and gesture had not passed Mrs. Sutherland's sharp eyes.

As the drawing-room door closed Sylvia bent forward and spoke in a quick, excited whisper.

"Is it possible," she said, "Alzina has been visiting in the village, and that is the reason why she insists on riding alone? She is mad and foolish enough for anything! I have the greatest horror of infection, she may bring it here—into the house."

Mrs. Sutherland was thinking of herself, and instinctively she trembled. Evelyn Langley noticed this—it disappointed him.

"Some one must follow her and see," Sylvia continued, clasping her hands together, and swaying slightly as she rose to her feet. "But it is horrible to let the servant know of my suspicion. Tell me quickly, what did Farmer Kenny say? Did he mention me by name?"

"No; he only said, 'the good lady from the Hall?"

Sylvia suddenly paced the room in a turmoil of agitation.

"Oh, Mr. Langley," she cried "you are always so kind, you saved Alzina's life once before, will you help us again now?"

"What can I do? You have only to command me!"

"Take my husband's bicycle, and follow her down the hill. If she turns towards the village, stop her if possible!"

"What a spy she will think me!" he muttered, but nevertheless he went.

## V.

Alzina was trotting at a sharp pace on her fast polo pony, she had a good start, and reached the village before her pursuer sighted her in the distance.

She drew up in front of the chemist's shop, and the man was evidently expecting her, for he came out with several parcels, which she managed to carry in her disengaged hand.

Then she rode on to a cottage, and, dismounting, left "Mascotte" in charge of a small boy.

When Evelyn Langley came up, he gave the boy a shilling, and told him he would look after the pony for Miss Sutherland.

A strange revulsion of feeling had come over the man, as he waited for Alzina to appear. He could see her through the open door, talking to a woman who was in tears.

He heard words of thankfulness, poured upon the visitor, with lavish blessings, and then he caught the cheering reply, with which Alzina sought to comfort the distressed mother.

As she came out, and her eyes met his, she started guiltily.

They were quite at the end of the village, and had only a few yards to walk to be alone in the open country.

"I want to talk to you," he said, leading the pony with one hand, and wheeling his bicycle with the other. They went some way in silence, each busy with their own thoughts. She did not ask him why he had come, she supposed this was for Sylvia's sake, too. Every minute she expected him to break into reproaches, to upbraid her for inconsideration to the nervous little lady, who had so carefully avoided the village.

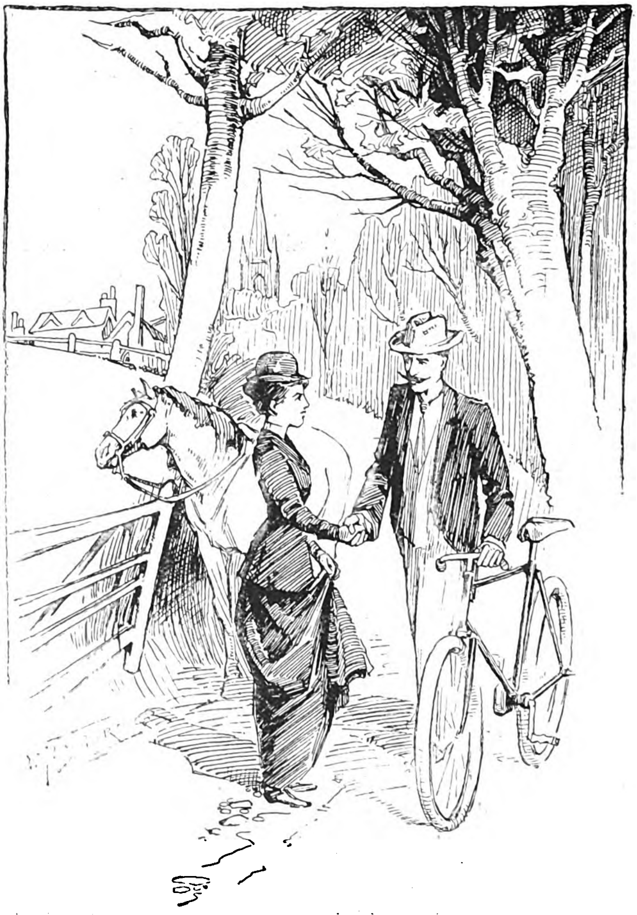
Her eyes were widely opened, and her mouth firmly set. The glow from the sinking sun spread its rich flood of colour on her youthful face. For the first time in her life she appeared beautiful to Evelyn Langley, her exterior beauty seeming to indicate in a strange, new way the inward beauty of soul.

Something in this brave, fearless child, with her large heart, in which burned the instincts of heroism, magnetised the man, and spoke straight from her spirit to his.

Her actions that day, all unknown to herself, had touched him and appealed to him in all the thousand little ways that, accumulated, make up fascination.

She was good and she was brave, but Sylvia had trembled, holding herself apart. Sylvia had disappointed him.

Alzina put out her fingers to take the reins, and as she did so he captured her hand, holding it fast.



"Don't you know I love you?" he said.

Then he spoke, and his voice was shaken with sudden passion.

"Don't you know," he said—"don't you know I love you?"

She looked at him a moment with a touch of satirical wonder in her clear eyes.

"I thought you had been sent to scold me," she said; "you came for Sylvia, didn't you?" As she spoke the old impulsive, untamable nature broke out, shaking her voice.

"Remember," she went on, talking breathlessly, "that night, when I bit your hand. Is the mark there still? You carried me in your arms, too. I wasn't an easy person to hold, was I?"

She expected him to draw back at her retort, to turn away disgusted, and all the while she loved him with a fierce, almost uncontrollable longing.

She let her eyes fall, prepared to battle alone with the misery of that moment.

He leant his arm on Mascotte's neck, and looked at her over the pony.

"Alzina, my darling, I want you," he said. "Can't you care for me a little? Oh! I know I am unworthy of you, and that I have been mad not to realise before the woman to love is not the mere accessory, but the principal in one's life—to take it by storm, as you have taken mine."

She lifted her eyes to his, with a new expression of wonder and delight:

"Evelyn!"

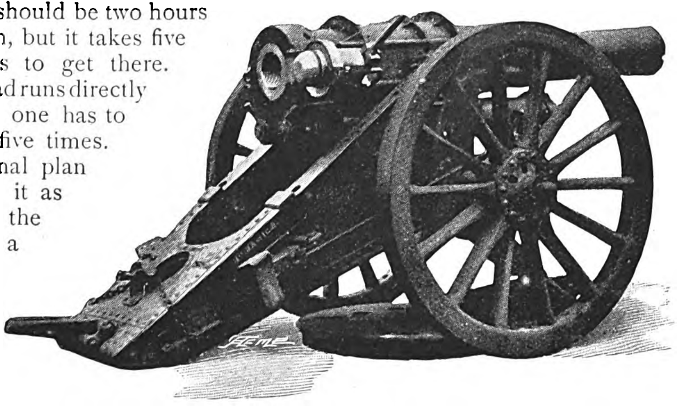
# LEARNING TO FIRE BIG GUNS

By James F. J. Archibald.

*Photos by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.*

The theorists of the Royal Artillery of the British Empire have an excellent opportunity of testing their ideas, and if reports be true, no officer can entertain a scheme too weird to be tried at the testing and proving ground at Lydd, which was established for that very purpose. Artillery practice and instruction, where there is actual firing of shells, needs a great deal of room, and it is best to have it as far from the usual whirl of civilization as possible, and, considering these facts, the plain at Lydd is most happily situated. It should be two hours from London, but it takes five or six hours to get there. The same road runs directly to it, and yet one has to change cars five times. If the original plan was to have it as isolated as the centre of a maze, the idea of the founder has been very cleverly carried out, and, as it is, those in command need never worry about being bothered by visitors, although, indeed, anyone who does find his way to the camp is treated royally.

The town of Lydd is in the south-eastern part of England, in the county of Kent, near the Channel, and the camp is just out of the village on the sea-board. It is an uninteresting and dismal place, but the work that goes on makes up for all that it lacks in natural beauty. The camp is on a great plain almost devoid of vegetation, being the sandy waste left by a receding sea. The permanent camp very much resembles some remote army post that might be found on the arid deserts of Arizona or New Mexico, except that there is always a cooling and refreshing breeze in summer, owing



One of the 6in. howitzers that is now being used in South Africa by the siege train. It fires a 50lb. shell.

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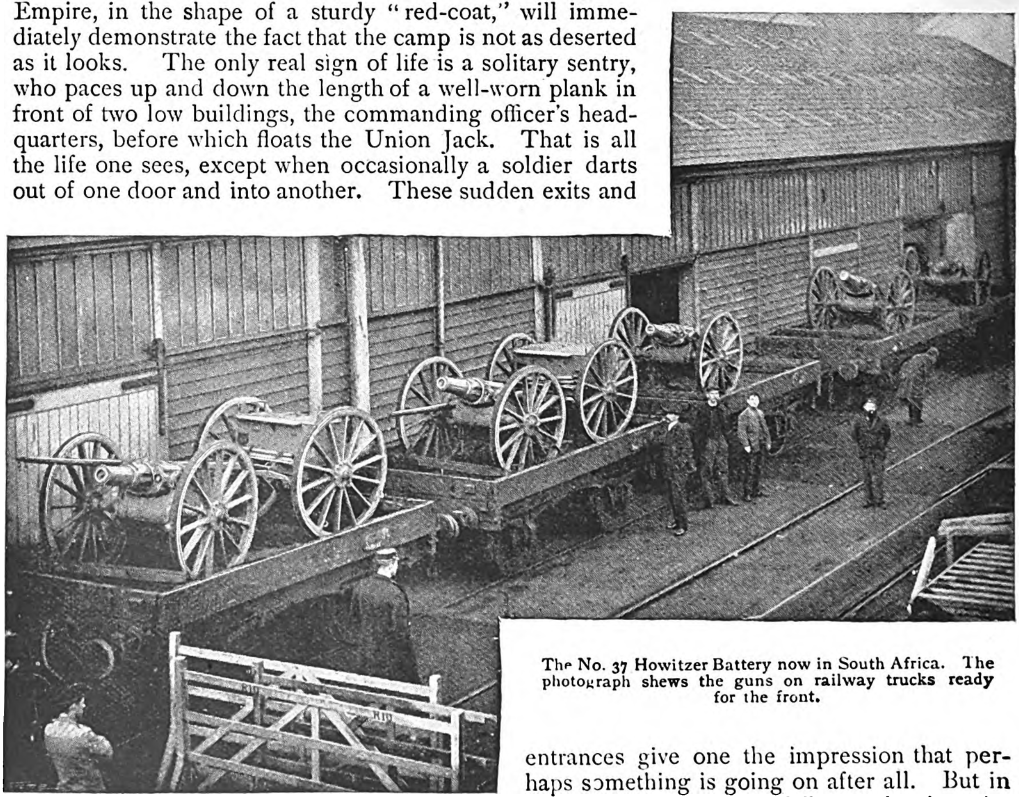
to the close proximity to the sea. The buildings are low, corrugated iron, brick or wooden structures, such as one might find in a frontier post in America, and it would scarcely be supposed that it is here in this lonely, out-of-the-way place that the British Army learns nearly all it knows of the science of warfare in the artillery branch of the service. To this camp, battalions of artillery are sent from all over the United Kingdom, and officers come from all parts of the British world to teach some new theory or be taught some old fact. In the officer's club, an unpretentious but homelike place, are to be found men from every quarter of the earth, from British Columbia and the Dominion of Canada, from Australia and South Africa, from Egypt, from the Soudan, and from India—from all these lands they gather together to devise the most skilful manner of destroying life, or of preserving it from destruction.

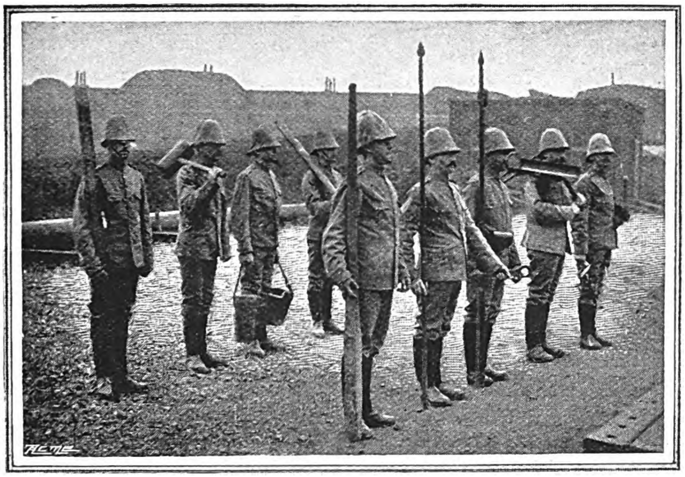
There is nothing about the camp that would impress one upon first entrance, for there is very little life visible, and the whole place has a distinctly deserted look, but let the visitor produce a camera or a sketch book and the wrath of the Empire, in the shape of a sturdy "red-coat," will immediately demonstrate the fact that the camp is not as deserted as it looks. The only real sign of life is a solitary sentry, who paces up and down the length of a well-worn plank in front of two low buildings, the commanding officer's headquarters, before which floats the Union Jack. That is all the life one sees, except when occasionally a soldier darts out of one door and into another. These sudden exits and entrances give one the impression that perhaps something is going on after all. But in the afternoon it is very different, for then the practice with the guns commences. There seems to have been a sudden infusion of life; men to be seen scurrying in all directions, and every few moments the heavy report of a gun shakes the little buildings to their foundations, and a few seconds later another report from some distance tells that they are not firing mere blank charges.



The No. 37 Howitzer Battery now in South Africa. The photograph shews the guns on railway trucks ready for the front.

Powder burned in time of peace saves life in time of war. The greater the accuracy the gunners obtain the less the chances of any great loss of life on their side. No power on earth can stand up before an accurate artillery fire, and, even though well protected by breastworks, an enemy could not serve their guns if the opposing force kept up a constant fire with any degree of accuracy.

There is a great amount of secrecy maintained regarding the operations at Lydd, and the various implements of war and the charges used in them are guarded with jealous care. It is against orders to uncover the breech of any gun in order to show it to visitors, unless these come armed with a special permission from the War Office. The breech mechanism



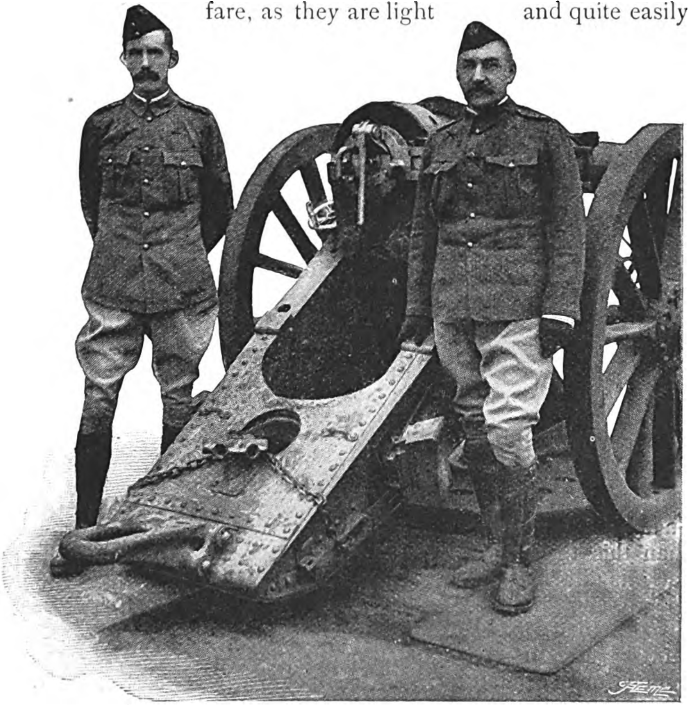
One of the howitzer gun crews fighting in South Africa with the gun implements. The men are in their campaigning kharki costumes.

of the larger guns are all kept carefully covered from the prying eyes of the supposed foreign agent—a rather useless precaution, since anyone may visit the works where the guns are built, and all but obtain the very working plans. In addition to this, no one is allowed to handle, or even see, any of the lyddite used as an explosive power in the shells, and yet all the world knows the secret. It is merely an adopted name for the French "melinite," and has been used by all the Powers, each giving it a different name. England christened it lyddite because it was first tested at Lydd camp. Military secrecy among the European countries has become more a tradition than a reality. It is a known fact that every Government has the plans of every detail pertaining to war that is possessed by any of the others. Nowadays nothing can be guarded strictly enough but is certain, somehow or other, to find its way to the opposing forces.

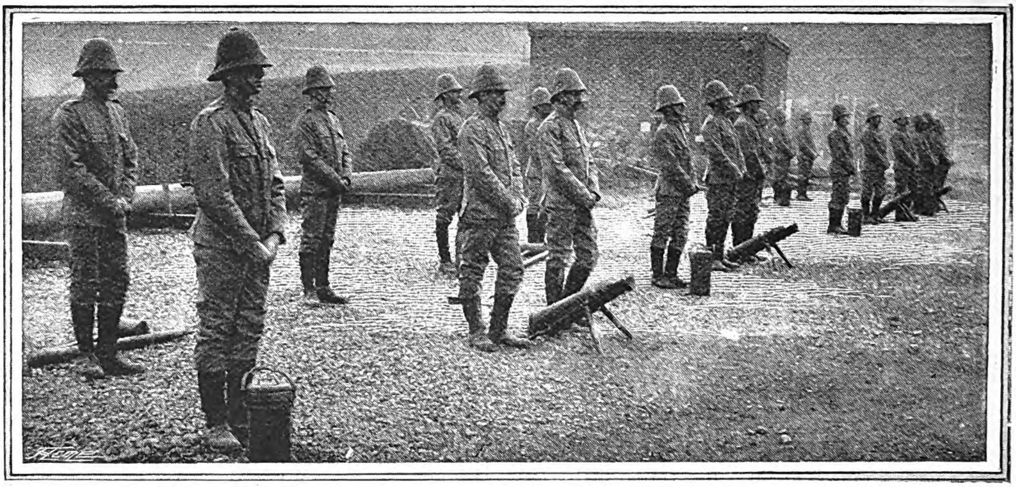
There is quite a story connected with the sale of lyddite to the English Government—a story which created almost as much talk at the time as the Dreyfus affair has done at the present day. Two French officers, Captain Turpin and Captain Trepone, sold the secret of the explosive to an English firm which in turn passed it on to the Government. It was not until five years later that these two officers were court-martialed and found guilty of treason for selling war material to a foreign power. They were degraded, imprisoned for a term, and then exiled after having to pay a heavy fine, which was, in reality, confiscation of all their property.

The camp at Lydd was established in 1881 for the express purpose of testing lyddite. Since that date it has been used for testing any new military invention, and has also been made the school of gunnery.

Most of the practice is done with the ordinary field guns, about which there has been so much discussion recently. From these are thrown shell, solid shot, or shrapnel. They form the main portion of the artillery most necessary in the conduct of warfare, as they are light and quite easily



Officers of the siege train now at the front.



The loading crews of four 6in. howitzers belonging to the siege train in the present war. The men stand behind the guns.

transported, and yet do all the execution required unless siege is laid to a city. These pieces have an accurate range of two miles and a half, although they are seldom fired at more than a mile and a half, and generally even less than that. A twelve pound shell of solid steel is generally used, although the explosive shells are better for most purposes, except that of battering down the walls of a house or of a fortification.

Against infantry, shrapnel is the medium generally used, and it consists of an explosive shell filled with a great number of small ball which surround a charge of powder. A fuse is cut at any desired length before firing, and it is lighted by the discharge of the gun. When it explodes, the ball and the pieces of the shell are scattered over considerable space with deadly effect; the time of explosion being regulated by the length of the fuse. The shell can be scattered immediately it leaves the mouth of the piece, or it can be held together for the full length of the range. Although shrapnel was invented by an Englishman, from whom it derives its name, it is used by all the countries of the world.

One of the most interesting tests is that of firing at a puff of smoke, as though an enemy's battery had just opened. Other than this there is no target visible, although there is one hidden so that the effect of the return shot may be noticed. Not only do the men have to train, to sight their pieces, and to find the range, but they also have to watch for the puff of smoke, as they do not know where it is to be released.

Much attention is paid to the use of the siege guns, not only in firing but in defending as well. One of these heavy guns is turned over to a battery of soldiers stationed at some distance from the ground where the firing is to be done. With it they receive a complete railroad, of small dimensions, but complete in every detail, with rails, ties, switches, and cars, just as it has been taken from the transport train. The artillerymen are ordered to lay the track in the required direction so as to place the big gun. The rails are laid with an 18in. gauge, and as the cars are very small it is quite an easy road to handle. The men build siege placements and bombproofs, using baskets of galvanised iron hoops woven together with sticks and then filled with sand.

For siege work the large eleven-inch mortar is generally used. The shells are fired at a great elevation so that the projectile will drop on the object, thus making the use of the mortars a matter of calculation rather than skill. At no time in the firing does the gunner see the object he aims to destroy.

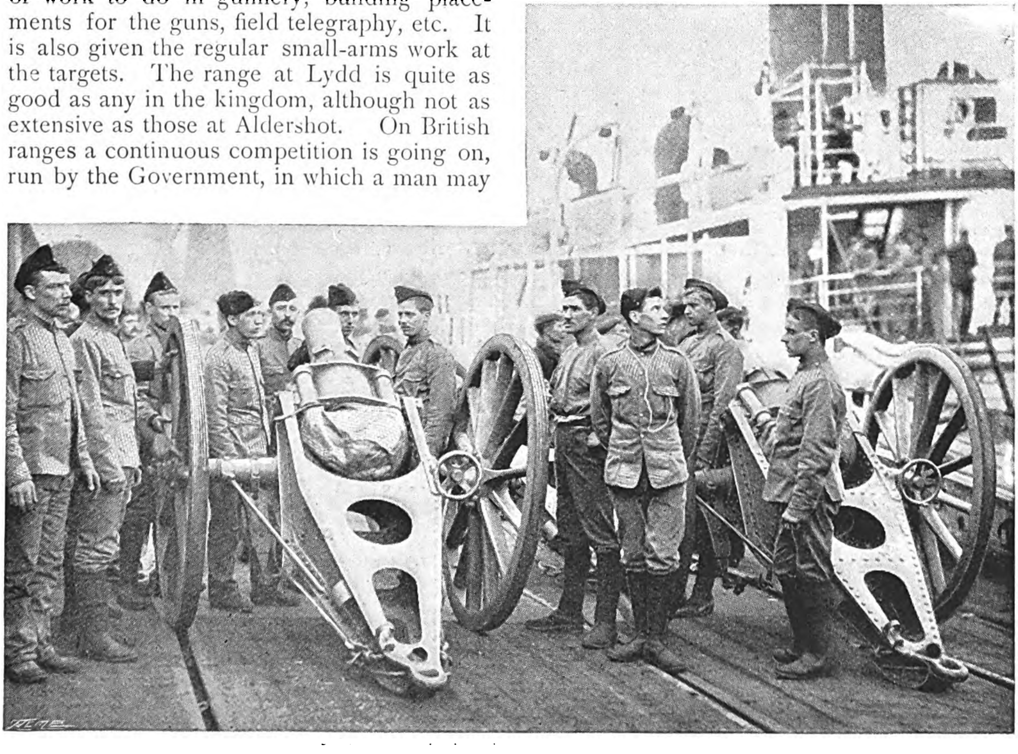
There is a permanent railroad besides the field equipment, which is laid at the standard gauge and connected with the railroad leading to Lydd. It is used in bringing the guns and carriages to the camp, and in transporting them to the various positions. Not only is this railroad a very serviceable adjunct, but is also pointed out to the visitor as one of the interesting features, as it was once used in the Soudan. One of the engines, most of the rails, and many of the cars were used in Lord Wolseley's Egyptian campaign of 1884.

On one of the trains are always piled about fifteen heavy siege mortars, ready for instant transportation whenever they shall be needed, and near these modern guns are a large number of old-fashioned muzzle-loading cannon, practically obsolete for the last twenty years. All of the Continental ordnance of this character has long since been relegated to the parks of the cities and villages as relics of the grand days of bygone strife; but England has not entirely forsaken these old friends, and a large number of them are kept in repair to be used as siege pieces in case of war. One of the officers at Lydd explained to me that they considered them still useful, and the argument he put forth was, that speed in firing was not essential and minute accuracy in aim was not positively necessary in the case of a siege or of the bombardment of a city, and so these old pieces would do the work quite as well as the more modern guns. All of this may be true, but with years to prepare and a willing treasury to draw from, England need hardly call upon this lot of antiquated artillery to do even siege work.

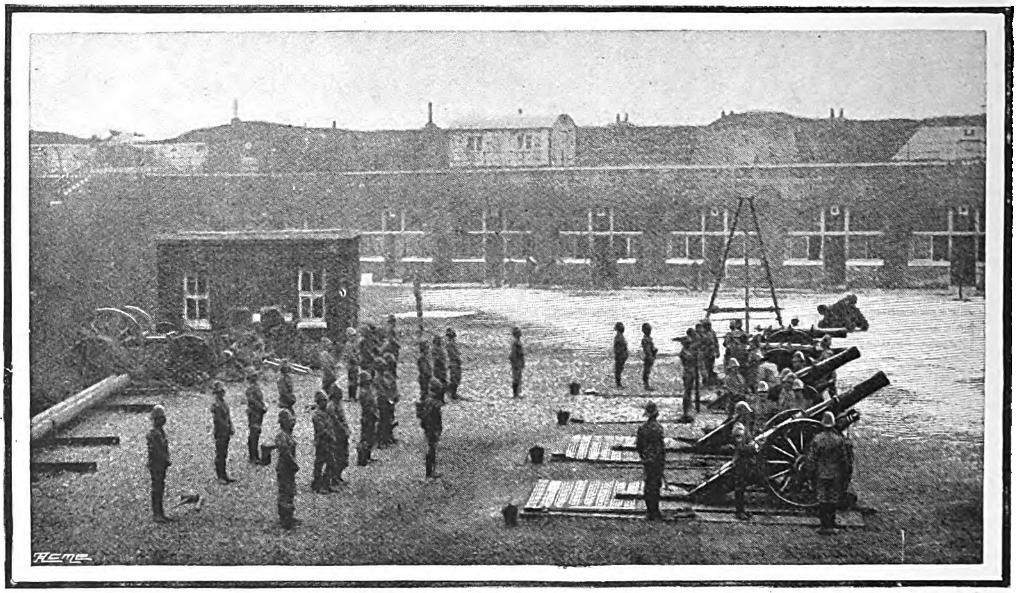
Not only is attention paid to the practice with large guns, but the small arms of the artillery receive their share. When a battalion is sent to Lydd it has a great amount of work to do in gunnery, building placements for the guns, field telegraphy, etc. It is also given the regular small-arms work at the targets. The range at Lydd is quite as good as any in the kingdom, although not as extensive as those at Aldershot. On British ranges a continuous competition is going on, run by the Government, in which a man may enter whenever he desires by paying a small fee to cover the amount of ammunition used, and have the chance of winning some valuable prizes ranging from a few shillings to ten pounds, that are distributed every day. A reasonably good shot is always sure of "saving" his entrance money, as every "bull's eye" gives a small amount as a prize. At Lydd, as well as at the other camps, the men are at the butts all day unless they have other work to attend to. It is not only good practice for them but it is also a very good form of diversion.

Week after week, through summer and winter, this practice in warfare goes on, as one after another of the battalions of the Royal Artillery come to make their camp and receive their instruction.

The use of artillery, with the modern guns and charges, needs mathematical and geometrical calculation rather than any precision of the eye, as it was in the days of the old muzzle-loaders. It is still needful to have a man of brains with cool, accurate judgment and a quick eye at the breech, but the mathematician must be there also, to determine the range. A child may as well attempt



The big guns of the siege train about to be embarked for South Africa on board the S.S. Antillea .

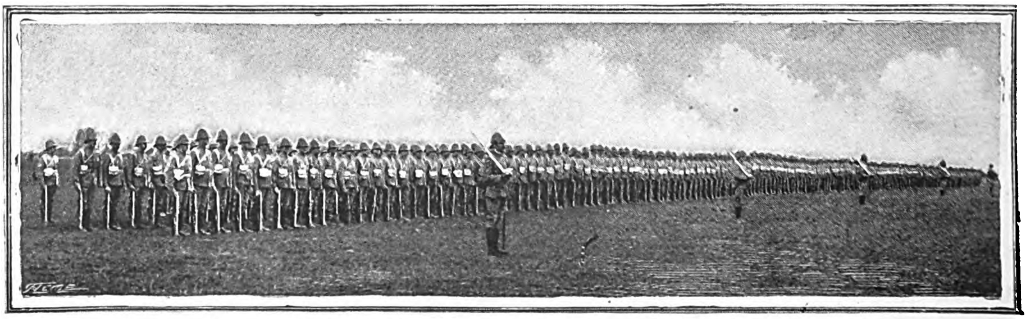


This is the first photograph ever taken of a howitzer battery drilling as at war. The men are all in position at the guns and the reload crews stand ready at the back.

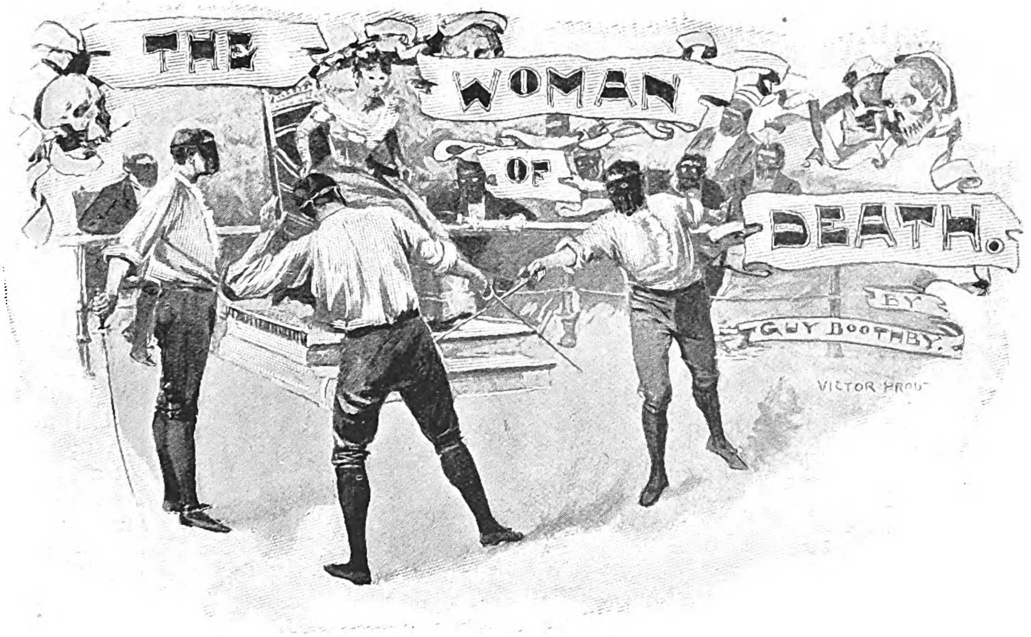
to solve a problem in astronomy as an ordinary soldier, who has had no preliminary instruction, to fire a modern gun with any accuracy. It would be possible, of course, by mere dint of firing, to find the proper elevation, or the distance and the time to cut the fuse of the shell, but by the time the enemy had been located the whole battery would have been annihilated. It is absolutely necessary to have a great amount of practice such as is given the men at Lydd.

It is, however, in the battle-field that all manners of theories are finally tested, and the result of teaching and practice demonstrated. No amount of sham fighting can prove what the artillery of an army is really worth, and the present war in South Africa has taught us various lessons we shall do well to lay seriously to heart. On the whole, we may say, without boast, that our artillery practice has been magnificent—indeed, an enlightened Boer declared that the British gunners crawled out in the night and measured the distance between the opposing armies with a long tape!

But what we should particularly lay to heart is not our success but our failure, and the present campaign seems to have proved that our guns are inferior in many ways to those used by the enemy. It was due to the naval guns that Ladysmith did not fall into the hands of the Boers months ago; our field batteries were, in many cases, practically useless against the guns of the enemy. As I remarked before, with a willing treasury, there should be no excuse for negligence in this matter, and after the war is over it is to be hoped that our artillery will undergo a searching reform.



The whole complement of the first British siege train for South Africa parading before leaving for the front.



## INTRODUCTION.

Lord Middlesborough, an Englishman suffering from boredom, joins a Parisian club, of which the weekly amusement is a duel to the death between two of its members. Everyone is masked, and the affair is presided over by a masked lady whom Middlesborough suspects to be Madame d'Espère, a mysterious lady of his acquaintance. Returning to England, he is visited by a strange Frenchman, who shews him the portrait of his daughter, in whom Middlesborough recognises a lady whose face greatly struck him one night at Monte Carlo. The Frenchman states that his own life is in danger and wishes Middlesborough to marry his daughter. Middlesborough meets the girl at Todthorpe-by-the-Sea and falls in love with her.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE morning was well advanced when Middlesborough stepped from the train on to the platform of the station of Todthorpe-by-the-Sea. During the journey down, he had been permitted plenty of opportunity of thinking over the step he was taking. As a proof that his stock of common sense had not yet entirely forsaken him, he argued that it was merely the glamour of Cécile's beauty, and perhaps the touch of romance which surrounded his introduction to her, that had captivated him so strangely. As if to excuse his behaviour he was compelled to confess that he had never seen anyone he liked better; on the other hand, to set the balance true, he had never before experienced a desire to become a married man. Setting one against the other, he thought on the whole it would be better to leave things to chance and see what happened then.

A fresh breeze was blowing in from the sea, and the sand-hills were slowly removing themselves to the station platform. The venerable station-master touched his hat and disappeared into his private residence. The one and only porter stationed himself at the exit door in order to take the tickets of the five passengers who had travelled by the train; while Perkins was left standing near the guard's van waiting for the luggage, and gazing disconsolately upon the surrounding scenery. During the years he had served his master he had visited many strange places, but he could not recall one that boasted so cheerless an exterior as Todthorpe-by-the-Sea. He approached Middlesborough and inquired to what address the luggage should be sent.

"When I was here yesterday, I noticed a small hotel on the left-hand side of the main street," the other replied. "We had better try to obtain rooms there."

His valet's face grew even longer than before. They were not going to a country house, then, as he had supposed. Indeed, it looked as if his master himself did not really know where he was going. From Perkin's point of view, village inns were impossible places, and he began to have serious doubts as to his master's sanity.

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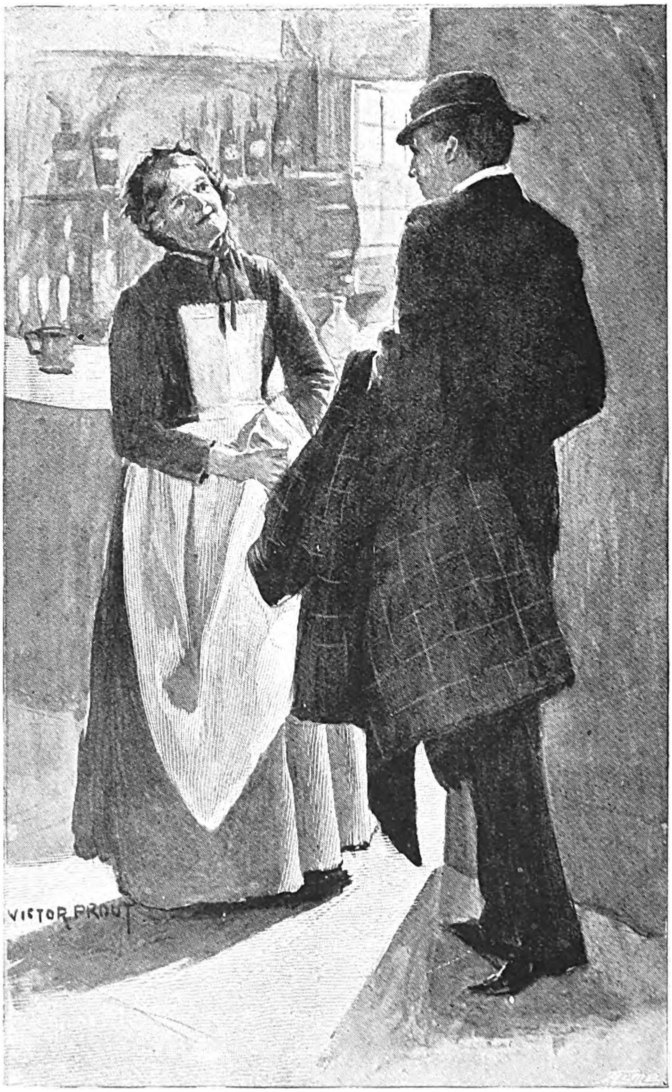
However, he knew him too well to venture upon any remark. He accordingly carried the bags as far as the exit door, where he gave up his own and his master's tickets, and interrogated the porter as to the best accommodation to be found in the village. The yokel scratched his head as if he did not quite understand the simple question put to him. Then a light broke upon his dull brain and he answered:



From her reply it was very evident that she took Perkins for a gentleman.

"There baint none, leastways not as I knows on, but there be the Black Bear Inn, sure enough. 'Tis widow Brown's house, and ye'll find the beer none so bad."

Perkins bestowed a look of contempt upon him. Matters seemed to be going from bad to worse. Could it be possible that the great Lord Middlesborough, one of the most fastidious men in Europe, would condescend to patronise a village pothouse? He could not believe it. However, something had to be done, and he accordingly looked about for a vehicle in which to convey the luggage to the village.

"Haven't you got any cabs?" he inquired of the porter, in a tone that suggested that he considered that official responsible for the omission.

The porter shook his head.

"I don't know as I ever seed nary one," he said at last. "But there's the barrer back there on the platform; ye can take that, if ye've a mind to bring it back again."

Middlesborough was forced to turn away in order to hide a smile. His wildest flight of imagination could not picture the stately Perkins pushing a hand-barrow along that dusty road.

"Never mind," he said at last. "We won't trouble about the barrow. You carry a couple of the bags, Perkins, and I'll take the rest. If we can't ride we must walk, and make the best of it. I should say it is not more than half a mile."

"Very good, my lord," said Perkins, resignedly. "If you don't mind, m'lord, of course it's not for me to object."

They accordingly picked up the bags and started. It was a warm morning, and although the luggage was by no means heavy, by the time they had reached the main, and, indeed, the only street, both were hot and dusty, and one had suffered somewhat in his temper.

"If I'm not mistaken that should be the Black Bear Inn," said Middlesborough, pointing to a house some fifty or sixty yards down the street.

They made their way towards it to discover, from the announcement above the door, which set forth the fact that Martha Brown was licensed to sell beer and spirits, and also from the picture of the strangely constructed animal depicted on a board hanging from a post opposite, that the conjectures were correct.

Perkins accordingly entered the little passage which led past the bar parlour, and inquired for the landlady, while Middlesborough went into the parlour itself and sat down.

A moment later a bustling, buxom creature, whose corkscrew curls danced on either side of her ruddy countenance as she walked, made her appearance from a room at the end. Perkins bowed stiffly, and inquired whether it would be possible for her to find accommodation for a few days for a gentleman and his servant. From her reply it was very evident that she took Perkins for the gentleman.

"If you wouldn't mind, sir, having things a bit rough, like, I've no doubt I can manage it," she said. "But it's only a small place, you see, and it's not once a year we have a gentleman like yourself asking for a room. A commercial now and again, sir, or a Lloyd's agent when a vessel goes ashore on the beach. That's all. Is your servant here, sir?"

Middlesborough heard Perkins cough apologetically.

"His lordship is in the bar-parlour at this minute," he said, and then added, "This is a terrible place of yours, we could get no carriage and no assistance to carry the baggage up here. Consequently we had to do it ourselves, his lordship assisting. I don't know that I ever saw things worse managed."

The fact that she was to have a live lord as her guest, proved too much for the landlady. On hearing the news she fled precipitately to the kitchen, where she might have been heard a moment later adjuring someone to fly upstairs and get the front room ready for his lordship, "just as quick as ever you did a bit of work in your life, Sarah Jane, and you remember that."

Having thus arranged matters for his master's comfort, Perkins returned to the bar-parlour.

"It's a terrible poor sort of a place, my lord," he said." I don't like to think what the commissariat department will be like. Perhaps your lordship would wish me to telegraph to London for a few delicacies?"

"There is not the least necessity, my good Perkins," Middlesborough replied. "I can rough it very well for a few days. Let me have lunch as soon as possible."

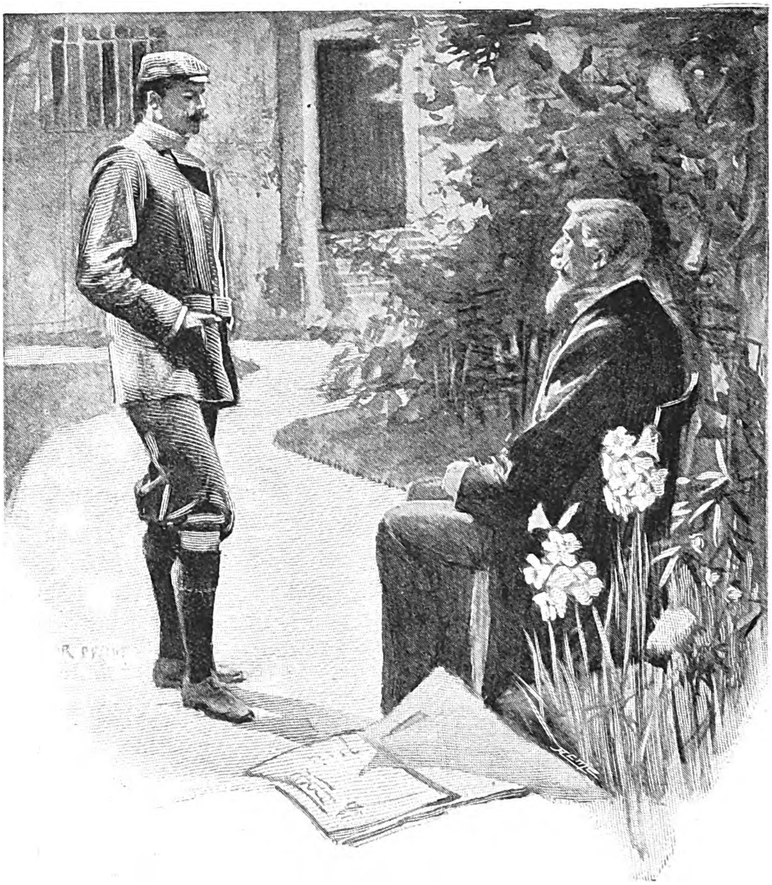
When, half-an-hour later, a round of beef made its appearance, Middlesborough discovered that he possessed an excellent appetite. He drank success to his visit in a glass of excellent ale, and when he had lighted a cigar, felt as contented as he had done in his life.

He had now to decide when he should pay his first visit to the Manor House. He wondered what Mademoiselle de Tarvenac would say when she saw him, and whether she would be pleased or annoyed at his reappearance. His cigar finished, he put on his hat, and, taking a stick, set off up the road. Away to the right, over the sandhills, he could hear the waves breaking upon the beach, and the voices of fishermen hauling up their boat; on his left, when he had left the village behind him, the only human being in sight was a boy scaring crows.

When he reached the gates of the Manor House, and as he was about to enter the drive, he witnessed what might have been a deplorable accident. From the further side of the lodge shouts of laughter were to be heard. A moment later, a small boy, the same he had seen on his previous visit, came into view, dragging behind him a wooden box on wheels, in which a baby was propped up. Unfortunately for the safety of the vehicle, he took the corner at too sharp an angle; the cart skidded on one wheel, and then overbalanced altogether. The boy tripped and fell forward, while the infant was thrown headlong into the long grass by the roadside, where it lay kicking and bellowing lustily. Middlesborough ran and picked it up, and as soon as he had brushed away the dust, endeavoured to soothe the frightened child. He was engaged in this work when a light step on the path attracted his attention, and he looked up to find Cècile de Tarvenac standing before him. At first she was too much surprised at seeing him to think of anything else. Then her astonishment gave place to amusement.

"How do you do, Lord Middlesborough?" she said. "I hope the poor little fellow has not hurt himself?"

"I fancy not," said Middlesborough, as he handed the child to its brother, who by this



"If I am to win her at all," said Middlesborough, "I must do so in my own fashion. I have no desire for a wife of any one else's choosing."

time had scrambled to his feet and was staring open-mouthed at Mademoiselle de Tarvenac. "He is more frightened than hurt, I fancy."

Then, having slipped a shilling, unperceived by Cécile, into the boy's hand, and thus making him wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, he continued his walk up the drive at the girl's side.

"I hope I have not offended you by making my appearance here again so soon," he said, as they approached the house.

"I do not see why," she answered. "We have not the monopoly of Todthorpe-by-the-Sea."

He stole a glance at her as she said it. Her face, however, told him nothing.

"Papa will be very pleased to see you, I am sure," she added. "He enjoyed your visit yesterday so much. I cannot tell you how much brighter and happier he seemed afterwards."

Middlesborough thought he could guess why. He did not say so, however. He merely expressed his pleasure at her news, and his willingness to do all that lay in his power to amuse her father.

"You are very kind," she said simply. "I hope you will believe that I am grateful."

They then entered the house together.

The seven days following made up a week of almost unalloyed happiness for Middlesborough. Poor as was his lodging at the Inn, he, who had hitherto been accustomed to all the luxuries that the best hotels could furnish, was never once heard to grumble. The greater portion of his waking hours were spent at the Manor House, and in Cécile's company. They sat by the lily pond together, they walked for miles upon the beach, while in the evening, for it was part of the programme that he should spend his evenings there, Cécile played and sang to them in the quaint old pannelled drawing-room, where dainty ladies must have sung to cavaliers two hundred years before. Never, since he was a little lad, had Middlesborough led so simple an existence. The only person who found life unendurable was Perkins. He, it must be confessed, was entirely out of his element. It is true that he never grumbled openly, but from early morning to dewy eve, his face was one long picture of dejection.

"If I could only see what good there was in it, I wouldn't so much mind," he would say to himself by the pig-stye in the Inn Garden, as he idly scratched the back of a porker with a stick. "He can't surely be thinking seriously of that French girl when there's so many of the greatest ladies in Europe as would be only too glad to have him?" At this point Mr. Perkins would shake his head solemnly, and tell himself that his master's doings were too deep a mystery, for even his great mind to solve.

One afternoon Middlesborough reached the house to find De Tarvenac alone in the garden. He was reading a French newspaper which had arrived by the morning post; when his visitor appeared, however, he placed it on the ground beside him.

"Cécile has gone into the village to see a sick woman," he said, by way of explaining his daughter's absence. "In advance of the times as she is on other matters, she still retains the feminine love of a sick-room. By the way, my friend, what sort of progress are you making with her?"

"I do not know, " Middlesborough replied. "Sometimes I think she likes me, at others I am afraid she merely tolerates me for your sake."

De Tarvenac drew in some smoke and then puffed it slowly out again.

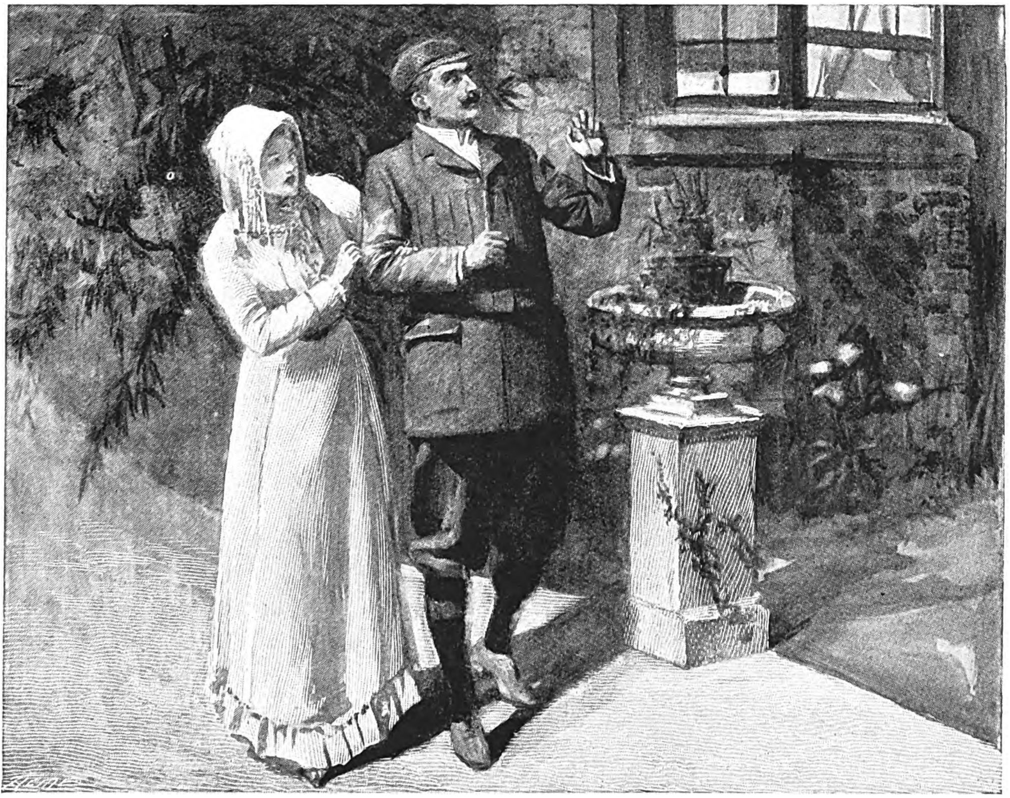
"Would you wish me to use my influence with her?" he asked. "It is just possible I might be able to do something with her."

"No, no," Middlesborough replied hastily. "If I am to win her at all, I must do so in my own fashion. I have no desire for a wife of anyone else's choosing. You have said nothing to her yet, I hope?"

"Not a word," De Tarvenac answered. "But I must confess I have found it difficult to account to her for your presence here. She is not a girl to be easily hoodwinked. Have you made up your mind when you mean to speak to her?"

"This evening, that is if I can find a suitable opportunity," Middlesborough replied.

"May every success attend you," said her father. "If you could only know what a weight will be lifted off my mind, when I know that she is provided for, you would be able to understand my feelings. I have a continued presentiment that the end, of which I spoke to you at our first meeting, is not very far off. When I was in London, I



**A second later Middlesborough stooped, paralysed with horror and astonishment. His face grew pale as death as a thought entered his brain.**

called upon a famous specialist. He examined me and informed me that my heart was in a sad condition. He did not say there was any immediate danger, but he gave me his solemn assurance that a sudden shock might kill me. In that case, what my poor Cécile would do here in a strange country, I do not know."

"Let us hope that nothing will happen to you," Middlesborough answered.

"Still one must remember that there is always the possibility," said the other. "I have to think of her, not of myself."

De Tarvenac rolled the leaf of his cigar meditatively.

"Forgive the question, but—but—well to put it bluntly, is it possible that you have come to love her in so short a time?"

"It is more than possible—it is quite true," said Middlesborough frankly. "I have jested and laughed at love all my life, but the Blind Boy has proved too much for me at last. If Cécile will take pity on my useless life, I will do all that a man can do to make her happy. But she must take me of her own free will, and without coercion of any kind."

"You need not fear that she will do anything else. She is not a woman to be coerced. Dine with us to-night and speak to her afterwards. You need not trouble to dress."

Middlesborough agreed, and, after an hour, seeing that Cécile did not return, he made his way back to his hotel.

It is popularly supposed that the few hours which precede a proposal are not the happiest in a man's existence. In Middlesborough's case it was certainly so. From the moment that he had told De Tarvenac of his intention he was a different being. Until then he had been good temper itself, now nothing pleased him, he could not rest, nor could he settle to anything. His landlady's voluble tongue irritated him beyond measure, the song of a tipsy loafer in the bar aggravated him to the verge of madness, while even Perkin's silent movements in the small bedroom, as he laid out his master's things jarred upon his overstrung nerves.

"There is something in the wind, sure enough," said Perkins to himself, as he brushed an almost inperceptible speck of dust off one of the boots. "That French girl's been pitching into him, I suppose. Well, I don't much mind if it gets me out of this hole back to town. I've had enough of Todthorpe-by-the-Sea to last me all my life."

"Hurry up there, Perkins, can't you," said Middlesborough irritably, "I don't want to be here all night.

"Your linen is quite ready, m'lord," said Perkins, in a tone of gentle remonstrance.

Middlesborough thereupon proceeded with his toilet.

"I am afraid you've had rather a slow time, Perkins," he said at last, feeling that he had not been quite just to his faithful henchman.

"To tell the truth, my lord, it's not exactly lively," the other replied. "There is nothing to do, and the society is scarcely what I have been accustomed to. Pilchards and herrings are the only things they seem able to talk about, and I can't say I'm familiar, so to speak, with either article in its rough state."

"I thought you were more cosmopolitan, Perkins," said Middlesborough with a smile.

"No m'lord," the other answered gravely. "I cannot say that I know anything about the sect you mention. But I have a cousin who was once a guard upon the Metropolitan. He used to say that it was the healthiest occupation in London."

Middlesborough slipped on the coat the other was holding, put a handkerchief in his pocket, and then surveyed himself in the small mirror. He could have wished he were not quite so sallow, that his expression were different; in fact, that he were altogether a handsomer man, and one more likely to take a maiden's eye. But, as he could not change himself, there was not much satisfaction to be got out of wishing, so he bade Perkins give him a light overcoat, and, when he had put it on, he set out for the Manor House.

It was a glorious evening, and as he left the inn, the sun was sinking in a mass of golden splendour behind the sand-hills. In the evening light even Todthorpe-by-Sea might claim to be considered beautiful. Reaching the Manor House, he passed through the lodge gates, nodded to the boy, who by this time considered him an old acquaintance, and made his way up to the house. The aged woman-servant opened the door to him, and informed him that Miss Cécile was in the drawing-room. He accordingly made his way thither, to find her standing by the big window watching the sun dropping to his rest behind the trees.

"How lovely it is," she said, when they had greeted one another. "When I was a little girl I used to think that Heaven must be like that, all silence and beautiful colouring."

It is probable that she would have been shocked, or would have pretended to be, had she known what Middlesborough's idea of

Heaven at that moment was. He would have said that it was to be with her.

An intense longing to confess what was in his heart, and to know his fate, was taking possession of him. Should he run the risk and win or lose it all? He thought he would, but he had no sooner arrived at this decision than his pluck deserted him, and he resolved to postpone consideration of the matter until after dinner.

"You are very quiet this evening, Lord Middlesborough," Cécile remarked after they had been standing for some minutes side by side.

Here was the opportunity he wanted, and, almost before he knew what he was doing, Middlesborough had entered upon his explanation.

"I am quiet because I have been thinking that it will be necessary for me very soon to bring my stay here to a close," he said.

"That means that you have tired of Todthorpe-by-the-Sea, I suppose," she answered. "And yet you surprise me, for I thought you said only yesterday that you were so fond of its quiet that you might stay for weeks?"

"It is not that I am tired of it," he answered feebly. "It is because I am beginning to think that it would be better for me to go away, because—well, because it is not quite safe for me to remain here any longer."

"Not safe?" she asked, a startled look making its appearance in her face. "Why should it not be safe for you to remain here?"

Then the real meaning of his speech must have struck her, for she gave a little start, and next moment had flushed as crimson as the sky outside.

"I can see that you have guessed my reason," he continued, drawing a little closer to her. "Yes, Cécile, that is why I think it would be better for me to go away. I love you with my whole heart and soul. There is no other woman in the wide world for me but you. Is it possible that you can feel for me any of the love I have for you?"

He took possession of her hand. She lowered her head, but only for a moment. Then she looked proudly up at him.

"Why should I deny it?" she said simply, but fearlessly. "I do love you. I think I have loved you always."

Middlesborough bent low and kissed her hand.

"Thank God," he said, and that was all. In that brief moment all his life was changed.

Ten minutes later De Tarvenac entered the room. It is possible he had suspected what was going on and had remained away on purpose. He looked from one to the other, as if to make sure of his ground. Middlesborough, taking Cécile's hand went forward to meet him.

"Sir," said the former, "I have some news for you. Your daughter has done me the honour of saying that she will be my wife."

De Tarvenac took the girl in his arms and kissed her blushing face.

"Cécile, my darling," he said, "you have made me more than happy. As for you, my lord, though she is my daughter, I think you are to be congratulated on your choice of a wife. May you both be as happy as you deserve."

Middlesborough, relieved of his anxiety as to whether Cécile loved him or not, was a very different person from the man who had chided Perkins for his slowness at the Black Bear an hour and a half before. He was on the best of terms with himself and with the world in general.

Dinner at an end, the happy young couple left De Tarvenac writing some letters in his study, and passed into the garden. Night had fallen, and the young moon hung like a silver sickle above the tree tops. Bats darted hither and thither among the trees, and round the gables of the old house, while far away the sound of a belated cuckoo could be heard wishing the world a monotonous good-night. Middlesborough wondered whether the old garden had ever seen a man as happy as he. It seemed almost unbelievable that he had only known Cécile a week, and equally impossible that there could have ever been a time when they had been strangers to each other. A smile played upon his face as he thought of what the Great World would say when it heard the news of his engagement. But he told himself that he did not care for public opinion. What mattered the Great World's opinion to him now that he had won Cécile? She was his world, and he wanted no other. Time after time they made the circuit of the garden, talking of the future, and all it had in store for them.

Once Middlesborough reminded Cécile of their meeting at Monte Carlo. As he did so the memory of the dream he had had that fateful night came back to him. It was then that he thought for the first time for many days of Madame d'Espere. To think of her was to think of the house at St. Germain. And as he did so an icy cold hand was laid upon his heart. How would he stand with regard to the club now? Instead of being glad to gamble with his life, he was now only too anxious to preserve it.

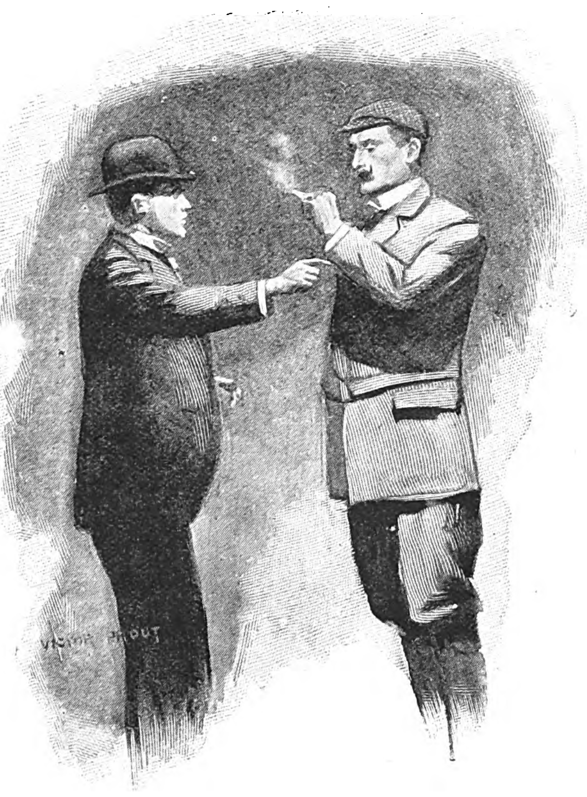
It was nearly nine o'clock by this time, and they had passed the pond, and were once more approaching the house. It was their intention to enter by means of a side door, and to do this it was necessary for them to pass De Tarvenac's study windows. The evening was warm and these were still open. To their surprise as they approached them, the sound of voices reached them from within. One thing was certain, De Tarvenac had a visitor.

A second later, Lord Middlesborough stopped, paralysed with sudden horror and astonishment. There could be no mistake, and yet—? His face grew pale as death as a terrible thought flashed into his brain. Could there be two men whose voices were exactly the same? If there were not, then the man in the room, talking to Cécile's father, was none other than De Chartres, who had escorted him from the Place de la Concorde to that terrible house at St. Germain. In that case what was his business here? Cécile noticed the look upon his face.

"You are ill?" she asked anxiously, seeing that he stopped in his walk and made an involuntary gesture with his hand.

"I felt a sudden twinge of pain," Middlesborough answered confusedly. "It was nothing more, and I am all right now. It was foolish of me to frighten you. Let us go into the house, the dew is falling, and you must not catch cold."

But though he did his best to carry the matter off unconcernedly, some minutes elapsed before he recovered his presence of mind. Why was that man here? This was the question he continually asked himself. He was convinced in his own mind that he had not been mistaken. There were certain peculiarities about the other's voice that gave it a distinction of its own. He would have recognised it among a hundred. Half-an-hour later, De Tarvenac joined them in the drawing-room. When he came within the circle of the lamp's light, Middlesborough noticed that his face was unusually pale.



**"Straight up the road, m'lord," said Perkins. "Shall I run after him? I might catch him."**

"You have had a visitor, papa," said his daughter.

"Yes, dear," her father replied. "A visitor from Paris. I am sorry to say he has brought me news which will necessitate our crossing the Channel to-morrow."

Middlesborough silently watched his face and made a mental note of the expression upon it. Whatever the news may have been that the stranger had brought, it was quite certain that it had unnerved him.

"I am sorry to hear that," he said. "When do you think you will return to England?"

"It is impossible for me to say," the other replied.

Cécile inquired at what time it would be necessary for them to start on the following day.

"We must catch the afternoon boat from Harwich," her father replied.

"In that case I must make my arrangements to-night," Cécile answered.

"If I can be of any assistance to you, I hope you will command me," said Middlesborough. "And what is more, if my company will not inconvenience you, I should like to cross with you to-morrow. I should have returned to Paris this week, but for another circumstance."

Cécile guessed to what he alluded.

"And, now," he continued, rising from his chair, "as you are likely to have a hard and tiring day to-morrow, it would be better that I should bid you *au revoir*."

"*Au revoir*," said De Tarvenac, as he shook hands.

He had scarcely said this before he uttered a little cry and staggered back with his hand upon his heart. He stretched out his hand for a chair; but not finding it, fell backwards in a swoon. Fortunately, however, Middlesborough was able to spring forward and catch him before he reached the floor.

"Bring me a glass of water quickly," he cried to the terrified girl beside him. "Do not be afraid, he has only fainted. Cécile fled from the room to obey his order, and while she was absent, Middlesborough, who had had some little experience in these matters, undid the man's tie and loosened the collar about his neck. Almost immediately De Tarvenac opened his eyes.

"What has happened?" he asked in a startled tone. "Ah, I remember!" He passed his hands across his eyes and whispered hoarsely to Middlesborough.

"Has the end come at last? Thank God you have settled matters with Cécile in time. Lord Middlesborough, promise me that you will not forsake her, whatever may befall me."

"I give you my word of honour I will not," Middlesborough replied. "Whatever may befall you she will be safe in my keeping."

De Tarvenac was about to add something, when Cécile returned carrying the glass of water. Middlesborough, seeing that they might safely be left alone, bade them good night, promising to be with them first thing in the morning.

When he reached the Black Bear Inn he found Perkins sitting on the bench before the door, smoking. He rose on seeing his master and placed his pipe in his pocket.

"Did you meet the gentleman on the road, my lord?" he inquired.

Middlesborough gave a little start.

"To whom do you refer?" he asked, with a sudden sinking of the heart.

"A French gentleman," Perkins replied. "He called here about a quarter of an-hour ago, and said he wanted to see your lordship."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I said that you were at the Manor House, m'lord," Perkins replied. "When he heard that he said he would not bother you, and went off up the road."

"How long did you say it was since he spoke to you?" Middlesborough inquired.

"Between ten minutes and a quarter of an hour, m'lord," the other replied.

"Did you say that he went up the road?"

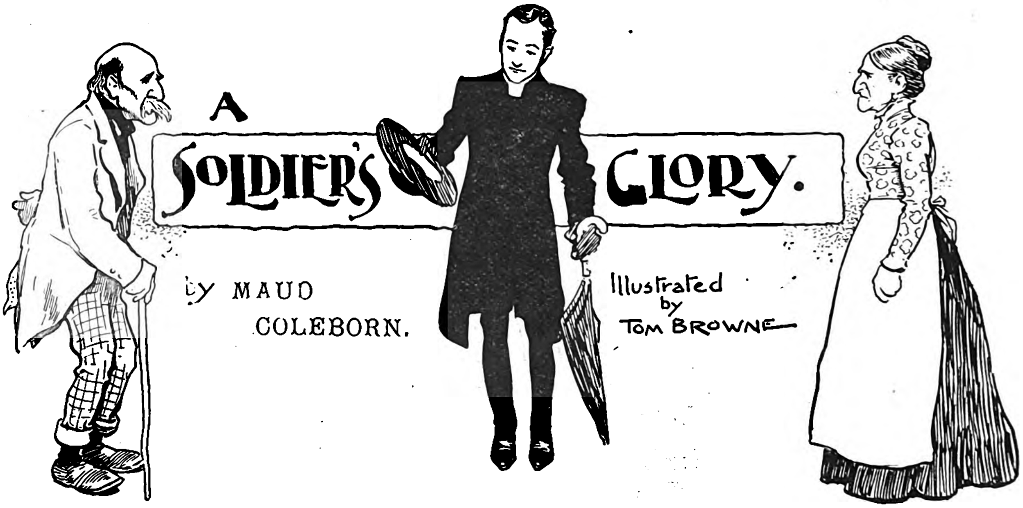
"Straight up the road, m'lord. Shall I run after him? I might catch him."

"No," said Middlesborough. "You need not trouble, I'll go myself."

He lit a cigar, and then walked quickly down the road in the direction the other had taken. As he made his way along he reviewed his position in all its bearings. He was a member of the club of which De Chartres was secretary, and in joining he had promised implicit obedience to its rules. One of these, and probably the most important, second only to that of secrecy, was the rule that made it a condition that no one should cease to be a member until he had fought one duel and had paid a fine amounting to one hundred and twenty thousand francs to the funds of the club. In the event of his declining to fight the duel, it was permissible for the Woman of Death to choose a member by lot, whose duty it would be to insult him in a public place, and insist upon a meeting; should this take place and the recalcitrant one be successful, another would step into the breach, and so on until the malcontent was removed from the face of the earth. Under these circumstances, to escape for very long would be practically impossible. There was nothing for it but to fight and pay. If one could not pay, then one must continue to fight until three duels had taken place, after which permission to retire was granted, and the matter was at an end. Strange as it might seem, it was plain that De Tarvenac was a member, and, as Middlesborough was aware, he was practically penniless. Was it possible, therefore, that he was endeavouring to work off his score by fighting, and that De Chartres had crossed the Channel to summon him to another combat?

By the time Middlesborough reached the end of the village he had given up the pursuit as hopeless. He looked along the white road that led to Harwich, and could see no sign of his man upon it. He accordingly turned, and retraced his steps to the hotel. What was to be the outcome of his last night at Todthorpe-by-the-Sea?

*(To be continued.)*



# A SOLDIER'S GLORY.

by MAUD COLEBORN.

Illustrated by TOM BROWNE

SCENE.—*The Kitchen at 21, Potter's Row, Northborough.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| JOHN STANDISH | Formerly Private in 58th Regiment of Foot, aged 75, crippled with rheumatism. |
| MRS. STANDISH | Hard-featured woman of 60. |
| THE REV. STEPHEN HALLIWELL | Vicar of St. Mary's, Northborough. |

JOHN STANDISH (*diffidently*). I think I heard the bell, Martha.

MRS. STANDISH. Drat the bell! What can folks want coming worriting about at this hour, an' me not finished reddin' up the kitchen yet?

JOHN STANDISH. It's the parson, I think.

MRS. STANDISH. Parson, is it? Then where's tha' manners, John Standish, to keep him standing there all this time?

JOHN STANDISH (*hobbling to the door with the assistance of a stout stick*). Come in, sir, if you please.

THE VICAR. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Standish, I'm afraid I've arrived at rather a busy time——

MRS. STANDISH (*hastily drying her hands and drawing forward a chair*). I'm a bit late to-day in reddin' up, sir, but the old man 'e would read the account of yesterday's doin's in the *Northborough Mail.*

JOHN STANDISH. I thought maybe the Misis would like to 'ear 'ow the lad got on: they must have been fine doings to be sure.

THE VICAR. Yes; I believe it was a most impressive sight, and I am sure that both you and Mrs. Standish must have felt very proud of your son's decoration.

MRS. STANDISH (*pausing in her occupation of ornamenting the hearth with a scroll border in white hearthstone*). Eh, that we was, sir. Nobbut what I consider the badge, *as* a badge might have been much prettier; it 'struck me as being insignificant like.

THE VICAR. But you must remember it isn't the value of the decoration, it's the honour and glory of winning it.

JOHN STANDISH (*nodding acquiescence*). That's it, sir, as I was telling Martha; it's the honour and glory that does it. I recollect a chap as stood next me in the trenches before Sebastapol, 'e 'ad set 'is 'eart on winning a medal to show to 'is old mother at 'ome. The idea of winning it seemed to keep the cold out, and make 'im forget that the rations served out wasn't calk'lated to satisfy a hungry man. Sometimes when we was up to our knees in water 'e would turn round and say quite cheerful like, "It won't take us long to forget all this 'ere freezin' and starvin' when we sail into Plymouth Harbour, and the medals is served out."

MRS. STANDISH (*depositing her pail on one side with a contemptuous sniff*). Medals

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indeed! more likely 'e got the rheumatism in his joints.

JOHN STANDISH (*slowly*). No, Martha, thou art wrong; there was no medals for him, he got a bullet through 'is 'eart instead. But, as Parson says, there was the honour and glory of dyin' for 'is Queen and country.

MRS. STANDISH. Oh! bother his Queen and country! There's not much satisfaction to be got out o' that sort of thing when a man's lost 'is 'ealth and strength. Queen an' country indeed!

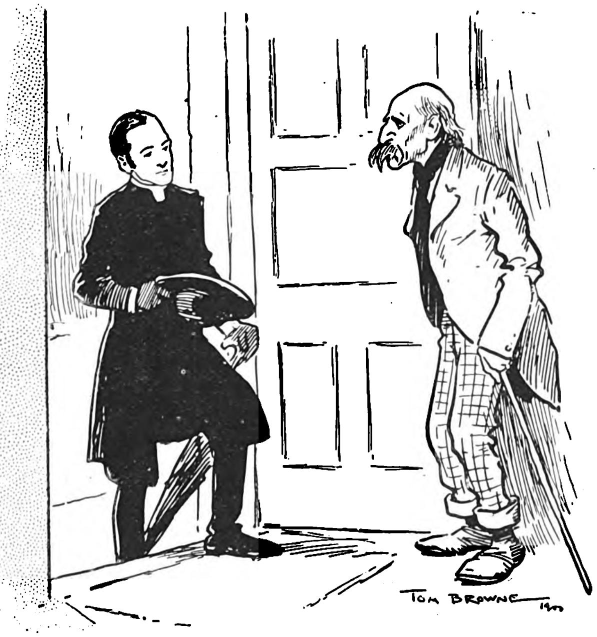
THE VICAR. You mustn't look at things in quite such a gloomy fashion, Mrs. Standish. Take your son, for instance——

MRS. STANDISH. Ah well, sir, I know I've a lot to be thankful for. To 'ave one son in a steady way of business, with a fair chance of a partnership in the ironmongery line, to say nothing of 'is decoration——

THE VICAR. Decoration?

MRS. STANDISH. Why, sir, wasn't you talking of it just now when you said as 'ow we ought to be proud. I mean the meeting of the Free Foresterers, and 'ow my son Jim——

THE VICAR (*smiling*). I'm afraid I didn't know anything about the Free Foresters. Of course, I'm very glad to hear about it. But I was alluding to your other son, George——



"Come in, sir, if you please."

MR. AND MRS. STANDISH (*simultaneously*). George!

THE VICAR (*looking from one to the other*). Why, surely you have heard——

MRS. STANDISH. Not a line for twelve long months, sir.

JOHN STANDISH (*apologetically*). Well, you see, sir, it were this way. The old woman, she were dead set against soldiering. She may be wrong or she may be right. It seemed to 'er as 'ow a man gained nothing by it but——

MRS. STANDISH (*bitterly*). The rheumatism in 'is bones, or, maybe, a bullet through 'is 'art.

THE VICAR. But your son George told me long ago he had set his heart on being a soldier.

JOHN STANDISH. Eh, that 'e 'ad, sir; it's in the blood, sir; it's in the blood (*straightening his bent back*). Why, to 'ear 'im talk——

MRS. STANDISH. Oh, yes, 'e talked fast enough about honour and glory and such trash; and when I telled 'im as 'ow it wasn't one in a thousand as won a decoration, or 'as lived to wear it, 'e just larfed and—

THE VICAR. Well, you see he has proved one in a thousand. When Her Majesty the Queen pinned the Victoria Cross on to his tunic—

JOHN STANDISH (*suddenly rising to his feet*). What was that, sir? The Victoria Cross? The Victoria Cross! Did you say our George—

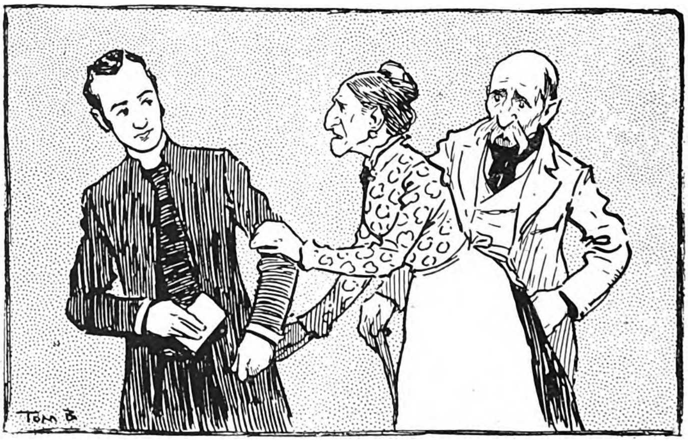
MRS. STANDISH (*seizing the Vicar's arm*). That means that my lad is wounded—perhaps dying.

THE VICAR. He had a bullet in his shoulder, but he's getting on wonderfully, my daughter tells me; she is a nurse at Netley, you know. In fact, he's almost well again. Perhaps you would like me to read you her last letter?

John Standish. Eh, that we would, sir.

Mrs. Standish (*does not reply, but turns her back and begins hastily thrusting a few clothes into an old carpet-bag as the Vicar reads*).

The Vicar (*turning last page of letter*). "So you see, father, what a splendid fellow he is! I'm so proud to think he hails from North-b'rough, and you must tell his mother—"



"That means that my lad is wounded, perhaps dying."

Mrs. Standish (*with a sob*). That she's an unnatural old wiper!

John Standish. Martha, Martha, don't tha' take on so.

Mrs. Standish. John, don't tha' be a fule! Now, sir (*tying on her bonnet*), I'm ready.

The Vicar. Ready, Mrs. Standish? Ready for what?

Mrs. Standish. To take the next train for Netley, sir.

John Standish (*looking up in astonishment*). To Netley? But Martha, my lass, thou art forgettin' we was to take our supper with Jim to-night—

Mrs. Standish (*impatiently*). John Standish, I'm fair ashamed of thee! Thee always talkin' of honour and glory, and now when tha's gotten a hero for a son tha' talks about suppers!

John Standish. But I thow't tha' didna care for decorations and such like. Thee said so jest now.

Mrs. Standish. Not care? Not care? Eh, John, tha' art nobbut a fule after all, and even the wisest of you never understand a woman.

The Vicar (*sotto voce*). Never; I'm afraid.

John Standish. I'm danged if *I* do.

Curtain.

# THE SONG MY SPIRIT HEARS.

A heaven's beauty comes to me,
Whilst gently to my ears
Now steals sonorous melody
A song my spirit hears.

And as I hark, my spirit thrills
To music's wondrous art.
It is a woman's chant, which fills
With ecstacy my heart,

By more than song: for she, whose tone
Is that of Israfel,
Has not an angel's voice alone,
But angel's face as well.

A heaven's beauty dawns for me,
Whilst gently to my ears
Now steals sonorous melody,
A song my spirit hears.

Marvin Dana.

# THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS.

## A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By George A. Best.

*Illustrated from photographs by Arthur Ullyett, Leigh-on-Sea.*

### CHAPTER X.

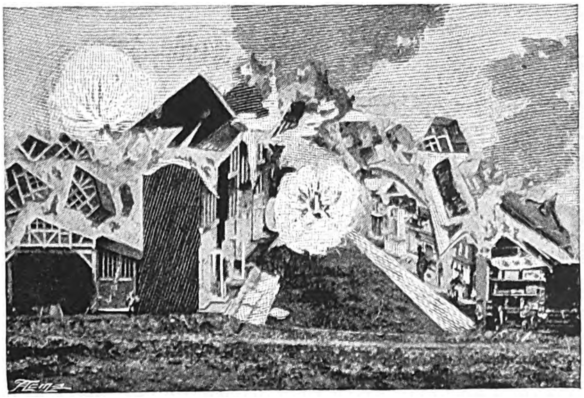
### A GREAT BATTLE AND A LITTLE HERO.

But the manikin war ships were not allowed to inflict this sudden and awful damage without receiving a single blow in return. While their shells were still bursting in the streets of the toy city, the great clockwork fleet of the dolls dashed out from the winding docks, and completely surrounded the invading navy; and the Santa Clauberg forts poured such a deadly fire of peas on to their decks that officers and men alike were swept by dozens into the dark waters of the River of Carols, although no shot from the pea cannon was heavy enough to pierce the tin sides of the steamers themselves.

In this way the naval battle raged for hours on that awful night. In the town of toys, shells were bursting upon the roofs and against the sides of houses and shops, hurling great pieces of wreckage high into the air, and filling the streets with broken furniture and the ruins of many a happy home. On the river, vessels were crashing one against the other; brass cannon were throwing round shot in every direction, and hundreds of brave little manikin and doll heroes were fighting for dear life in the cold waters of the stream.

And when morning dawned, Santa Clauberg appeared as a ruined city. Only four ships of the clockwork fleet (and these fearfully battered and broken) were afloat on the River of Carols, while a pair of the great steam ironclads of Sweetchester lay stranded and helpless on a sandbank, and the water flowed darkly over the remaining twelve, all of which had been sunk by the repeated attacks of the clockwork "rams." Not a single ship on either side had surrendered to the enemy—they had gone down with their tiny flags still flying from the masthead, and with the engines still working.

Leslie slept but little during the ceaseless din which marked the battle of that fearsome night; and



Shells were bursting over the roofs of the houses.

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it was but a very tired and weary-eyed little man who drew up the blinds of the Gordon Hall on the following morning.

"Poor manikins! poor dollies!" he cried, as he gazed sorrowfully out upon the shattered homes of the dear little city which he had known so well. "Poor dollies! Surely they have had enough, and won't want to smash anything else!"

But even as Leslie was speaking, he noticed, for the first time, that a large army of toy soldiers were marching in a long, thin line towards Sweetchester, and that the rising ground around that city was swarming with a countless number of black dots which he knew to be manikin soldiers.

And when Leslie's tiny housemaid, Jane, entered the room to receive her master's orders for breakfast, her eyes were red with much weeping, because she was engaged to be married to a handsome leaden dragoon who was already riding away to the great land battle.

"Don't cry like that, Janey dear!" exclaimed Leslie, gently wiping the tears from her china cheeks with his pocket-handkerchief. "Your soldier shan't be shot dead after all. I don't want any breakfast, because I'm going out to stop the big battle."

"Oh! my dear master, you'll be shot yourself, by both sides, if you get in between them," sobbed Jane.

Leslie put on his strap shoes with an air of great determination.

"I'm going, Jane, so there's an end of it," he remarked quietly. "Ask Tom, the ostler, to saddle my largest toy-horse, and to have my helmet and breastplate brought in at once.

In less than ten minutes' time Leslie's beautiful horse was galloping quickly towards the battle-field, bearing on his saddle a sturdy little figure attired in helmet and breast-plate, and with a blunt metal sword grasped tightly in his right hand.

The rival armies were already exchanging shots as Leslie's horse dashed in between them, and a whole boxful of leaden cavalry were in the act of charging right into the mouths of a long line of cannon belonging to the manikins, at the very moment when Leslie pulled his toy steed up on its haunches and breathlessly shouted out the one word, "Stop!"

A bullet from the manikin lines pierced Leslie's helmet, and a pea from a heavy spring cannon on the other side stung his face cruelly.

"Stop!" cried the little hero again. "I forbid you to go on! The land is to be fairly divided!"

An angry roar, as of the buzzing of many bees, reached Leslie's ears from both sides, and a manikin cannon ball struck his horse, killing it on the spot, and throwing the armour-clad rider to the ground with a loud crash.

"Leslie Gordon is killed!"

Leslie lay stunned and motionless on the hard ground, for his fall had been a very heavy one. And in countless thousands the manikin and doll warriors gathered round the still form. Little men and toy soldiers, standing shoulder to shoulder, spoke to one another in hushed whispers, forgetting all about the war and the paltry piece of land which had been the cause of it all, in their anxiety for the recovery of Leslie Gordon.

Doctor Bantam Dorking (who was covered with sawdust, having cut off nineteen legs since daybreak) forced his way through the crowd, and stood on Leslie's pulse with his watch in his hand.

"Our friend is alive!" he exclaimed at length in a loud voice; and the troops on both sides cheered so lustily when they heard

The ruin of a happy home in Santa Clauberg.

The soldiers were advancing in a long, thin line.

the glad news that the patient sat up suddenly, throwing the worthy doctor back into the arms of a regiment of Gordon Highlanders. A scene of the wildest delight followed this movement. Bearded manikins cheered like so many schoolboys, doll generals shook their late enemies warmly by the hand, and the united bands of both armies burst furiously into "See the Conquering Hero Comes," which they played over and over again with grand effect.

"What does it all mean?" asked the poor little hero, pulling off his helmet to scratch his head in sheer perplexity. "Is the war really all over?"

A great cheer from both sides, answered Leslie's question. The great war was already a thing of the past.

## CHAPTER XI.

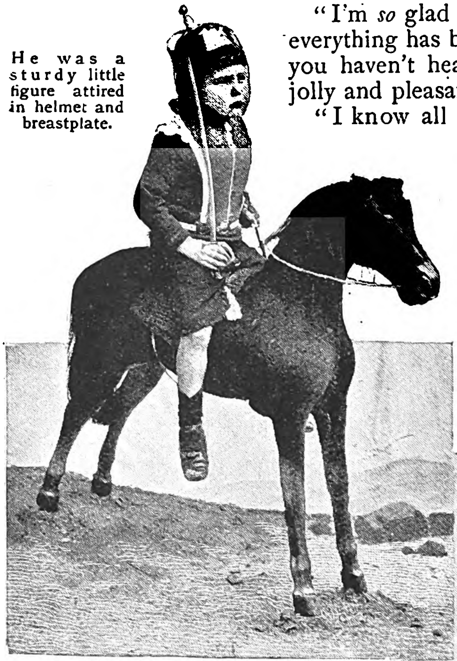
### PEACE AND GOODWILL.

**The** church bells are ringing merrily in their tiny steeples, and the streets of Santa Clauberg are crowded with manikin visitors, and with doll hosts and hostesses. Nearly two months have passed away since the Great War, and a very busy two months these have been for the people of the toy city. Doll and manikin workmen have laboured night and day to restore the houses, churches, and public buildings of the destroyed town; and now the last building has been finished, and Santa Clauberg appears exactly as it did on the day of Leslie Gordon's first visit. There is the same cathedral standing at the top of the main street, the same shops have been rebuilt and reopened, the same theatres are advertising their Christmas pantomimes, and the same riverside villas have been erected in a long double row along both banks of the stream. The only buildings which have disappeared from the town are the four forts which formerly stood on the Sweetchester side of Santa Clauberg. These have never been rebuilt, for the manikins have presented the disputed land to the dolls; and the dolls themselves have acted in an equally generous manner by sending their neighbours all the gold obtained from the mine, in order that a large hospital for sick manikins may be built in the best part of the underground city.

All the hatred and bitterness, and the war-like preparations which formerly held the two peoples in bondage, have given place to peace and goodwill, and much rejoicing. Leslie Gordon is now the hero of the hour, and a large and beautiful statue of himself has been carved from a block of white marble, and erected in the market square of the town of toys.

But there is yet another reason for the great happiness and joy which prevail in the

A whole boxful of leaden cavalry were in the act of charging.



He was a sturdy little figure attired in helmet and breastplate.

toy city on this day. Santa Claus has returned from his long journey, and, what is better than a safe return alone, he has come back looking even stouter, redder, and jollier than he has ever looked before—at least, such is the opinion of Leslie Gordon, who is seated once more in the dining hall of the large house on the mountain summit, and is regarding Father Christmas with a smile of the utmost satisfaction

"I'm *so* glad you're back again, Santa Claus," says Leslie, "for everything has been upside down since I saw you last. I suppose you haven't heard about the great war, or you wouldn't look so jolly and pleasant —eh ?"

"I know all about it, Leslie, and it was really a terrible affair. But it is no use crying about an evil which is past and gone."

"You're not a bit angry with me for telling them to fight it out, then ?"

Santa Claus shook his head in so decided a manner that the fears of his guest were banished on the spot.

"Not a little bit, Leslie," he replied heartily. "The dolls and manikins would have fought sooner or later in any case, and I cannot help feeling glad that it is now all over. I think you acted in a very noble manner, and that you thoroughly deserve the beautiful monument which my people have raised to your memory."

"They have been very good to me, Santa Claus," said Leslie. "I have had a splendid boat to go sailing in, which was beautifully wrecked on a brick in the middle of the stream. And I've been out shooting fierce rats with a large party of West-end gentlemen, and although I shot three sportsmen before I killed a single rat, everybody (except the three who were shot) said they had never seen such grand sport before; it was what they called a big 'bag,' but I don't know whether they meant the rat or the others."

"Were the three sportsmen

A manikin cannon-ball struck Leslie's horse.

He lay stunned and motionless on the hard ground.

The next day they were all sitting up in bed.

Leslie was at the bottom of the bed among a heap of toys.

killed, Leslie?" asked Santa Claus, looking very grave.

"Oh, no!" was the prompt answer. "They were carried to the hospital, and I peeped through the window and saw Dr. Bantam Dorking cut the shots out of their arms, while a nurse held a bowl to catch the sawdust. Next day, they were all sitting up in bed with their heads and arms bandaged, and they didn't look a bit spiteful when I asked them how they were. Is your flying machine any the worse for the long journey, Santa Claus?"

"It is quite ready for a quick run to England, Leslie," was the reply. "You have only a few more days to stay with me. On Christmas Eve, I shall take you home."

## CHAPTER XII.

### HOME, SWEET HOME.

Again the church bells are clanging and clashing in merry uproar. But these are not toy bells in the steeples of tiny wooden churches, they are the larger and louder bells which are part of a greater and noisier world than that which has been the home of our little traveller during the past three months.

"What an awful din," murmurs Leslie with a yawn. "Surely the Santa Clauberg bells have all gone mad—and I hear loud voices singing outside the window — dolls can't sing like *that!* And now there's the cry of Milk-o, which I haven't heard for ever so long. How funny and loud everything is! I remember falling asleep last night when Santa Claus had gone out to see to his flying machine, and I've been dreaming of nothing but beautiful bright stars and white clouds ever since.

"Now the light is getting brighter, and I can see where I am. This is surely our bedroom at home, and I'm sitting at the foot of the bed among a heap of toys, with Stanley and Desmond fast asleep at the other end.

"Dear, naughty old Les," cried Stanley, "where have you been?"

Dear old Santa Claus must have brought me here in the night! And now I hear mother's voice in the next room. 'A Merry Christmas' she is saying, but her voice is sad an' sorrowful cos' she wants me! . . . . . I *can't* wait till the children wake up . . . . . I *must* tell mamma and dada I'm home again! Ah! now baby Desmond is waking up, and he's caught hold of a drum and a trumpet which belong to Stanley, and he's taken no notice of *me*! Hallo! Des., old boy, here I am—here's brother Leslie come back home again!"

"A Merry Kwismus," lisps Desmond, without looking up from his drum. "I knew you'd be back to-day, cos I've always told mother so. *She* said you'd gone to heaven, but *I* knew better, cos' you weren't good enough to go there after smacking me when I tried to follow you into the big bloon. Let's have a game of soldiers, Les."

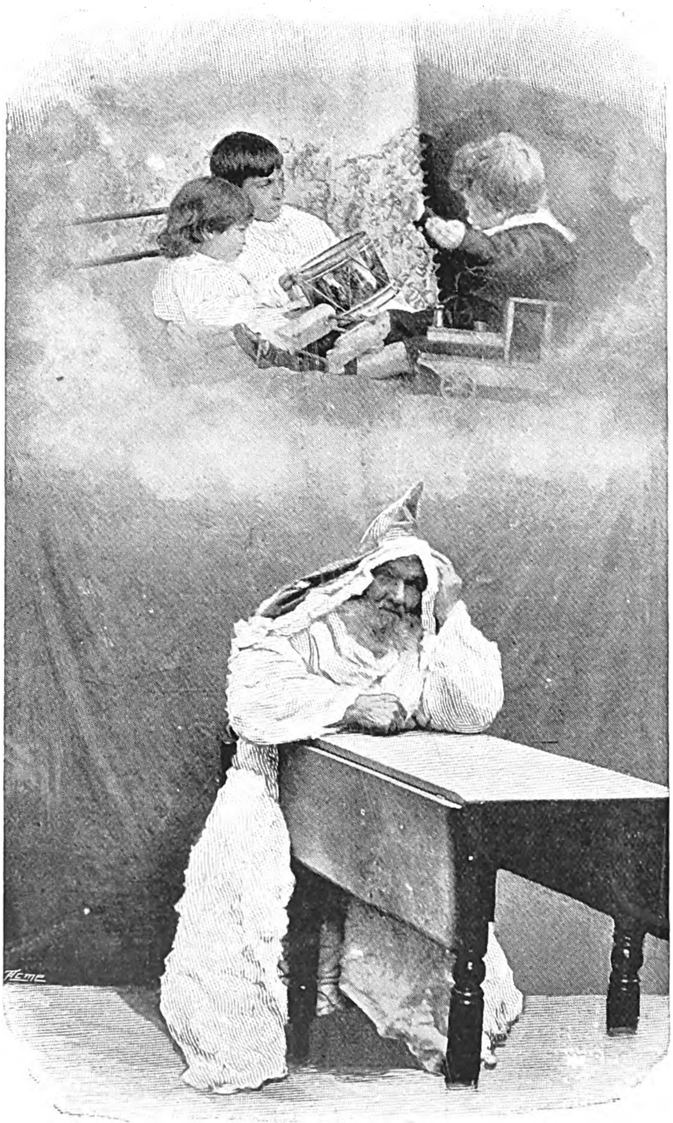
Leslie's lips quivered. He had expected a much more boisterous welcome than this.

''But aren't you very glad to see me, Des.?" he asked reproachfully.

"Course I am!" was the answer. "How many sticks has my dwum got? I do bleeve ole Sandy Claus has only sent one!"

Stanley woke up suddenly at this moment, and when he beheld the familiar little figure comfortably seated amongst the toys, he gave vent to a wild yell of surprise and delight.

"Leslie!" he cried, jumping up ''Dear, naughty old Les. Where have you been?"



Far off Santa Claus watches the scene.

And Mr. and Mrs. Gordon rushed wildly into the children's bedroom at the sound of that well-remembered name.

"Darling old boy!" they cried together. "Poor dear little Leslie! Where ever *have* you been?"

And a shower of kisses, which quite smothered the words of reply that rose to Leslie's lips, were rained upon the little upturned face.

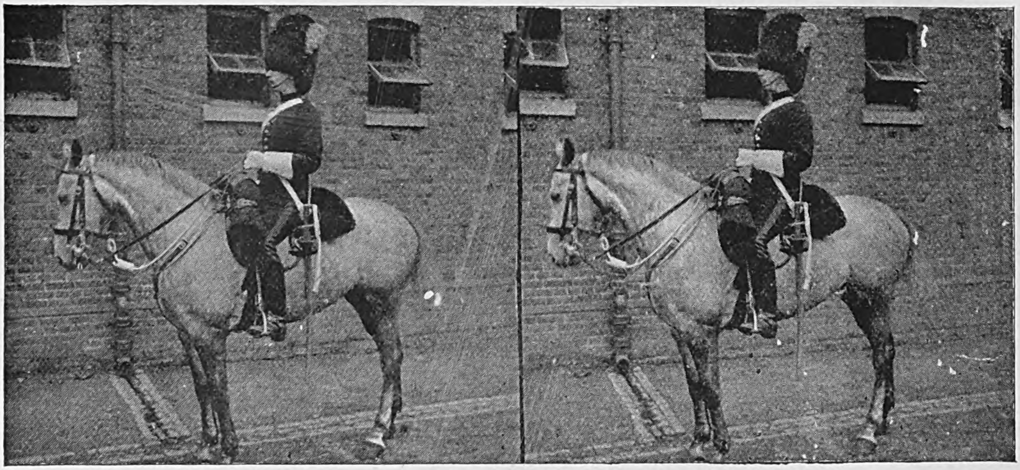
Desmond appeared quite disgusted at the fuss which was being made over the return of his long-lost brother.

''Leslie's only been away at the Home of Sandy Claus," he remarked. "I told you so, an' I *said* he'd come back on Kwismus. Didn't you bleeve me?"

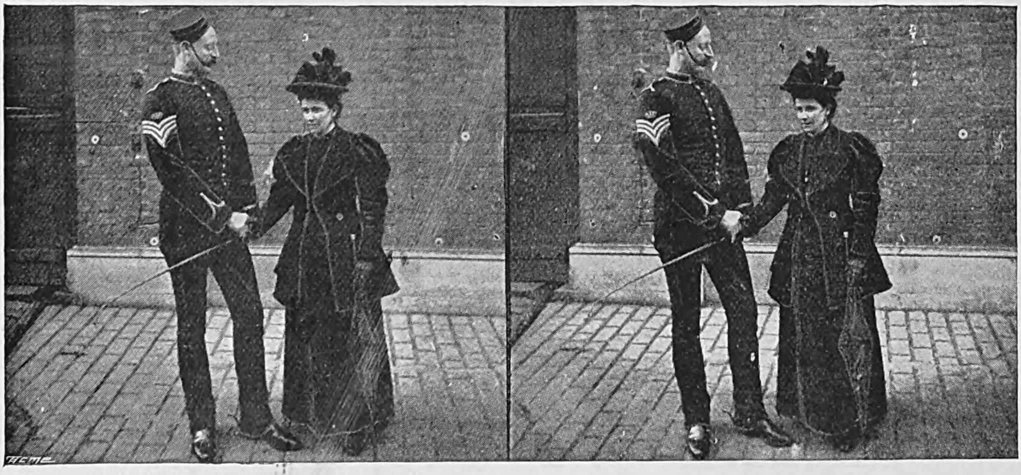
Far off Santa Claus watches the scene. Leslie's tongue has suddenly become loosened, and we must now leave him, surrounded by an eager and joyful crowd of listeners, while he tells, in his own way, the long story which I have already related in mine.

THE END.

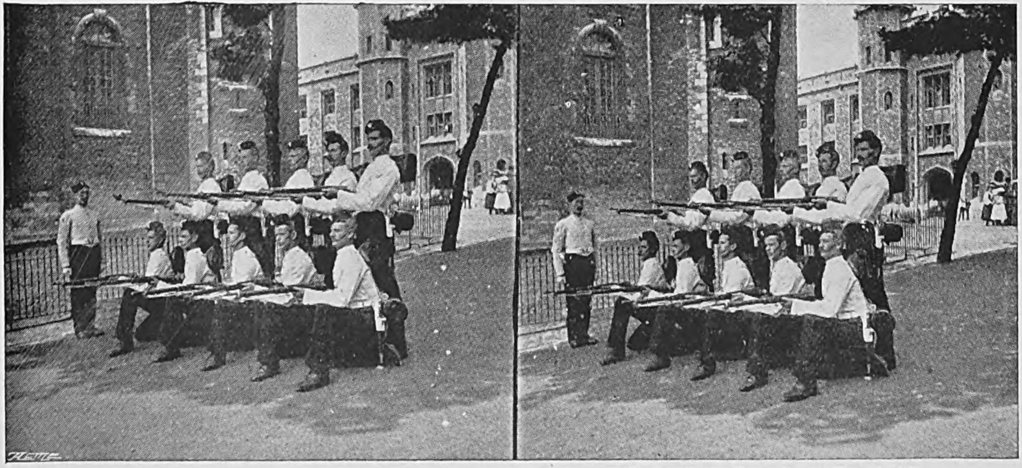
# OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.



A Trooper of the Scots Greys.



"She'll be sorry now he's gone."



Grenadier Guards; "Ready!"

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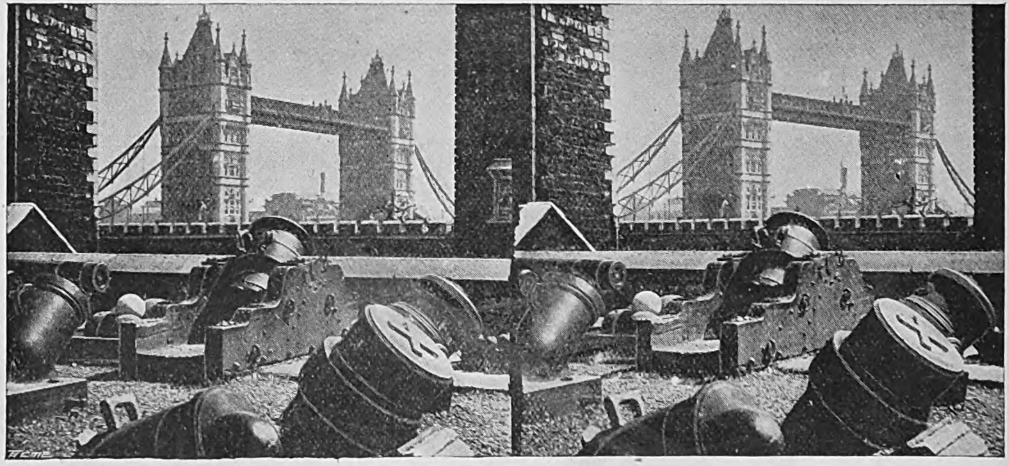
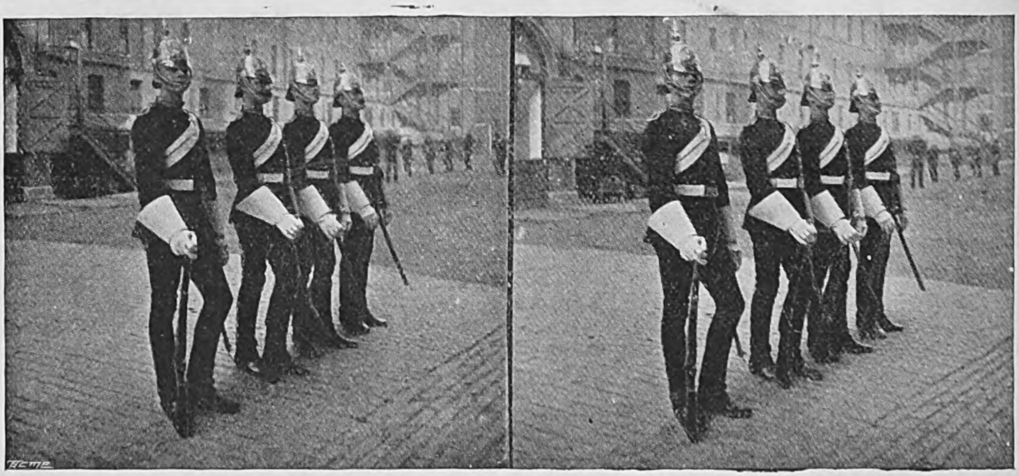
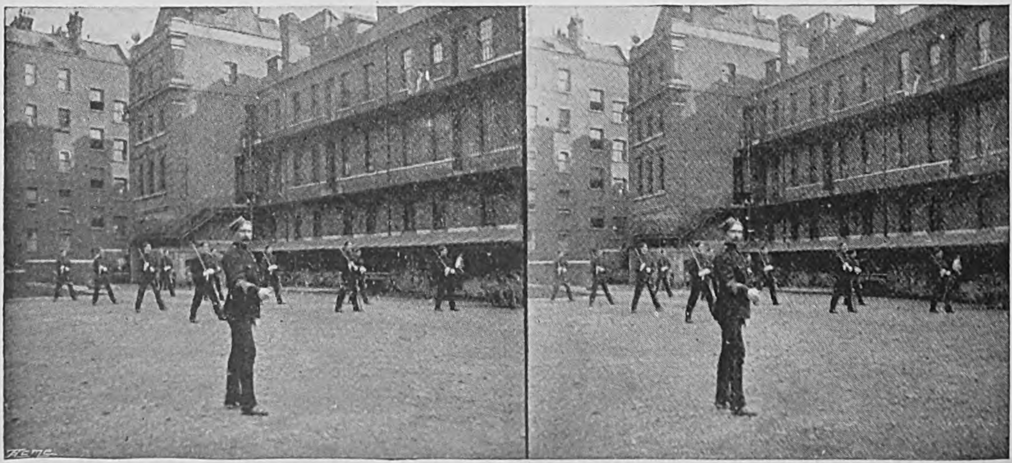


Old Mortars at the Tower of London.



Troopers of the Royal Horse Guards.



Recruits of the 2nd Life Guards being Drilled.

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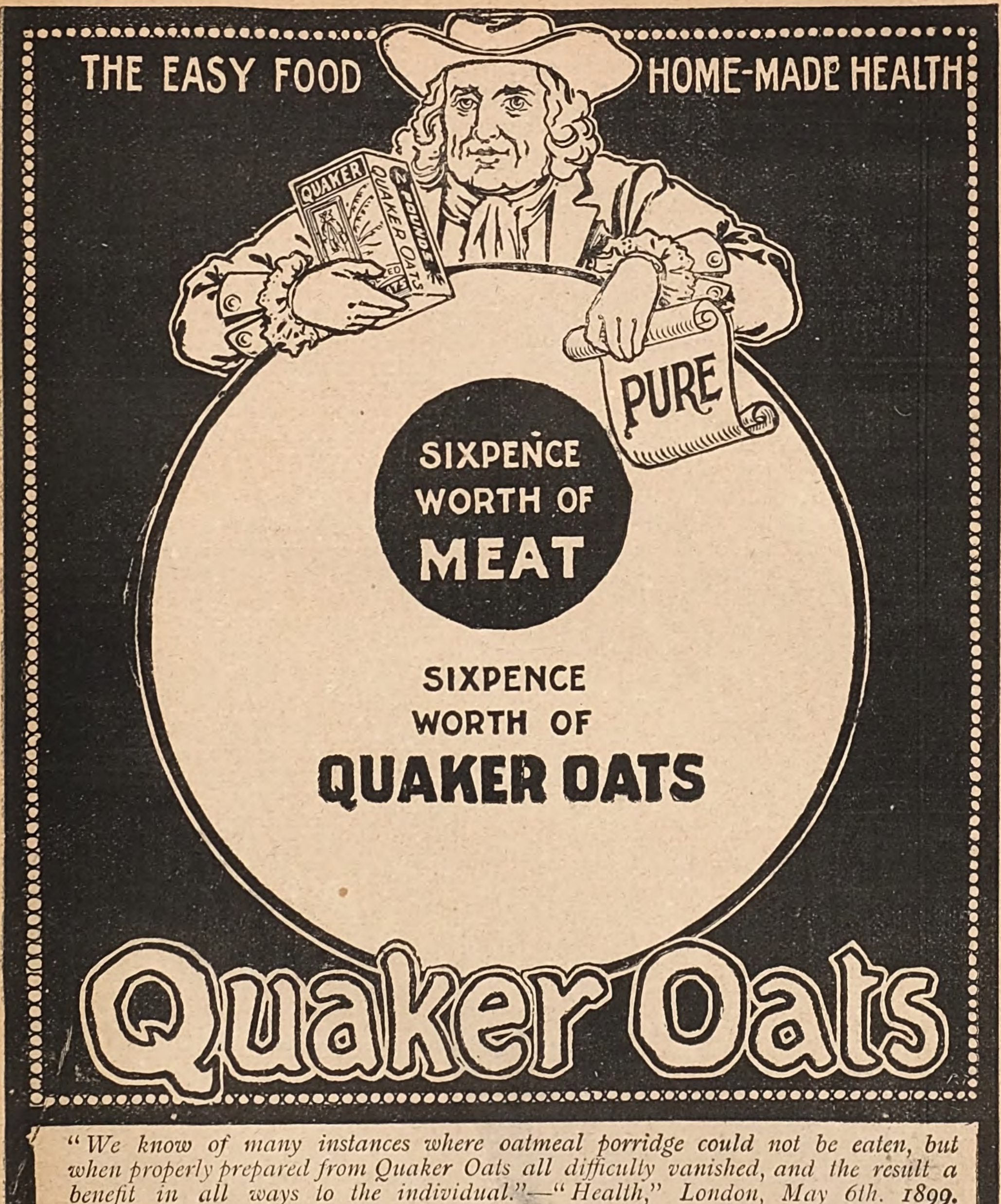
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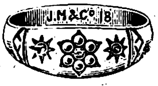

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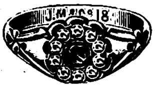

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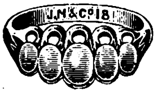

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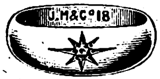

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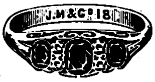

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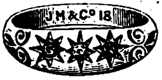

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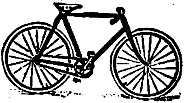

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